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## BISMARCK.

**B**ISMARCK was one of the chief statesmen of the counter-Revolution—this is the thought which comes home to one with more and more insistency on reading the recently published *Memoirs*.\* His main function, as conceived by himself and as revealed in his work, was to represent to Germany and to Europe the ideas of that counter-Revolution of which his countryman Stein was the leading statesman during the actual conflict. Writing to Gerlach in 1857, Bismarck says, "The principle of the battle against the Revolution I acknowledge to be mine also." It is true, as we shall see later on, Bismarck did not scruple to do business with those who were more or less agents of that Revolution, and the very letter from which this extract is made is chiefly devoted to an argument with Gerlach on behalf of the policy for dealing with Louis Napoleon, whom Bismarck recognised as carrying on the tradition of that democratic absolutism which was one of the products of the Revolution. But to Bismarck business was business, and he never permitted any sentimental scruple to stand in the way of political negotiations, while his practical nature did not allow of the losing sight of accomplished facts, however repugnant he might feel to them. He was not a philosopher, but a man of affairs, though at one time, according to Heseikel, after a period of wild personal lawlessness, he seems to have plunged rather deeply into the sea of Spinozistic thought. In his capacity of statesman, however, he certainly carried out the general ideas of one of the greatest philosophers of the counter-Revolution—Hegel. In his conception of the State, Hegel held to the doctrine of its omnipotence in the ancient Greek sense: that the individual realises himself com-

\* "Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman : being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto von Bismarck." Two vols. London : Smith, Elder & Co.

pletely and only in and through the institutions of the State, and that he finds in the secular order no principle of separation from the moral and religious consciousness. For this omnipotent State is needed a strong government, which will unify the varied classes into a common whole. That government can only be administered by a powerful executive, supreme and absolute in all fundamentals, lifted beyond criticism. But between the government and the people he places a mediating element, not as any restriction on the government, but as showing to the people that the government is being well administered. This mediating element is found in a hierarchy of princes and officials, the official class being open to talent, and so not partaking of the character of a *noblesse*. At the base of the political structure is a powerful military organisation. Such was in general the political conception of Hegel, and such were the *idées mères* of Bismarck, as these Memoirs indicate. A narrow nationalism, a strong class government, and no "popular" rule in any shape or form—such were the leading notions of Bismarck.

The Revolution had overthrown the idea of established political authority, and though it conferred on France one of the strongest governments ever known, first in the Convention, afterwards in the Consulate and Empire, these manifestations of democratic absolutism were not anticipated; they were not part of the original programme. The philosophy of the Revolution was both cosmopolitan and democratic, though its methods led by an inevitable reaction to nationalism and autocracy. It was born out of a general European culture common to all the thinkers of the latter part of the eighteenth century—to Kant and Rousseau, to Franklin and Turgot, nay to such Conservatives as Gibbon and Hume, and to such a *Welt-Kind* as Goethe. In politics it was based on the idea that governments, as the Declaration of Independence has it, "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"—a doctrine which may lead to a Liberal constitutionalism or a democratic absolutism, but which is in either case alien to the Bismarckian notion. In the actual working out of the ideas of the Revolution by France (in some respects so disastrous) the balance turned so strongly in the direction of democratic absolutism under Napoleon, that the counter-Revolution arose naturally in Europe, and the chief elements of that movement—romanticism and nationalism—found congenial soil in Germany above all other countries. Prussia led the way after the humiliation of Jena, and her fervid patriotism initiated the great revival of nationalism which has marked the Europe of the nineteenth century and which has been the leading cause of the wars and turmoil which have characterised that epoch. It is true that this movement of nationalism has generally assumed democratic forms. Fichte, its German prophet, held to democratic views, as did the Italian and Greek agitators. But

nothing is more clear than that we actually bring about results in politics which we never intended to accomplish ; and in every country the movement of nationalism has had the opposite effect from that intended. It has led up to a strong government marked by coercive policy, to militarism, protectionism, officialism. These elements are consistent with material progress, but they have all made against the conception of democracy held by the founders of the national movements. The beginnings of German nationalism seemed to be democratic in their character : and when the German Diet met at Frankfort after the insurrectionary movement of 1848, the bulk of the deputies were effusively democratic and were filled with the idea of a united democratic Germany. But, just as the Revolution of 1848 in France ended in the revival of Napoleonic autocracy, so did the German Liberal movement end in political reaction, and the political brain of that reaction was Bismarck.

It has been argued that, though Bismarck was the chief instrument through whom German unity was achieved, he was not really a friend of German unity, for he urged the King of Prussia to resist the attempt of the Liberals in 1848 to make him German Emperor with a Liberal constitution, and because of his action in the Diet, especially his famous speech in which he declared that he would never consent to see the ancient Crown of Prussia "dissolved in the filthy ferment of South German immorality." We must not, however, infer from this that Bismarck was not a believer, even in his young days, in some form of German unity ; it was merely with him a question as to what form such unity should take. He refers with some contempt to the effervescence of the student-class which marked the reign of Frederick William III. That kind of German unity he did not want. Evidently his attitude was determined by two considerations. In the first place he would not accept anything in the shape of a Parliamentary Crown. That made the offer of April 1849 impossible. But if the Diet were not to confer the Imperial Crown on the person of its choice, what alternative suggested itself ? Austrian hegemony (for Austria Bismarck almost throughout these volumes expresses contempt) was impossible. It is true that in 1862, soon after he took office as Minister-President, Bismarck thought that "a dualistic apex, with Prussia and Austria equal in authority," might have been attained, but the congress of princes in 1863 put an end to this idea. Parliamentarism was hopeless, Austria was hopeless, there remained the working out of unity through the hegemony of Prussia. But in 1848 Bismarck does not appear to have thought that Prussia was ready, though he admits he did not hold that opinion so strongly as in after years. For his purposes Prussia had not been sufficiently drilled in 1848 to take up the position of leader and guardian of German interests in a thoroughly

Conservative sense of those words. Hence, thought Bismarck, a waiting attitude was alone possible. The government of Prussia must be organised on a completely royal and military basis, all sentimental Liberalism must be treated as an injury to the State, "*Eisen und Blut*" must be taken as the final court of appeal, and the most efficient military organisation which existed in Europe must be produced. Preparations must be made for the aggrandisement of this strong Monarchy by the annexation of the Danish provinces, Austria must be humiliated, and the Power which Bismarck early saw to be a certain enemy of Germany after the expulsion of Austria, that is to say, France, must be met and defeated. Such was the programme which Bismarck early realised in his own mind, and which he set out to accomplish after he had rejected the Liberal methods of securing unity in 1849. But he not only thought of Germany, he thought of Europe also. For, while on one side a narrow patriot, Bismarck had always in view the international position of a united Germany which should have come into being under Prussian hegemony. He foresaw that such an empire would not be loved, especially since it expressed the idea of the counter-Revolution always present to his own mind. The geographical position of Germany is such as to expose her to attacks on both flanks. It was necessary, therefore, to secure the goodwill of one of the great Powers able to do mischief, and one of these Powers stood also for the principle of Monarchy and the counter-Revolution. Therefore, Bismarck's cardinal principle in foreign politics was firm friendship with Russia. It is worth noting by those persons in England who think to fight Russia with the aid of Germany, and who believe in a shadowy German alliance for British purposes in Eastern Asia, that Bismarck not only preferred Russian friendship to that of England, but saw clearly that Russian activity in Asia meant greater security in Europe for Russia's neighbours, and that he was, consequently, quite favourable to the idea of Russian extension in the East. It is not likely that this obvious idea has been abandoned by Germany, and it is a warning to short-sighted Englishmen that, in relying on German support in fighting against the inevitable advance of Russia, they are leaning on a broken reed.

Thus, instead of the vague and generous dream of German Liberalism, was founded the rule of the Prussian drill-sergeant as the means whereby German unity was to be achieved. The years between 1849 and 1862, when Bismarck became the first figure in the Prussian Ministry, were spent in holding various posts, including that of Prussian representative at the Federal Diet at Frankfort, of Minister at St. Petersburg, and for a very brief period at Paris. During this time Bismarck was meditating his schemes in preparation for the day in which he should wield power. His main objects

were to strengthen the character of the Prussian government in his direction, to combat the pretensions of Parliamentarism, and to arrange as to the external relations of Prussia as soon as her designs were perceived by Europe. As regards this latter point, the great thing to be prevented was a combination between France and Austria. On this subject it is interesting to read the correspondence between Bismarck and Gerlach. Both are sincerely against the Revolution, both are for fighting it by every means possible. But Gerlach is the simple and honest person who will not fight with the devil's weapons. He argues that Prussia should have nothing to do with Louis Napoleon, who is the product of the Revolution. Bismarck, on the other hand, though abhorring the Revolution, is yet willing to make a "deal" with France for the sake of preventing any conjunction between her and Austria, which would have spoilt Bismarck's game. The understanding with Russia was to be firm and clear.

The spirit in which Bismarck took up the post of Minister-President in 1862 is evident from his account of his conversation with the King in the park at Babelsberg on September 22. "I succeeded in convincing him that, so far as he was concerned, it was not a question of Liberal or Conservative of this or that shade, but rather of monarchical rule or parliamentary government, and that the latter must be avoided at all costs, if even by a period of dictatorship. I said: 'In this situation I shall, even if your Majesty command me to do things which I do not consider right, tell you my opinion quite openly; but if you finally persist in yours, I will rather perish with the King than forsake your Majesty in the contest with parliamentary government.' This view was at that time strong and absolute in me, because I regarded the negations and phrases of the Opposition of that day as politically disastrous in face of the national task of Prussia, and because I cherished such strong feelings of devotion and affection for William I. that the thought of perishing with him appeared to me, under the circumstances, a natural and congenial conclusion to my life." Bismarck was almost more monarchical than the King, who, though he objected to rule according to the ideas of the Parliamentary majority, still held back from strong measures and was inclined to abdication. However, he saw that he had secured the right man for his purposes, and the nomination of Bismarck was made public on the following day. From that day, for a whole eventful generation, Bismarck controlled the destinies of Prussia, of Germany, and, to no small degree, of Europe. What he did in detail is matter of history, on which it is not worth while to expatiate. What is more to the point is to discover what has been his influence in Europe, and also on the great empire which he helped to bring into being.

Holding firmly to the kind of politics which I have called



Hegelian, Bismarck has sought to aggrandise the idea of the State and to treat the individual as if he were but a pin or cog in a vast machinery. To Bismarck the man exists for the State, not the State for the man. Current German political philosophy is saturated with this idea. It was partly born out of the hard political necessities of Germany, so shattered by the Napoleonic impact that a strong and even exaggerated concept of national unity was needed to rouse the German mind from an individualism inconsistent with what Bismarck at least held to be the national aim. It was politically necessary that in Germany the individual should wither and the State become more and more. But, apart from political necessity, the idea has a fascination for the German mind, and is an integral part of modern German political science. The State, says Bluntschli, has a moral and spiritual nature, a personality, and he further defines it as "a politically organised national person of a definite territory," and as "a moral organised masculine personality." The freedom of the individual in the State, so dear to Kant, is disregarded by the later German writers, who all place the emphasis on the claims of the State, and in no sense on the rights of the citizens. Now that German Liberalism, which in 1848 was so noble and inspiring a creed, even were it but a dream, is a declining factor, it may be said that, notwithstanding their manifold divergences, all the leading political parties of Germany are based on substantially the same idea of the omnipotence of the State. Here the Conservative and the Social Democrat take the same ground, whatever may be their differences in regard to the ways of the manifestation of authority by the State and the regulations as to the distribution of property. Bismarck's confession as to his relations with Lassalle is sufficient proof that he did not discover any ultimate gulf existing between his ideal, and that ideal of a crowned social democracy which glittered before the imagination of the brilliant Jew. It is, I believe, true that a post in the Prussian Ministry was offered to Lassalle, so that he was not fundamentally sundered from Bismarck in thought. In a word, the current political philosophy of Germany, held alike by reactionary and by democrat (setting aside the small remnant of true Liberalism), is that of a strong government and of "one-man rule."

It is manifest to every close observer, whatever may be his personal predilections, that this ideal has made great way in Europe, as compared with belief in government by "national palaver," which was the accepted creed in those days when the Liberal Diet met at Frankfort; and it is equally evident that the powerful influence of Bismarck and his work has helped to produce this result. The danger of gazing on tyrants with a dazzled eye, to which Wordsworth has referred in a fine sonnet, is a real danger to-day. It is only in the small States of Continental Europe that the old idea of liberty and self-government

finds a home. France is, indeed, a republic, but more in name than in fact. Italy is a constitutional monarchy, but she does not admit the simplest guarantees of personal freedom, liberty of press, of combination or free speech. The other Great Powers embody, more or less completely, the principle of autocracy. Now, it is the Parliamentary countries among the Great Powers that show serious signs of weakness, as it is the autocratic Powers that have been leading decisively in Europe. There is no more patent and significant fact in contemporary Europe than the failure, if not the absolute collapse, of Parliamentary government. In France and Italy the Chamber of Deputies is half dreaded, half despised. In Austria, fortunately, the Reichsrath does not govern, or the Austro-Hungarian Empire would be dissolved in a week. On the other hand we must admit that in Germany, however strong may be our dislike to its political forms, there is a sense of solidity which the Parliamentary régime does not show except in England; and even there a visible decline in the esteem in which Parliament is held, and of the genuine authority which it possesses, must give us pause before we pronounce the success of Parliamentary government in the home of its birth. We cannot help admitting that Bismarck divined the tendency of his time better than the Liberals of 1848, that he perceived the hopelessness of building German federal institutions on the basis of Parliamentarism. But, on the other hand, if the Parliamentary form of government was impossible, the elected President of the American type could only have degenerated into some form of dictatorship, which would have resulted in the rupture of the composite empire. Therefore, thought Bismarck, the talk of unity is mere imposture if we cannot secure a strong personal head, and yet a head consistent with the rights and interests of the federal princes of the empire. The outcome of such a conception was the hegemony of a strong Prussian sovereign on a military basis. Every line in the Memoirs dealing with the problem of German unity shows that this was the thought of Bismarck. He tells us that in 1848, when he found himself opposed by a remarkable coalition in the Reichstag, he also found that he was not supported at Court in the way he thought needful, and that, for a time, he concluded that he had over-estimated the national feeling of the dynasties, and under-estimated the same feeling in the electorate and their representatives. But he became convinced afterwards that he was momentarily wrong, and that, while the personal dynastic government was sound as an integrating factor, promoting that strong State which was the end of the Bismarckian labours, the elected person was a source of weakness and disintegration, and to that view Bismarck held.

It must be admitted that Bismarck was not in every respect the pure reactionary he has generally been pictured by some of his critics. He tells us that his father was "free from aristocratic prejudices,"

and that he himself had imbibed with his mother's milk Liberal rather than reactionary views. He also says that whenever he came forward on behalf of landed property he was thinking, not of the mere interests of the class to which he belonged, but because he saw "in the decline of agriculture one of the greatest dangers to our permanence as a State." Something like this, to be sure, one seems to have heard of in England in the Corn-law days, but we may give to Bismarck the benefit of the doubt and consider him rather as in this matter an adherent of the school of List in Germany and of those American economists who regard variety of occupation as the greatest source of economic strength to the State and conceive of protection as fostering that variety. Bismarck's strong monarchy was not of a necessity a reactionary institution in the sense of being incompatible with material progress. Nor was it incompatible with representative institutions. Here is Bismarck's political ideal: "The ideal that has always floated before me has been a monarchy which should be so far controlled by an independent national representation—according to my notion, representing classes or callings—that monarch or parliament would not be able to alter the existing statutory position before the law separately, but only *communi consensu*: with publicity, and public criticism, by press and Diet, of all political proceedings." As a theoretical statement of his political creed, this cannot be called reactionary, though the representation of classes hints of a Prussian feudalism masked under Parliamentary forms. It is a rooted disbelief in the "common sense of most" that marks the mind of this powerful berserker of politics rather than any absolutely reactionary view. Bismarck was not in the least a devotee of old wives' fables, he bowed his intellect to none, he probably despised priests and preachers, he was not in the least a victim of the monarchical superstition as, for instance, was Chatham, who trembled when in the not too dignified presence of George III. If we are to identify progress with democracy, then Bismarck was a pure reactionist. But, though democracy is a factor in the complete evolution of society, it is but one factor, and a statesman may be progressive, as Cavour was, without being necessarily democratic. It may indeed be urged with some truth, as writers like Maine have urged, that, for a time at least, democracy and progress are very far from being convertible terms.

Bismarck's position, indeed, was not far removed from that of Maine, who thought democracy spelt anarchy. Parliamentary government to Bismarck was inadmissible because he thought it meant no government, and starting as he did, with a profound disbelief in human nature and a conviction that it needed persistent regulation, that its emotions were strong and its intellect weak, his conclusions were logical enough and by no means necessarily reactionary. Bismarck in politics has his contemporary parallel in literature in Carlyle, who

entertained for him so sincere a respect. Both were political Calvinists, both thought mankind "mostly fools," and saw in the development of a system in which men should attempt to govern themselves nothing but "shooting Niagara." Carlyle preached the doctrine, Bismarck practised it. Nor can it be doubted that the majority of Bismarck's countrymen believe in the doctrine more or less firmly. The sole question is, where shall the coercing force lie? That a strong coercing force in German opinion there must be is seen in the constitution and methods of the Social Democratic party, which is as despotic in its way as the Kaiser or Bismarck in his.

National unity pursued as an end, as against the democratic instinct for equality and for spiritual instead of racial unity, brings to the birth the "armed nation." The creation of that portent is not, of course, the sole work of Bismarck, for, as has been urged, it was an unforeseen product of the crude methods of the Revolution. But Bismarck, stepping into the European arena at a time when some great statesman might have initiated a policy which would have led to the realisation of the United States of Europe, threw the greatest individual weight since Napoleon into the scales of destiny in behalf of the ideal of the armed nation. It must be remembered that this was deliberately done by Bismarck before Louis Napoleon stood forth as the Saviour of Society. "It appeared to me more useful," wrote Bismarck, dealing with the events of 1849, "instead of indulging in theoretical dissertations on the meaning of paragraphs of the constitution, to place the actually existing vigorous military power of Prussia in the foreground." That resolve has in great measure brought about the situation in Europe to-day. Bismarck's armed Prussia, with its signal triumphs, followed by an armed Germany, has changed the whole condition of Europe, and is the cause of the dominance of militarism at this moment. Bismarck, more than any other public man, has changed the ideals of Europe, has made a militant imperialism the prevailing creed, has undone the liberalising influences which had been at work obliterating the effects of Napoleon's iron rule, has led, more than any other influence, to the present cult of a hard cynicism, has weakened humanitarian aims, and has done more than any other single cause to increase the armaments of Europe.

The passing of Europe to a phase of militant imperialism has, of course, powerfully affected the smaller nations, which cannot be imperialist, and which alone at the present hour keep alive the democratic instincts of the European peoples. True, even these small States have, in some degree, caught the infection of militarism, incurring heavy burdens to maintain an army. Holland and Belgium, for example, are greatly weighted by their military establishments. The excuse for these is the fear in which these States live. In the

creation of that fear Bismarck was a powerful factor. That he interfered in the politics of such small States as, in his judgment, stood in his way, is a fact believed in by the peoples of these countries, as, *e.g.*, in the Norwegian crisis in 1884. Holland to-day fears, probably not without cause, designs in Berlin against her independence. Thus, democracy in Europe has been depressed, preternatural suspicion has been intensified, and even the States where democracy has a chance have been led perforce into a military policy which can only ruin them while it cannot seriously afford a protection against the aggressions of their more powerful neighbours. An incidental outcome of this policy has been the tightening of the grip of the financier over Europe. The question of whether the financier makes for peace or not has been much discussed. The answer seems to be that he makes for armed peace, for a state of things in which, while war would mean a tremendous risk, yet preparations for war are necessary in order that the power of the international financial class may be sustained. As the newspapers, notably in Vienna and Berlin, are completely in the hands of that class, and the newspapers can be easily used to spread rumours and so instantly affect the prices of all securities as well as to carry on crusades in behalf of armaments by frightening the public with vague alarms, it may be said that the effect of the "armed nation" as developed by Bismarck has been not only to directly depreciate democracy, but also indirectly to create a power more fatal to its growth than any other in the world. The huge indebtedness of Europe is not only an economic disorder, it places immense powers in the hands of a small class who can never be open, as kings may sometimes be, to humane impulses.

If the "armed nation," with jealous rivals all round it, is to stand, it must have a strong material and economic basis, or what seems to be such. Hence the policy of Bismarck has furthered protectionism, and afforded scope for the spreading of the so-called "national economy" of List and his school, a variant of the American school of Carey. Again, this cannot be called reactionary in the proper sense of the word, but it certainly makes against the intercourse of peoples, and so against the growth of democracy, which must be international or it will be futile. The growth of protectionism in Germany has helped on the same growth in France, Italy, perhaps in England, and it has been coincident with the aggressive development of extreme high tariff doctrine in the United States. It is all part of the same root idea—that of the armed State, with its strong government resting on a military basis. The United States, so long outside the circle of militarism, has now been drawn in, as a result of the doctrine set forth by believers in intense nationalism and the "mailed fist." The war for the liberation of Cuba has been converted into a war for



empire, which may have the tremendous effect of converting the United States into a militant oligarchy, unless more wisdom and self-restraint is displayed than has hitherto been made apparent. It is interesting to a cynic to watch Germany looking, as in a mirror, at her own policy carried out by the United States in the Philippines. It is a striking testimony to the universality of Bismarckian principles.

It cannot be doubted that the career of Bismarck, like that of Napoleon, has furthered the cause of Machiavellism in Europe. This is the inevitable effect of making the State, instead of the individual, the end of policy. If the Social Democrats in their present temper were to secure and control power in Germany to-morrow, there would be no fundamental difference in this respect, for the same principle would be at work in the minds of German rulers. The means would justify the end, and "reasons of State" would determine policy as truly as when Bismarck forced on that Franco-German war for which, as he admits, he had been preparing years before. He obviously regarded as "unctuous rectitude" the protest of Gerlach against making use of Louis Napoleon in 1855 when Bismarck had an idea of a policy of that kind. The simple Gerlach wrote, "I hold by the word of Holy Scripture that evil must not be done that good may result therefrom; because of those who do this, the damnation is just." We can imagine the grim smile of the rising pillar of Prussian military rule as he read Gerlach's words, written at a time when Bismarck, as he tells us, was setting before the King a plan for invading Austria and Russia with 100,000 troops, in order to make of the King of Prussia "the master of the entire European situation," and to "gain in Germany a place worthy of Prussia." The creed of the Florentine philosopher is stamped on these Memoirs throughout. The writer is calculating every move in the game, watching the position of every piece; he loses sight of nothing; his powerful insight commands instant respect, but one never feels that any moral scruple would stand in the way of action. If any one wishes to deal with the "honest broker" he had need to remember the old motto—*Caveat emptor*. When Bismarck wills the end, he emphatically wills the means. The way in which he has dealt with the attack which was to have been made on France in 1875 is in keeping with a disciple of Machiavelli. That the German ambassadors led the Governments of Europe to believe that Bismarck meditated this attack is certain, and Lord Odo Russell reproached him to his face for it. Yet in these Memoirs he sets this projected attack down to a "lie" of Gortchakoff, whom he treats with contempt whenever he has occasion to mention him. The reason for Bismarck's attitude of "unctuous rectitude" appears to be that the project failed owing to the vigorous opposition, and even threats, of Russia, supported, it is understood, by England



The incident in all its details is a characteristic piece of high political casuistry. In the same spirit Bismarck gave as his reason for not taking full advantage of the victory over Austria by marching into Vienna not any generous instinct, but "what is politically necessary." It was also political necessity which led to a temporary alliance with the Liberals for Bismarck's ends, as he had been able to reconcile in his own mind common action with Governments born out of the Revolution for supposed Prussian ends. For State ends anything may be justified—such is the real opinion of nearly every statesman, whatever moralities he may indulge in *coram publico*. But, while in republican and constitutional countries a public man usually pays court to the professed ethics of the average man, in countries that come under the category of armed nations, and which throw popular control to the winds, there is no care for these outward decencies. The whole brutal fact is avowed—the "law of the beast" is practically the law of the land. The growth of this tendency has been displayed in a startling way in France, and its development in Europe generally is one of the capital facts of the time. To that development Bismarck has contributed in a higher degree than any other European statesman. But once admit the fundamental political notions of Bismarck, and the "law of the beast" becomes a fatal necessity. Without being *laudator temporis acti* one may fairly say that the morals of Machiavelli have become a more marked feature in Europe than a generation ago. Europe is to-day farther from realising the ideal of politics transformed into morals than in the buoyant days of 1848. We all incline to hold now with the German doctrine that the world-movement is independent of morality.

The doctrine of the armed nation, born of romanticism and nationalism, has, by a strange and yet intelligible paradox, produced the most rampant materialism of life and thought. Germany has become the arena of a mighty scramble for material good. Mercantile reasons dominate every line of policy, and the Emperor is not ashamed to travel in the Orient as the manager, so to speak, of a great business firm canvassing for orders. Idealism has given place to materialism. Genius is almost as dead as liberty. Outwardly, indeed, Germany makes a splendid show, surpassed only by the United States. As one walks to-day through the streets of Berlin, Leipzig, or Frankfort, and recalls the old days, he is amazed at the material revolution which has taken place, and which has converted many a picturesque old city into a luxurious centre of wealth and industry. One receives, too, the impression of a well-groomed, admirably regulated community, where the whole population is rising in the scale of riches, and where the almost bare simplicity of yesterday is passing away more rapidly than in any other nation of modern times. This is a great achievement which no one will underrate. The fine modern architecture, the

palatial railway stations, the new hotels, the great bridges, the immense development of electricity, the enormous growth of fine mills filled with the best machinery—these material facts impress the world and swell the German nation with pride. But the result has been bought at a mighty cost. Gone is that old German contentment and charming simplicity of life; gone are the “peace, the fearful innocence, and pure religion breathing household laws.” Goethe has given place to Krupp; the memory of Lessing is all but buried under the successes of Baron Stumm. Philosophy has degenerated into rather arid criticism; and even in music, Wagner has left no successor, the fountain of superb musical genius having apparently ceased to flow. Literature is said to be dependent on a vigorous nationalism. Even Goethe, who tells us that he was no patriot, and was glad to be free of such a weakness, held that cosmopolitan culture provides no matrix for the growth of the germ of letters. Yet it is singular to note that, while in the old days of separate States, Germany produced a Lessing, a Goethe, a Kant, a Schiller, a Beethoven, to-day, in her exaggerated and almost arrogant nationalism, she produces no name that has any chance of life even in the nearer future. One might have thought that the new empire would have inspired formative thought and a literature of power, but it has not. The militant imperialism of the new Germany has given us pessimistic criticism; and while German arms and commerce are the envy of the world, the German mind “is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.” We may well ask whether a nationalism, which seems disposed to sunder itself from the general body of European life, and to assert itself as against that general life, contains the necessary elements of healthy growth. The literature of the last century was humane and cosmopolitan; it conceived of Europe rather as a spiritual whole with a common body of culture and tradition than as the field of rival and antagonistic interests. Cultivated Frenchmen admired Hume and Richardson as truly as cultivated Englishmen admired Voltaire and Montesquieu. This great conception has not died out, for the interchange of thought is wider, in a sense, than ever; but it no longer directs European life as it did, and it cannot do so while the Bismarckian idea of distinct and separated national interests holds the field. No fruitful and worthy human life can ever be developed in the future out of mere nationalism. No less comprehensive idea than that of the community of human interests can be made the basis of civilisation.

It has been said that the unity of Italy was achieved too easily and too quickly. We cannot, perhaps, compare German unity with that of Italy; and yet it may reasonably be asked whether something analogous is not evident in Germany. An outer unity has been attained, but can we say there is any deep underlying unity? On paper Germany is a federal empire, in reality it is a Prussianised

empire, the prolongation of the immense shadow of Prussia. Admit that this was inevitable, that Bismarck was right in believing such a course to be the sole way in which any unity was to be attained, as Cavour was right in thinking that only through Piedmont was Italian unity to be reached. One is not so much impeaching the methods of Bismarck as considering what results they have, as a matter of fact, brought about. Underneath the external calm and imposing order of the German Empire, one sees the clash of forces which no mediating power seems able to reconcile. A large and growing section of the German population is hostile to the fundamental institutions of the nation. It is true it could not rule if it obtained a majority to-morrow, but it can make the task of ruling one of immense difficulty and danger. The great Centre party, for which alone (though he hated it) Bismarck entertained respect, and without which no legislation desired by the Government can be carried through the Reichstag, forms a permanent source of apprehension, the more so, as it is intelligent and by no means obscurantist. Particularism still holds its own, and the Government finds it hard to meet it except through such measures as cancel the very idea of spontaneous unity, as the recent incidents of Lippe-Detmold and the expulsion of Danes from Schleswig indicate. Of course the strong monarchical executive is intended to provide for mediation between the clashing forces and the chaotic divisions in the Reichstag. But in reality the power of the Government is not felt to be mediating and conciliatory, but harsh and partisan. The heavy hand of the "predominant partner" is felt at every turn, the giant machinery is always visible. Given the principle on which Bismarck worked, given the basic features of his scheme, and one does not see how the result could have been much otherwise. But it is not a happy result in itself, and it constitutes a serious drawback to German peace and contentment. A nation which is forced to rule so largely by soldiers and police, and which dares not permit the journalist to speak his mind, or the workman to strike for higher wages, is manifestly in a profoundly unhealthy condition, and its solid appearance and external order afford no guarantee of its permanent stability under its existing forms.

Must we not say in the last analysis that the stone which the builder of the German Empire rejected is the head-stone of the corner in any healthy and well-conditioned State? This is the stone of liberty. We may admit that Bismarck had the most sincere desire for the well-being of his people, that he sincerely believed in the ideas on which the national structure was to be raised. But in the new era of competition among nations which he did so much to force on will his type of nationality be most likely to survive? On the surface Germany has achieved a marvellous success. She has burst forth



into military power and commercial greatness. In material progress she is for the time outstripping England and is leaving her French rival far behind. She has, as we have seen, imposed her conceptions of government largely on the Continent, so that Parliamentary institutions seem to be declining, and autocratic institutions to be gaining. But in politics one must take long views. What of the probable outcome of the German type of political life a century hence? Are the hopes of the great men who fought for freedom of thought, speech, combination, trade, for equality and culture (which, as Arnold said, could only be developed in an atmosphere of equality) doomed to be barren and futile? In the race of the nations is the rule of the drill-sergeant to survive? Many critics who derive their political conception from a rather crude interpretation of the doctrines of the survival of the fittest think that this will be the outcome of political evolution. They dwell on external strength and on quantitative expressions of national power. They are affected by the spectacle of the obedience of great masses of men called forth by the military institutions. They watch with a kind of awe the steady working of the huge machine. The good old ideals of liberty and spontaneity of life no longer appeal to them. To such persons, whose name is legion in every modern country, the triumph of Bismarck is complete. It is the triumph of machinery, the splendid result of calculated foresight and skill. It is so obvious, so easy to understand, by those who cannot be brought to realise that the things which are seen are temporal.

But, after all, is the armed nation likely to survive in the competitive struggle? It may well be doubted, quite apart from any enthusiastic faith in the forms of democracy. Is calculating national egoism, is the mechanical obedience of millions, the last word in politics? Is the present wave of militant imperialism which Bismarck did so much to foster likely to last? The Tsar's Rescript already hints at the reaction. The nations have been enjoying their debauch, and the sober grey of the morning is beginning to bring calmer views and cooler heads. Is the mechanical obedience of the subjects of a strong military government a match, other things being equal, for the spontaneous energy of a free citizen? The decline of original thought in Germany is surely no accident. The never-ceasing drill of the body, the ingrained habit of subordinating one's view to the will of another, has led throughout Europe to a state of moral hypnotism in which free agency is gone and in which freedom of thought has become almost dead. The condition of a large portion of the French nation at the present moment is only explicable on the ground that the Army has hypnotised the nation. Now, from the psychological point of view, which type of mind is likely in the long run to survive—the mind which has been

reduced to a piece of machinery controlled by the dead-weight of institutions or by some external authority, or that which is and knows itself to be free? Will not the latter develop an ingenuity, a spontaneous power which will be far more difficult for the other? Will not the moral habit of self-reliance, of personal decision, be of more ultimate value as an agency of human progress than the best machinery ever constructed? And therefore must we not doubt the superficial judgment which is overcome by the temporary success of the armed nation with its mechanism in mind and morals? The most hopeful fact for Germany is that her working classes will not submit to the present régime without perpetual protest. They at least feel what a deadly influence may be this overshadowing power which seems so grand to those who have not estimated its influence on the springs of our moral life. For a time Louis Napoleon dazzled the world in the same way, but Sedan revealed to the world the Nemesis that waits on the successful autocracy. But one cannot conceive such a fate befalling Germany? Not in our time, but the question is as to the long result of time. The institutions of England, of the United States, have been built up on the distinct belief that liberty is a good thing, that its presence or absence makes all the difference in the community. Are we to abandon that belief because for a time the armed State seems to survive in the struggle for national existence? Are we to accept mere quantitative tests as regards the true condition of a nation? Napoleon said that God was on the side of the big battalions; what did he think of that theory during the retreat from Moscow? A grander army was never led by a more wonderful chief, but the faith, heroism, and devotion of the Russians were more than a match for the Grand Army. Let us have no mistake on this question, which lies at the root of the militant imperialism of the hour. If that doctrine is true, brute force is the world's sole ruler, and there can be no peace till the strongest of the competing organisms crushes and survives all the others. The contrary doctrine is that separate and distinct national organisms will continue to live side by side, their relative worth being tested by a qualitative test—the comparison of moral force and intellectual power residing in each and freely used for the good of humanity. In other words, the nation which best serves mankind will survive.

The political ideas of Prince Bismarck have thus been considered without prejudice and with a view to discover what has been the nature of his influence in modern Europe. It remains to say that one rises from the perusal of these Memoirs with a profound sense of the power of the man, and also of his limitations. A stronger political force has not existed in the century. He is armed *cap-à-pie*, he is prepared for any contingency. He has thought out the lines of his policy in every detail, he has taken note of every move that his



adversary can possibly make. He shirks no fact, his mental alertness is as manifest as his will is steadfast. Nothing is permitted to stand in the way of his design. If such or such a party is to be "squared" he instantly makes up his mind to do it; if the King hesitates, Bismarck treats him to a logical demonstration of the necessities of the case which is unanswerable. Nothing more clearly differentiates a statesman from a mere politician than a long look ahead, and Bismarck looked ahead to more purpose than any other statesman of his time. There is no loose thinking in these volumes, no waiting on events. Bismarck agreed with Napoleon that incidents must not govern policy, but policy incidents. He has the courage born of clear purpose and a determination to be rid of illusions. In an age of flabby opportunism Bismarck stands out as one who has the resolution to act on principle, and he starts with the same principle that he holds at the end of his career. So apparently unpopular was his root idea that his first speech was received with such jeers and mockery that he was obliged to stand in the tribune at Frankfort reading a newspaper till the riot was over. Who would have supposed, gazing at him then, that he would have bridled this wild German democracy and led it at his will? A more powerful brain, a more courageous spirit, has scarcely ever been devoted to the service of a country.

But what moral and emotional gaps there are! One may search in vain for any generosity of sentiment, for any lofty idealism, for any deep human sympathy. Bismarck had many gifts from the fates, but he had no grandeur, no magnanimity, no pity or forgiveness. He was probably right in hating and opposing that "petticoat influence" which he always fought with vigour; but how vindictive and merciless he was towards it! The sincerity of his fundamental beliefs may be fully accepted, but how narrow those beliefs were! His synthetic judgments included no fruitful conception of any right order of society, he had no vision of any great amelioration of the lot of mankind. The great fabric which he reared is the natural outcome and analogue of his own character. It is imposing, vigilant, capable, swift in execution, forceful, intelligent, and, in a certain sense, progressive. But it is not greatly loved, for it is calculating, stern, ambitious, and it is, unhappily, unswept by the vivifying breath of civic liberty.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

## AFTER OMDURMAN.

DURING the last quarter of the century all the great Powers of Europe, with the exception of Austria, have, in the course of their colonial expansion, been brought into serious conflict with barbarous or semi-civilised nations and tribes. The Russian occupation of large tracts of Central Asia has not been unopposed, nor has the partition of Africa been accomplished without a constant series of little wars which frequently involved the aggressors—especially England, France, and Italy—in considerable trouble and loss. In fact, the fighting which has chiefly occupied the attention of several European Powers during the past twenty years has been waged against barbarous peoples. Hence one would have supposed that some attempt would have been made to indicate the relations which exist between civilised and uncivilised nations in a state of war. But as a matter of fact, the question how far or with what modifications European public law can be applied to the case of semi-barbarous peoples has attracted little attention. More than twenty years ago a committee of ten, including Professor Lorimer and Sir Travers Twiss, was appointed by the Institut de Droit International to consider the subject and collect information upon it, but no results appear to have followed from their discussions. It is, of course, evident that international law, strictly so called, cannot apply to the case before us. It would, I suppose, be held that the actual provisions—*e.g.*, of the Geneva Convention—would not be binding upon a general unless he was conducting a campaign against an enemy who had become a signatory to that Convention. Nevertheless every international lawyer would admit that, although the *rules* of international law cannot be regarded as binding in the case of a war waged against savage or semi-civilised peoples, the *principles* of that law—which are

really the ordinary principles of morality—do most certainly apply to such cases. In short, it is clear that the proper solution of the question, How far are we compelled to observe the usages of civilised warfare in dealing with savages? must be left to sentiments of humanity tempered with considerations of expediency. The time-worn adage that "All is fair in war" is, in any case, false on legal as well as humanitarian grounds. To assert that because Dervishes or Zulus never signed the Geneva Convention or the *Projet* of the Brussels Conference we are at liberty to pillage their villages after surrender or to kill their unarmed wounded is simply monstrous. Sound human feeling must regard such a proposition with repugnance. It is merely a cold-blooded quibble, analogous to the philosophic dictum that we have no duties towards the lower animals because they cannot understand the nature of a contract, or the comfortable belief that an Andaman islander is doomed to eternal torment because he has never renounced the pomp and vanities of the world *via* his godfather!

Without, therefore, insisting that the provisions which have from time to time been made for the introduction of as much humanity as possible into the usages of warfare are, from a strictly legal point of view, obligatory upon a European nation which finds itself in conflict with an uncivilised enemy, it may surely be taken for granted that the natural law of humanity, in the absence of a more definite and systematised code, might well be held by the nations of Europe to regulate as far as possible the conduct of civilised belligerents. The Geneva Convention of 1864 protected the wounded and sick, to whichever side they belonged, and neutralised ambulances and military hospitals. Some additional articles, which were formulated in 1868, formed a *modus vivendi* between the belligerents in the war of 1870–71. In the same year the "Declaration of St. Petersburg" forbade, *inter cetera*, the use of explosive bullets. In 1874 the Brussels Conference was attended by representatives of all the European nations, including Turkey, and drew up a *résumé* of the Laws of War which are approved by the conscience of civilised mankind. Although the rules propounded at Brussels were never, for technical reasons, actually signed and ratified by the representatives of the various nations, they must always be regarded as embodying the general feeling of Europe with respect to the conduct of civilised warfare, and as morally, if not legally, binding upon the generals who conduct such warfare.

It may be interesting to recapitulate some of the laws of war as settled by the above-mentioned Conference and see to what extent they were observed during our recent campaign in the Soudan.

## I.

[*Le meurtre par trahison ou*] *le meurtre d'un ennemi sans défense ne sont pas des moyens de guerre licites.*

"Wounded or sick soldiers shall be brought in and cared for to whatever nation they belong."—Geneva Convention, Art. vi.

It is, of course, an open secret that in all our Soudan battles the enemy's wounded have been killed. The practice has, ever since the days of Tel-el-Kebir, become traditional in Soudanese warfare. At the battle of the Atbara it was announced that 3000 Dervishes had been killed—there was practically no mention of the wounded. Yet even under the deadly fire of modern rifles the wounded will always largely outnumber the killed—in fact, a proportion of four wounded to one killed would actually be far under the mark. How, then, was it that no wounded were accounted for at the Atbara?

Immediately after the repulse of the first Dervish attack at Omdurman our troops advanced in *échelon* towards Omdurman, and as I marched with Colonel Lewis' Native Brigade on the right we soon came across dead and wounded Dervishes. On our left along the lower slopes of Gebel Surgham a large number of camp-followers and native servants were already busy amongst the white-clad figures which lay stretched in little groups as our shell fire or the long-range volleys of the Lee-Metfords had struck them down. These looters had armed themselves somehow or other with rifles, spears, and even clubs, and made short work of any wounded man they came across. Poor wretches who in their agony had crawled under the scanty shade of a rock or shrub were clubbed to death or riddled with bullets by the irresponsible brutality of these native servants, who were in such wholesome dread of a Dervish, even when prostrate, that they frequently fired several shots into bodies already dead before they advanced to strip the corpse of its *gibbeh* or arms. Moreover, as these pillagers never looked beyond the Dervishes in front of them and fired in the wildest possible fashion, their bullets went ricocheting in every direction and were a considerable menace to our own troops. In fact, no less than four men of the Warwicks were said to have been wounded in this manner. It is simply scandalous that unauthorised camp-followers should have been thus allowed to loot and massacre under the very eyes of a British general.

This wholesale slaughter was not confined to Arab servants. It was stated that orders had been given to kill the wounded. Whether this was so or not I do not know, but certainly no protest was made when the Soudanese despatched scores of wounded men who lay in their path. The Dervishes who were stretched on the sand within a few yards were bayoneted, or, in some instances, stabbed with their own spears. One of the blacks picked up a barbed spear, and, as its

former owner still showed some feeble signs of life, drove it right into his face, and then, planting his boot upon the Dervish's head, dragged the spear out again by main force and carried off the blood-stained weapon. Arabs who lay farther out in the desert at some little distance from the line of march and happened, unfortunately for themselves, to move or turn over in their agony, were immediately pierced by rifle bullets. On some occasions shots were fired into the bodies of wounded men at such close quarters that the smell of burning flesh was positively sickening. The Soudanese seemed to revel in this work, and continually drove their bayonets through men who were absolutely unconscious and had almost ceased to breathe.

Now there does exist a full and ample justification for some of this slaughter of the wounded. It has always been found, throughout the whole series of our campaigns in the Soudan, that great risk was incurred in approaching an armed Dervish lying wounded upon the ground. Instances are undoubtedly on record of British troops having been shot by wounded Arabs, sometimes in the most treacherous fashion. I have myself seen a wounded Baggara raise himself from the ground and fire his Remington at our column as it marched past. The bullet went high and passed over our heads. Another Dervish suddenly rose up and stabbed no less than seven Egyptian cavalry men before he was despatched.

Nevertheless, the actual instances in which our men have been injured by wounded Dervishes are, after all, extremely few in number, and in any case it does not seem fair, because of occasional acts of treachery on the part of individuals, to decree the slaughter of the wounded indiscriminately. Every one who has had any experience of Soudanese warfare will admit the perfect right of a soldier to kill a wounded enemy who levels his rifle or attempts to use his spear. And, as the Dervish is often as crafty as he is fanatical, it may be conceded that a wounded Arab who has a weapon within reach may be despatched, as a precaution against injury, by any troops who find it necessary to march past him. But no justification whatever exists for the butchery of *unarmed* or manifestly helpless men lying wounded on the ground. This certainly took place after the battle of Omdurman. Dervishes who lay with shattered legs or arms, absolutely without weapons, were bayoneted and shot without mercy. This unsoldierly work was not even left to the exclusive control of the black troops; our own British soldiers took part in it. At one place, on the western slopes of Surgham, I noticed a fine old Dervish with a grey beard, who, disabled by a wound in his leg, lay prostrate beside a small bush. He had apparently attempted to escape towards Omdurman with the rest of the Khalifa's forces who survived, but his wound had prevented this, and the fugitive had sunk down on the



ground about eight yards behind his son, a boy of seventeen, whose right leg had also been lacerated by a bullet. Neither the father nor the son *had any weapons at all*, yet a Highlander stepped out of the ranks and drove his bayonet through the old man's chest. The victim of this needless brutality begged in vain for mercy, and clutched the soldier's bayonet, reddening his hands with his own blood in a futile attempt to prevent a second thrust. No effort was made by any comrade or officer to prevent this gratuitous bit of butchery, nor, of course, could any officer have interfered very well, if the soldier—as was said to be the case—was only acting in accordance with the wishes of the general in command. On the other hand, I am certain that many officers heartily disliked the slaughter of the wounded, and would have forbidden it if left to their own initiative. In one instance two officers came across a Dervish whose body had been terribly mangled by a shell splinter. One of them gave the wounded man a drink from his water-bottle, and—wishing from sheer pity to end the poor wretch's sufferings—said to his companion, "Now X., when he's not looking shoot him through the head." X. stepped up with his revolver, but could not bring himself to kill the man, even when the bullet would have been merciful. Some, too, of the rank and file showed great kindness to the men who had fallen under our fire. As the soldier above mentioned was driving his Lee-Metford bayonet through the old man's body, the son raised himself and gazed with dilated eyes on the cold-blooded butchery of his father. He clasped his hands together in suppliant fashion, expecting, no doubt, the same treatment. Two soldiers from another battalion gave some biscuit and water to the boy, who, to show his gratitude, offered them his blue and white *gibbeh*. He placed his hand in mine, and asked why his father had been killed. I had no answer to give, but he limped beside me for a mile, when he was quite properly sent to join a batch of prisoners who had been captured and were being taken into Omdurman.

If the Sirdar really believed that the destruction of the wounded was a military necessity in view of the possibility of treacherous shots at the passing battalions, our line of march might, without much difficulty, have avoided those parts of the battlefield which were thickly strewn with the white *gibbehs* of the wounded Dervishes. There was no actual necessity after the repulse of the Dervish attack at Omdurman to march among the wounded. As the enemy's wild charge never got within seven hundred yards of our zareba, our columns could easily have marched towards Omdurman without coming into touch with more than a comparatively small number of the wounded. We might, in fact, have left the vast bulk of the injured Dervishes severely alone.

And here I should like in passing to notice a truly remarkable

utterance made in the *Morning Post* of September 29 by Lieutenant Winston Churchill. This precious contribution to the Laws of War runs as follows :

"We had not gone far when individual Dervishes began to walk towards the advancing squadrons, throwing down their weapons, holding up their hands, and imploring mercy. It is doubtful what claim these had to clemency. *The Laws of War do not admit the right of a beaten enemy to quarter.* The victor is not obliged to accept his surrender. Of his charity he may do so, but there is no obligation, provided, of course, that he makes it clear to the suppliant that he must continue to fight."

The propositions advanced in the latter half of the above paragraph are, I need hardly say, absolutely at variance with the theory and practice of civilised warfare. It is almost superfluous to quote authorities against the monstrous assertion that quarter need not be given to the vanquished. The following passage from Phillimore's "International Law" will suffice :

"When, whether by surrender or capture, they [the enemy] are manifestly without the will or power to resist, their injury or destruction is brutal, sinful, and indefensible. The conqueror is obliged by the laws of just war to spare those who lay down their arms, who ask for quarter, or who lie wounded and helpless—to put such to death is to commit murder. And those who commit it ought to die by the hand of the hangman, and not that of the soldier" (vol. iii. p. 156).

The ninth section, too, of the "Manual of the Laws of War," which is recognised by all international lawyers, expressly forbids the mutilation or death of an enemy who has surrendered or is *hors de combat*, or the declaration that no quarter will be given, even if the enemy does not claim it.

Sometimes the wounded were spared for another reason. Some of our Soudanese blacks were ex-Dervishes, so to speak, and had fought against us in previous campaigns. Hence it was not at all unusual for them to come across friends or even relations among the *débris* of the Khalifa's army. I remember seeing a curious trio during our march across Wady Shamba. A Soudanese soldier suddenly appeared over the ridge with a Dervish on each side. They walked arm in arm, all talking at once in the highest spirits, and the Soudanese soldier informed me that he had found two of his brothers !

If disciplined troops were permitted to kill their wounded enemies on the left bank, one need scarcely add that the same practice prevailed amongst the Friendlies on the other side of the river. A deadly feud existed between the Gaalin and the Khalifa on account of a treacherous massacre of their fellow tribesmen by Mahmoud's forces in 1897, and the native allies took care to finish off any wounded Dervish who was unable to join in the flight of his comrades along the Blue Nile. A Baggara prisoner was standing on the bank. One of the

Gaalin went close up, and suddenly raising his Remington, blew the prisoner's head to pieces. Dervishes captured in the fighting were placed against a wall and shot down in cold blood. Stories are sometimes told to illustrate the value of Friendlies in getting rid of prisoners whose presence causes inconvenience to a general. For example, one hears how, during a previous campaign, a Baggara was captured by the Anglo-Egyptian forces, and, as he was a nuisance in the camp, he was "turned over" to the Friendlies. The prisoner escaped from the tender mercies of our allies and swam to a gunboat with three spears sticking in him. The story runs that the tortured man was refused access to the boat, and was compelled to swim back to the shore, where he was again surrounded by the Friendlies, and soon ceased to be inconvenient by his presence in the camp. I cannot vouch for the absolute correctness of the above story, as I did not witness the occurrence with my own eyes. But European nations always expose themselves to the responsibility for such horrors when they see fit to employ troops of a vastly inferior civilisation. One may recall the eloquent words of Lord Chatham: "To call into civil alliance the wild and inhuman savage, to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights—these enormities call aloud for redress and punishment, and unless done away with will leave an indelible stain on the national honour."

It may, of course, be urged that it is better to finish off a desperately wounded man than leave him to die a lingering death on the burning sand. Personally I sympathise with the view when it is absolutely certain that death must ensue, and in several cases I have walked up to hopelessly wounded men intending to shoot them through the head, but found that they were practically unconscious, and so left them alone. If one sees a man absolutely eviscerated by a shell and still alive, surely the best and kindest service one can render him is to put a bullet through his heart or brain. During one of our campaigns against the Pathans a British sergeant was captured by the enemy and horribly tortured. Amongst other horrors, his eyes had been torn out and he was partially flayed. I knew one of the party who found him in this terrible condition, and he told me how the sergeant's best friend, with tears rolling down his cheeks, put the muzzle of his Martini against the victim's head and killed him in mercy. At the same time, many people view the practice of euthanasia with horror, and in no case can it be justified unless one is absolutely certain that recovery is impossible. Hence the plea of "putting them out of their misery" cannot serve to excuse the indiscriminate slaughter of our Soudan campaigns.

Another palliation which is offered in defence of finishing off the wounded is that the Dervishes always kill our wounded and mutilate our dead. This is undoubtedly true; but the Dervishes might use

the first half of this argument against ourselves, for the practice began at Tel-el-Kebir, and the news no doubt spread southwards that the *Inglizi* killed their wounded enemies. Moreover, a disciplined force under a European general ought to be above reprisals. It is worth remembering, too, that not a single white prisoner was put to death by either the Mahdi or Khalifa, despite the fact that some of them had borne arms against the former. The horror which we feel at the mutilation of a dead body is, after all, chiefly a matter of sentiment, and does not appeal to the mind of a semi-civilised Dervish, and if one looks at the question dispassionately, it may be seen that indignation against the Dervishes for such mutilations may easily be exaggerated. Sickening as it was for our Lancers to gaze upon a comrade's features hacked out of all human semblance, one cannot forget that the men who did the deed had seen thousands of their brethren slain by our awful fire—without a possibility of retaliation. It is worth remembering, too, that the mutilation of the human body is not the exclusive monopoly of barbaric peoples. Any one who has seen the effects of shell fire—bodies ripped open, jaws torn off, and kindred horrors—may find it difficult to differentiate very markedly between the accursed usages inseparable from every system of warfare, civilised and barbarous alike.

Of course, as long as human nature continues on its present lines there will always be a difficulty in observing the laws of war amid the intoxication of victory, or in the face of desperate resistance, when men's blood is hot and the frenzy of slaughter is strong upon them. Under such conditions as these much may fairly be conceded to one's natural impulses, but at Omdurman no such ground could possibly be alleged for our slaughter of wounded Dervishes. In a battle where the casualties on one side amount to 2 per cent., and on the other over 60, there is absolutely no room for that wild and unbridled fury which occasionally overtakes civilised troops, who have at length triumphed over a formidable enemy after long hours of hard and sanguinary fighting. Any man who, after the killing and wounding of 26,000 Dervishes with the total loss to his own side of some 500 casualties all told, was still unsatisfied and lusted after the blood of wounded men must be little better than a brute beast.

The wounded Dervish has become dangerous because he fully expects to be killed, and feels a natural joy in shooting down another infidel before the merciless bayonet is driven through his prostrate form. But I cannot help thinking that if the killing of the wounded had been sternly repressed at Tel-el-Kebir and during the earlier Soudan campaigns, our Dervish enemies would have learnt to expect civilised treatment at the hands of the English, and would not throw away their last remaining chance of life by a treacherous shot or one last desperate spear-thrust. An officer whom I knew was galloping

past a heap of apparently dead Dervishes, when one of them suddenly raised himself painfully from the ground and levelled his rifle. The Englishman shouted to him to desist, and the wounded man, reassured that the soldier had no intention of killing him, at once put down the rifle, threw his *gibbeh* on one side and, with a ghastly smile, pointed to the lower part of his body, which had been almost cut in half by a shell splinter.

No attempt was made, either on the day of the battle or next day, to do anything for the wounded Dervishes. Thousands of these, who had feigned death or else escaped it by having fallen well out of the line of our advance, were left lying on the desert without food or surgical help—and, worst of all, without water. To lie for two days without water in the heat of a Soudan August is bad enough, but when the natural thirst is augmented by the fever which invariably accompanies gunshot wounds the torture must be terrible. On September 4 a number of British soldiers were sent out to count the dead, and they carried with them water for the wounded. This somewhat belated generosity helped to alleviate the misery of several hundreds of Dervishes who were found to be still alive, but no attempt, I believe, was made to afford them surgical assistance or to convey them to a place of shelter. Of course, the first care of the Army Medical Corps must be bestowed upon its own wounded, but in our case the military surgeons were so numerous and the hospital arrangements so excellent that surely some help might have been afforded to the wounded wretches lying about the desert four miles away, after our comparatively trifling number of wounded had been carefully attended to. In the case of the thousands of wounded men who managed to escape on foot or were carried off the battlefield miles away into the desert it was, of course, impossible to render medical assistance. But, as it was, hundreds of wounded Dervishes who had failed to escape from the field were left to perish miserably within easy reach of our succour had it been forthcoming.

Would it had been otherwise! If courage and devotion to duty are the chiefest qualities of a soldier, these poor Dervishes were certainly foemen worthy of our steel. Undismayed by the cruel blow we dealt them at the Atbara, they had again dared to confront the armies of Great Britain in open battle, and, armed as they were for the most part with obsolete rifles and spears, the Khalifa's soldiers faced unflinchingly the most terrific fire of the century's warfare. They were faithful unto death to what they deemed their duty, and yet they were butchered in cold blood, or left to die of thirst under the cruel heat of a tropical sun. Surely such valiant men were worthy of a better fate! Moreover, it is worth remembering that the Dervishes were not "savages" in the sense in which the word is applied to the followers of a Lobengula or a Samory. On the contrary,



they satisfied all the requirements for recognition as an "armed force"—viz.:

- a. That of being under the direction of a responsible leader.
- b. That of wearing a uniform capable of being recognised at a distance.
- c. That of bearing arms openly.

## II.

*Les habitants paisibles d'un pays occupé par l'ennemi doivent être respectés et protégés autant que possible . . . dans leurs biens . . . et . . . dans leurs droits.*

*Tout pillage est interdit. . . . En aucun cas une ville prise d'assaut ne sera livrée au pillage.*

*Les capitulations . . . doivent être rigoureusement observées.*

*L'honneur et les droits de la famille, la vie et la propriété des individus ainsi que leurs convictions religieuses doivent toujours être respectés.*

It is interesting to notice how the Sirdar's army carried out the spirit of these ordinary requirements of civilised warfare.

On the march of the Lancers up the left bank of the Nile any contributions in the way of food which were secured from the poverty-stricken villages were taken without payment. I heard this usage defended on the ground that, after all, we had come all that way to protect these people from the Khalifa's misrule, and so there was no reason why we should pay them for the paltry chickens, eggs, or milk which our troopers annexed. It is certainly true that the supplies afforded by these wretched Arabs were trifling in quantity and indifferent in quality, but this sort of argument does not invalidate the principle that a civilised army ought not to rob the peaceful inhabitants of a country through which it marches. As to being saved from the depredations of the Khalifa, the ignorant villagers who were compelled to hand over their food to soldiers already abundantly supplied with all manner of stores could scarcely be expected to fully appreciate the blessings of British "protection."

Let us turn to Omdurman itself. The city was formally surrendered to the Sirdar as he rode in at the close of the battle on September 2. As I did not actually witness the surrender, having marched in some distance behind the Sirdar, let me quote the words of an officer who was present at the scene:

"Presently three men advanced slowly to meet the victorious General. They knelt in the roadway, and presented him with the keys of the city itself, and of the various public buildings—the prison and the arsenal. He accepted their surrender and spoke words of peace. Rising swiftly, they shouted out the good news, and thereupon from every house, men, women, and children appeared in the joy of relief from fear."

What followed? All that night Soudanese troops roamed at large about the city. All night long shots were being fired. What precisely happened nobody will ever know, but when a Soudanese soldier goes looting with a rifle in his hands he pays little attention to "the honour, family rights, life, and property of individuals"! For the three next days the pillage of the surrendered city continued. As one entered the town one was continually met by little groups of soldiers carrying loot of all kinds. On September 3 I came across two British soldiers who had forcibly seized a bag of money and were carrying it off to the camp. A native servant brought his master a roll of richly-worked cloth, some beautifully inlaid boxes, and, to crown all, a large elephant's tusk. The man declared that if he had known the value of the ivory he could have brought half a dozen! This looks almost as if he had secured an entrance to the Beit-el-Mal, in spite of, or with the connivance of, the so-called "guards." In short, all the blacks and many of the British soldiers were apparently permitted to loot as they liked in a city whose surrender had been accepted by their General! One morning the sun was so oppressive that I longed to get under some shade for a few moments, and entering a house on the main street, I asked an old man who was inside to let me have an *angarib* (native bedstead) for half an hour's rest. This piece of furniture and an old goat-skin were absolutely the only things in his hut which had not been carried off by looters.

Worse things even than mere looting of property occurred. On September 4 an Arab came to my tent and told me that the native soldiers had forcibly carried off his wife and little son to their camp three miles away along the river. My servant knew the man in question, and corroborated his story. I gave him some rice and biscuit, and sent him off to Slatin Pasha to see if any means could be found to restore the woman and boy to their home. My servant also told me that a friend of his had the night before been shot dead by a Soudanese soldier because he refused to surrender a bag of money.

### III.

*Ne peuvent être bombardés que des localités défendues par l'ennemi. Dans ce cas même on usera de tous les ménagements compatibles avec les nécessités de l'attaque.*

Our howitzer battery was ordered to shell, not only the defences of Omdurman—a perfectly justifiable proceeding—but the Mahdi's tomb, which lay in the very centre of the town. On the evening of the 2nd, after the Sirdar had taken possession of the city and its defenders had escaped or been killed, shells were again thrown amongst the crowded houses round the Khalifa's palace—one of these projectiles, in fact, killed Mr. Howard, the correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

The third Lyddite shell, which was fired from over the river at a range of 3150 yards, struck the top of the Mahdi's tomb, and subsequently better hits were scored, which tore huge rents in the dome and completely wrecked the interior. The 50-pounder shells which missed their mark fell amongst the surrounding houses and streets and did terrible execution. In one spot, close to the Khalifa's palace, a ring of eight bodies, some of them horribly contorted, marked the spot where a shell had burst.

Surely the bombardment of tombs is rather unworthy of British artillery! But what followed was a still greater outrage upon Moslem sentiment and religious feeling. No creed pays more profound respect to the dead than that of Mahomet. The violation of a grave or the removal of a headstone is most repugnant to Orientals of this faith. The valuable land which is covered by the vast cemeteries round Stamboul is never secularised for building purposes, though many Turkish Moslems now bury their dead over the water near Scutari, from the belief that infidels will in the future gain possession of Constantinople and desecrate the resting-places of the faithful. Yet at the close of the nineteenth century a British commander, not content with desecrating a tomb, actually orders a dead man's body to be torn out of its grave! The embalmed body of the Mahdi was dug up, the head wrenched off, and the trunk cast into the Nile.\* It is almost incredible that the disinterment and mutilation of a dead body which had lain in the grave for more than ten years should have been possible under a General whom "Christian" England is now delighting to honour! The act is nothing more or less than a return to the barbarism of the Middle Ages.

I am fully aware that arguments are forthcoming in defence of our treatment of the tomb and the body it contained. It was, for example, said at the time that the crash of Lyddite shells through the dome of the tomb would produce a moral effect upon the fanatical Dervishes which would destroy their confidence in the inspired Mahdi. This, no doubt, was perfectly true, but I question whether the end in this case justified the means. To imply, as some newspaper paragraphs did, that any treatment of the Mahdi's grave and its contents was permissible, because he was an "impostor," is simply contemptible. It is also dangerous, for there is so much in common between "prophets" of all ages that if one begins to label any of them "impostors" the impartial historian may find it difficult to know where to draw the line. The Mahdi alleged that he received inspiration from Allah—so did Ezekiel. But quite apart from his prophetic gifts, the Mahdi was certainly a great man. By the sheer force of his personal ability he raised a revolt against the shameful abuses

\* The writer did not personally witness this incident, but it has been repeatedly mentioned in English newspapers without any contradiction from the authorities.

which disgraced Egyptian rule in the Soudan, and made himself master of the Khedivial provinces as far as Wady Halfa. It is worth remembering, too, that General Gordon sympathised with the cause of the Mahdists, at the commencement of the struggle, to such an extent that he said it was difficult to know which side to accuse of "rebellion." Infamous as Mahdism became under the rule of the brutal Khalifa Abdullah, it must be clear to every one who has studied the question that, in its incipient stages, the Mahdi's revolt was justifiable, and that he and his followers were, what Mr. Gladstone called them, "a people rightly struggling to be free." Again, the Mahdi was a moral reformer, and enforced a rigid code of laws upon his followers, as may be seen from Slatin's and Ohrwalder's accounts of their captivity. Lastly, the Dervish ruler was, perhaps, on the whole, as kind and considerate to his white prisoners, and especially the Austrian sisters, as he could be under the circumstances, surrounded as he was by a horde of savage and fanatical Emirs. I hold no brief for the Mahdi's ethics, nor do I wish to whitewash his character, but it is clear that he was an able general and statesman, and not a brutal savage like his successor. The Mahdi had done nothing to deserve the infamous treatment which his conquerors saw fit to bestow upon his grave and his dead body. Fancy what Gordon would have thought had he witnessed the scene!—Gordon, who built a mosque for his pious Moslem subjects, and is commended by an inscription at Mecca for his justice and generosity. Even the fanatical Dervishes respected the grave of the brave Sir Herbert Stewart at Abu Klea, and abstained from molesting his remains.

A more plausible excuse for the violation of the Mahdi's grave is based on the fact that in the East the tombs of great sheikhs and holy men generally become centres for pilgrimages. Hence it is argued that if the Mahdi's tomb had been left intact a recrudescence of Mahdist fanaticism might always be feared. But this argument ignores the fact that after we had killed and wounded some 26,000 Dervishes, and scattered the remainder in flight or enrolled them as soldiers under the Khedive's flag, very little apprehension need have been felt that any Mahdism would exist to furnish pilgrimages to the tomb. What is called Mahdism had, indeed, practically ceased to exercise any real influence long before we entered upon the recent campaign. The religious enthusiasm which marked the movement when it was controlled by the pious fervour of the Mahdi had almost entirely died out under the godless and cruel rule of Abdullah. Mahdism was latterly an artificial system, supported entirely by the military superiority of the Baggaras, and regarded with indifference or detestation by most of the other Soudan tribes. But even if pilgrimages to the Mahdi's tomb were likely to afford a menace to the future peace of the Soudan, an adequate precaution against the danger



would have been the simple demolition of the tomb and the erection over the level grave of ordinary buildings.

There was another feature in our capture of Omdurman which was truly deplorable. By the time we had repulsed the last Dervish attack and were rapidly advancing upon Omdurman, the streets leading to the southern exits of the town were crowded with fugitives. In addition to mounted Baggaras and Dervish infantry, a chaotic mass of non-combatants, men, women, and children, dragging after them camels, horses, and donkeys, laden with goods and chattels—all this confused stream of human beings and animals was pressing madly forward in panic-stricken flight. Orders were given to fire upon the fugitives, and as the artillerymen on the gunboats from their raised positions could see well over the walls, a deadly fire was opened upon the crowded thoroughfares. One street especially, which led down to the river, was swept by a frightful hail of Maxim bullets, which mowed the fugitives down in scores.

It is, of course, perfectly permissible for a victorious army to fire upon a flying enemy, or to send cavalry in pursuit. But when a vast crowd of non-combatants accompanies the flight of the soldiery, a terrible responsibility is undertaken in opening Maxim fire on such a multitude indiscriminately. Next day some five hundred dead bodies lay scattered about the streets of Omdurman, and amongst them were corpses of women and little children. A little group of two women and a man were standing on the bank. "Let's separate the man from the women," said a gunner. "Ta-ta-ta!" went the Maxim, and all three figures fell prostrate. Two women were bending sorrowfully over the dead body of a Dervish, when a non-commissioned officer went up and deliberately shot one of the women with a revolver.

I have written the above paragraphs with the utmost reluctance, but it is certainly high time that the conscience of civilised nations realised that some considerations of humanity are due even to a semi-civilised or barbarous enemy. The conduct of the Belgians in the Congo Free State, the French in Algeria, the Germans in the Camaroons, the Russians in Central Asia, ourselves in South Africa and the Soudan—the conduct of the various nations who are sharing in the partition of Africa and Asia, seems to be based on the assumption that the rights of the native in a state of war are practically *nil*.

It is certainly true that the excesses committed by the forces of civilised nations in conflict with savages or semi-barbarous tribes are to a great extent perpetrated by black troops. The bonds of discipline sit very loosely upon a Soudanese soldier, and it is almost impossible, so one hears, to prevent him from looting a house or driving his bayonet through a wounded enemy. This may or may not be so, but it is certain that other British generals have found means to stop



these abuses. The Duke of Wellington, for instance—to whom Lord Kitchener has been absurdly compared by the flattery of some journalists—arrested British looters who plundered the homes of the Spanish peasantry, put them in a row, and shot them. In any case, every nation must be held responsible for the conduct of its forces, whether they be black or white. The French have always—and most justly—been censured by historians for having in Europe employed the savage Turcos, and in North America Redskin warriors who scalped their dead enemies. Yet at the close of the century it does not appear that civilisation has made much progress in this direction, or feels the responsibility more keenly which is incurred by the enrolment of half-savage fighting men under its flag. After all, it is better to scalp a dead man than to butcher a wounded one. Have we ever thought of palliating the cruelties inflicted by Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria and Asia Minor on the ground that they were irregular troops?

I have little sympathy with the wild ravings of Exeter Hall humanitarianism, or with the movement which would allow the Mashonaland native to squat idly on the ground all day without contributing an iota of the work which is due from every member of a civilised community, be he black or white. But one cannot help noticing with amazement and regret that the English Press has been almost absolutely silent with respect to some revolting features of the recent campaign. The occurrences to which I allude helped to sully the victory which had been secured, not by the "heroism" or "splendid valour" of our troops—there was little scope for this at Omdurman—but by the honest work, courage, endurance, and steady fire of the troops, who were enabled to fight 1200 miles from their base, thanks to the marvellous genius for organisation displayed by their commander.

"Christian England" goes almost wild with indignation if Moslems commit atrocities. When the Ottoman Government put down a revolt in Armenia, and employed irregulars who butchered the peasants, indignation meetings rushed together all over the country and clamoured for instant chastisement upon the "unspeakable Turk." We despatched large sums to the Armenians, a nation of money-lenders whose usury has made them cordially hated throughout the East, and we subsidised our "co-religionists" in Crete, who, as I saw with my own eyes, massacred women and children and shot their prisoners in cold blood! But Protestant sympathies seem almost incapable of extension beyond the limits of Christendom. No public sympathy is bestowed upon the wretched natives who, when they incur inevitable defeat at the hands of the civilised invader, are either butchered as they lie wounded on the field or are left to die without an effort to save them.

Foreigners call us a "nation of hypocrites," and it is a pity that

we occasionally lend some colour to this indictment. No sooner was the victory of Omdurman announced than divines and philanthropists commenced to formulate various schemes for religious and educational work at Khartum. I heard from one clergyman that his bishop had written to ask if he could guarantee the collection of £500 towards the proposed college. Already, I believe, missionaries are being despatched by rival sects for the conversion of the recovered Soudan. Conversion, forsooth! Can we wonder that Moslems resist all the efforts of our missionaries, preach they never so wisely, and that negroes of South Africa, who have for a season learnt to wear clothes and shout Hallelujah, frequently revert to the tom-tom dances and the debauches of heathenism? The adherents of a creed which proclaims the equality of all men—barbarian, bond, or free—in the sight of God, again and again disregard every law of humanity and decency in their treatment of vanquished races. Christians, whose boast it is that their religion has raised the position of the weaker sex and protected the life of the infant, do not scruple to violate the wives and daughters of the conquered, or shoot down mothers with their offspring, or blow up with dynamite large caves containing women and children! A creed which bids its followers to tend the sick and care for the prisoner is represented by men who butcher the wounded or leave them to perish in misery. If Gordon could have foreseen some of the deeds sanctioned by the General who was sent to “avenge” him, his dying request to the country which abandoned him would, I think, have been to put away all thoughts of vengeance!

ERNEST N. BENNETT.

## ROBERT WILLIAM DALE.

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IN the last conversation I had with Dr. Dale he referred with gratification and amusement to the fact that Dr. Gott, who was then vicar of Leeds, had issued a book for the guidance of parish priests, in which, while he forbade the clergy to co-operate with Dissenters, he mentioned, among the indispensable books of the clergyman's library, Dale's "Atonement" and "Lectures on the Ephesians." I chanced on one occasion to mention this fact, not knowing that Dr. Gott, now Bishop of Truro, was present, and the Bishop, with a genial smile, remarked that it is the privilege of Englishmen to be inconsistent. Yes, it is certainly an advantage that we in England are able to hold strong opinions and to differ widely from one another, and yet to settle down, when the occasion serves, to generous recognition of one another's sincerity and virtue. The first impression that Dale's life must make upon the world is one of astonishment that he who was reputed to be the stalwart opponent of the English Church, who began his ministry in Birmingham by a declaration which brought all the defenders of the Church about his ears like hornets, who eight years later was embroiled in a heated controversy with Dr. Millar, the leading clergyman in the town, and who, in 1879 and the subsequent years, was noted throughout the country as the ardent missionary of Disestablishment, yet lived in the most cordial relations with bishops and other prominent Churchmen, was the most appreciative interpreter of the Tractarian movement, was constantly acknowledging his obligations to Dean Church, Dean Paget, and other Anglican writers, and was treated with marked respect and admiration by the reputable Church papers like the *Guardian*.

The truth is, Dale's was the most catholic mind in the English theology of this last half of the century. Not only was his admiration for Christian men who were not of his fold genuine and deep, but his

thoughts were habitually occupied with the great theological verities which are dear to Catholics and to Protestants, to earnest Churchmen and to earnest Nonconformists alike. He was essentially a reconciler, because he penetrated, and carried others with him, into regions of conviction where contending sections of the Church are well agreed. "What a man that was!" he says, writing of Pusey. "I closed the book (viz., the two first volumes of Pusey's "Life") with a deep impression of the nobleness and massiveness of his nature, and feeling more than ever that the power of God was in him." "Read them," he said to his assistant, speaking of Dean Church's and Dean Paget's sermons, "read them over and over again, and you will see the kind of sermons I like." "I have ordered a book for you," he says to the same valued assistant, "it is a manual of intercessory prayer, compiled by Father Benson of the Cowley Fathers. . . . I have found it helpful for devotional purposes in solitary prayer, very helpful. But it may also be of use in suggesting topics for prayer in public. . . . These High Churchmen, with the use they make of the liturgical and devotional literature of many centuries, have much to teach us." He is immensely gratified when Newman approves a book of his, and he writes concerning his lectures on Christian doctrine: "The *Tablet*, the chief Roman Catholic newspaper, had a long and cordial review of it a week or two ago. Of course it cannot recommend Roman Catholic laymen to read a theological book by a Congregationalist, but it thinks that priests, who will know how to supply its defects, might read it with profit."

I remember staying in the same house with him once during the meetings of the Congregational Union; and I noted with interest that the *Guardian* was sent him by post, and he seemed more occupied with the Church paper than with the affairs of the Congregational Union. This catholicity of spirit is found to be the note of his life, now that controversies are silent and the calm voice of truth prevails.

The secret of his catholicity lay, as he would have strenuously maintained, in his Congregationalism. He was the strongest and most convinced Congregationalist of his time. No one can ever forget his splendid vindication of Congregationalist polity and principle, when, with the shadow of disease and death upon him, he presided over the first International Congregational Council in July 1891. Some of us used to feel that in a sense he was the only true Congregationalist we had among us, the only spokesman who had driven his roots into the past, and laid his branches over the present, so as to bring out the old message of Congregationalism as a consistent and divine growth, for the purging and healing of society, and for the building-up of a nation. I mean, that in comparison with him, other men seemed to use the word as a shibboleth, and to make it the badge of a party. To him it was a conviction connected with a systematic theology, of a piece with the fundamental doctrines of his

faith, and powerful in practical life because it was clear and consistent in speculative thought.

He believed profoundly in the Christian Redemption, and was always in thought, if not in word, dwelling upon it. The Son of God had come into the world in such a way that He represented God to man and man to God. He had suffered and died in such a way that he offered an objective ground of pardon and reconciliation to mankind. Faith in Him incorporated the believer in the body of Christ, made him a child of God, endued him with eternal life, and admitted him into the Kingdom of Heaven. It followed from this that the Church could only be the company of faithful and believing men, who had become sons of God by the actual reception of the redemptive power. The Church for him was not constituted by its orders or by its traditions, but by the actual spiritual facts. The faithful were the Church. To the faithful alone did the Sacraments come in power. Apart from the spiritual reality of faith, the Redemption, and the Sacraments as the symbols of Redemption, were meaningless. It was the Church of the faithful, that alone, which could act on an unbelieving world. If believers and unbelievers were mingled, amalgamated by the formal cement of merely external Sacraments, the Church which resulted from the unnatural mixture must be hampered and even paralysed. He brought everything back to the test of the truth in the Gospels, "the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

Thus in dwelling with appreciation on Newman's vision of the saintly life, he goes on: "But frankly, the vision does not seem to me to have been suggested by the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, or the Epistles. What is that sentence of Bacon's—I cannot quite remember it—about the mixture of a lie always adding pleasure? I sometimes tell my people to try the health and soundness of their spiritual taste by asking whether any devotional book or life seems to them to have a fascination which they cannot find in the four Gospels. If it has, there is something wrong in it. My faith in the Trinity, and the Incarnation, where I find the roots of all ethics and of all politics, which indeed in their higher aspects are a part of ethics, prevents me from yielding to the charm of the Catholic ideal. It is in the air. It touches earth too lightly and misses heaven. The Christian ideal is near to both, and touches both. The Catholic is the old Gnosticism over again, applied to life instead of thought." That is the very spirit of Congregationalism, just as on another side it is expressed when he says of Pusey: "The absence of joy in his religious life was only the inevitable effect of his conception of God's method of saving men; in parting with the Lutheran truth concerning justification he parted with the springs of gladness."

Thus, according to the Congregationalist view, the Church was to be found wherever there were faithful men, because faithful men were



*ipso facto* incorporated in the body of Christ. This gave that breadth and catholicity of view: he had no hesitation or reserve in welcoming and loving Christian men wherever he found them. When he was convinced from the New Testament that the Catholic conception of the Church was erroneous, and therefore deleterious, that did not in the least prevent him from recognising the innumerable Catholics who, by a living faith, are one with Christ.

From this point of view it is easy to understand his earnest and sustained resistance to the establishment of religion. The Church, as he conceived it, could not be established. If, in a weak moment, it should enter into alliance with the State, it must inevitably lose its power. It will become on its formal side a department of the State, and will be regulated by State principles which are alien to its genius and its work. On the material side, the confusion produced by Establishment is disastrous. The Church is now the nation in its Christian aspect. But no nation can be Christian until all its citizens are "faithful" men. The assumption that the citizen as such, baptized and confirmed, is a member of the Church, and that Parliament, as such, is fitted to regulate the affairs of the Church, must simply destroy the power of the Church as the supernatural body of Christ living and working with redemptive effect in the midst of the world. No one was so ready as Dale to recognise that the State is a divine institution, and that obedience to its laws is a divine obligation; but he was unflinching in his contention that the Church was a divine institution of another kind, governed by a different method, enforcing its laws by a different sanction, and that to confuse the two was to injure both. With him there was no cant, no veiled sarcasm in the proposal to "liberate religion from State patronage and control." His Disestablishment campaigns were, in his eyes, conducted in the interests of the Church which he wished to liberate. And though he did not succeed in liberating her, probably Churchmen themselves realise how much his passionate advocacy of the ideal of the Church has done to stimulate and purify the Church of England. If to-day the Church of England is demanding liberty to carry out her convictions unchecked by Parliamentary interference, she may trace the new impulse of liberty, in no small degree, to Dale and his brother-in-arms, Dr. Guinness Rogers, who passed through the length and breadth of England as the heralds of this emancipation. Dale was not displeased to be spoken of as a High Churchman. It was a true designation. He placed the Church, the Church whose foundation and cornerstones and majestic outlines he discovered in the writings of the Apostles, in just that position of commanding eminence and authority which High Churchmen claim for the Church as it is understood by them.

The same point of view enables us to understand why he was an advocate of "secular" education. Naturally, he was regarded as little

better than an atheist for opposing religious instruction in the elementary schools. For ten years, 1870-1880, he sat on the Birmingham School Board, and resisted even the reading of the Bible in the schools. When a majority secured the reading of the Bible without note or comment, he only yielded on the understanding that the Bible was a great English classic. But was the secret of his opposition a dislike of religious education? Rather, it was the conviction that religious education must be really religious. He was convinced that while to teach ordinary things ordinary knowledge will suffice, to teach religion one must be genuinely religious. Insincerity, lifelessness, teaching by rote, in this department, must frustrate the whole purpose for which religious instruction should be imparted. He organised, therefore, a society for teaching the children in Birmingham, by the sanction of the Board, religious knowledge. Voluntary teachers, whose hearts were in the work, taught without fee or reward; and though, as the work grew, this ideal scheme broke down, Dale never surrendered his conviction. The Church alone can teach religion; no State, no board, no municipality is equal to the task. The teaching which is given as part of the curriculum must always be inefficacious and may sow the seeds of lasting unbelief in the minds of the children. It certainly is a striking fact that since the establishment of a national system of education on lines which Dale strenuously opposed, the attendance of the population at religious worship has steadily declined.

But to pass to the man himself, the real subject of this article. If I am right in maintaining that he was the most catholic mind in modern theology, there is a peculiar interest in tracing his lineaments. The first, though not the most obvious note, of his life and character, was an ardour for the salvation of souls. His one thought in entering on the work at Carr's Lane, Birmingham, in 1855, was to reach the masses of the people who were outside the Churches. He preached in the open air night after night. "On Monday we had quite 1500; last night, I should think, more than 2000. I have been at it every night this week and enjoy it amazingly. We intend to go from place to place in the town, giving a whole week to each spot we choose." When he returned from a holiday to the great town in which all his life-work was done, this passion for souls was always quickened in intensity. "At this moment when I raise my eyes, the Lake of Lucerne with its guardian mountains is before me—the noblest scenery, as some think, in all Europe; but I declare that there is nothing in this magnificent view which makes me feel half the thrill I have sometimes felt when I have looked down on the smoky streets of Birmingham from the railway, as I have returned to my work among you after a holiday. The thought of having to do more or less directly, with all that mass of human thought and action, which is covered with the ceaseless smoke which hangs over us—the thought that you and I together



may with God's help save multitudes—sends the blood through one's veins with an exultation and glow which the most magnificent aspect of the material universe cannot create."

In the later days, when his assistant came to help him, this was the point which made the most impression on the mind of the younger man, that the deep and constant underlying thought of his life was to save men. At times his critics complained that he was too much immersed in public affairs. But his answer was always ready, and in the Life it becomes singularly clear. He was immersed in public affairs, just as he was occupied in his study or in his pulpit, in order to save men. The Life is unified by this master-thought. The Kingdom of God was to him a body of divine truth, a stupendous miracle of love, and wisdom, and power, which had to be not only the subject of discourses and the means of saving individual souls, but also the practical means of regenerating society and governing the community in which he lived.

The second note is the one which made the first and most abiding impression on observers; it was the immense intellectual energy which he brought to bear in thinking out and in expounding Christian truth. His theology, though catholic and orthodox, was not in the least traditional. He thought it all out for himself. He passed it through his own experience. He preached it, as it was, as the outcome of his own life. His sermons were so solidly compact of thought and argument that none but trained hearers could have completely followed him. But he trained his hearers, and the congregation at Carr's Lane showed for forty years its generous appreciation of the high standard set before them. We are told of one man who, after an hour's sermon of sustained and impressive reasoning, in which the congregation remained breathless and spell-bound, declared that if Dr. Dale were going to always preach like that he could never come again. The mental impact, the intellectual excitement, the appeal to conscience were beyond his endurance. When the sermons were published in books they made more impression than when they were preached. They were written in a style which was moulded largely on Burke; and, like Burke's speeches, they will remain monuments of literary power even for those who were overstrained in listening to them. There can be no doubt that Dale found a complete intellectual rest in the truths of Christianity as they had shaped themselves to his mind. As a subject of thought they afforded him occupation and delight even apart from their religious application. In the last year of his life, when he was away from active work, he wrote: "And then I thought about great Christian experiences, and tried to translate them into approximately accurate intellectual forms—into definition and doctrine. This is always a delight. The intellectual interest of the Christian Gospel and of the life it creates remains eternally fresh. Indeed, I have

sometimes feared that I find the mere intellectual interest of Christian truth too absorbing and stimulating."

That was a characteristic misgiving ; he reproached himself in later days with some failure in popular gift, and the neglect of the rhetorical powers which he possessed in a remarkable degree. But he had no reason to tax himself with such regrets. The massiveness of his thought, the clearness and cogency of the truths he presented, and the lithe force of the language in which he presented his ideas, were not only building up a congregation of faithful and thoughtful men ; they were restoring a half-forgotten ideal of the Puritan pulpit ; and one result of his life is that many of the younger ministers, following in his footsteps, have learnt to eschew the cheap arts of popularity, and to build up characters on the sure foundation of a reasoned and consistent theology. In this connection it is worth while to notice one of the latest misrepresentations to which he was exposed—and from first to last he seemed born to be misrepresented and misunderstood. He threw his ægis over an American speaker at the Council of 1891 who maintained that the mission of Congregationalism was not distinctively to the fallen and degraded, but to men and women capable of thought, capable of intellectual as well as moral and spiritual development. Some of us, in our zeal for the fallen and the outcast, resented this typically New England utterance. But Dale maintained that the Americans had retained one of the most important ideas of the early Congregationalists. "There is no question," he said, "about the imperative duty resting upon Congregationalists, as upon all other Christian people, to reach the lowest, the feeblest, the most ignorant, and the most vicious of mankind, and endeavour to draw them to Christ ; but, while we share this duty with all Christian men, this is not our *special* mission. The vigorous and the cultivated need salvation as well as the ignorant and the wretched. The intellect as well as the heart has to be claimed for Christ, and it is the special duty of Congregationalists so to present the Christian Gospel as to draw to Christ those who are never likely to be reached by the Salvation Army, and to discipline them to the highest intellectual and ethical perfection."

The third note of his mind was a mystic element, always kept under the control of his judgment, but pervading like a subdued light all his utterances and most of his actions. Seldom has so sane and strong an intellect so sustained a connection with the mystics. He has no half-hours with them ; on the other hand, he has no half-hours without them. His private devotions must have been wonderful, for his public prayers were never to be forgotten. "Ah me," said an old woman of sixty-five, one of his members, "I cannot understand his sermons, but his prayers do me so much good that I always come." His assistant, night after night, made an excuse to call at prayer time that he might stay for family worship. "It was," he says, "as though



one were in the presence of the burning bush, and oftentimes as we rose from our knees we saw a new light shining in each other's face." This, however, is a subject on which not much can be said. But undoubtedly the chief characteristic of his life was the way in which he could blend the practical with the speculative, the political with the religious enthusiasm. "That political interests should be supreme at one time, and religious interest at another, would have been intelligible," writes his son and biographer, "but how both could co-exist, each intensifying and inflaming the other—this was an insoluble enigma. The paradox of his life, one might say, was focused at a point"—on the occasion when he interrupted his work in Mr. Moody's mission to enforce Mr. Bright's plea for Disestablishment in the same hall in which the mission was being conducted. On one occasion, again, Dale took George Dawson to task for speaking of Sturge as "a singularly unpractical man." He replied: "The most practical thing in the world is to believe in God's law and to try to hold fast to it." Dale was in the first instance a great citizen; then he became a great educationist; in that way he became a great politician influencing the discussions of Cabinets, and affecting the fate of Ministries. When the division occurred in the Liberal party over the Irish question, he withdrew from political life, and for the last eight years he did little public work, with the exception of his service on the Royal Commission which sat to inquire into Elementary Education. But this withdrawal was a pain to him; it cast a deep shadow over the closing years. He would have said that his best life was in those years of buoyant manhood when his hand was in all the municipal affairs of Birmingham, and when he was constantly addressing enormous public meetings throughout the country.

How vast was his influence in that regeneration of the Birmingham Municipality which has made the great Midland town a model for the emulation of all other towns, his biography for the first time makes clear. The story has often been quoted of Mr. Chamberlain being charged with representing in Parliament Mr. Dale, and of his retort, that if this were true, he represented one of the most intelligent constituencies in the country. There was much truth in the suggestion. The two men worked eagerly and loyally together to make a free, enlightened, healthy, and happy town. And when Mr. Chamberlain went into Parliament, he went to represent the community which Dale, in a true sense, had made. That strenuous influence, working with the clearest intelligence and the most transparent disinterestedness in local affairs, had made the party of reform in the town, to use his own words, "a secular church." His teaching is epitomised in his reference to his friend, Mr. Alderman White: "Two years ago a friend of mine in Birmingham, who for very many years has had a large Bible Class of young men on Sunday mornings, stood for the Town Council when a vacancy occurred in one of the worst wards in



the borough. There were two or three thousand voters in that ward. They were a very rough set; we fought hard, and we carried him. Ten days ago he arose in the Council. He was able to say that he had visited every street, every court in the ward. He told an appalling story of the condition of the people. He spoke of the squalid homes in which they were living, destructive to health, and rendering all high moral Christian life almost impossible. He submitted to the Council an elaborate scheme for sweeping all the wretched district away, at a cost of four and a half millions. The Council accepted the proposal unanimously. Now I believe that my friend was trying to get the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven just as much when he was fighting St. Mary's Ward, just as much when he was speaking in the Town Council, as when he was teaching his Bible Class on Sunday morning." It was a doctrine of that kind, enforced by the example of his own unflagging work in committees, at public meetings, and in personal influence, which led to the regeneration of Birmingham, and made Dale a sufficient constituency for even so able a man as Mr. Chamberlain to represent. And yet, while he made the reforming party in the town "a secular church," he scrupulously kept politics out of his pulpit, and dreaded nothing more than the possibility of transforming the Church into a caucus or a political force as such. Indeed, it was this dread which kept him aloof from the Free Church Council movement. He could not dismiss from his mind the idea that the Churches, in federation, would attempt to act upon politics and social life by political and worldly methods. He was true to his main principle, that the Church is a spiritual society, representing a kingdom not of this world, and it must work in the world as a leaven, not as an organised force, running candidates, pulling the strings at elections, and asserting itself in the well-known ways of a political party. It is hard to believe that his suspicions would not have yielded to the facts when he came to understand the actual working of the Free Church Council, which gives no countenance to his fears. But in those sad closing years he felt himself in isolation, cut off from his old political associates and even from the Congregational Union, of which once he had been the youngest chairman on record. In no spirit of resentment, but with a kind of noble forbearance and regret, he withdrew from the forces of the Church militant, partly to suffer, partly to meditate and face the future world. And thus his name cannot be associated with a movement which promises to be one of the greatest formative influences of the century in the religious life of England.

Dale's books stand in a place by themselves. No writer of our time has had a stronger individuality; but no one has written in a more catholic spirit. Published at different times, and in the course of a ministry extending over forty years, they yet form a complete theological library. Their central point is the classical work on the

Atonement. Theological thought may get beyond the position that Dale reached, but it will always have to travel on the road which Dale laid. The crowning summit in this series of books is probably "The Living Christ and the Four Gospels." No one has ever realised with a more robust faith the fact that Christ is a living, present, and powerful person in the Church and world of to-day. Nor has any one been so successful in placing the documentary evidence of the Evangelists in its right relation to this fact. The works on the Ten Commandments and the laws of Christ in common life—and, we may add, the study of St. James—appeal to minds in which the theological interest is not yet awakened, and, perhaps, contribute to its awakening; for, like St. Paul in his Epistles, Dale always brings the practical moralities of life into the closest connection with his great theologumena. When death removed him he was engaged in a work which might have proved the greatest of all his contributions to our religious life. The first series of a systematic course on Christian Doctrine was published, and a second series was promised. But while he was thus, like many other great writers, called away in the midst of a task, the beginning has suggested to many to pursue the task to the end. And in that re-statement of Christian Doctrine which is the great need of our time, his suggestions and attempt may prove to have been more pregnant than a completed work. Dale was a man of the nineteenth, and not of the twentieth, century. He will be ranked with the great names of the nineteenth century. He broke his birth's invidious bars, and succeeded, from the unpromising position of a Nonconformist pulpit, in making his voice heard and his thought felt in the life of his time. And out of his strenuous life he wrought a body of theology, reasoned, reverent, devout, scriptural, and catholic, which will be remembered in the next century as Berkeley, Butler, and Law are remembered in this.

It is a tempting theme to trace in the Life the steps by which this nature, not originally sympathetic, became tender without ceasing to be strong. No one discovered better than he

"How to grow as life advances  
In valour and charity more and more."

But that would lead us beyond the limits of the article. And before the article closes it is necessary to say a few words about the book and the biographer that gave occasion to it. The book is a genuine piece of literature. Apart from its subject, and even for those who have no interest in Dr. Dale, to read it must be a delight. The skill of the arrangement, the exhaustive treatment of the questions which are necessary to the understanding of the situation, the masterly style, and the extraordinary self-restraint and reticence, make it in itself a most fascinating study. Certainly if every great man had a son like this, a son would be the predestined writer of a father's biography. Perhaps it is one of the most important of the biographical

facts brought out in the book, that Dr. Dale should have had a son like this. Let me cite a few passages from the book. When Dale refused to leave Carr's Lane for Manchester he was influenced by the authority of his rector, John Angell James. And the biographer says: "Here loyalty had its place, and indifference to its claims would have been dishonour. He surrendered his will ungrudgingly. Never for a moment did he look back or swerve from his course. Weakness is as impotent in self-surrender as in self-assertion; but his obedience was the outcome not of weakness, but of strength." Or here is a touch of the son's memory of the father's home influence—the solitary place in which the veil is for a moment lifted: "He never forgot that the faith of a child, if it is natural and healthy, has its own type, and should never be forced; or that of most children it may be said that, if they have no Church in the home, they have no home in the Church." The fatherly love in a man so strong and reticent is a great deep into which one gazes with beating heart. Speaking of the early death of his sister, the son thus describes the father's feeling: "Her death darkened his whole life. For years after he would not trust himself to speak of her. His sorrow found relief in words. Broken sentences of passionate appeal left among his papers—a note on a sermon often used before, but never used again, 'the last sermon that my darling Alice heard'—and an allusion here and there in the utterances of after years, show that the vacant chamber in the heart was never filled." Here is a portrait better than photography: "On the platform of the Town Hall, the vigour with which he pulled off his overcoat as he rose to speak was a sure sign of what was coming; and when the meeting was tempestuous, as often happened when both political parties were present in force, he ploughed along through the storm with the steady rush of an Atlantic liner as it shoulders its way through blustering seas." And here is a fitting close in the description of the funeral: "No such concourse had been seen for many years, and it had gathered, not in curiosity, but in reverence. Above, on the sandstone cliff in which the cemetery is quarried, on the long platform of the station close by, and on the station roof itself, men and women stood in serried lines, and from beyond the walls came the faint murmur of unseen thousands outside. But within the cemetery all was stillness and peace. The afternoon was warm and bright. Spring had come in its beauty, with its parable and promise of resurrection. Sunlight flooded the sombre spot with a divine glory; the pall of smoke had given place to a cloudless blue."

It is everything to live a great and noble life; but it is something to form the subject of a great and noble biography.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

## A NEW CATECHISM.

AS soon as the new ecclesiastical movement had become organised and articulate in the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales, it resolved, with astonishing audacity and unanimity, to attempt the preparation of a new Catechism. After some preliminary consultations, the General Committee of the National Council requested the Rev. Dr. Dykes, Principal of the English Presbyterian College now being removed to Cambridge, to prepare a draft Catechism, to be subsequently revised, in consultation with him, by a Preliminary Catechism Committee. The idea at that time was that a preliminary committee, consisting to a considerable extent of younger men less preoccupied than the responsible leaders of the movement, should revise the draft Catechism and so prepare the way for a final revision. Just as the pupils of eminent sculptors do a great deal of the rough work of hewing the marble into something like its final shape before the sculptor himself takes the block minutely in hand, it was thought that some of the younger and more promising men of the Evangelical Free Churches might save the time and shorten the labour of those more responsible persons who would give the new Catechism its final shape. It was not found possible, however, to carry out this idea in its original form, and the more responsible representatives of the movement have been active members of both committees. I happened to be President of the National Council at the time the project was started, so that I became *ex-officio* chairman of the first committee. I was subsequently made permanent chairman, as I had all the threads in my hand; and, finally, my distinguished friend Dr. Mackennal, who was for some time secretary of the Committee, having found it increasingly difficult to attend meetings in London and to keep detailed

records of the proceedings, I was appointed to his office as well as my own. As chairman and convener, I have attended every meeting of the committee, and been familiar with every detail. The Preliminary Committee, meeting at intervals of about six weeks or two months, spent two years in revising the original draft.

For upwards of thirty years the leading Presbyterian theologian of our country had been unconsciously preparing for his great task by a special study of the great confessions of faith prepared during the Reformation era. When Dr. Dykes appeared for the first time, manuscript in hand, at the Catechism Committee, I exclaimed, "Well, Doctor, you have undertaken what no man in Europe has dared to attempt for 300 years." Every one who has any historical knowledge of theology or any imagination can realise the almost insuperable difficulties which surround the preparation of the draft of a new Catechism. Of course there have been innumerable alterations in detail, and we are much indebted to Dr. Dykes, for the humility and sweet reasonableness with which he has permitted us to criticise and alter his questions and answers. But the general structure remains what it was. The new Catechism will be public property on Thursday, January 5, but it is to be hoped that nobody will be in much hurry to criticise it, much less to condemn it. If I dare compare great things with small, the preparing of a catechism is like the poking of a fire—nobody else can do it entirely to your satisfaction. There is no subject on which there is more scope for diversity of opinion; there is no occasion on which an eccentric or obstinate conscience is more likely to make itself unnecessarily and permanently disagreeable. But from the first there has been a great and amiable desire on the part of every representative of every Church to find, wherever difficulty arose, a formula of peace. Our object was to express, not the peculiarities of any particular denomination, but those fundamental and essential truths which are common to all the great Evangelical Churches, truths which both unite and transcend all our varieties of opinion. In such an enterprise, representing not one but all the Evangelical Churches, it was obviously essential in some instances to find language as many-sided as the language of Scripture itself. The questions and answers were necessarily of sufficient elasticity and comprehensiveness to include all legitimate expositions of the orthodox faith. The Preliminary Committee, with the constant assistance of Dr. Dykes, revised the draft twice, in minute detail. The Committee of Final Revision was then appointed by the General Committee of the National Council, and it included the great majority of the members of the Preliminary Committee, whose names, in the list which appears below, are distinguished by an asterisk.

In selecting the Committee of Final Revision the National Com-



mittee sought to make that crowning Committee truly and proportionately representative of all the great Evangelical communities of the country. One great name will be missed in the list which follows, but I hasten to say that Principal Fairbairn has been consulted in this enterprise from first to last. It was physically impossible for him amid numerous engrossing engagements, to attend the Committee, but it was with his own entire concurrence and indeed spontaneously expressed wish that Mr. Vernon Bartlet represented the Mansfield staff. It will also be noticed that the estimable Society of Friends is not represented on the Catechism Committee. It has been understood from the beginning of the movement in which our brethren of that communion have been most prominently and actively associated, that with respect to the Sacraments we should "agree to differ," as Wesley and Whitfield agreed to differ on some profound aspects of the Calvinistic controversy. Professor Rendel Harris of Cambridge consented to join the Committee and was furnished with the drafts of the Catechism; but finding himself ultimately, to our great regret, owing to his engrossing engagements, quite unable to take an active part in the proceedings, he finally withdrew his name. It is important to point out that there is no substantial difference of opinion between the Friends and the rest of us on questions of doctrine. Our only difference is with respect to the permanent obligation and utility of certain rites which for the first Christians symbolised certain doctrines and experiences which we all cherish, and which the great majority of us believe it was the will of our Lord should continue to be symbolised and promoted in that way.

The work of the Preliminary Committee was so thorough that the Final Committee of Revision, although it contained new elements, found little difficulty in doing its work and was able to reach unanimous conclusions in a comparatively short time. In view of the fierce and bitter controversies of the past, it is both astonishing and delightful that all these responsible representatives of the Evangelical Churches have been able to produce a Catechism in which every question and every answer has been finally adopted without a dissentient vote. We have only to imagine the fate that would befall any Catechism committee appointed by the Church of England to-day, and representing all Anglican schools of thought, to realise the revolution which must have taken place before Calvinists and Arminians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, ancient Dissenters and modern Methodists could express their common faith in similar terms over the entire range of Christian theology. This unprecedented unanimity—such as has never characterised the preparation of a Catechism before—has not been reached by avoiding any awkward issue, or by evading those doctrines over which our fore-

fathers contended with positive fury. The Catechism covers the whole field of theological thought. We are not aware that any vital issue of experimental religion has been omitted. Some highly contentious questions, not discussed in previous Catechisms, have been deliberately introduced, because they are largely the result of later controversies and of the present condition of human thought. Dr. Dykes furnished us with an admirable framework. The Catechism was projected upon a novel and striking plan. In the first section it practically follows the Nicene Creed, a part of which is quoted. I need scarcely say that the Nicene Creed is the only Creed of Christendom that has ever received the assent and consent of the undivided Catholic Church. The second section consists of the Ten Commandments, which are for the first time definitely construed in their Christian sense. The third section is an equally novel exposition of the various clauses of the Lord's Prayer; and, finally, we have the doctrine of "the Church" and the "Last Things." But it is time to publish the names of the members of the Committee of Final Revision. They are the following:

## CONGREGATIONALISTS.

\* Rev. C. A. Berry, D.D., Past President of the National Council and ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.

\* Rev. A. Mackonnal, D.D., Secretary and President-elect of the National Council and ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.

Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D.D., ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.

Rev. G. S. Barrett, D.D., ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.

J. Vernon Bartlet, M.A., Lecturer in Church History, Mansfield College, Oxford.

## WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

Rev. J. S. Banks, Professor of Theology, Headingley College.

Rev. J. A. Beet, D.D., Professor of Theology, Richmond College.

Rev. W. T. Davison, D.D., Professor of Theology, Birmingham College.

Rev. G. G. Findlay, B.A., Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Headingley College.

\* Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., Past President of the National Council and President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

## BAPTISTS.

\* Rev. J. Clifford, D.D., President of the National Council and ex-President of the Baptist Union.

\* Rev. T. Vincent Tymms, D.D., Principal of Rawdon College and ex-President of the Baptist Union.

\* Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., Principal of Regent's Park College.

## PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

\* Rev. H. B. Kendall, B.A., Connexional Editor.

\* Mr. A. S. Peake, M.A., Professor of Biblical Theology at the Primitive Methodist College, Manchester.



## PRESBYTERIANS.

\* Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., Principal of the Presbyterian College, Cambridge, and ex-Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod.

\* Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., ex-President of the National Council and ex-Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod.

## METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Rev. W. J. Townsend, D.D., ex-President of the New Connexion Conference and late Connexional Editor.

## BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

Rev. F. W. Bourne, ex-President of the Bible Christian Conference and Connexional Editor.

## UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

Rev. David Brook, D.C.L.

The representative theologians in the foregoing list were appointed not by their own communions but by the Committee of the National Council. In the strictest sense, therefore, no communion is responsible for this Catechism. These theologians have prepared it on their personal responsibility. As in the case of the revision of the Authorised Version of the Bible, it carries no official weight; it depends for its acceptance upon the extent to which its authors command the confidence of their various communions and yet more upon the extent to which, after due reflection, the Catechism commends itself to the general approval of Christian men. At the same time, he must be a very ill-informed person who fails to realise the significance of a Catechism approved by such names. No such combination, representing so many Churches, has ever before prepared or sanctioned a detailed statement of Christian belief.

It will be noted with interest that two of the theologians who took part in preparing this Catechism are laymen. Professor Peake and Mr. Bartley, both representatives of the Mansfield College school of sacred learning, have taken an active, influential and greatly valued share in its preparation. It had been hoped, as I have said, that another layman, Professor Rendel Harris, would have given us his invaluable help. It is a mere accident that the great majority of the compilers of this Catechism are ordained ministers of religion. It is due to the obvious fact that separated ministers have the time, aptitude, learning, and other qualifications for a work which peculiarly belongs to their profession. Very few laymen have either time or opportunity, in the busy world of this century, to qualify themselves for such work, which is partly technical and which requires extensive familiarity not only with the Bible, but also with the processes of human thought through all ages and with similar undertakings in the past. At the same time, the presence of at

least two influential laymen on the committee demonstrates that no professional class has an absolute monopoly in the scientific interpretation of the Holy Scriptures or in the exposition of convictions which arise in the hearts of all men who have personal experience of the Gospel of God. I ought to add in this preliminary explanation that the National Council undertook this great work not merely, perhaps I ought to say not mainly, in order to demonstrate the unanimity of theological conviction which now characterises the great Protestant Churches, but in response to an urgent and ever-growing appeal for a new Catechism that was Catholic rather than denominational and that was also up to date, up to date not in the sense that any ancient doctrine is or could be superseded, but in the sense that catechetical statements should be expressed in modern language rather than in obsolete terms which involve risk of ambiguity and misapprehension.

With a view to make the Catechism serviceable in our homes and schools, as well as a monument of the unity of the Evangelical faith, it was finally decided that the total number of principal answers be kept down to fifty-two, so that the entire Catechism may be taught, one question and answer per week in the course of one year. To secure that result the Committee omitted one or two excellent questions and answers which were, however, by general consent, not absolutely essential to the full statement of the Truth. Even as it is, the reader of the Catechism will notice the final compromise by which detailed explanations of the Ten Commandments and of the Lord's Prayer are printed as "insets" in small print.

The first question and answer are : Question : "What is the Christian religion?" Answer : "It is the religion founded by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has brought to us the full knowledge of God and of Eternal Life." This question strikes the keynote of the New Catechism. We begin, not with metaphysical abstractions, but with the Incarnate Christ ; and our object is to discuss, not a verbal creed, but a living religion. It will be observed that this Catechism has that characteristic note of "experimental religion" which Sir Edward Russell of the *Liverpool Post*, in his recent remarkable letter to the *Times*, so sadly misses in modern High Anglicanism. It is obvious that this Catechism is prepared to meet the subjective wants of the human heart, as well as to state the objective facts of an historical Faith. It will also be noticed that in our numerous definitions of the Deity the historical rather than the metaphysical order has been followed. We begin by defining the Eternal Father as revealed to us in Christ. We then describe the historic facts of our Lord's Life, Death and Resurrection, summing them up, it will be observed, in certain essential clauses of the Nicene Creed. Then we speak of the Holy Spirit, whose existence is the final disclosure in the gradual

revelation of truth respecting the nature of God. Thoughtful persons will also note that in speaking of the Holy and Blessed Spirit we have avoided that unhappy addition to the Nicene Creed which the intolerance of Rome, in its incapacity to appreciate niceties of profound truth, attempted to force upon the Eastern Church at the cost of the first, greatest, and most permanent of all schisms. While not doubting for a moment the Double Procession of the Holy Spirit, we agree with the Eastern Church in the conviction that we ought not to compel any one to use in relation to the mystery of the Divine Existence any expression not explicitly found in Holy Scripture.

In our fundamental definition of God we have taken care to say that "He is Love," thus removing one of the greatest blemishes in the Catechisms of the past. Question and answer 8 form the first great illustration of the way in which we have been able to discover formulæ of peace which heal terrible breaches. Here was the first issue on which, if they had been so minded, Calvinists and Arminians, as they sat round the table, might have come to bitter strife. The question is: "Are we able of ourselves to do this?" (*i.e.*, as explained in the previous answer, to "love God with our whole heart, and our neighbour as ourselves"). The answer is: "No; for although man was made innocent at the first, yet he fell into disobedience, and since then no one has been able, in his own strength, to keep God's law." This careful answer, over which much time was spent, not only avoids the rocks and shoals created by modern research in relation to the origins of human life and of sin, but shows how the old Calvinistic controversy has now really and absolutely ceased in the discovery of the *tertium quid*, the higher truth which reconciles the two opposite sides of truth at which our Calvinistic and Arminian forefathers respectively gazed. The initiative of Divine Grace is as emphatically recognised and acknowledged by a Methodist as by a Baptist. What our Calvinistic brethren really fought for in the past was the supremacy of Divine Grace, and not the limitation of the Atonement. They suspected us of some Socinian or Pelagian heresy which deprived the Grace of God of the whole credit and merit of human salvation. That was really a groundless suspicion, as all men now realise. Question and answer 8 indicate that one of the longest, most dreadful, most deadly chapters in ecclesiastical controversy is finally closed. The same profound truth is taught unmistakably in Question and answer 10. Question: "Can we deliver ourselves from sin and its consequences?" Answer: "By no means; for we are unable either to cleanse our own hearts or to make amends for our offences."

In Question 13 the new note in the best Evangelical teaching of our time is emphasised by the statement that Christ is not only our Saviour, but also "a perfect example of what we ought to be." I quite agree with Dr. Stalker that the imitation of Christ has not



hitherto been sufficiently prominent in the thoughts of Protestants ; but Dr. Stalker himself must be satisfied with this plain statement. The ceaseless intercession of our Lord, which is caricatured in the bewitching service of the Mass, and which is often overlooked in Protestant thought, is taught very emphatically in Answer 16. The most suspicious Evangelical Christian will find that the definitions of Repentance and Faith unmistakably protect us against the delusions of a dead orthodoxy. The fundamental truth of Calvinism is again brought out in the answer to Question 23, where it is declared that we are enabled to repent and believe "by the secret power of the Holy Spirit working graciously in our hearts, and using for this end providential discipline and the message of the Gospel." Reference has already been made to the striking feature of this new Catechism which consists in a careful Christian interpretation of the ten Jewish commandments. Let me especially emphasise sub-question and sub-answer (viii.). Even our Socialistic friends ought to be satisfied with the lofty Christian ethic which declares that the eighth commandment teaches us "to be honest and fair in all our dealings, and in no wise to take unbrotherly advantage of another by fraud or force." All who ponder the far-reaching significance of this last clause will agree that it embodies the highest Christian conception of honesty.

In the detailed interpretation of the different clauses of the Lord's Prayer there will be found in sub-answer (ii.) one of the most striking notes of the new movement. I have long believed that one of the deadliest delusions that ever took possession of the Christian Church was St. Augustine's identification of the Church and the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God is very much larger than the Church. The Church stands in the same relation to the Kingdom as the British Army to the British Empire. Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Dale, Dr. Berry and other of our most gifted representatives have in various ways insisted upon this wider view. I believe that the attractiveness and influence of the dangerous Ritschlian School in Germany is largely due to certain noble thoughts which their gifted founder uttered respecting the Kingdom of God. The safe statement of truth on that high issue is surely found in the sub-answer which declares that, when we pray "Thy Kingdom come," we pray "that the Gospel may spread and prevail in all the world, till the power of evil is overthrown and Jesus reigns in every heart and governs every relation of human life." We frankly face the exceedingly difficult last petition and conclude that, when we ask God not to lead us into temptation, "we entreat that we may not need, for our humbling, to be exposed to severe temptations."

The next section of the new Catechism is the one which will probably excite most attention and interest. Many of us have long felt that

the attitude of Protestantism in relation to Romanism and Romanising Anglicanism has been far too negative, critical, and destructive. As my eminent friend Dr. Berry has insisted with splendid eloquence on many a platform during the last few years in this country, it is high time for us to become definite, positive, and constructive. The Committee unanimously agreed to state the doctrine of the Church in the following significant question and equally significant answer:

Question.—“What is the Holy Catholic Church?”

Answer.—“It is that Holy Society of believers in Christ Jesus which He founded, of which He is the only Head, and in which He dwells by His Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organised in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet One in Him.”

It will be noted that this definition makes no reference whatever to the metaphysical abstraction entitled the “Invisible Church,” which was invented in the sixteenth century. Of course we all believe in the “Invisible Church” in the sense that the Church Triumphant in heaven is a part of the true Church not visible on earth. As we often sing:

“One family we dwell in him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.”

But in Protestant controversy the “Invisible Church” is used in a totally different sense, to describe some Church of which every believer in Christ is a member, even when he totally neglects all the duties and obligations of practical fellowship with his fellow Christians. London swarms with ecclesiastical vagrants, who flatter themselves that because they believe in Christ, and are therefore, according to their own notions, members of the “Invisible Church,” they suffer no loss by holding entirely aloof from the organised fellowship of every Christian communion, and by refusing to bear any of the burdens or discharge any of the duties of the Christian sanctuary. Anything more entirely opposed to the original purpose of Christ or the best interests both of the individual and of human society, I cannot imagine. I am deeply thankful that the Catechism Committee, without attempting to define or to discuss any “invisible” entity, have limited themselves to defining that real, practical, visible organisation which exists on earth and does the work of Christ on earth. If we had nothing in existence here except the so-called “Invisible Church,” which is so dear to well-meaning, obstinate, and self-assertive Christians who resent the discipline of co-operation with their fellow Christians, the powers of evil would not have much to fear. We frankly accept the Church which was organised by Christ and His Apostles as a visible, audible, and tangible society; and at the same time without

in any way destroying the existing ecclesiastical organisations which are required by the varieties of the human mind, we proclaim the true bond of ecclesiastical unity. The Church is One neither in the Pope nor in the Sovereign, but in Christ Jesus, its Divine Head and Lord. The great movement which has produced this Catechism is itself an illustration of that ancient Catholic truth. We are obviously one, not only in external co-operation for defence or attack but in doctrinal conviction and spiritual aspiration. We and we alone can say, with this Catechism in our hands and with our new record of co-operation in every city and town :

"We are not divided, all one body we—  
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity."

And it is well to remember here that we are a majority of those inhabitants of England and Wales who make any profession of religion. In the English-speaking world we are an overwhelming majority, representing at least two-thirds of all who speak the English tongue and profess the Christian religion. Under these circumstances, thoughtful persons will estimate the significance of our recently discovered unity. The visibility of the Church is expressly reaffirmed in the next question and answer.

Question: "For what ends did our Lord found His Church?"

Answer: "He united His people into this visible brotherhood for the worship of God and the ministry of the Word and the Sacraments; for mutual edification, the administration of discipline, and the advancement of His Kingdom."

The burning question of the right of any particular organisation to call itself a "Church" is faced in Question and answer 35. Question: "What is the essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church?" Answer: "The essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church is the presence of Christ, through His indwelling Spirit, manifested in holy life and fellowship." In a word, we accept the most ancient definition of "the Catholic Church," the most ancient because it is the definition given by the Apostolic Father who invented the expression. In his letter to the Smyrnæans St. Ignatius says: "Wheresoever the bishop shall appear, there let the people be; even as where Jesus may be, there is the Catholic Church." (*ὡςπερ ὅπου ᾗ ἢ Χριστὸς Ἰησοῦς ἐκεῖ ἡ καθολικὴ ἐκκλησία.*) Some Anglican scholars and theologians, unfamiliar with every Christian communion except their own and the Romanist, seem to be incapable of conceiving any Church in which an episcopate does not occupy the same position that bishops hold in the Anglican and Roman Churches. They imagine, therefore, that St. Ignatius could not have meant exactly what he said, because in the context he contends that no Eucharist, Baptism, or Love Feast is lawful in the absence of the

bishop or one whom he has appointed to conduct the service. But that statement is equally true to-day of the "superintendent" or "bishop" of a Methodist "circuit" or "diocese." It is simply a question of Church order involving no exclusive claims on the part either of an ancient Greek "bishop" or a modern Methodist "superintendent." The very passage I have quoted above expressly asserts that the bishop *may* be present without the people, but that Christ *cannot* be present without "the Church" being present also. The Free Church Catechism declares in harmony with the New Testament and Christian Antiquity, that the only final and decisive proof that any organisation is a real "Church" is the unmistakable presence of the miraculous grace of the Holy Spirit manifested in the conversion and sanctification of men. This proves that Christ is really present, that He gives His *imprimatur*, His sanction, His approval, and from the *imprimatur* of the Supreme Head of the Church there is no appeal either to Canterbury or to Rome. Alas for those who have no higher proof either of the validity of their Orders or of the efficacy of their Sacraments, than an extremely speculative, disputable, and ambiguous theory. The ancient and Catholic doctrine is reasserted in Q. and A. 40, where it is stated that "the decisive proof of a valid ministry is the sanction of the Divine Head of the Church, manifested in the conversion of sinners and the edification of the body of Christ." It will be noted that the commonly but most unjustly called "Zwinglian" view of the Lord's Supper, is repudiated again and again in our statements about that divinely appointed ordinance. In A. 41 it is asserted that the Sacraments "when rightly used," "become a means to convey" the grace of God "to our hearts." And in A. 47 it is said that they "who in penitence and faith partake of" the Lord's Supper "feed spiritually upon Christ as the nourishment of the soul, by which they are strengthened and refreshed for the duties and trials of life."

The closing questions and answers teach the doctrines of the Last Things in devout and scriptural terms which must command general assent. I confess that the rock on which I feared we should be split and wrecked, even within sight of port, was the definition of Baptism. Remembering the terrible controversies of Pædobaptists and Anabaptists in the past, my fears were not unnatural. I thought we should at least be compelled to give two alternative answers, although that would have been exceedingly objectionable. However, we found a formula of peace in the statement that the Sacrament of Baptism signifies "the washing away of sin and the new birth wrought by the Holy Ghost in all who repent and believe." This is not an unreal, verbal compromise, but an honest statement of truth believed by all. My friend Dr. Clifford and I do not differ in the least with respect to the processes of divine grace or the evolution of the life of

God in the soul, but only with respect to the precise point in the evolution at which the rite of baptism should be administered—in other words, what stage of the work of the Spirit of God baptism specifically symbolises. It is a curious fact that the greatest difficulty we experienced was one which nobody would have anticipated. It was in formulating such a definition of the Resurrection of the Body as would exclude no orthodox opinion, and to which we could all agree. The curious reader may ponder for himself the finally unanimous answer. It must not be assumed from our ultimate unanimity that we had no difficulties. Again and again and again we seemed to have reached an impassable mountain of difficulty. But, with mutual goodwill and prayerful patience, we persisted in testing every side of the apparently inaccessible Matterhorn until we succeeded in scaling it.

We never discovered any irreconcilable difference of fundamental conviction among ourselves, but it was often very difficult to frame a short, compact, catechetical answer which would include all that any member of the Committee was scripturally entitled to demand, and at the same time exclude ambiguity and heresy. The reasons for silence on some points on which some of our co-religionists might not unreasonably have asked for speech were the necessary limits enforced upon any catechism which has to be committed to memory in these busy days. We are not conscious, however, of having omitted one single fundamental or important truth taught by any of the associated Churches. I have already mentioned many aspects of truth, of high present importance, which do not appear in any of the accepted catechisms of the associated Churches. I might further illustrate the comprehensiveness of the Catechism by pointing out that for the first time—as might be expected from stalwart Free Churchmen—we define the relations of the Church to the State and of the State to the Church.

I have already asked theological and ecclesiastical critics not to be in a hurry to express final judgments with respect to our work. If they had heard the earnest and devout statements of every aspect of Truth as it presents itself to different Evangelical Churches; the minute weighing of the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture; the pondering of ancient, mediæval and modern creeds, symbols and catechisms; the discussions on the precise significance of English synonyms; the often animated debates on the relative claims of a colon and a semi-colon, when we were warily picking our way on dizzy heights of divine mystery, they would at any rate realise how microscopically careful was our endeavour to do our best. We were in no hurry. We certainly did not scamp any part of our work. I frequently said in the earlier meetings, that we should do well if we completed our task “in ten years.” We were fully justified in demanding that comparatively brief period. No such enterprise as this has ever been seriously undertaken since the



unhappy day on which Martin Luther quarrelled with Huldreich Zwingli. But God has in so marvellous and unprecedented a way brought us together, enabled us to see the other side of the shield, and revealed to us the higher truth which reconciles two subordinate ones, that the work has been done in two years. Every Christian possessing in any degree a historical imagination will realise the inspiring significance of the fact that the time has actually come when Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists can sit round a table and deliberately agree to a common statement of faith in relation to every doctrine of fundamental importance.

We represent, as already intimated, the substantial beliefs of the majority of those who profess the Christian faith in the United Kingdom, of the great majority in the British Empire, of the overwhelming majority in the English-speaking world. On the lowest calculation we are the kinsmen and the spokesmen of not less than 80,000,000 of Evangelical Christians, almost all of whom are citizens of the most progressive and powerful nations in the modern world. We quite admit that numbers are not everything, but they are a great deal, especially when their union is neither compulsory nor political, but voluntary, intelligent and spiritual. We have long borne the reproach of unnecessary and endless division. We bear it no longer. The centrifugal forces of excessive individualism, the reaction from centralised, clerical despotism, have spent their strength. The centripetal forces of vital and brotherly Christianity have resumed their genial sway. To those who can "discern the signs of the times," this little Catechism is, as Carlyle would have said, "significant of much." Before we are twenty years older, all men will realise that it is one of the most wonderful and far-reaching facts of "the wonderful century" now hasting to its close. *A Domino factum est istud: et est mirabile in oculis nostris.*

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

## DOLLATRY.

WE grown-ups are a strangely incurious folk. A land of Liliput, inhabited by a charming and amusing little people, lies close to us, yet, herein vastly inferior to Captain Gulliver, we are not moved to a serious investigation of its quaint and puzzling manners. At any rate, we have been content to remain ignorant of what is perhaps its most notable institution, what has been called dollatry. And yet there seems to reveal itself in this institution the very essence or "quiddity" of childhood. Perhaps, indeed, if dolls could tell us what they are supposed, as confidantes and confessors, to hear from the lips of their small devotees, they might throw more light on the nature of "the child's mind" than all the psychologists.

The reproach of this long neglect seems about to be removed. Science has begun to investigate the sacred mysteries of doll-dom. It is the quick-sighted American who has annexed this no man's land in the world of science. A well-known worker in the domain of "pædology"—this is, I think, the latest name of child-study—Professor Stanley Hall, aided by a collaborator, has collected many interesting and some highly curious facts respecting the attributes of the doll, both such as are patent to our older senses, and such as disclose themselves only to the believing eye of their playmates.\* The facts appear to have been obtained partly by observing children in their doll-play and questioning them about this, and partly by inviting confessions from older people who remember their dollatrous practices, and the ideas they entertained respecting their pets.

The difficulties of the subject begin to appear at the very outset. How are we to define a doll? So much may be said, perhaps:

\* "A Study of Dolls," by A. Cassell Ellis and G. Stanley Hall, in the *Pedagogical Seminary*. 1896.

a doll is a material object which we regard as lifeless, but which the believing child appears to regard as not only alive, but as sharing in its own "psychic qualities," and of which it makes a pet playmate. A doll is commonly supposed by older people to be a solid semblance or effigy of the human form. But, as we shall presently see, this applies only to conventional or shop dolls.

We need not, however, try to fix the definition of this protean and elusive creature. It has been said by a great logician that satisfactory definitions can only be constructed as the end of scientific investigation. As a makeshift, then, we may take the human effigy as the typical doll, dealing with other forms in so far as they seem to be akin to this.

Beginning with the correct conventional doll, which, be it remembered, is supplied by grown-up people, we find from the American returns that its material is very various. Wood, india-rubber, china, wax, cloth, and other substances lend themselves to this purpose. Its size, too, varies greatly. The commoner forms seem to be from four to twelve inches in length. In point of artistic modelling, as judged by grown-up people, as also of quantity and mode of attire, it exhibits a whole scale of variation.

Notwithstanding these numerous differences it preserves in the main one type. In the large majority of cases it has "real hair" or its painted representation. The hair and attire seem clearly to point to its being a girl rather than a boy. Boy dolls are, we are told, decidedly the exception. As to age, it would be rash, perhaps, to hazard a guess beyond saying that it commonly looks like a child, though, in many cases, a rather over-dressed and over-adorned child.

The common style of the doll and its variations, though in a sense determined by tradition and the habits of trade, may be supposed to bear some relation to the likings of its owner. I believe that children, of well-to-do families at least, are allowed to exercise some choice in the matter. Professor Hall has brought to light some curious preferences of children. He tells us, for example, that, whereas out of 845 children 191 preferred wax dolls, as many as 144 pronounced in favour of rag ones. Odd preferences are sometimes shown with regard to size. A lady writes me that she preferred 4-inch halfpenny dolls because there was so much more to be done with these in the way of putting on wigs made from door-mats, inking in eyebrows, &c. On the other hand, another English lady tells me that her childish ambition was the possession of a big doll—"one that would fill my arms and take some of the cuddling that I wanted to bestow, and which nobody seemed to want."

This girl-image is, so far as the uninitiated adult can divine, the true child's doll. Dolls representing adults no doubt exist also. The admiration of dress, which seems to be a strong ingredient in a good

deal of dollatry, may perhaps account for the appearance of grand courtiers and others among the inhabitants of doll-land. The collection of costly dolls preserved by our reigning Sovereign illustrates this. How far such great personages are capable of fulfilling the functions of a doll, and becoming the bosom-companion of a child it would be rash to say.

On a quite different level, again, would seem to be the ugly and grotesque effigies which by courtesy go by the name of dolls. I have been unable to ascertain whether black dolls, which are wont to terrify at first, ever succeed in inspiring the true doll-passion. Dr. Hall says that a "coloured" doll may be specially liked because others hate it; but this statement is not conclusive, being rather suggestive of a priggish "contrariness," by no means uncommon among children. Monsters of humanity, the old-fashioned Punch ("Punchinello") and the like, have played a considerable part as toys, and no doubt share in some of the characteristics of a doll. It may even turn out that there is in the hearts of some children a mixed sentiment of amusement and pity for ugly things which is hardly less generative of love than the admiration of blue eyes, golden hair, and the rest.

It is often supposed that girls are the only "dollaters"; yet this view is plainly inaccurate. Dr. Hall got returns from a respectable minority of boys, attesting to a temporary fondness for dolls. At the same time, this boyish feeling seems to be different from the girl's. At least boys are said to prefer "exceptional" dolls, such as clowns, "coloured" dolls, Eskimo dolls, and so forth. They appear, too, much more frequently than girls, to turn toy-animals into dolls. All this suggests that the boy's sentiment has not so much of the warm fondling element in it as the girl's.

It is now time to widen our view of doll-dom. The conventional doll fashioned into human form, with eyes and hands and all the other wondrous belongings, is by no means the only variety. In addition to the ready-made dolls which are to be found in the all-producing shop, there are the dolls made by children themselves. Grown-up people, noticing that these home-made dolls fall below the shop dolls in point of sculpturesque finish, are wont to speak of them as "substitutes" for the latter. Yet this way of speaking is perhaps inappropriate. Poor children who nurse a stick or wisp of straw clad in a rag shawl may, perhaps, be finding a substitute for the adorable looking creature that they see in the shop windows. But this by no means applies to every adoption of a rough-hewn and shapeless doll. For children have been known to prefer, with all deliberation, the shapeless to the shapely thing. Mysterious as is to the uninstructed onlooker a girl's passionate attachment to the stolid, inane-looking wax creature, her devotion to her own rude creation is still more mysterious. It is here that one feels most inclined to make one's

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bow and to retire before the inscrutable secrets of childhood. Yet one may describe what is seen, and in this way, perhaps, get nearer to an inkling as to what the strange little creatures understand by their dolls.

The ignorant grown-up reader may well be dismayed at Dr. Hall's list of doll-substitutes. Here are a few of them: pillows, sticks, bottles, ears of corn, clothes-pins, cucumbers, brooms, button-hooks, pegs, chairs, and stools. These and many other things were mentioned more than once in the returns. Those mentioned only once included such oddities as the following: a box, a jug, orange peel, a sheet, a horse-chestnut, a hair-brush, a wooden spoon, a book, and so on. A more heterogeneous gathering of things one could hardly make for oneself. They look for all the world as if they had been given in as answers to the question—"Name something that isn't a doll." For one equipped only with the limited grown-up understanding, it might seem the most hopeless of tasks to find any meaning in this jumble of doll-things. Wisely, perhaps, our American collectors have not a word to say on the meaning of these childish selections.

Nevertheless, one owes it to the child to try to understand him, even though the result may turn out to be nothing but a dismal headache. We must not too hastily assume that little girls in their quest of a doll-companion are guided by no idea, but snatch at the first thing which presents itself. There may, after all, be a method in their mad-looking caprices.

Now, I am daring enough to suppose that I have found a glimmering of light in this dark corner of child-life. I shall be fortunate if I can induce any of my readers to adopt my conjectures. To begin with, then, under all the crass stupid-looking undollishness of these "substitutes," one may see a tendency to select what is rudely suggestive to the child of the human form. What is suggestive of this form to these little people comes out in their first drawings of a man. Here we see the value for the child's imagination of the circular or oval, and allied forms, for head and for body, and of forked lines for the biped's shanks. If now, you will try to catch a bit of a child's imagination and look at the catalogue of miscellaneous things used as dolls by American children, you will find that these elementary forms occur again and again: the pillow, the orange, the horse-chestnut, the bottle (with a neck, too), the cucumber, the hair-brush, and the spoon may be taken as answering to the round and the oval. The importance of this attribute of human "leggishness" seems to assert itself in the tongs, the boot-jack, the wash-board, which to its American adopter had two legs and was therefore "so like a man." It seems also to be the decisive feature in chairs and stools, these being so used, I am given to understand, that their legs may do duty for doll-arms also. Again, a certain number of children, when drawing a man, do



not employ a contour for the body, but merely a line, such as is employed more frequently for the arm and the leg; and some of the doll forms, such as sticks, pins, and the like, may, perhaps, be said to resemble this *naïve* archaic mode of delineation.

In certain cases the only ground of the selection may be the discernment of a hint, so to speak, of some subordinate feature in the human figure. The hair is apt to appear in glorious abundance in nursery drawings, and it bulks large, I suspect, in children's conception of a "sweetly pretty" doll. I seem to catch traces of this admiration of hair in the dollifying of turnips and carrots, which as we are especially told in some cases, have the leaves left on, and which are made dolls of by English as well as by American children.

Instead of the hair, some other accessory of the human figure may capture the doll-hunter's fancy. At least, this is the conclusion I am inclined to draw from the large number of articles of clothing and other appendages which appear in the list; for example, the umbrella, the clay pipe, both of which are common attributes of the man in children's drawings, the shoe, the slipper, and so forth. An English lady already quoted, tells me that one of the favourite dolls of herself and her sisters was a turned block, taken from a bed-post. This, she says, was specially prized because "the upper rim suggested a little boy's frill." Here it is evident the doll form grows highly symbolic. To use the language of rhetoric, it has ceased to be a simile and has become a kind of synecdoche in which a part or detail is made to represent the whole.

I think then that, given a child's lively and subtly working fancy, we may dimly see our way to understanding many of these arbitrary-looking selections. To these keen-eyed little ones even such an unman-like object as a key, or boot-hook, may be suggestive of something of a human aspect. But I do not wish to press the point too far. I fancy that I discern another force at work, as great at least as that of a child's transforming fancy.

Function helps to determine structure, so the biologists seem to say. An organ such as the human hand takes on its particular shape, because that will help it to do its proper work better than any other shape. However this be in biology, it certainly seems to be true in doll science. A doll, as we saw above, is not a mere object of contemplation like a picture. It is essentially a thing to be played with in certain ways. The nature of this doll play will occupy us more fully presently. Here it may be enough to say that among the more important play actions in which the doll takes a vital part, and to which it has to be properly fitted, are such as carrying or nursing, leading by the hand, dressing, and so forth. And I have some evidence to show that doll-forms are chosen because they lend themselves nicely to these occupations.

Of these the most important, as helping to determine form, is the demand for something clothable. The child, though in its way a philosopher, does not share in the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's *Teufelsdröckh*, but has a great—almost a fearful—belief in the necessity of clothing. The childish instinct to dress greatly enlarges the field of doll selection. Anything almost will do for enveloping in a shawl or other rude covering, and all the straight rod-like things, from a bit of slate pencil up to a broom, appear, so far as I can learn, to be put to this use. In another way this mode of dressing the doll seems to lead to the selection of clothes or their equivalent, such as a coat, a piece of cloth, a towel, a sheet, and so forth. For one may conjecture that these are either thrown about something or twisted into the semblance of a dressed figure. But here the uninitiated spectator may well ask for more light.

Other needs of the doll-seeker have their determining influence. I have already alluded to the desire of a girl for a big doll that should fill the arms. Weight may count too, as in the case of a small child who liked a turnip doll because she had "a sense of real labour" in carrying it. The lady that tells me about the blocks and stools says that they were valued for the following reasons: "If they (the blocks) were taken out on walks they could stand when you met a lady friend," whereas "the proper doll required propping up, and you were not always near a wall." As to the stools they "were very nice for taking out on walks, because the legs did for arms. You could hold your child's hand and walk along like a real nurse."

These guessings of ours, for they are more than half guessings, may throw a glimmer of light on the mystery of doll selection. But much will remain dark after all is said. What, one wonders, can have drawn a child's dollifying fancy to a tin can, to a box, to a jug, to a dish-cover? Perhaps such questions will never be answered in such a way as to be intelligible to our heavy and slow-moving wits.

Let us now see what children do with their dolls. Here Dr. Hall and his collaborator tell us some really curious things. The first and simplest function of the doll seems to be a nursling to be folded in the arms, embraced, and carried from place to place. The way in which a little girl when in the mood of full devotion will make herself happy for hours together with these simple offices is a thing bewildering to the eyes of a grown-up, at least of a male grown-up. Then there are the endless labours of dressing and undressing, of washing, of brushing the hair, and the like. Washing and brushing the hair seem to be specially delightful to the operator. Is this wholly due to the idea of the superlative value of cleanliness and neatness learned in the nursery; or does it savour of childish malice in laying emphasis on the rites which have proved most disagreeable when practised on the nurse herself? Still, one must recognise

that the doll pet seems to be spared the real agony of the comb. The lady whom I have quoted more than once tells me that the two delights of washing and doing the hair competed one with the other in her selection of pets. In her childish days there were two sorts of doll—the one with wax head and “real” hair, the other with china head and only painted hair. The second was good for washing only. The first was admirably suited for the long drawn-out labour of brushing; but, alas! did not lend itself to the equally-absorbing passion for scrubbing. The face could only be washed with butter, a poor device which accomplished but little, and was felt to be unreal by the child, and was carried out with a feeling of shame in private. When the two could be combined, as in the case of a sister’s doll from Paris, which had a china face and “real” hair, dollatry rose to its highest pitch of ecstasy.

Feeding is another function which fills much of the little nurse’s time. Here no suspicion of malice can arise. In seeing that her child is regularly and amply fed, the nurse seems to be in a purely altruistic vein. The returns give us interesting details as to the kinds of food selected, and, what is more curious, as to the modes of feeding practised. Some children, it seems, have a way of putting food on the floor near the doll; others go further, and hold the food long to the doll’s mouth; or, insisting on a still more realistic performance, break out some of its teeth, and push the food into the mouth with a pin. Others, again, stopping short of such violent realism, cover the unreality by a dodge, as when one child, after holding the food to the doll’s mouth for awhile, slipped it down its neck. A lady writes that her little girl used regularly to serve her doll from the family table, carrying the meal upstairs to the nursery, and there eating it herself. She would even let out the secret of this vicarious consumption to her mother, whispering to her, when she was serving her, that she was not to give her so large a helping, “in view of the upstairs consumption to come.” A thoughtful conscientiousness shows itself sometimes, as when forgetfulness of the doll’s meal to-day is made up by giving it a double quantity to-morrow. Self-sacrificing devotion, too, will now and again reveal itself, as in the case of an American boy of five, who half-starved himself in order to feed “an old nut-cracker in the usual form of Punch.” This self-denying charity lasted weeks, “but was concealed.” The boy let out later that he felt this odd figure to be a member of the family, “and vaguely thought his life was sustained by feeding Punch.”

Putting dolly to sleep seems to be another great business of the nursery. A vast amount of rocking has to be done. This is commonly accompanied by singing, and the sincerity of this doll-service in one case is attested by the statement that this was continued “till my arms ached.” Great care is taken not to make a

noise, the thoughtful little nurse walking on tiptoe and talking in a whisper. Different conceptions of the doll's age betray themselves, some nurses considering their charges old enough to be put to bed awake, and one declining to sing to her doll because she regarded dolls as "young ladies." The same doll seems to come in for a different sort of treatment as she grows older, for growth is one of the characteristics which dolly shares with the child.

The realistic impulse will move a child when putting her doll to sleep to shut its eyes where this is possible. Perhaps the great charm of eyes which open and shut may be due to the help they give to the sweet illusion of doll-sleep. When this cannot be done the make-believe is sometimes assisted by covering the doll's head with the clothes. The glassy stare of a doll's eyes would, perhaps, kill the illusion of sleep even in the case of a highly imaginative child.

Another odd branch of doll-service is tending the pet in sickness. Dolls appear to be subject to all the complaints of their young nurses. They are physicked, too, by the familiar nursery methods. The realistic impulse to detect something like the "poorly" look in the doll is illustrated by the diagnosing of leprosy in the case of a doll from whom "the paint was flecking off." If all the paint comes off, and the doll takes on a pitiful pallor, there is a fine opportunity for the child's healing art. In one instance the appearance of measles was induced by the help of a red lead pencil. In another instance, when a doll was convalescent after fever, the "pretence" was supported by deliberately pulling out the hair. Fractures of limb or skull, and slighter injuries leading to loss of the vital sustaining sawdust, have, of course, to be treated surgically. Doll-surgery, however, to judge by the number of maimed and deformed figures which are to be found in doll-land, would seem to be by no means universal among children.

Other kinds of doll-service reflecting the practices of the mother or nurse may just be named. The much considered pet is regularly taken for a walk, sometimes on a visit, has picture books shown to her, has the piano played to her, and so on. Schooling and moral discipline often fills a large space in the work of looking after dollish irresponsibility. Children's ideas of dolls' faults and of the appropriate methods of punishment are briefly illustrated in the American returns, though one wishes that this part of the report could have been fuller. Differences of mental attitude reflect themselves in the answers. One child says: "I often give my dolls a good moral talk which helps them." This breathes of the right childish faith, though it sounds a trifle "goodie" perhaps. There seems to be more of genuine confession in what another child says: "Sometimes I spank dolls for things they didn't do, it is such fun."

One curious part of this doll-tendence deserves a brief notice, viz.,

its close by proper ceremonious interment. Children have a feeling for the "grand" side of a ceremony, and a funeral seems to be as dear to the heart of many little girls as it is to their adult successors. Hence, we need not wonder at learning that a good many dollatrists honour their pets with a becoming funeral. Sometimes the interment seems to spring out of a pure love of the ceremony, since we read that the doll will be disinterred and taken back to affection the very same day. Curiosity, too, may prompt the discharge of the solemn office, as when the interment and disinterment are carried out in order to know whether the doll manages to go to heaven. The genuine reverent kind of funeral occurs when the favourite is for other reasons regarded as dead. A doll's death may result from any kind of serious accident, as for example the loss of the head—though even this does not always kill a doll for a faithful child heart—or a too exhausting issue of sawdust. In some instances, alas, death is a pure pretence, invented solely to cover the end of doll-love. Yet even in such cases it seems well that the once affectionate nurse should mark the end of her devotion worthily by giving the honour of a funeral. Mrs. Carlyle, it may be remembered, when told that she was too old for doll-play, concentrated all the remaining dollatry in her heart in an act of piety. Dolly was placed with suitable accessories, sumptuous dress, bedstead, &c., on a funeral pyre and made to die sublimely like Dido. Sometimes a child seems to be taken by a craze for interment, having a new ceremony for the head, for the arm, &c., as it comes off. Yet all little girls are not Antigones in their respect for the rite of sepulture. Some, we are told, have a way of throwing their discarded pets aside, and leaving them prostrate and helpless in some neglected corner.

I have here spoken of the doll as a nursling, a charge on the child's protection and aid. Yet there would seem to be another side to this mysterious relation. A little girl's talk to her doll is by no means merely a way of amusing or of instructing her nursling. It is, to a large extent, an outpouring of her heart in sacred confidence. The doll is a refuge in the hour of trouble, of blank childish despair, when no grown-up ears are of any use. It looks, too, as if in a good deal of doll-play the relation of nurse and nursling were lost sight of in one of equal companionship. This attribution to the doll of what may seem to older eyes to be incompatible ages and faculties, is one of the innermost secrets of the doll-cult.

Another supplementary remark needs to be made. We have considered the doll as if it were the one absorbing companion of these early days. Yet many little girls have a leaning to numbers. How, one wonders, is this large-hearted embracing of a whole family of dolls related to the concentration of doll-love on a single object? The American returns do not supply much information on this point.



They throw no light on the interesting problem in nursery ethics, whether the highest devotion to the much-needing nursling may co-exist in the same child with the larger and more scattered affection. So far as I can make out, they suggest that children who find their happiness in a whole doll population are wont to distinguish degrees of relationship, and to bestow corresponding degrees of affection. For example, in a family community nieces are apt to be looked down upon. Different sorts of dolls, such as paper, china, and wax, are sometimes regarded as distinct families. Within the limits of a single family one hears of something like favouritism, which, of course, is always justified by superiority of behaviour.

Much of this doll-play on a large scale may, perhaps, grow out of the love of social games and of acting imposing ceremonies, such as a wedding. Dolls lend themselves very well to spectacle games, paper figures or picture-dolls sufficing for the purpose. One seems to detect in these spectacle plays the germ of the puppet-show, the child losing her sense of personal relation to her charge in the absorbing duties of a theatre-manager—that is to say, in getting her puppets to act properly.

What, it may be asked, does Dr. Hall's new study tell us of a child's mental attitude towards her doll? How in her inmost secret soul is the wooden or waxen pet thought about? This is the supreme mystery; one, perhaps, which we ought not to wish to sound. If we do try to understand it we are bound, I think, to start from observation of the little nurse's external behaviour.

Now, this behaviour seems to show beyond dispute that children, when in the serious mood of doll-play, appear to regard their dolls as beings like themselves. They are treated as if they were alive and had to be kept strong and well and helped to grow big by food, sleep, and, if need be, by medicine. They seem to be dealt with, too, as having senses—at least that of sight—as feeling pleasure and pain, as understanding in a dim way at least a good deal that is told them, as being affected by hope and fear, by love and jealousy, and all the other childish passions, and as acting with a rudiment of a conscience.

This seems, so far as we can guess, to be the doll-idea, the indwelling preconception which colours the child's perceptions and directs her actions. How, we sober older people may well ask, is this possible?

Perhaps our facts, meagre as they are, may carry us a little way towards an answer to this question. Beginning with the shapely, proper sort of doll, we have to admit that it offers a semblance more or less clear to the human and girlish form. Now, it may be conjectured that a doll-lover has the secret of seeing the semblance only—that is to say, of fixing her eyes on the human features, and blotting out from sight all that is foreign and incongruous. There are the lovely blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and the soft brushable hair.

What does it matter if the eyes do not move, or, if moving, they do so with a ghastly stiffness, that the mouth never opens, that the head never turns, that the wideawake-looking doll-child never produces a sound? A child's vivid imagination is, as we know, particularly clever at the artistic business of sponging out from the world-picture what is not wanted.

If the incongruous, disenchanting element is too prominent to be effaced, then the child's wit comes to the aid of her imagination. We saw an illustration of this in the covering of the wide-open eyes with the bed-clothes when putting dolly to sleep, and again in the getting rid of the hopelessly unswallowable food by putting it down the doll's back.

In the case of the rude substitute, all the qualities of the beloved creature, physical and psychical alike, are constructed by the child. Here, where no detailed resemblance is aimed at, there arises no problem of eliminating the incongruous. The fondling of the poor rag-enveloped stick or root must, one supposes, be an occupation in which the part of sense is reduced to a minimum and imagination has all the work to do.

One would like to know what sort of children please themselves with these rude substitutes rather than with the china or wax beauty. Are they, one wonders, the children who are at once more imaginative and want plenty of scope for creation, and more intelligent in the sense of more keenly resenting the contradictions of the highly realistic sort of doll which rather foolishly tries to look like a "live" child? Are they, further, children distinguished by the germ of certain moral characteristics, a comparatively lukewarm admiration of sensuous charm, and an ardent appreciation of the inner moral excellences? Our American inquirers do not help us to answer these questions.

If one can be sure of anything in trying to sound the depths of dollatry, one would say that we have here to do with what is technically called an illusion of sense. The stolid wooden figure, the beshawled pencil or what not, is transformed by a flooding of sense with passionate childish imagination. This kind of perception, in which an indwelling idea compels the senses to serve it, is above the power of "grown-ups"—hence their stupidity from a child's point of view. I suppose that we could only come at all near the childish state by getting ourselves hypnotised and played upon by the suggestive words and actions of the hypnotiser. Our so-called art-illusions, even that of the theatre, are probably cold cynical disillusionings by the side of the child's true doll-illusion.

The doll faith, it may be said, is merely a variety of play illusion. This is, I suppose, true; yet dolls seem to reach a higher degree of reality than other playthings. As objects of passionate attachment, they appear to grow a part of the child's very self, and so to become.



the least questionable of realities. Moreover, the persistence of the attachment, which, spite of a good deal of fickleness and of intervals of what looks like absolute indifference, is true on the whole, would seem to give a special force to the illusion. When animal toys are made bosom friends of, they appear to share in the doll-faith.

I am far from suggesting that the doll-faith is complete, in the sense that it remains at the same high level of strength above the reach of doubt. However imaginative the child and however carefully selected the doll, it must, one supposes, offer some resistance to the ideas and wishes of its possessor. A doll that obstinately refuses to sit up, or to look anything like clean after many washings, must, one supposes, be a sore trial for childish belief. For the irony of it is that the very children who are so warmly imaginative are likely to be particularly keen-eyed in observation now and again. Faith, moreover, as we know, has its dull, cold moments, and then the little lover is very apt to be shocked by the inert, unresponsive ways of her idol. Perhaps, too, a fit of anger, cutting off a child from her world in a mood of stolid rebellion, may sometimes induce a sceptical attitude. May it not be that when a clever girl like George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver, in the hour of supreme childish misery, vents all her ferocity on her doll, she is incensed, at the moment when her passionate little soul most craves for sympathy, by the look of stolid indifference in her chosen companion?

Then there are the shocks of great and wholly unforeseeable calamities, such as the collapse of limbs and trunk, and worse than all, perhaps, the revealed hollowness of the head. These must, one would say, break the spell and compel to sceptical thought.

However this be, there is the sceptical attitude of others—brothers most of all. Little girls who love their dolls are, I think, commonly shy: they practise their endearments, like other lovers, in secret. Maggie Tulliver used, I think, to rush to the attic and hug her doll when the inconvenient brother was away. Dr. Hall writes: "Often, in the midst of the most absorbing play, the slightest criticism, a word of appeal to reason . . . annihilates in an instant the entire doll-cosmos."

This partial waking from the first unthinking trust does not necessarily lead to an abandonment of faith. As in other creeds, belief may be withdrawn from the cold light of fact and reason. Dr. Hall tells us that "even long after it is *known* that they (the dolls) are wood, wax, &c., it is *felt* that they are of skin, flesh, &c."

In intelligent children one may note now and again the beginnings of a more reflective creed, as when dolly is said to be able to see, but cannot, in face of her stolidity and unresponsiveness, be credited with hearing; or as when the pet is endowed with a kind of canine soul,

and is said to be able to feel sorry for its owner in her distress, though not to understand what is the matter.

Perhaps one day we shall get an account of a doll-creed as thought out by a reflective child. Yet we must be on our guard against attempts of the later "rational" years to read back into childish ideas more of intelligibility to grown-up minds than really belongs to them.

Dr. Hall places the climax of the doll passion at the age of eight to nine. It will often linger on fitfully and shyly long after this. It is apt to flare up again with surprising energy if any liberties are taken by others with the apparently abandoned pet.\*

Even if we may never properly understand a child's mental attitude towards her doll, we may be able to guess how it is that the clinging trust manages to sustain itself. Here we get a hint from the little which George Sand says about her doll-love, which, like that of our own great woman novelist, does not seem to have been particularly ardent. She writes in one place: "They (the children) need to care for, to scold, to caress, and to break this fetish of a child."

Whence comes this need? Dr. Hall seeks to show that maternal feelings play a much smaller part in dollatry than George Sand, Victor Hugo, and others have supposed. But his reasoning strikes one as a little risky here and there. He argues in one place as follows: "The relatively small proportion of dolls which represent infants and the large proportion representing adults shows again that the parental instinct is far less prominent in doll-play than is commonly supposed." Yet a child may be capable of "babyfying" a very smart "lady" doll. It is still a doll which can be nursed, and that may suffice. As we have seen, the fancy, which is always a chief creator of the doll-child can blot out such small incongruities as long hair and the other accessories of years. I am supposing that these figures of adults are made doll-pets of in the full sense.

One fact seems to tell against Dr. Hall's theory. He observes that sometimes a doll is made bald-headed in order to be turned into a baby. Does this not mean that the impulse to babyfy is at the root of doll-love, and that the realistic sort of child must make his doll *look* the baby even at the sacrifice of the precious hair?

But the maternal sentiment may be present and yet not urge a child to treat her doll as a baby. As we have seen, doll-play includes maternal operations as carried out upon older children. If the doll has to be instructed, seriously corrected, and so forth, it must combine the intelligence of grave childish years with the physical helplessness

\* A good illustration of this persistence of a hidden love is given by Mrs. Reynolds in her story of child-life, which seems to me one of the most authentic records of its feelings and doings that I have met with in fiction: "An Idyll of the Dawn" (chap. xii., "The Tragedy of Emily's Head").



of a baby. And is not this just what we find? Does it not seem as if the doll were for the child's consciousness a sort of *tertium quid* between a baby and a girl, say, of six or thereabouts?

The study of the details of the more common sort of doll-play, and the recognition of the fact that not only in Europe and America, but in the East, and not only in the modern, but in the old classical world the doll is emphatically the *girl's* plaything, seem to lead to the conclusion that the great force which maintains doll-faith is a kind of mothering impulse. This sentiment shows itself, too, I think, in other ways. Witness little girls' participation in their mothers' baby-worship, and their delight in being allowed to hold the "darling" in their arms for one precious moment. Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks that he has found the earliest germ of human tenderness in the mother's pitiful care of her wee offspring. The feeling for "teeny" things is a well-marked characteristic of children, especially girls; and the doll seems to be beloved because it is just wee enough to be made a nursling of. Supposing small girls to have the germ of the maternal impulse, we may dimly understand how, with the terrible restrictions which hedge about the living baby, the doll acquires its peculiar value in girl-life. Perhaps we may one day see that the decline of the doll-passion towards the beginning of adolescence is largely due, not so much to growing intelligence (for there was enough of that before), but to the development of a new feeling of maidenly modesty.

Even if we suppose that the maternal instinct is at the root of the doll mystery, we may readily grant that this impulse is very much overgrown with other feelings. Doll-play seems, clearly enough, to be supported by the craze for imitation of older people's ways which runs through the whole of children's play. May it not be backed up, too, by a child's natural desire to get away from subjection, and to try her hand at the sweets of authority? Perhaps the delight coming from the exchange of functions may, through some mysterious process of child-thought, be keener when the doll-child to be instructed and scolded looks like herself, that is to say like a little girl. And if so, this would explain the rarity of boy-dolls.

Yet after all, perhaps, the doll mystery will remain a mystery. It does not, so far as I can make out, derive much illumination from the ethnological considerations on which Dr. Hall touches, interesting as these are. It would seem to be more promising to study the fetish of the savage by help of the doll, than the doll by help of the fetish. At least the doll is nearer to us.

Dr. Hall suggests that the doll might be turned to educational uses. It develops, he tells us, industry, manual skill in the little nurse, and even self-sacrificing affection, and the school, or rather the kindergarten, should turn this to account. This may seem a bold proposal.



Some of us think that the idea of transforming play into an educational instrument has been carried quite far enough already. And what if the secretive shyness of real doll-love were to offer an insuperable barrier to any attempt of the educator to get his regulative wand near it? However this be, he would do well to ask himself whether such interference is likely to further his purpose. Dollatry, pure and spontaneous, seems to give us a child in her moments of perfect privacy in which her innermost self ventures to come out, a step further even than in those hushed expansive moments when, holding her mother to her bedside, she defers the inevitable "Good-night!" and the darkness. And if so, were it not well, even in the interests of education itself, to preserve the cult inviolate, to permit the young vestal to serve unmolested at the altar of her own rearing, and to be content with such glimpses of her rites as we may be able to snatch without disturbing her blissful trance?

JAMES SULLY.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A WORLD- WANDERER.

I AM only a vagabond. I have roamed the world in the garb of a cyclist. Were I not a plebeian I might glory in the fact that I have talked with kings and eaten at the tables of Prime Ministers. Being a vagabond and a wearer of flannel-shirts, I have nurtured a contempt for people who are not vagabonds and who sniff at the man who sits down to dinner in Jaeger. I recall lunching one day at Maiden's Hotel in Delhi. It was April and the heat was torrid. I was in a flannel shirt. A lady and gentleman arrived at the hotel. They were Anglo-Indians—an embodiment of all that was inflexible, starchy, and impregnable in superiority. They dropped an eye of cursory scorn on poor meek-mannered me; then they turned on their heels and left. "I hope nothing has offended you?" I heard the landlord ask. "There's a man having lunch there," answered the gentleman, "who is wearing a flannel shirt. I could not possibly sit at the table with a man in a flannel shirt; we will go elsewhere." He was wearing a four-inch deep, high, hard-as-steel sort of collar. He seemed uncomfortable; I was comfortable. He preferred starch; I preferred flannel. Indeed, a subsidiary title to this article might be "Starch and Flannel." It is flannel criticising starch. And the witty man has a chance to say something nasty about flannel. I could say it myself; only it should really come from my enemies.

Here in London one can find people passably clever striding over the rest of humanity on social stilts. But social stilt-walking is only pursued as an art in India. Yet it is not artistic. I fancy it must be disagreeable, and that is why, after a limited study of the Anglo-Indian, I give thanks to heaven that there is no room for me to be ambitious. I saw different kinds of stilts in India. The military stilts are tall and unbending. The civil stilts are not so tall, but are very jealous of the military stilts. Then there are the common stilts,

made by folks commercially engaged, rather rickety, and the cause of many a fall. If ever I go to India it will have to be as Viceroy or Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. I'm a dour, sullen beggar, and were I only a major I know the colonel's wife would have something womanly to say about my wife; if I were only "a damned doctor in the civil lines," how could I expect to play billiards with the young lions of the army? If I were a merchant, say a dealer in cotton—an ordinary chap maybe, managing to pay my debts and refraining from making love to my neighbour's wife—mere negative virtues, I own—how should I dare aspire to belong to the local club? Have I not in my mind an instance where a lieutenant-colonel resented meeting a magistrate at dinner? Don't I know a case where the wife of an assistant-commissioner ordered her carriage because the wife of a collector had been given a higher seat at table?

As a casual looker-on the impression I got in India was that everybody was anxious to dazzle every one else with his own magnificent dignity. So the rambling Philistine like myself may be pardoned the snigger that flutters in the sleeve. There is no cohesion among Englishmen in India except caste cohesion. In the social air there hovers a suspicion that your neighbours are conspiring to dethrone you. That is why the Englishman sits grim and straight-backed. This grimness and straight-backedness produces in time a demeanour of cold, lofty scorn that at first makes you personally feel a poor, incompetent worm, but afterwards, when you recover your shaken equilibrium, moves you to mirth.

Of course, I am ready to be told I am writing about things I don't understand, that I was only in India a few months, that although I have eyes and ears I didn't see straight, that my hearing was defective, and altogether that I am an ignorant person and know nothing about anything. But let that pass.

Every Indian station, on the hills or in the plains, has its dozen or more cliques. If you are an easy-going, new-landed traveller, and you unsuspectingly take tea with any one belonging to the civil clique, it is likely you will be tabooed by the military clique. At home your inclinations may have run in a literary groove. Your acquaintances were "literary gents," and you dearly loved to talk "literary shop." But you can't talk literature in India. To play polo and talk scandal is what is required. One felt among one's own countrymen and countrywomen in India that their life was made up of fripperies, that they knew it and had a smouldering fear you happened to know it too. One began to suspect a latent dread that they were afraid of being laughed at—just as they laughed at one another; and so they endeavoured to overawe with an avalanche of pretensions that were calculated to snuff out any puny presumption you might have to walk the same social earth as themselves. The stranger is conscious of this before he has been in India a week. And if he has doubts, he has only to

listen to B.'s fretting because—owing to the snobbishness of A.—he had been blackballed at the club, and then C.'s rancour against B., who, being the salt of the earth, considers it beneath his dignity to be courteous to C.'s wife.

All this charges the social atmosphere of Anglo-India with narrow-mindedness. It is a repellent atmosphere, but one that is soon accepted and, in time, even defended; for though B. may be snubbed by A. he has the consolation that he can snub C. and D. and all the rest. The dignity of a gentleman is nothing in India: the dignity of an official is all. The best of men, who at home would spurn and scorn the social stilt-walking and high-horse riding of officialdom—especially of the feminine adjuncts of officialdom—are affected in time even against their will. I got to know a man in India with whom I could talk "literary shop." He was a man who had studied the natives; informing, genial, and well bred. He invited me to spend an evening at his house. That night I was dining with a friend holding the principal official position in the station. Casually I mentioned that I was going to the residence of Mr. So-and-So. "My dear fellow," said my host, "you mustn't do anything of the kind. I dare say he's all right; he is all right as far as I know. But you don't know India. If you mix with people like him, I tell you candidly you'll find yourself cut by a lot of people you expect to meet." "But," I replied, "when you are in London you like going to the — Club dinners, where there are only artists and novelists and Bohemians, with not an assistant-commissioner or a man who owns a carriage among them." "I know, I know," said my friend, "and I don't defend the position. But if you lived in India as long as I have you would see the necessity for very hard lines of social distinction." And from the day I arrived in India till the day I left I always got the same answer: "It can't be helped; we are obliged to keep on our stilts to hold any position; everybody else does it, and we must."

When a genial Britisher arrives in India from home and sees the cold superciliousness with which the fifty other Britishers in the station regard each other, he hits upon the happy idea of starting a club. He goes round, and finds everybody is willing to help and to join. Then there suddenly comes a hitch. "You know, I can't have anything to do with it if So-and-So belongs," says one resident. "It would be absurd to expect me to have my dinner at the same table as Thing-amyjig," says another. "Why, I draw Rs.2000 a month, and how can I meet What's-his-name, who only draws Rs.1200?" remarks a third. Result, no club. In the big stations, however, you find a gymkhana. You would expect all English folk interested in sport or good-fellowship would go there. But mark! How can Miss Smith, the daughter of the commissioner, play tennis when that Miss Brown, the daughter of the civil-surgeon, is having her tea on the verandah? It is manifestly impossible; any Anglo-Indian can see that. Therefore only

Miss Smith and Miss Smith's clique belong to the gymkhana. And the envy and heartache of those outside the pale makes the daughter of the commissioner exceeding proud. Miss Brown has her tea and plays her tennis elsewhere.

But here comes a situation that amuses the mere roving vagabond. The social barrier regarding admittance to the gymkhana is a movable obstruction, and its exact point of obstruction is different in different stations. In a big military station the collector will hardly be tolerated, and the collector, being human, says nasty things about the uppishness of the military. In a small station, however, where the collector is the principal official, the surgeon will be admitted to the gymkhana, but blackballed will be, say, the professor of history at a neighbouring college, should he be so presumptuous as to seek a place where he can play tennis in the evening.

The Britisher abroad is an arrogant person and the arrogance of the Anglo-Indian is stupendous. As I am a Britisher, I suppose I am arrogant, and I daresay if I were a well-trained Anglo-Indian my arrogance would be insufferable. The only humorous thing, however, about it all is that every Anglo-Indian readily concedes the arrogance—indeed, deplores it to your face—but says it is the other Anglo-Indians who are to blame.

Hindus are not necessarily vulgar animals. I believe some of them have English degrees and may be said to be more cultured than a good many of their English rulers. Some of them I would even call gentlemen. But I have heard subalterns deliberately make objectionable remarks about niggers in a Hindu's presence. Then I have heard wonder expressed that the natives of India do not love the British. I have heard a clergyman preach that all men, of whatever race and whatever colour—and he pressed the point—are equal in the sight of God. And I have heard this same clergyman argue quite seriously that natives should be prevented from wearing European shoes, because they could not readily be removed when a native entered the presence of an Englishman.

"Caste is the curse of India," says the Anglo-Indian. And thereupon he sets about to jealously guard his own caste. Most folks, I suppose, have a cold shiver down the back when they hear of marriages between English and Hindu. But the mental attitude of the Anglo-Indian on this question is, like the ways of the heathen Chinese, peculiar. Let me give an instance. A Hindu came to England to study. He was wealthy, had a distinguished career, was called to the bar, and, but for his colour, would be taken as a highly educated European. He married the daughter of a well-known public man in London. The husband took his wife to India and devoted nearly all his time and much of his wealth to philanthropic work. When the plague was raging this man and his wife gave their entire energies to attending to the sick. Were they on friendly visiting terms with the



English in that station? No. I am not arguing for one moment that an Englishman should fall on the neck of a Hindu, invite him to his house, and give him whisky-and-soda as he would treat a fellow countryman. But what, in my untutored mind, I could not conceive was that chivalrous Englishmen should sneer and well-bred Englishwomen turn up their noses at the lady, except by first believing that, instead of being either chivalrous or well-bred, they were just a pack of snobbish barbarians. This lady, despite her intellectual charm, is not invited to English houses. The most ignorant doll of a woman, if only she is the wife of a fifth-rate official, would think herself contaminated did she condescend to speak to her. Why?

Another phase of the same question. In India and Burma, more especially in Burma, many an official is well known to keep one or two native girls as concubines. There is no hiding the fact; no attempt is made to keep it secret; his chief's wife knows perfectly well all about the *ménage*. Never a door is closed to him. He dines out, flirts with young English girls from home, maybe marries one of them. All is in strict order. But let him fall in love with a native woman, honourably, sincerely. Let him be so foolish as to marry her instead of making her his concubine—what happens? Go to Burma, particularly, and find out. Is not every door slammed in his face and his name wiped from every visiting list? Why?

Still another phase of the same question—the blackest phase. In the old times, before quick communication between England and India, when a man who went to India usually went for the best slice of his life, it was common and even natural that there should be frequent marriages with natives. To-day the children and grand-children and the great-grand-children of those marriages are numbered by hundreds of thousands. They constitute the great Eurasian population of India, a population rapidly increasing, and which will one of these days present a hard problem for some statesman to solve. By intermarriage and re-intermarriage with English people the children's children of the mixed alliance have, in numerous instances, lost all, except the slightest trace, of their Eastern blood. A man whose grandfather was English, whose mother was English, and who is married to an Englishwoman has got some reason in his desire to be called an Englishman. But that name is refused to him. He may be fair of countenance; yet he is called a nigger, and his children will be called niggers. He finds himself the pariah of India. Sneered at, called to his face "a damned half-breed," given low wages because of his birth, he feels the iron heel of caste driven savagely into his soul.

You see I am getting rather objectionable in recounting impressions of India. I might now veer right round and say just as many nice things as I have been saying wicked things about the Anglo-Indian. Indeed, as I write I keep thinking of a score

of fine, glorious fellows I knew in India, men of whom every word I have written, if applied to them, would be a lie. And there are others. I could find innumerable instances to confute my own assertions. But I have written, not to bring out instances and exceptions, but to state what are bold and general facts, which every Anglo-Indian knows to be true, which he will admit and corroborate in detail over a cigar, but which he will deny in public as grossly exaggerated, if not absolutely false. Such is human nature.

Now we all know, even the most vagabond of us, that special circumstances bring out dormant qualities in our characters. And the quality I am drumming on just at present is that the Englishman, when he gets away from his own shores, is inclined to develop with an extraordinary rapidity into the earth's supremest snob. It's a sad confession. Our overbearing manner on the continent has passed into a proverb. We seem to have been suckled on national egotism. And the bad side of that egotism comes out more particularly when we have to deal with Eastern nations. The mere fact of coming in contact with natives deteriorates the man, and especially the woman, and they cloak themselves in a robe of wooden dignity that would be ridiculous in England, and is only kept from being ridiculous in the East because everybody is in the same case.

Take the treaty ports. Take Shanghai and Yokohama as good instances. Here are some thousands of energetic business men, not "picked men" as they describe themselves, but good, clear-headed merchants or men sent out from home to represent big firms. In England their highest ambition would be commercial success; in the treaty ports it becomes social distinction. I know of no life so easy-going, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care as that of the treaty port resident. Competition is not yet so keen that every day has its rush of pressing anxieties. Things move quietly, with perhaps a little haste on the day the mail leaves. What business is done is chiefly done over the noon-day cocktails at the Club. The afternoon is frittered away and the evening is devoted to party-giving or dining out.

Probably not a cultured man at home, but advanced, through a certain shrewdness, to represent his firm either in China or Japan, the treaty port resident suddenly finds himself with an enhanced income, a big house, a chance to have a number of servants around him; as likely as not he has a wife, to whom there opens out a vista of dazzling social magnificence. They embark upon a lavish style of living to which they have been hitherto unused. There are few treaty port residents, indeed, who do not live up to the very verge of, if not beyond, their income. And perhaps the blame should be laid, ungallant though it may be, at the doors of the ladies. The treaty port man's extravagance would, left to itself, run little further than an increased number of gin cocktails and whiskies-and-sodas per day. It is the treaty port woman that is at the bottom of the mischief. She



moulds her ideas of "the proper thing" on scraps from the fashion papers; she affects the airs of a marchioness; she has her day "at home"; she makes fifteen calls in the course of an afternoon because she has read somewhere that is the number a society lady usually makes; she gives dinner-parties and tells you the price of the claret. I have been in many countries and among many peoples, but the treaty port resident—full of warm and genial hospitality though he or she may be—is the most flippant, trashy, and ill-read person in the world. Yet he, and especially she, is tremendously serious about it all. Their ways ape the ways of Park Lane. Anybody who criticises them, be the writer Rudyard Kipling, Edwin Arnold, Henry Norman, or a flannel-shirted vagabond, is sure to be animated by pure villainy of disposition, if not downright malice of heart. My little squib of comment, I hope, will be ascribed to the lesser of the evils, my well-known villainy of disposition.

I think I have a tolerable acquaintance, superficial maybe, but varied, with the nations of the earth. The Russians were a revelation to me. I must have got my first impressions of officials in the Czar's dominions from Russian novels in English circulating libraries. What impressed me most about the educated Muscovite, however, was his extreme nervousness. He is conscious that his country has lagged behind Western nations; he is also conscious that it has been going forward this last decade by leaps and by bounds; he wants to know what you think of him and his country. The only other people I know who are so sensitive to criticism are the Americans. Both Russians and Americans have a childlike glee if you praise them. If you dispraise them their first thought is that you are insular and unappreciative, and then they show an inclination to sit down and cry with vexation, not because they are not proud of their country, but simply because they are super-sensitive. Time and time again I was struck with this similarity in these two otherwise most dissimilar nations. They are like two big, overgrown boys, conscious of their strength, intuitively feeling they are awkward, and knowing that their awkwardness gives room for unwelcome criticism.

In direct opposition to this national sensitiveness is the complacent assuredness of the Japanese. Japan has got a new bib. Civilisation is a new bib with the people, not a characteristic. The Chinaman is stolid and indifferent to the ways of the West. He doesn't want Western civilisation, and he will never have it till it is forced on him. The Japanese is the other way. Perky in manner and mind, conceited, insincere, lacking commercial integrity, easily excited, welcoming innovation, he is just now climbing into European trappings and doing it ludicrously. A crafty adapter, with a feverish haste to be Western in everything, he smashes his beautiful monuments and rips old pictures from the walls simply because they remind him of the time

when Japan was truly Japan. Everything original, quaint, and characteristic he ruthlessly sacrifices in the cause of innovation and imitation. Just as the Britisher most surely degenerates when he comes in contact with the East, so the Japanese degenerates when he comes in contact with the West. But there is a striking difference; the Britisher accentuates his consciousness that he has nothing in common with the East; the Japanese pleads and insists that he is, in heart and intellect, really a Westerner. So he throws off his kimono and dons trousers and a frock coat; he neglects his own classics and reads Dickens; he sits on chairs, not because chairs are comfortable but because they are Western; he dresses his soldiers and policemen European fashion; he becomes a Christian, not because he is convinced, but because Christianity is the religion of the Western world; and he points to a railway and asks: "Have you railways in England?"

The worst thing that ever happened to the Japanese was that they had so easy a victory in the late war over their Chinese neighbours. Every European knows—I don't mean mere world-wanderers like myself, but men who have lived in the country twenty or thirty years—that since the war the national conceit of the Japanese has swollen to an unbounded and intolerable extent. More than ever have they become tricksters in their commercial dealings with foreigners. A Chinaman's word, in business, is as good as his bond. A Japanese bond is hardly worth the paper it is written on. Lying and deceit have become part of the Japanese character. Not only can no European trust a Japanese, but the Japanese cannot trust each other. Go into the big Japanese houses of business, into the hotels and banks, and, strange though it seems, you will always find it is a Chinaman who holds the position of trust and confidence. The jubilation over the defeat of China has settled down to a wholesale and bitter dislike of all foreigners, having its seed, no doubt, in a feeling of retaliation for the dislike shown to them by the residents in the treaty ports. I have never allowed myself to get enthusiastic over the Japanese. They have a wonderful adaptability; they are industrious in commerce, courageous in war, acute in science. But Japan is being civilised too rapidly. It is not a growth; it is a dumping down. Japan doesn't know herself where she is going. The door of the Western wardrobe has been opened to her. There is a mass of Western attire. She has only the haziest notions how that attire should be worn. And so to make sure she is putting it all on at once. It is more than likely that she will get her legs in a tangle and have a fall. For she is impetuous, she wants to run when she can hardly walk, and were it not for the steadying hands of men like Marquis Ito and Count Inouye, I believe the most ardent admirers of the new bib would have plunged the country into revolution, endeavouring to overthrow the Mikado and set up a republic.



But, for the vagabond in his wanderings, indulging now and then in vagrant psychology, I think the American is the most fascinating study. I was studying him all during the months he was holding Spain by the ear and thrashing it. It was a case of a stalwart young man, bragging of his strength, trying his muscles on an old fellow, decrepit and weak, in the wrong, but too proud to admit it. I never saw the President or had interviews with the Secretary of State, or did anything to secure "official" views of what was happening. I never met a millionaire or was entertained by a quack medicine vendor. I just knocked about the country, stopping sometimes at a little tavern, sometimes in a big hotel, and conversed chiefly with storekeepers, ranchmen, commercial travellers and town loungers. I came in contact with—if for a moment I may indulge in flamboyant language—the great heart of the nation.

The one thing then I have strongly fixed in my mind is that, except in one or two particular instances, you can't generalise about Americans. Most English writers form their conclusions on what they see and hear in the Eastern states. But there is not such a thing, lying between the Pacific and the Atlantic, as a typical American. The American of New York is not like the man in Chicago, the man in Denver is quite different from the Chicagoan, and the San Francisco man is different from all the rest. Each has his characteristics. On the Pacific slopes you have a deep-chested, hearty, healthy appreciation of life. On the Atlantic seaboard you have a scrambling industrialism, poverty, riches, a fretting against England on the one hand and a slavish imitation of her on the other. It is in the great middle states that you find the American, such as we think we know him—the pushing, loud-tongued, boastful, illiterate, buy-you-up American.

The citizen of the Republic, speaking of him in the mass, does not love the Englishman. Here in London we hear much about the Anglo-American alliance, an alliance founded on kinship, religion, like sympathies. But the American—not the statesman, not the writer in the newspapers, but the average ordinary sort of man who goes to make up nine out of every ten persons you meet in the streets—has his views. I talked with hundreds of men right across the States. The general idea was this: "Yes, it would be a good thing for you English, but we've got nothing to gain. We can take care of ourselves and you can't. You want our help. As we are at war with Spain the English are taking advantage of the moment to force an alliance. You know we are the principal nation on the face of this earth; we lick you in everything; we've licked you in war; and you want to keep on the best side of us." This is the way the ordinary American regards any arrangement to diplomatically bind the two countries together. It is nothing but an endeavour on



the part of crumbling and decrepit England to seek shelter under the arm of Uncle Sam.

One hears much about the alertness of the American commercial man; but he is not nearly so alert as our own commercial man and he falls far short of him in shrewdness. The reason the American seems more successful is that he makes a greater noise over it; instead of calculation he is given to bluff, and above all he is a gambler. Fortunes are built up in England. In America they are won at the hazard. While the English business man is calculating, striking averages, reckoning this and balancing that, the American business man has only the general idea; he is willing to risk, to gamble, and once embarked on an enterprise he settles to work on a bold, vigorous plan, and then, be it pills or mining shares, he bluffs and bamboozles the whole world into making him a millionaire. Bluff is the chief business qualification in the States. The great fortunes in America at the present day had bluff as their parent. Millions are made, millions are lost, men rise and men fall, but it is only of the millions that are made and the men that have risen that we hear. The American has got much of childlike blandness. He laughs openly at the bluffing he has done. He knows his patent embrocation is not all he says it is, and he pays thousands of dollars for his testimonials. He bluffs the miner who has rheumatism as a result of Alaska, and then the miner bluffs him into buying a mine where there isn't an ounce of gold.

I have said there is much of childlike blandness about the American. His innocent gullibility is a marvel to the man who hitherto has only looked at him from afar. His knowledge of the world is obtained from newspapers. He tells you he doesn't believe a word in those papers, that they are all lies and sensationalism, and you mustn't base your opinion of America on them. Illogically, but in fact, all his views are formed on what he reads in those papers. And when you are talking to him about distant countries he has a habit of conceding to you, which at first you take as an indication that he knows as much as you. But afterwards you discover he is bluffing you into the belief that his knowledge is extensive. It was by accident I found this out. I was talking to a man about the tribes in Upper Burma, and incidentally I remarked, "I was always well treated by the Kachins." "Yes," he replied, "the Kachins are a very hospitable people." Now, as a matter of fact, he had never heard of the Kachins before; as a people they are cruel and treacherous and inhospitable, and I had mentioned my experience as an exception. His answer was intended to imply he knew about them, whereas it really proved that he knew nothing at all. It was a slight incident, but it formed a hint. And time and time again I had exactly similar conversations, and every time the same attempt was made to bluff me.

I am no peer nor the son of a peer; but I was prepared in

America to find the journalistic hose of slush playing vigorously upon the whole gamut of British aristocracy, from the royal duke to the mere courtesy lord. And I did find it. It was principally in the Sunday papers. The Sunday paper can conveniently be divided into three parts. The first part comprises news, divorces, elopements, bank robberies, and murders; the second part is usually an exposure of the despicable financial straits of the English peer, his loathsomeness, his immorality, and his idiocy; the third part is a grand jubilation over the fact that Mrs. Slocum of San Francisco is related by some twisted way to the British royal family—there is a portrait of the lady and a page of details to prove that San Francisco is honoured above all cities; and that there are ninety-odd families in Chicago all royally descended: and there are five or six columns describing social events at Newport, the rivalry of society dames, and the victory of Mrs. Potter Palmer in obtaining the magnificent honour of having an Italian princeling at lunch. The Chicago papers—always down on the needy European nobleman—go into hysterics of delight at the fact that the Count of Turin has been gracious to Miss Grant, and that it is possible, nay, probable, that a Chicago girl will yet adorn, &c. &c. I was in Chicago when the announcement was made that Lady Curzon (Miss Mary Leiter, the daughter of Levi Leiter of Chicago) would be the first American lady who had occupied the Vice-regal residence in India. The Chicago papers had been cruel for some weeks upon our poor aristocracy, but in the twinkling of an eye round-about-face they went. A poor Persian girl never grovelled more dumbfoundedly under the smile of a Shah than Chicago grovelled in the reflected glory of one of her daughters being the wife of an English peer appointed to rule over the Indian Empire.

Republican and Democrat, scorner of titles and ranks, that is what the American nation proclaims itself to the world. Seldom does a citizen of the United States miss an opportunity to say he abhors princes and dukes and lords. But I am afraid it is the case of the lady protesting too much. I am only a very small prophet in a very small way, but I do hope to read in a Chicago paper, ere I have finished my little strut in the world, that America has a House of Peers of its own, and that the Earl of Milwaukee and the Marquis of Wabash have been staying at Blackpool, and honoured Mrs. Jones by taking afternoon tea. Nay—and in no frivolity I say it—I should not be surprised if, some day, Americans went begging to the European courts asking for some prince to be spared whom they can place upon a throne on the Capitol steps at Washington, encircle his brow with a crown of gold, and grow hoarse with shouting “Long live the King!” I am a strange man to even dream of such a possibility; but then this is a strange world, and the Americans are a strange people.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

## THEON & SON, EGYPTIAN BANKERS OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

NO literary event of recent times has attracted more general attention than the discovery by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt of a quantity of ancient documents on the site of the Egyptian town of Oxyrhynchus. Naturally and most legitimately, the interest of the public was most powerfully aroused by the discovery of that one little scrap of papyrus on which were written in uncial characters no fewer than seven sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ, all but one of which were hitherto unrecorded, at least in the precise form which they have here assumed.

But this fragment of the *Logia*, intensely interesting as it is, represents only a small part of the vast historical treasure discovered at Oxyrhynchus, treasure which may very likely not be all classified and interpreted in less than a score of years. For, consider the facts. The fortunate, yet not merely fortunate but also most sagacious and keen-sighted, discoverers have here lighted upon a vast mass of paper, the literary deposit of a flourishing and intelligent Græco-Egyptian community during the first six centuries of the Christian era. In almost any other climate than that of Egypt, certainly in the climate of England, these paper fragments would have become illegible in six months; but in that marvellous atmosphere, in that land where centuries seem to fly past like phantoms without obliterating a letter that the hand of man has carved on stone or written on papyrus, these fragments are still, though with some difficulty, capable of being read by scholars, after a lapse of 1500 years, and by their contents bring us face to face with the daily life of an Egyptian city in the centuries between Augustus and Justinian.

"Only an old rubbish-heap," some one may exclaim who reads the story of the Oxyrhynchus discovery. True; the papers here accumu-

lated were probably only the contents of the waste-paper baskets of the citizens of that day. But how often does the rubbish of one age become the precious treasure of ages long after it! How invaluable to the archæologist are the flint-flakes of Palæolithic man! What would one not give for the washing bill of Helen of Troy, or the letters of Julius Cæsar's slaves telling us what the great man looked like to his domestics, or the house accounts of the real King Arthur, or the copy-book in which Alfred formed his first boyish Saxon characters?

The mass of material discovered at Oxyrhynchus and the possibilities of interest which may yet slumber in its bosom may be estimated from the following sentences of the Preface to "The Oxyrhynchus Papyri," Part I. : \*

"The hundred and fifty-eight texts included in this volume are selected from the twelve or thirteen hundred documents at Oxford in good or fair preservation which up to the present time we have been able to examine, and from the hundred and fifty rolls left at the Gizeh Museum. The bulk of the collection, amounting to about four-fifths of the whole, has not yet been unpacked."

The manner in which these fragments are edited is eminently satisfactory, and shows that the two young Oxford scholars who have done the work are far more than mere fortunate excavators. No German professor could have given more conscientious labour to the elucidation of the text; and there is a businesslike completeness and lucidity of arrangement about the whole performance which, we may be pardoned for thinking, is rather English than German in its character.

I shall not pretend to give a review of the contents of even this first volume, which will doubtless be a quarry from which scholars will hew stones for many years. There are fragments attributed to the lyric poets Sappho and Alcman; undoubted fragments of Homer, Thucydides, and Herodotus; a proposition of Euclid with its appropriate diagram; bits of histories, perhaps school-histories, of Greece and Rome; and a list of Roman Emperors (not quite accurate) from Augustus to Decius. But omitting all further reference to these, I will go at once to the document (if I may call it by so stately a name) which first attracted my attention, and which has also drawn the fire of several of the reviewers. And no wonder; for there is in it that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," and in reading it we feel how little boy-nature, at any rate, has changed in seventeen centuries.

It is No. cxix.,† and is thus entitled by the editors: "A boy's letter. Second or third century. A letter to a father from his youthful son,

\* London, 1898. By Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. Sold at the offices of the Egypt Exploration Fund.

† p. 185.

who begs to be taken to Alexandria. The letter is written in a rude uncial hand, and its grammar and spelling leave a good deal to be desired." \*

"Theon to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to tak me with you to the City. If you don't chus to tak me with you to Alexandria I wont write you a letter or speak to you or say Gudbye to you : and if you go to Alexandria I wont take your hande or iver greet you agen. If you don't chus to take me, these things will hapen. And my mother said to Archelaus that it quite upsets me to be left behind (?). But it was good of you to send me great — and musical things † on the 12th day when you saled. Send me a lire I implore you. If you don't send it I wont eat, I wont drink : there now.

"I pray that you may be well. 18th of Tubi."

(Direction): "Give this to Theon from his sonn Theonas."

How clearly one can see the bright, petulant Greek lad, with his love for music and his not very profound reverence for his father, chafing at being kept at quiet provincial Oxyrhynchus, when his father is going, perhaps on business, to "the pleasant place of all festivity," the great, noisy, naughty city of Alexandria. Did he go? Did the father, with a laugh at the boy's impertinence and a growl at the mother's interference, grant his request and take him with him on his next journey? Or did he persist in his opinion that little boys were better at home, and perhaps try to purchase peace by bringing back such a lovely lyre that the boy's stern resolution to send his father to Bubastis (or whatever might by the Egyptian synonym for Coventry) was quite broken down, and a burst of thankfulness took the place of the surly denial of greeting? Who can say?

Looking a little further into the story of the two Theons, father and son, I find (and it is an interesting discovery) that they belonged to a firm of bankers in their native town. The name Theon was evidently not an uncommon one, and it is possible that I may have sometimes supposed a relationship where none existed; but examining as carefully as I can the various fragments in which the name of Theon occurs, and allowing the imagination a little liberty to raise up the broken blocks which here lie before us and rebuild them into a weather-tight edifice, I find that the story of Theon & Son, bankers, of Oxyrhynchus, may be told as follows:

In the third year of the Emperor Domitian (A.D. 84) we find our first Theon‡ making his will, whereby he devised—apparently to three of his children—a three-storeyed house and court surrounding it, in the Shepherds' Quarter of Oxyrhynchus. This will is, as we should say, proved by his son Theon in the thirteenth year of the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 129), and he swears "by the Autocratic Cæsar Trajanus

\* I have tried to imitate some of these blunders in my copy of Grenfell and Hunt's translation.

† The text is obscure here but I think there is something about *musica*.

‡ Second in the pedigree.



Hadrianus Augustus" that all his allegations about the property are correct.\*

I suggest as a possibility that the paternal Theon, who went off to Alexandria unaccompanied by his boy, is the old gentleman who made this will, and that the musical and impertinent younger Theon is the devisee who proves it.

But in order to describe the proof of the will we have leaped over forty years. Let us return to some earlier events in the story of the Theon family.

In the year 90 we find Theon (perhaps our Theon the father) filling the responsible office of *Bibliophylax* (Keeper of the Archives) along with a certain Epimachus, and Theon's son Amasis signs a deed on behalf of the vendor Zoilus, "who does not know letters.†"

Four years later we find Theon one of a board of five, who are the *Agoranomi*, apparently the highest local rulers of Oxyrhynchus.‡

By the year 100, at any rate, if not before, Theon the younger had grown up to manhood, probably put away lyres and such childish things, and is now a partner in his father's bank. There are belonging to that year two documents, both apparently dealing with the same transaction—the liberation of a slave named Horion, lately the property of a lady named Sinthoos. For this slave's liberation has been paid, it is not clear by whom, the large sum of 6000 drachmæ of copper and ten drachmæ of silver. But the point of interest for us is that this sum is paid into the Bank (*Trapez*) of Theon & Theon, who vouch for the receipt of the money and formally request the *Agoranomi* to complete the transaction by granting freedom to the slave.§

We pass over thirty years, during which, as we have seen, Theon the elder has died and his son has succeeded to the property. Then we come (A.D. 131) to a very unpleasant affair, which looks at first sight like a blemish on the fair fame of Theon & Son.|| There is a family of Sarapions whose names occur often in these documents in conjunction with that of Theon, and a young lad belonging to this family, through his mother, is sued by Theon for the payment of a debt. The lad's father, appearing for him, alleges tampering with documents, the barring of the claim by lapse of time, set-off, and similar pleas, and plainly charges Theon with sharp practice in the prosecution of his claim. Happily, however, we find that this Theon is not the son of Theon, but the son of Pausiris, and therefore, though he may be a relation of our firm, we cannot be asked to justify his deeds.

I fear, however, that, from some cause or other, the banking firm of Theon & Theon failed to outlive the reign of Hadrian. In the year 141 (the fifth year of Antoninus Pius) Chæremon, son of Theon,

\* lxxv. p. 138.

§ xlix. and l. pp. 107, 108.

† lxxii. p. 135.

‡ lxxiii. p. 136.

|| lxviii. p. 128.

son of Theon, acknowledges the receipt from Archias, one of his debtors, of 168 drachmæ of silver, the balance due on his account. But the money is paid through the bank of Heracleides and his partners. Why should this be done if Theon's son was still carrying on the business? In modern days, of course, the explanation would be that Archias had transferred his account from the bank of Theon to that of Heracleides; but I do not suppose that things were managed quite so easily in Oxyrhynchus; and the wording of the receipt certainly suggests that Chæremon did not himself keep a *Trapeza* or bank.

It occurs to me that the explanation may possibly be found in an earlier document,\* where we find a slave being sold, with warranty, by Heracleides, *also called Theon*. Either Heracleides is a relation of the late firm, or else he is a former partner or clerk, who, on succeeding to the business, assumes the name of Theon, and so improves his chance of securing the goodwill, while Chæremon, son and grandson of the first Theons with whom we made acquaintance, retires from business, and, I fear, lounges unprofitably about the streets of Oxyrhynchus.

In the year 142 we find the daughter of this Chæremon, who is named Dionysia, letting land to an illiterate peasant of Persian descent. As the lessee cannot write, some one (presumably an *Agoranomos*, or Keeper of the Archives) signs for him, and this official is named Theon, son of Theon and Ophelia. This is probably a man at least contemporary with the lessor's father, Chæremon, and we may therefore conjecture him to be his brother, and, like him, son of the boyish letter-writer. But, if so, we get the fact, to us so interesting, so profoundly unimportant to the Oxyrhynchus neighbours of the family, that he, the second Theon with whom we have made acquaintance, married a wife named Ophelia. If it were possible in the land of forgetfulness, where the imaginations of the poets may take bodily shape and wander among the meadows of asphodel with feet that leave no print upon the grass, to bring together the two Ophelias—the little dried-up Egyptian lady, and the love-lorn daughter of Polonius from her frosty native Denmark—how strange the meeting, how rapid the tide of talk, question and answer eagerly interchanged between the twain in the language that only spirits understand!

Here must end this little sketch of the family of the Theons. There are others who bear the same name in later years and even in later centuries. One especially attracts us, who seems to have been put to death under the reign of Marcus Aurelius† for rebellion against Roman rule.‡ But there is nothing definitely to connect this decapitated Theon with

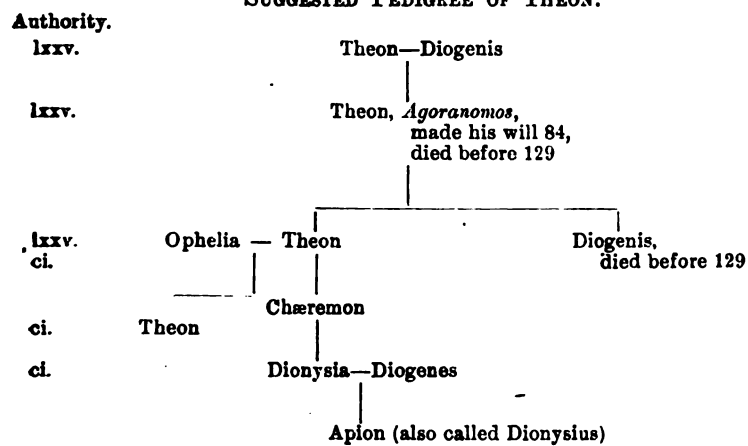
\* xcv. p. 157 (A.D. 129).

‡ xxxiii. pp. 62-68.

† Or, as I venture to suggest, Caracalla.

the Theon, son of Theon, whose fortunes and whose family I have been previously discussing; no indication that he owned a *Trapeza*, or was engaged in money-lending transactions. Such glory as might appertain to an Egyptian country banker has departed from the house of Theon, and here, therefore, let us close our readings from the papyri of Oxyrhynchus.

## SUGGESTED PEDIGREE OF THEON.



THOMAS HODGKIN.

## SACERDOTALISM.

**T**HERE are few persons who have followed the controversy regarding ritualism in the Church of England who can fail to perceive that a crisis of the greatest importance is approaching, the result of which, both as affecting the Church and the nation, none can foresee. It is mere folly to treat the matter as some of the bishops have been treating it, as if it affected only a few of the clergy, and those men whose zeal has outrun their discretion, or to treat it as some portion of the secular press has done, no doubt under the influence of the Sacerdotalists or Romanists, as if the faithful members of the Church of the Reformation were wishing to narrow the boundaries of the national Church.

The points of difference between the two parties in the Church are not merely questions of ritual, but they involve much more than this—namely, an answer to the vital question whether the people of England are prepared to accept the statement of a ritualistic clergyman, that the Reformation was the introduction of the diabolical heresy of Protestantism. If the differences between the two parties be carefully considered, it would seem impossible for any loyal member of the Church of England to have religious communion with the members of the Sacerdotal party. For whilst the former accept the teaching of the Prayer-book in its natural sense, especially in regard to its most vital point—that is, the Eucharist or Lord's Supper—accepting it as the outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace, the Sacerdotalist treats the bread and wine as the thing signified, affirming that it is transformed into the Body and Blood of Christ. Whilst the loyal Churchman accepts the teaching of the Prayer-book, that the Body and Blood of Christ are taken and received only after a spiritual manner, and by faith, and that the wicked, though they press

with their teeth the sacramental elements are in no wise partakers of Christ,—the Sacerdotalist teaches that the priest, by the manipulation of his hands and the reciting of a formula, brings God into the bread and wine, so that whoever eats of the sacramental elements, whether in faith or not, partakes of the Body and Blood of Christ—that is, of Christ Himself—under the semblance of bread and wine, and consequently that adoration is due to the sacramental elements, an adoration which the Prayer-book denounces as idolatry.

There is no doubt that this Sacerdotal heresy has become very widely spread in various forms amongst the clergy. There is a fascination to the ecclesiastical mind in the idea that, because he has been ordained a priest, he is sacredly endowed with a power to work miracles and with authority to forgive sins.

The University of Oxford, and, still more, many of the theological colleges, are turning out numbers of young men having little knowledge of the world, and but little learning, who have been filled with the Jesuitical teaching of the present representatives of Puseyism, and the position assigned to them by this Sacerdotal teaching is highly gratifying to the pride of human nature; moreover, many of the bishops have favoured this development and given preferment to those who hold these views. It will, however, be found that Sacerdotalism has made but little way amongst the lay members of the Church of England, although, unhappily, it has promoted that contemptuous form of infidelity which is seen to prevail so greatly among men in Roman Catholic countries.

The publication of Mr. Walsh's book, "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement," has come at a most opportune time, and though Lord Halifax and his colleagues endeavour to throw cold water on it, and to treat Mr. Walsh as a writer of no importance, they are quite unable to deny or ignore the letters of their own leaders published in the book, or to controvert the statements found in the biographies, which were written by friends and admirers of this movement, and which show it to have been a secret conspiracy against the Church to whose doctrines these priests had sworn assent, and whose bread they were eating. In the following article many of the quotations are taken from this book. Full reference to each letter and statement will be found in it.

In a letter to the *Times*, Canon Carter says that the Church of England has two sides, its Catholic side and its Protestant side, and he claims that the Sacerdotal party represents the former. This claim is one which no loyal Churchman would allow. On the contrary, he claims that at the Reformation all true Catholic teaching was retained, and nothing was rejected but the errors, the idolatries, and the priestly assumptions with which the true Catholic faith had been corrupted during the dark ages.



He holds that all true Catholic doctrines have been retained in the Reformed Church of England, with an open Bible as the proof of their truth, and the Prayer-book as the authorised exponent of their meaning. To the truth of this statement every one of the Sacerdotal clergy declared his adhesion when he was admitted to the ministry of the Church, and it speaks badly for the morality of the party that, having gained admission by this means, so many violate their most sacred declaration by teaching the contrary, still holding their stipends and their positions which were thus gained under false pretences. The pagan ritual in which a few of the Sacerdotalists have recently indulged, and the exposures made in Mr. Walsh's book of the falseness of those who started the movement, as shown by their own letters, and the secrecy with which societies were formed for the destruction of the Reformed Church having roused public indignation, the leaders now plead, like Canon Carter and Lord Halifax, for comprehension. It is important, therefore, carefully to consider if it is possible for any Church worthy of the name to comprehend within its fold loyal Churchmen mindful of the oath taken by their clergy at their ordination, and the members of the English Church Union, the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and those who sympathise with their views. Is it possible for those who assent to the Thirty-nine Articles, and those clergy who are true to their ordination vows and accept the teaching of the Prayer-book, to consent to be comprehended in the same Church with the Sacerdotalists, who in their writings, teachings, and books of devotion, and the statutes of their secret societies, proclaim the sacramental elements to be the outward form of Christ Himself, to which adoration is justly due? Until very lately the majority of people did not believe that such views could be held in the Church of England, but a few extracts from the writings of those who are the leaders in the movement will show that such is the case.

## EXTRACTS :

- (1) "The Communion Service without an offering sacrifice would be like a marriage without a bride. The teaching of the whole Catholic Church is that there is the real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ, of His Soul, and of His Divinity in the form of bread and wine."—Canon Knox-Little.
- (2) "By the power of His Spirit bread and wine become His Body and Blood. In the Sacrament of the Eucharist the Body and Blood of Christ united to His Godhead is combined with the Sacramental signs."—Canon Knox-Little.
- (3) "The Holy Eucharist is the Body and Blood of Christ in the form of bread and wine. Therein is Christ, His Body, His Soul, and Divinity. That we take is certain."—Canon Carter.
- (4) "The Eucharistic sacrifice is a necessary consequence of the Real Presence. We offer Christ Himself in form of bread and wine."

It is not proposed here to give more quotations. They might be

multiplied to any extent; and notwithstanding the ritualistic doctrine of reserve, of which more will be said later on, probably no Sacerdotalist would deny his belief that, by virtue of his ordination, the priest, by placing his hands on the bread and the cup and using the appointed words, so transforms the sacramental elements that what was before mere bread and wine becomes Christ Himself under the form of bread and wine. Some would say it is His spiritual presence in the elements, some His human body, some both. Again the question recurs, Is it possible for any loyal member of the Reformed Church of England to have religious communion with those who hold these views, who in reality worship an idol—that is, God in a material form—in the place of God the Spirit? This is not Christianity at all, the essential teaching of which is that God is a Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth, whilst the teaching of the Sacerdotal priests is that God, although a Spirit, is made by us priests to be present in a material form, and that God thus made manifest under the form of bread and wine must be offered up as a sacrifice to the God in heaven; and while a part of this sacrifice may be eaten, a part under the name of the Reserve Sacrament may be shut in a pyx or box which the people are to be taught to adore. It is difficult to conceive any idolatry amongst a cultivated people to be worse than this, and it would certainly seem impossible for any true members of the Reformed Church of England to have any religious communion with these men. We cannot eat of the table of the Lord and the table of idols, nor can any Christian Church comprehend within itself the worshippers of God as taught in the Bible and the Prayer-book, and the worshippers of bread and wine as God under a material form as taught by the Sacerdotalists.

This is the great difference which makes an absolute division between the two parties in the Church of England. But there are also grave social evils which result from Sacerdotal teaching. For as it was found necessary by the Roman Catholic Church, in order to maintain the priest's power to introduce the Confessional, and also to permit the doctrine of economy of truth or reserve which, as carried out by the Jesuits, has made their name a by-word, so the Sacerdotalists have devoted their energies to corrupt the English people through the introduction of the Confessional. In the life and correspondence of their great leader, Dr. Pusey, we find that a great deal of his attention was devoted to the Confessional, which, in fact, he was the first to introduce in its modern form into the Church of England, and the method by which this was done cannot be too greatly condemned. Four years after he had commenced to hear confessions he wrote a treatise to prove that not a trace of private confession to a priest could be found in the early Church. With how great deception he himself continued to practise it is shown by the letter of Mr. W. Maskell, for

long one of his devoted followers. "What do you conceive," Mr. Maskell writes, "that the Bishop of Exeter would say of persons being received by you to confession against the known wish of their parents, and in private houses, or the clandestine correspondence to arrange such meetings?" and he goes on to speak of the ritualistic religious life as full of shifts, compromises, and evasions, and anything, in fact, but straightforward and true.

There is no doubt that the doctrine of the economy of truth or reserve allowed by this party is destructive to all trust; who, for instance, would accept the word of Dr. Newman, having read his statement that a Christian both thinks and speaks the truth, except when careful treatment is necessary? Mr. Ward, one of this party, puts it much more plainly. "Make yourself clear," he writes, "that you are justified in the deception, and then lie like a trooper."

It is impossible to deny that the whole ritualistic conspiracy, of which these men were amongst the leaders, was hatched in strictest secrecy, and concealed as long as possible by falsehood and deception under this Jesuitical doctrine of economy and reserve.

As has been already said, one of the methods most relied upon by which to bring the laity under the power of the priesthood is by enforcing the general practice of what is called Sacramental Confession—that is to say, that before partaking of the Eucharist full confession of sin must be made and absolution obtained from the priest. We have seen how Pusey promoted Confession under the name of the Sacrament of Penance; yet even he, speaking to the clergy, says, "You may pervert this Sacrament into a subtle means of feeding evil passions and sin in your soul," and he found it necessary, even at that early stage, to utter this warning in his manual. It is a sad sight to see confessors giving their whole morning to young women, whilst they dismiss men with the words, "I am busy now."

This is a striking testimony, coming from such a source, though no one who has traced the terrible degradation of nations under the Roman sway will need any testimony as to the curse of the Confessional. It is difficult to realise that this plague should prevail to such an extent in our midst, and that manuals directing the priest to probe the penitent with most objectionable questions should still have a large circulation. One of these, "The Priest in Absolution," was condemned by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, as a book the circulation of which was a disgrace to the community. It was issued by the Society of the Holy Cross, and has never been withdrawn; but, in addition to this, other manuals have been published; one of these, which is especially adapted to little children, tells them "it is to the priest, and the priest only, to whom you must acknowledge your sins, if you desire that God should forgive them, because God, when on earth, gave to His priests, and to them alone, the power to



forgive sins." How the instructions of these books have been acted upon is shown by the insolent reply of the Rev. H. F. Beckett to his bishop, who had written to him complaining that he had in the confessional put to a married woman such questions that she was ashamed to mention them to her husband; to which he replied, "it was nothing to the purpose"; he supposed that no wife would mention to her husband what passed in the confessional.

Such is the extent to which these priests have carried their so-called Sacrament of Penance, and it is a vital question whether the manly English people will submit to it. Will the young men of England be content that those to whom they are betrothed should be taught they cannot be forgiven sins of word or thought except by full confession before communion to a priest, perhaps one not long from Oxford, where the moral tone is certainly far from perfect? Will English parents allow their young daughters' minds to be poisoned by these so-called priests, or English husbands allow these presumptuous men to come between them and their wives and to worm themselves into the secrets of family life? It may be also noted here that there is practically nothing to prevent an Anglican priest making these secrets known, and that Pusey himself was accused of having betrayed one of his penitents. Whether this was so or not, we may thoroughly accept Dr. Pusey's statement in one of his saner moments, that the Confessional is a road by which numbers of Christians have gone down to hell; or the declaration of the High Church Bishop Wilberforce, that he firmly believed that, of all the curses of Popery, this is the crowning curse; or Lord Salisbury's statement that the Confessional, besides being unfavourable to what we believe to be Christian truth, has been injurious to an extent to which probably it has been given to no other institution to affect the character of mankind.

Again, it may be asked, is it possible to comprehend in one Church these Sacerdotalists and the loyal members of the Reformed Church of England? It surely must be impossible, for the Articles of the Reformed Church and its teaching denounce as blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits those doctrines which the Sacerdotalists call the Catholic faith, and which may be summed up as the Real Presence of Christ in the sacramental bread and wine, the adoration due to Him in that form, and the sacrifice which He is supposed by this means to offer, by the hands of the priest, to the Divine Majesty in heaven.

It is difficult to understand how any sane person, whose mind has not been warped by early training or priestly influence, can for a moment entertain such a degrading thought of the mighty God as that He has provided that any sinful man on whose head a bishop's hand has rested should be able to command His presence to enter into and become part of bread and wine; yet, in a petition presented to Con-

vocation and signed by 483 clergymen, it was urged that additions should be made to the Prayer-book teaching these doctrines.

The practical question is, What is to be done? It is entirely vain to rely upon the bishops. Some of these are in league with the enemies of our faith, others are either unable or unwilling to act, while some are accomplices of those who perjure themselves to obtain a position in the Church they desire to destroy. This may, perhaps, seem a severe statement, but it cannot be denied. The ritualistic bishops of London and Rochester know perfectly well at each ordination that some of the candidates are about to lie; they will solemnly declare that they assent to the Thirty-nine Articles, to the Book of Common Prayer, and that they believe the doctrines of the Church of England as they are there set forth to be agreeable to the Word of God, and that in public prayer and the administration of the Sacrament they will use the forms in the said book prescribed, and none other. These bishops know from the character of the colleges whence the candidates come, and the character of the churches to which they are to be appointed, that this is not true, and that if they were sincere in their declaration they would never obtain appointments to these churches, and yet they solemnly ask each of these men, Do you believe that you are called according to the will of God?

It may well be asked, granted all this is true, What is the remedy? Bishops and archbishops have proved themselves broken reeds, whilst the Archbishop of York has had the assurance to say that, although he received his appointment from the Prime Minister as one of the officers of the State Church, there is in the office of a bishop an authority prior to all Acts of Parliament. With an archbishop thus setting bishops above the law, what can be hoped from the Bench? One thing, therefore, is quite evident, the laymen of the Church of England must take the matter into their own hands.

Mr. Balfour, and those who wish to smooth down the present excitement, urge Churchmen to trust to the bishops; the question is—Are the majority worthy of trust? This is not difficult to decide if we apply a single test—how the present bishops have administered their patronage. Unhappily, this test condemns them, for they are found to have appointed twenty-eight supporters of Ritualism as archdeacons, twenty-five to residentiary canonries with handsome salaries; 318 Ritualists have received honorary canonries; seventy members of the Romanising confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament have received livings; the pecuniary gain to this party amounts in the aggregate to £47,000 a year. Is it surprising that the laity distrust the bishops, some of whom evidently are not honest, for, while professing adhesion to the Prayer-book, they promote law-breakers.

At the Reformation, when Church and State were really one, Parliament represented and protected the rights of the laity; but this



state of things has long passed. Whilst Mr. Gladstone was in the position of Prime Minister, and practically had the appointment of the bishops, he held his power against the majority of the members of the Church of England, by the votes of the Roman Catholic representatives of Ireland. The Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, which makes any action on the part of the laity against a law-breaking priest subject to the permission of the bishop, took away the last shred of protection from them, for, as might be expected from ecclesiastics, the bishops have vetoed all such actions. The very first step therefore must be to get this veto repealed, and to restore to the parishioners their just right of bringing to justice law-breakers in the Church which exists for their benefit, not before ecclesiastics, but before the judges of the land.

Of course there will be a loud outcry not to open the flood gates of ecclesiastical litigation, but this is sheer nonsense. Every beneficed clergyman holds his position not only by virtue of his ordination, which is ecclesiastical, but by the contract made by him with the State, and when he breaks this contract by violating the declaration made by him at his ordination, he is guilty of holding his position by false pretences. The claims of the pseudo-Catholic faith have nothing to do with this. The claim of the Archbishop of York to a power anterior to all Acts of Parliament is irrelevant. They are not only priests of an ancient Church if they claim to be so, but officers of the State appointed on certain conditions, and every parishioner for whose benefit they exist, has a right to claim that these conditions be fulfilled, or the law-breaker be deprived of his position, and the pecuniary advantages he wrongfully enjoys. Any man of ordinary sense can judge whether the Sacerdotal clergymen are fulfilling their contract, so far at least as the State is concerned.

It is questionable whether much can be hoped from the present Government, for while Lord Salisbury's words are reassuring, his latest appointment to the See of London condemns him, his action belies his word, for the Bishop of London is perhaps the most dangerous enemy of the Reformed Church.

The Bishop of London's words are also soft, but his ecclesiastical appointments show how little they are to be depended upon. The Protestant spirit of England, however, is too strong to be denied, and if the present Government do not act, they will give an opportunity to the Opposition which will probably carry them into power. No better cry could possibly be used to re-unite the Liberal and the Liberal Unionist parties than to restore to the laity their proper share of power in the Church, and if to this were added one man one vote, one vote one value, success would surely attend them. This would not only confirm the Reformation, but get rid of that abominable over-representation of the Irish Roman Catholics, which, as long as it lasts will prevent

the consolidation of the once great Liberal party, and which from time to time makes the Prime Minister who appoints the bishops of the Church of England dependent on Roman Catholic votes.

Meantime all friends of the Reformation will withhold their contributions towards those religious bodies on which the members of the English Church Union are represented, and the building of all churches which are not protected from ecclesiastical patronage. It seems little use indeed for the Ritualists to send out missionaries to the heathen when all they have to tell them is that their idols, although their priests assert that they have brought the Great Spirit into them, are no Gods, and that the real God is held by them in the pyx or box under the form of a piece of bread.

Although primarily this controversy affects the members of the Church of England, a very little reflection will show that all religious bodies are also deeply interested. The differences between the doctrines of the Reformed Church of England and of most of the Nonconformist Churches were comparatively unimportant compared with their agreement on the great vital truths of Christianity, but if the Church of England, as by law established, becomes sacerdotalised, if all the influence of its parochial system—with the large number of parishes in which practically the education given, the appointment of teachers, the general tone and atmosphere of the school is under the control of the clergy—fall into the hands of the ritualists, the result would be serious to the Nonconformist children as well as to others. As is shown in the case of Pusey and Newman, those of this party who accept their views on economy of truth and reserve, and who hold their position by reason of a false declaration, cannot be trusted. One thing is urgent that a centre should be formed in every parish for consolidating the efforts of those who place the maintenance of the Reformed faith above all political questions.

FRANCIS PEEK.

## AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

THE article on Agricultural Depression which appeared in the March number of this REVIEW elicited a good deal of correspondence, both in opposition to and in support of the views there set forth. From this correspondence the following letter has been selected, because it was written by a practical farmer, who permits it to be published, although he does not wish his name to appear :

“ Having been brought up as a tenant farmer, it occurs to me you may, perhaps, be interested in a short history of my experience, particularly as it proves up to the hilt that your arguments are absolutely correct.

“ I had as good a tutoring as most of my compeers. I did a good bit of manual labour at starting. We had a mixed farm of about 600 acres, and another of about 230 acres, seven miles off. After assisting my father a good few years he gave up the farm to me. I well remember paying the day men 6s. a week and the milkers 7s. ; some had piece-work in summer, and a house and garden free. On starting on my own account I came to the following conclusions : that a man with a wife and family to keep must inevitably beg, borrow, or steal to keep body and soul together, and even then there could not be the stamina and brain power necessary to do the work a farmer ought to have done ; also that the system of paying ten or twelve men exactly the same wage was a premium on laziness and indifference. At this time a great change was coming over the country : wheat was rapidly falling, rents were very high, and yet there was a keen demand for farms. I saw, unless I jumped out of the old rut, I should inevitably lose a thousand or two of my capital. I never asked for any reduction of rent, but out of the rut I jumped. Cheese and dairy-produce at the time sold well ; I grew much less wheat, and

went from twenty-five cows up to 150 and odd ; to get the milkers to be punctual I tried kindness and extra rewards without avail, so my issue was sharp measures of discipline, or give up the extra cows. I put up a clock in the yard, gave one man 1s. a week extra as time-keeper, drew up special agreements naming hours of work, &c., and then the battle began. After knocking a few down, which sometimes ended in Jack being as good as his master at that fun, and getting a number fined for being late, they began, in some cases, to run down in the morning at the double to be in time. I paid each man more or less, on a graduated scale, according to his energy and ability, and, together with my foreman, we gave them a thorough drilling. I reckoned that, like many of my neighbours, I was being robbed at the rate of from £50 to £100 a year. I forget now how many thieves I caught and got convicted ; my groom one day took fourteen eggs out of twenty in the fowl-house, and brought me in six ; I told him I could have overlooked this if he had not been so covetous and taken the bigger half. I caught my cheese-maker robbing me very heavily ; whilst he was in jail I could not get another, and had to turn to and make it myself. At the finish, I missed nothing and could catch no thieves. Amongst many remarkable reforms, I once drilled in 41½ acres of wheat on very heavy land, in two days, with one drill. I cleared 25 acres of hay, over 30 cwt. to the acre, with two pitchers and the milkers loading up two or three waggons in the evening. This kind of thing was nearly double what I had done, or what my neighbours were doing. Several farmers told me they would not have stood in my shoes for £1000, and that I should be sure to have my ricks and buildings burned down, or my cattle maimed ; I expected reprisals, but none came. I paid individual men more money, did with less hands, at less cost and at much better annual profits. I reckoned I saved hundreds some years by getting through record feats on special urgent occasions. I was proud of my men ; they would follow me, and do all I asked in reason, but no drill-sergeant in the barrack-square ever had a tougher job to get them into shape. I made three young fellows learn thatching, and one or two cheese-making and other branches, so that if one was laid up I had a reserve. One of my neighbours had his thatcher laid up, and had over forty corn ricks not thatched in at the end of harvest. We had tropical thunder and rain, and he told me he lost at least £400 through the stacks being open. Two of my thatchers covered them in for him. So far for the labour question. I do not think many agriculturists can estimate the blessings and benefits of a smart, well-drilled, well-disposed lot of farm-labourers.

“ On commencing on my own account I found, except for a few tons occasionally, the cheese, from time immemorial, on the farm, had been at least £1 per cwt. in quality below what it ought to have been, and I was almost wild with despair when I discovered, mostly from reading



scientific books, that a w.c. vault close to the window of the dairy on one side, and a pigstye on the other, together with washing the vessels in water contaminated with sewage, were not conducive to fine quality cheese. On making certain reforms, up went the price, and I had the pleasure of taking top figures at one of the biggest cheese markets in the West of England on several occasions, and my average stood fully £1 per cwt. higher afterwards.

"I could not find that any of my predecessors had successfully bred pigs; many had tried and given it up, considering the place too cold; later on I ran about fifteen breeding sows with remarkable luck.

"The result of my experience in agriculture was to induce me to state at the local Chamber of Agriculture, in a rather emphatic manner, that I considered every tenant-farmer ought to pass through a training-college farm on cheaper and more practical lines than the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, where science and practice could go hand in hand together. This was about twenty-five years ago. It was quite clear the meeting thought I had a loose tile, and that my mind was deranged in making such an unheard-of proposition, and, in their view, such an unnecessary and useless one.

"Most of the new systems I introduced to cope with the altered position of farming were condemned, particularly by the old stagers; in fact, from hints I had given me, some thought I should have to be taken off and put under charge, as it was clear to them my mind was gone wrong; however, later on I found some of them copying and following my lead.

"Every county where agriculture predominates ought to have one mixed farm set apart as a training-farm for young fellows about to embark their cash in farming; let the staff for teaching be, say roughly, a general manager and secretary combined, a farm bailiff, and a scientist, these men to be the smartest and most efficient obtainable, and the junior staff the same. Why, with a big old-fashioned farmhouse and buildings, the whole thing could be rigged up and started at very moderate cost. Here the pupil would have ocular demonstration of smart and record work, and such a drilling as he would never forget. In every branch he would be prepared to meet the rapid and rushing competition of the age. There would be the library fully stocked and kept replete with all agricultural literature up to date, and I take it arrangements could be made for old pupils to visit the farm in later years, and see any new systems which may have been adopted with advantage; get his feeding-stuffs, water supplies, &c. &c., analysed at reduced fees. I cannot help thinking such a farm, doing genuine, practical, and scientific work, would have the support of the leading people of the county in which it was located, and if the Technical Education Grant was secured, I do not



think any difficulty ought to be experienced as to cost of maintenance. Such an institution, in my mind, ought to be a beacon-light, a 'rallying-point' for the agriculturists of the county. There ought to be enough honorary subscribers to keep it going. I am of opinion it would pay cent. per cent. to the landowners and tenant-farmers. There is no doubt, in the breeding and rearing of horses, horned-cattle, sheep, and pigs, the British agriculturist stands at the top of the tree and can challenge the world, and I believe some of the money now given for those objects may well be spared for the training of young farmers in other branches.

"The standard to secure a certificate and diploma of efficiency for the pupil should certainly include all the more skilled parts of the manual work of the farm as well as science. Athletics should be encouraged, and boxing in particular, and preliminary yeomanry drill. How can a young farmer, after leaving school, nowadays frequently the Board or village school, and going straight to reside on a lone farm, without the slightest further training in science and other matters beyond what he can get at home, be expected to cope with the remarkable developments of the present day?

"The labourers on the training-farm I would have paid on a graduated scale, according to their energy and ability, and a distinctive title for each man. In many counties the strongest and most intelligent farm-labourers are going off to the railways and big towns; an effort should be made to get them back on the land again; the old and decrepit, and the young and weak stripling, only help to drag the farmer downhill.

"I had one or two farm-pupils who had capital, and were not in any way obliged to put their hands to manual work; but I insisted, as far as I could, on the necessity of their being in a position to show their men how to carry on any branch of farm work in case of the men making a muddle; and I found, from sheer force of precept and example, they could in almost, if not quite, any department take the man's place: and after seeing the record work done on special occasions, on taking a business on their own account they surprised their neighbours and showed them the way along. On the same lines, I maintain if a lad on a training-farm once found men doing about double work, and doing it better than what he had seen on his father's farm at home, he would not rest till he had introduced some reform, which would mean extra profit to himself.

"I sympathise very much with landowners and tenant-farmers on many points. It appears to me their interests have for years been sacrificed in a most inequitable manner to the exigences of party politics.

"I am neither a landowner nor tenant-farmer, and can therefore, I suppose, be considered somewhat impartial, but I should like to see

agriculture, the greatest industry in the country, placed on a fairer, more equitable, and more prosperous footing.

"In conclusion, I would remark I had one of the best of landlords, and, I think, the best firm of land agents to deal with, at the time I was farming; never a misunderstanding had we; they dealt with an enterprising tenant with justice, equity, and common sense, and I left the farm at least £100 per annum better than when I took to it. I could almost manage the place, as they say, sitting in my armchair, when, to my very great disappointment and vexation, I was advised by my medical man that, owing to the place being very damp and cold, I should never rear my family there. I was laid up with rheumatism several times, and I decided at last to leave. I could not at the time hear of anything suitable near, and my father, who was a great invalid, would not hear of my moving to a distance, so I went into the speculation of building a brewery from the ground, without a customer, public-house, or any knowledge whatever of the business. I found young brewers as bad, or worse, than young farmers in 1876-77. When I started not one could brew me uniform beer for three months together; all in turn got into a fog, and could not explain the reason why; I started a laboratory and chemist, and, so far as uniformity of beers went, I soon got right. I took pupils to help to pay the cost. I believe I was the first country brewer in England to start the science. My opponents at once gave out that I was brewing from chemicals; several left off dealing with me, and one market-day I had a crowd of farmers round me exclaiming and threatening. For some time I could not get a word in edgeways; at last I explained I was the only brewer in the district, and, I believe, in England, in an agricultural district, who had gone to the heavy expense of fitting up a laboratory and paying a chemist to analyse his raw material, to conduct the brewings on scientific principles, and ensure their being supplied with a pure and wholesome beer. Fortunately for me, one amongst their number spoke and stated, after hearing what I had said, that he had previously only had part of his beer of me, and now he should have it all. The others looked sheepish and walked off, but several who left off dealing at the first were so alarmed at the idea of chemicals that they have never come back.

"Kindly understand, in giving you this history so far of my experience, I do not hold myself up in any way as a paragon of perfection. In such a wide departure out of the old rut, making so many experiments, I made some mistakes; but whilst a lot of my old friends and acquaintances were wound up in liquidation, or became financially crippled owing to the change in the times, and, later, to the liver fluke, I not only held my own, but added to my capital. Science put hundreds into my pocket when I was farming, and I think I could almost say thousands by its application to brewing.

"Elementary mechanics ought to play a leading part in the training of a young farmer. I once had a barn where often over 1000 sacks of corn were carried on men's backs up a ladder into the waggons each year; at the side of the doorway, the sinking of the land allowed by having another door opened, at a cost of about £1, the sacks to be wheeled straight off the barn floor into the waggons; which I had done.

"Several of my father's dairy-girls left on account of having so far to carry the milk to the copper for heating it, ready for cheese-making; the copper was really just outside the dairy wall, and by merely putting a window through the wall I got the milk heated without their having to go out of the dairy at all.

"Our farm was about three miles long; every summer probably it cost us £30 to £40 to haul water for cattle and sheep, and often then they had not enough. At one end of the farm, by a simple contrivance, which took two or three men a few days (my own labourers), and cost me really nothing but their time, I had a most bountiful supply ever after, and at the other end, at very nominal cost, I got the same result; and however it was this plan did not dawn on my predecessors and myself sooner I cannot now understand.

"Some two or three months since, I wrote to a large landowner in Worcestershire, much interested in the technical work for agriculturists, and suggested that if possible he should bring his influence to bear to induce a wealthy enthusiast to endow a college on comprehensive lines; and although I do not for a moment think my hint had anything to do with it, by a singular coincidence the following appeared in the papers a few days since:

"Mr. I. Corbett, of Impney Hall, Droitwich, formerly M.P. for Mid-Worcestershire, has offered to give £50,000 for founding and endowing a School of Agriculture for the sons of tenant-farmers of the county of Worcester and district."

"I am strongly of opinion that this has started a ball rolling that will not stop till such schools become fairly general through the country, but, of course, much depends upon whether they are worked upon such practical lines as will command the confidence of the public.

"No proper provision was made at starting for dealing with the brewery sewage, and I was on the horns of a very serious dilemma which might have ruined me. I called in one of the best sanitary engineers I could hear of—a most eminent man in his day. After an exhaustive inspection he told me I could not get over the difficulty under an outlay of £1500. I then consulted a local engineer, and his estimate was £400; I explained to both these gentlemen that I was very short of cash, and could not possibly carry out their scheme. If I

had been in funds I should probably have adopted the cheaper scheme. I afterwards, at a cost of only 5s. in structural work, putting two or three pipes through a wall and conveying the sewage down a ditch on to a small meadow by irrigation, treated it most successfully, until in eight or nine years our town had a system of sewerage.

"I think you will agree with me that the councils and committees of farmers, mostly in rural districts, who have to vote public money for big public schemes ought to have lectures and some little training in such matters when they are young."

The main contention of the writer is that it is not usual to find farmers who have had thorough scientific professional training to begin with, and who keep themselves abreast of the times by the reading of literature; and that until agriculture is regarded as a scientific profession, agricultural depression will always be with us.

EDMUND VERNEY.

## THE COMING SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

THE French nation, convulsed by what is apparently a mere abstruse question of law which the Supreme Court could readily solve in two or three sittings, is really in the throes of a great social revolution. France is sick almost unto death, and unless the roots of the evil be cut clean out and the wound well cauterised, she must even die as Spain is dying. All public powers in the country, with the sole exception of the Cour de Cassation—if it can be classified among the powers—are bankrupt, and now their day of reckoning is at hand. One and all they had coalesced, or rather conspired, in order to favour the triumph of falsehood over truth, of brute force over right, and, for a time, the plot bade fair to succeed. The heads of the Army, the members of successive Cabinets, the clergy, high and low, the representatives of the nation in the Chamber and the Senate, the would-be leaders of thought, like MM. Brunetière and Coppée, were all leagued together in defence of injustice. The people was sad, silent, disillusioned, and inactive. Had it remained so, there would have been no more hope for the nation than there is for the Arctic explorer who, benumbed and weary, lays himself down on the ice to sleep. Thanks to the individual efforts of a few brave men like Zola, Picquart, Clémenceau, Guyot, Reinach, Gohier, Jaurès, Pressensé, and Quillard, the nation has been roused to action, and seems determined not only that the wrongs inflicted upon Dreyfus and Picquart shall be repaired, but also that the deep-seated causes in which they originated shall be swept away.

And this means neither more nor less than a social and political revolution.

That nothing less thorough will suffice, is the lesson which the two "Affaires" have brought home to every Frenchman who can reflect and reason. He who reads as he runs can perceive that the Dreyfus and



Picquart cases are but symptoms of the evil, and that similar or worse symptoms are visible and tangible in every department of public life—in the condition of the Army and Navy, in the hesitations and contradictions that characterise French foreign policy, in the moral cowardice of the *parvenus* of the democracy who care only for their own interests, in the sordid squabbles of the nation's representatives for power and pelf, in the insincerity and trickery of Cabinet Ministers, in the intrigues of the clergy who glorify the sabre and anathematise the pen; in the deliberate propagation of dangerous falsehoods, and the eloquent cajolery of brute force and systematic obscurantism for which a portion of the press is responsible and in the demoralising distribution of rewards and punishments. The dead walls of Paris speak of *liberté* while heroically honest men like Picquart are being subjected to imprisonment of a kind that strongly resembles the punishment meted out to Luccheni, the regicide, in Switzerland; of *égalité* while the morally courageous individual is severely punished for being *suspected* of using a forged document, and generals and Ministers are publicly praised for employing several which ruin men's reputations; and of *fraternité* while the armed portion of the nation is threatening to draw sabres and cut down the unarmed half for demanding their rights. The Republic, which exists in name, has been described as a vast predatory oligarchy within which rules a theocracy, working through a privileged caste. The great French Revolution of a hundred years ago has been nullified by the shopkeepers of the present Republic, just as Christianity has been metamorphosed by the theologians of official Churches. It is complained that the high nobility and the uncompromising clericals who were excluded from the Government over a quarter of a century ago, sought and found a cozy refuge in the Army, which was fed continually by the colleges of the Jesuits, and that since then the cross and sword have united. The members of this curious league are all-powerful to-day, for their plans are practically exempt from criticism, and their deeds freed from punishment.

And it is this state of things which the French people seem resolved to change radically at any and every cost. While it is undesirable for foreigners to take sides in this domestic conflict, it is interesting and permissible to seek to realise the point of view of the leaders of the popular movement. And this can best be done by taking a glimpse of the unholy strivings and workings which certain phases of the two "Affaires" have from time to time revealed.

Dreyfus was illegally condemned. Seven men of honour in the French Army deliberately broke the law which they were sworn to observe, in order to condemn him; and only one of them has ever complained of being weighed down by the terrible responsibility. The latest and seemingly most probable account of how the verdict of guilty was obtained has just been published by a respectable Deputy, who will have given evidence before the Cour de Cassation before this

article has appeared in print.\* He is, he says, able to prove that one of the military judges privately repented, in the presence of a distinguished naval officer, of having brought in a verdict of guilty without proofs. "We were about to acquit him unanimously," explained the repentant military judge, "for we had only the *bordereau* to go upon, and nothing whatever to show that that was his work. All at once an officer entered the court-room, said he had come on the part of the Minister of War, and assured us that this dignitary was convinced of Dreyfus' guilt, and that he was in possession of a secret document which he could not show us, but which left no doubt whatever as to the accused man's treason. On the strength of this simple affirmation we found Dreyfus guilty, and you will now understand why this responsibility weighs so heavily on me." What people will not understand is that the responsibility should appear so light to the other six, and that of all seven officers not one should have ever raised his voice in public for the purpose of repentance and reparation.

However this may be, the Dreyfus affair took its origin in motives that were mean rather than malicious, in narrow-minded prejudices, in racial and religious fanaticism. Later on the erroneous decision was upheld by means of wholesale falsehoods, perjury, forgery, and the worst crimes characteristic of the human beast. But the persecution of Picquart was a revolting piece of work from the very first day on which it was conceived. Not only was it inspired by vindictive rancour and carried out with unscrupulous malignity, but the means and the motives were never decently disguised. This is how one of the principal organs of the General Staff, the journal read by nearly three million Frenchmen, *Le Petit Journal*, spoke of the genesis of the Picquart case: "If the civil Cour de Cassation is disposed to acquit and rehabilitate an individual condemned by a court-martial, then military justice will oppose sentence to sentence by condemning the only military defender Dreyfus possesses." Motives of this character are not honourable nor moral, and few civilians in France would care to avow them.

The main charge trumped up against Picquart, the saviour of Dreyfus, is that of having forged the *petit bleu*. A *petit bleu* is a pneumatic postcard of a blue colour, which is delivered in Paris as quickly as a telegram, and costs less. The contents of this particular *petit bleu* were not very compromising in themselves, but as it was addressed by the German military attaché in Paris to a French officer there (Esterhazy), it threw a flood of lurid light on the goings on of the latter. Moreover, it acquired still greater importance by turning the attention of the Chief of the Military Intelligence Department, Picquart, into whose hands it fell, towards Esterhazy as the possible author of the *bordereau* which had been attributed to and

\* M. Guillemet, the well-known Deputy and Questeur de la Chambre, has published this story in his journal. Cf. also *Rappel*, December 12, 1898.

used it to good purpose in the manner alluded to above, he was accused of having himself forged it, and having made use of it known to be a forgery. And, although it is undoubtedly a genuine document, a forger has certainly been at work on it; for the name that was on the address has been erased, and the name Esterhazy written. The insinuation was that, whatever might be the name of the addressee which had originally been on the *petit bleu*, that of Esterhazy had been substituted for it by Picquart, in order to support his theory that officer was guilty of treason.

At the charge does not bear even a superficial examination. The man who erased the addressee's name left the original address, *Rue Bienfaisance 27*, untouched. And this was Esterhazy's domicile. Consequently, the fact that the *petit bleu* had been addressed to this man, and not to another, is more than probable. But this is not all. The General Staff regard the erasure on the *petit bleu* as a proof that Picquart tampered with it—nay, as a proof that he forged it. If that be a proof of this terrible charge to-day, it was a proof yesterday, last week, and at the time of Zola's trial. But at the time of Zola's trial, although the *petit bleu* had been re-gummed and reconstituted, there was no proof of any one's having tampered with it. Commander Lanth himself was examined at that trial on the subject, and when asked whether he would go so far as to say that he believed Picquart to have forged it, replied: "Yes; but I possess no proof of it." Therefore, the name of Esterhazy had not yet been connected with, and that fraud was committed later on in order to add colour to the unworthy suspicion. That is to say, first of all the General Staff, having resolved, as their organ the *Petit Journal* put it, "oppose sentence to sentence by condemning the only military officer whose name was mentioned" first groundlessly suspected Picquart of

have been able to trace the name originally on the address which was erased, and they found that *that name was also Esterhazy's*, as common sense led one to expect all along, seeing that the domicile to which the *petit bleu* had been despatched was his. Again, Picquart, it is admitted, never heard of nor saw the *petit bleu* until after it had been reconstituted by Commander Lauth, who gummed the pieces together. If, therefore, the Colonel erased and wrote in anything, he must have done so either before the pieces were gummed together or afterwards. Now he could not have accomplished this before, for many excellent reasons : first, because it is impossible to carry out a piece of forgery like that on sixty tiny fragments of paper which are not regummed ; and secondly, because he had no knowledge of the postcard until it had been pieced together. Further, supposing always Picquart to be capable of committing forgery for the purpose of ruining himself, he could not therefore have done so before the pieces of the *petit bleu* were pasted in one, and he would not, even if he could, afterwards. Because Esterhazy's name was there *from the very first*. Why erase it and then rewrite it ? The proof that it was there from the very first lies, not merely in the admission made by Commander Lauth at Zola's trial that he had no proofs as yet that Picquart had forged the *petit bleu*, but likewise and especially in the fact that the photograph taken of the postcard when it was first restored to its primitive shape and was as yet without any erasure, *contains the name Esterhazy*, which must, therefore, have been rubbed out *later on* and rewritten in the erasure. As it is absolutely certain that Picquart could not, would not, and did not do this, and as the fact of its having been done is being employed as a weapon against him, it follows that it was effected for the purpose of ruining him. Who committed the crime and under what circumstances, is a subject upon which I am assured interesting data exist ; but to pursue it further would lead me too far.

The conclusion is inevitable, that instead of being the accused Colonel Picquart is really the accuser, and that the suicide of the forger Henry has deprived him of one of the most efficacious means of letting in the light.

But forgery and employing a forged document are not the only crimes laid to Picquart's charge. He is said to have communicated secret documents to persons who had no right to be informed of their existence. But these are trumpery accusations like the foregoing. The facts on which they are founded were known to Picquart's superiors long ago ; but these sticklers for civic virtue never accused him of treason or threatened to prosecute him. For it was then hoped that he would preserve a discreet silence on the Dreyfus question, and his superiors actually favoured and flattered him accordingly, despite their knowledge of these facts. It was only when he persisted in proclaiming his conviction and calling forged documents forgeries, even when they were publicly paraded by a War Minister



as unanswerable proofs of Dreyfus's guilt—it was only then that the facts in question became heinous crimes.

Even the Colonel's military enemies admit that the facts which he is reproached with having illegally revealed are of two kinds: one containing no real secrets whatever, and the communication of which is consequently not punishable; and the other consisting of facts which might be legally held to be State secrets. Now, with regard to this latter category, Picquart's friends urged, and urged with truth, that he had already been punished for communicating them, having lost his high position in the Army, and with it the promise of an uncommonly brilliant military career, and that no man should be punished twice for one and the same offence. They further pointed out that he ought not to have been punished for it even that once, because it could not be fairly regarded as a misdemeanour, seeing that the person to whom he gave an insight into the documents in question, lawyer Leblois, was the legal adviser of the Military Intelligence Department, of which he, Colonel Picquart, was the Director. M. Leblois, therefore, cannot be described as a person unqualified to take cognisance of the facts revealed to him. Moreover, if it were otherwise, why, it has pertinently been asked, was not Leblois prosecuted as well as Picquart? The answer is obvious: because, being a civilian, he could not be summarily tried by the military court, and both accused would have to be sent before the civil tribunals, which could have tried and would have acquitted, but would have been unable and unwilling wantonly to inflict suffering upon the Colonel.

The General Staff having thus cleared the ground, set to work to hound down Picquart in the style of the old Inquisition. But there were still serious difficulties in the way—difficulties raised by the Government which had not the same reasons for allowing the laws to be violated that the General Staff possessed for violating them. The story of how the prosecution was pushed forward despite these formidable obstacles is, in broad outline, as follows.

The War Minister, M. Cavaignac, a thin, sour, narrow-minded man of the type of which Robespierre was the extreme expression, began the case against Picquart. He had pledged his word, his reputation, his honour that Dreyfus was guilty, and he undertook publicly to prove it. The "proof" was a document which he first read out at the tribune of the Chamber, and afterwards published throughout the towns and villages of France. Thereupon Colonel Picquart sent him an open letter, affirming that that document was a vulgar and stupid forgery, and that he would show that it was this, and nothing more, to M. Cavaignac's satisfaction. Then the case against Colonel Picquart was begun.

M. Cavaignac had the document which he had employed as a proof of Dreyfus's guilt examined, and also the *petit bleu*. The former, as we know, proved to be a vulgar, clumsy forgery, as Picquart had



asserted, and its author, Colonel Henry, committed suicide after having reluctantly confessed. The *petit bleu*, on the other hand, yielded no data for a prosecution. Meanwhile, M. Cavaignac was succeeded in the War Ministry by General Zurlinden, who for two days became a revisionist. General Zurlinden found at the Ministry the unsatisfactory results of the investigation begun against Picquart, and, declaring that he saw therein a good *prima facie* case against the Colonel, he informed his colleagues of the Cabinet that he would have an indictment drawn up against him. The Cabinet Council, having discussed the matter, *negatived* the proposal; and the Cabinet Council being supreme, this should have ended the proposal for good. But General Zurlinden was as shifty as Ulysses, and this is how he managed to secure the prey which had thus been snatched from his grasp seemingly beyond all hope of recovery. He resigned his Ministerial portfolio in a manner insulting to the Cabinet, and returned to his former position of Military Governor of Paris.

Now, the Military Governor of Paris is invested with rights equivalent in matters of military procedure to those of the Procureur of the Republic in civil law. Secretly and speedily exercising those rights, in spite of the fact that the Government's action had quashed them in this particular case, General Zurlinden began the prosecution of Colonel Picquart. The Ministers, who had been the General's loyal colleagues, were kept by him in the dark until steps had been taken which could no longer be revoked without giving rise to a disastrous conflict. And thus the prosecution was launched. Ethically, General Zurlinden's conduct, although highly approved by his ecclesiastical allies, is, to put it mildly, open to serious question; from a patriotic point of view, it was a baneful blunder; and from a purely military standpoint, it was neither more nor less than deliberate disobedience to the orders of his superiors. But it was the only way to wreak vengeance upon "the sole military defender of Dreyfus," and it was entered upon with remarkable lightheartedness. After this, General Zurlinden, foreseeing no further obstacles on his path, gloried by anticipation in the downfall of Picquart, and declared over and over again that the "meddling traitor" would go to the galleys.\*

The manner in which Colonel Picquart was treated while the case against him was being got up brings out in bold relief the animus of the General Staff and the unworthy motives underlying this persecution from the very first. He was immured in the military prison of Cherche Midi as in a living tomb. The object alleged was to be able to interrogate and cross-examine him quietly, so that he should have no advice from without. And yet during three weary weeks he was *never once questioned by any one*; he was merely isolated, deprived of letters, visits, newspapers—in a word, buried alive. And even after his examination and cross-examination had begun and ended he was

\* Cf. *Séde* November 28, 1898.

not permitted to see his counsel for months. Was all this really necessary? The friends of the General Staff say it was. The Military Code forsooth requires it, and they appealed to no special laws.

But this explanation is insufficient. Nay, it is worse than insufficient; it is misleading. How, for example, does it tally with the fact that, just a twelvemonth ago, when Major Esterhazy was accused of treason, and General Pellieux was entrusted with the investigation of his alleged guilt, the gallant Major was not confined in a military or civil prison, was not cut off from the world, but was allowed to move about as he listed, to lounge in newspaper offices, to make "disclosures" to able editors, and to utter threats against future "calumniators"? And how does this difference of treatment dovetail with the "equality" on which the Republic is based?

The trial by court-martial would have duly taken place on December 12, Colonel Picquart would, in all probability, have been speedily condemned to the galleys,\* and a new movement in favour of revision would have directly ensued, had it not been for the ingenuity of the prisoner's advisers in applying for the interference of the Supreme Court of the Republic. Everybody foresaw the coming catastrophe, but down to a week or so before the fatal day nobody could discern any effective means of warding it off. Men like Clémenceau, Reinach, Guyot, Pressensé, and Quillard exerted themselves to the utmost to rouse public opinion to a sense of the danger, and to raise their countrymen's courage to the pitch needed for averting it. Fifty thousand men, many of them representative of all that France possesses of respectable, intelligent, artistic, industrious, and honest, signed a vigorous protest against the crime that was about to be committed with wantonness and deliberation. The Government was appealed to, the Senate was adjured, the Chambers were exhorted to exorcise the danger. But they were all timid, irresolute, wavering, and the melancholy spectacle afforded by their moral cowardice or guilty complicity in this vast conspiracy against justice, did more to reveal the depths to which the Republic has fallen, than the unanswerable logic of Joseph Reinach, or even the Dantonian eloquence of Georges Clémenceau.

To praise the Cour de Cassation for its uncommon civic courage in a crisis of difficulty and danger would be to insult the judges by implied wonder that they should have done their duty while so many others were betraying their trusts. More than their duty they certainly did not do, and the torrents of filthy abuse and vitriolic vituperation that were immediately turned upon them by press organs, military officers, politicians, and priests are better adapted to give him who can wade through them a clear idea of the low ebb in France

\* General Zurlinden's alleged statement that he would send Picquart to the galleys, and Commander Foulon's published declarations as to the results of the military investigation leave no doubt as to the fate intended for Picquart.

of all that is nowadays known as culture, than the most exhaustive study of the theory of French institutions. And the subsequent attitude of the General Staff and the Cabinet, is it not characteristic of all that is baleful and corrosive in the manifold forces that still make themselves felt in the country through the channels of republican institutions? Colonel Picquart was condemned to remain a prisoner, despite the facts that few seriously doubted of his innocence, hardly any one questioned that the Cour de Cassation would finally remove his trial entirely from the cognisance of the military judges, and nobody affected to believe that, if temporarily released, he would attempt to flee the country or evade justice. In fact, his enemies would fall into ecstasies of joy if he did. There was consequently no valid reason, no specious pretext, for continuing to deprive this truly heroic man of his liberty. That vengeance was the sole motive was almost openly avowed.

Unrelenting but frank adversaries of his, like Paul de Cassagnac, proclaimed, together with their dislike of the prisoner, their conviction that he ought to be released. But the Government hesitated, wavered, shirked the responsibility, and General Zurlinden triumphantly dangled his resignation in the face of the War Minister, M. de Freycinet, who, like a certain Roman who was once Procurator of Judæa, seems ready to do anything for peace sake.

And this is one of the most malignant disorders from which the Republic is suffering. There is no Government in France. Nay, there is no ruling class there. In other words, that fidelity to ethical principles which is known as moral courage is sadly lacking among those who proclaim aloud that they are endowed with all the other qualifications to be rulers of men. Many books might be filled with the overwhelming proofs of this alarming statement; a few of these volumes have already been written, although not yet commented upon. One or two of the latest instances will suffice in this place to show that among the so-called "ruling classes" duty is become what virtue seemed to Brutus—an empty name; that the rulers are positively afraid to lead; the Army chiefs attack those whom they are paid to defend; the legislators of the two Chambers break the laws which they make, squabble for power and pelf among themselves, openly sell justice for a place in the legislative assembly, and enthusiastically shout hosanna to Barabbas and death to him who sacrificed all he had and was for the good of the people; Justice has recovered her sight, and is often known as vengeance, the most terrible punishments being occasionally meted out to the innocent and the heroic, and the highest reward bestowed upon traitors; the clergy, paid to inculcate love of one's enemies and peace to all men, preach the supremacy of the sword and hatred of Jews and Protestants; and the schools perpetuate habits of mind which tend intellectually to assimilate the people of France to those of Spain and Portugal. This is a moderate statement of the melancholy facts.

M. Charles Dupuy is the President of the Council of Ministers in France to-day. He is, to a certain extent, a University man,\* and, therefore, a very favourable specimen of the latter-day French politician. He was President of the Council of Ministers when Captain Dreyfus was condemned, and was, therefore, aware of the irregularities or, rather, the illegalities committed by his judges. Yet he allowed it to be said that Dreyfus was legally sentenced to hell upon the Devil's Island; nay, he proclaimed his own conviction that the ex-Captain was a traitor of the blackest dye. He was the Chief of the Cabinet on the day that a similar injustice was about to be perpetrated against Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart; and, instead of profiting by past experience and taking the needful steps to hinder the crime for his country's sake, he simply said: "The Cabinet is invested with the right to do so, but refuses to exercise it."

Pressure was next put upon the Cabinet by the Senate to force it to end the scandal. Then President Dupuy delivered a soothing speech to the Senators. This was on November 29. In that speech he alleged that the Cour de Cassation could solve the problem because it possessed large powers applicable to the case, and he almost requested that tribunal to use them. The chief passage was: "The Cour de Cassation possesses an eminent power, a discretionary power, if I may use the word."† The Senators were satisfied; the impartial press commented on the passage favourably, and then M. Charles Dupuy cut it bodily out of the official version of his speech, on the ground that it "outran" his thoughts! In what professed to be a shorthand account—official account—of his speech he suppressed the main passage!

Ten months ago M. Charles Dupuy told M. Jaurès that Captain Lebrun Renault, on whose alleged statement the report of Dreyfus's "confessions" was based, had assured him that the story was false, and that Dreyfus had never made any confession to his knowledge. M. Dupuy added: "I then took Captain Lebrun Renault to the War Ministry, where he repeated this statement."‡ Yet for days and weeks and months after that the fiction of Captain Dreyfus's confessions was repeated at the tribunes of both Chambers and of lecture-rooms, in all the newspapers and most of the periodicals and pamphlets, and M. Charles Dupuy has never yet felt called upon to contradict it.

On Saturday, November 12, in order to hinder a projected protest on the part of journalists, President Dupuy assured them that the impression produced upon the Cour de Cassation by the depositions of the five successive War Ministers who proclaimed the guilt of the

\* A student of the École Normale and *agrégé* of the Faculty of Philosophy.

† Every speech is published in two versions: the analytical, which is not shown to the speaker, and the full stenographical account which is always shown to, and frequently corrected by, its author.

‡ *Of. Petite République*, November 30, *Sic'c*, December 1, 1898.

ex-Captain was so profound and so unfavourable to the prisoner, that all idea of revising the trial had been virtually abandoned. And he reiterated the same misleading statement on Tuesday, November 15th, *at the very moment* that the decision of the Supreme Court was being conveyed to him, admitting Maître Demange's request for a new trial! Is comment needed?

M. de Freycinet is the Minister of War in the present Cabinet, and in the country he enjoys a reputation for a sleekness that enables him to wriggle and slip through all the difficulties that beset his path. The manner in which he does this is, naturally enough, neither original nor unsuccessful, human intelligence being what it is. Here is an instance. Adjured a few days ago by some members of the Chamber to adjourn the trial of Colonel Picquart by the Court Martial,\* M. de Freycinet expressed the childlike surprise of Ah Sin, the Chinese, and said: "Why, it was M. Picquart's friends who, until quite recently, exhorted me to do all I could to hasten his trial, so that his innocence might be made manifest. And now they ask me to postpone it!"† He could not understand their crooked ways! As a matter of fact, what Picquart's friends had besought him to do was to hasten the preliminary investigation, during which nobody, not even his own lawyer, was allowed to visit M. Picquart. And the request was natural, seeing that part of the "interrogatory" consisted in leaving the prisoner to himself without asking him a single question for *three weeks*. If M. de Freycinet had had the advantage to be born a Roman Catholic, one might well say that nature as well as grace had destined him for the Society of Jesus.

M. de Freycinet, like his chief, M. Dupuy, also made a soothing speech, but not to the Senate—to the Chamber. The subject was the coming Court Martial on M. Picquart. It seemed frank and fair, and was universally applauded. The chief passage consisted of a solemn promise that the trial would be no hole-and-corner affair like that which had ruined Captain Dreyfus, but open and public. These were the exact words: "Gentlemen, I have promised the broad light of day." The newspapers eagerly printed and variously commented on this important promise, each one from its own individual point of view. But M. de Freycinet corrected the passage for next morning's official account, on the ground that, although he had pronounced the words, they "outran" his thoughts. The new version which he did *not* utter was this: "I have promised the broad light of day, and *if it be not given it will not be my fault*."

Now, M. Charles Dupuy and M. de Freycinet are two of the most honourable and honoured politicians in France, and it would, of course, be very unfair to pass judgment upon any acts of theirs

\* This was before the decision of the Court temporarily postponing the military trial.

† I give the passage from memory, as I heard it; and I vouch for the general sense.



analysed without reference to the use and wont of public men in their country. In order to grasp the views taken by this body of professional men one needs to study their methods. And the following is a sample of them. Long after the undoing of Captain Dreyfus by the General Staff, a new document came to light, which, if genuine, would certainly corroborate, because it presupposed, his guilt. It was a letter purporting to have been written and sent by the Italian Military Attaché to his German colleague. No military attaché is so crassly ignorant of the French language as this production, if genuine, proved its author to be. No man in his senses occupying the position of military attaché would have deemed it necessary to write on paper compromising statements which might safely be made by word of mouth any day or hour; and none but an idiot could have crowned the achievement by confiding such a document to the post. In truth it was a forgery that a bright grammar-school boy would have detected. Major Schwartzkoppen, the German Military Attaché, was informed of its existence almost as soon as the ink with which it had been written was dry. He informed his colleague, Sr. Panizzardi, who mentioned the matter to the Italian Ambassador, Count Tornielli, asking him to take diplomatic action, so as to prevent an accredited representative of King Umberto from being made a laughing-stock of. Count Tornielli at once respectfully requested M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, to see that no use was ever made of the forgery, and M. Hanotaux readily gave all the pledges demanded.

Yet despite those pledges, despite the crass stupidity displayed in every line of the forgery, it was publicly employed by the President of the Council of Ministers, M. Méline, by General Billot, and by General Boisdeffre, for the purpose of having Émile Zola condemned. Indignant beyond words, Count Tornielli demanded his immediate recall, and his Government had great difficulty in inducing him to remain at his post. And even after all this the unclean document was employed once more; M. Cavaignac was allowed to parade it at the tribune as a political godsend. Then, and only then, was it shown up, thanks to Colonel Picquart's moral courage, and the story ends in the forger Henry's suicide.

And yet those who thus openly, repeatedly, and with deplorable results made use of stupid forgeries, are among the people who ask that Colonel Picquart be sent to the galleys on suspicion of having used a document which was tampered with, the *petit bleu*!

The governing classes in France are composed mainly of men such as those.

With regard to the Army, it is hardly needful to state that it is not identical with the General Staff and the officers who are closely connected with this omnipotent body. The complaint of the contemporary French revolutionist is that the Army is become the refuge of all those

royalist and clerical elements which were not admitted to a share in the government of the Republic a quarter of a century ago; that they have successfully introduced their doctrines, established their customs, created new prerogatives, and employed the power entrusted to them against the very people whom they have sworn to defend. What is absolutely certain is that the military régime, as it is understood and practised in some places, in Algiers for instance, includes the most loathsome and damnable atrocities that ever yet polluted the earth. And I am not excluding the sickening cruelties of mediæval Mexicans nor the frank fiendishness of the monarchs of modern Dahomey. No one can read M. Urbain Gohier's book on the subject\* without taking a moral bath to purge his soul when he has finished it. I will content myself with quoting a single passage, not from that terrible book, but from an article since written by the author; and for reasons which need no pointing out I will give the passage in the untranslated words of the writer:

"Les hommes qu'on ne tue pas, on les souille. Aux bataillons d'infanterie légère, aux compagnies de discipline, dans les pénitenciers, dans les ateliers de travaux publics, les malheureux que ne broie pas la torture sont pourris tout vifs par des crimes sans nom. Un député 'militariste' a présenté, sur ces matières, une proposition de loi dont il est impossible de citer l'exposé des motifs. Et s'il me plaisait, dans le procès de 'l'Armée contre la Nation,' de soumettre au jury ce document parlementaire, il faudrait prononcer le huis clos, pour ne pas étaler publiquement les végétations de la pourriture militaire."†

It would, of course, be absurd to condemn for these horrors the French Army, which is identical with the French nation. And all that M. Gohier intended was, and is, to show up the incredible abuses created, fostered, and developed by the military caste, which is not by any means identical with the Army, and which is labouring very hard and very successfully to undo the very work which the Army is expected to uphold and defend. It was this caste, for instance, that deprived a gifted Frenchman, M. Turpin, of all the benefits of an important invention of his, which in any other country would have brought him honour and wealth. He invented not only melinite, but also the means of employing it in the artillery. He went to the War Departments of the Government, explained his invention, and asked them to buy it. The Departments studied his explanations, made use of his discovery, and sent him about his business. Afterwards attempts were made to purchase his silence, and when they proved unsuccessful, he was summarily charged with the convenient crime of treason—by the military caste.

And the members of this all powerful caste aspired and aspire to rule the Republic! Many of them, no doubt, are personally very excellent men. General Miribel, for instance, whom I had the honour

\* "L'Armée contre la Nation." Par Urbain Gohier. Paris. 1898.

† "Quatre Justices," cf. *Le Siècle*, December 9, 1898.

to know, was probably the most intelligent, experienced, and conscientious chief of the General Staff France has ever had. And there are doubtless many such as he. But as the psychology of a crowd differs *toto calo* from that of the units that compose it, so do the psychology and ethics of a group or body differ from those of its individual members.

The military caste is not properly qualified to play the part of judges. In war time, when human life is cheap and the weal of thousands must needs depend upon the loyalty of units, conscientious discretion is allowed temporarily to take the place of the painful sifting of evidence and the delicate analysis of motives which characterise judgment by trained juriconsults. But in peace times the institution is not merely anomalous, but dangerous in the extreme. Captain Dreyfus was one of its many victims. He was condemned illegally. About that there is no manner of doubt. And the sentence was bolstered up by perjury and forgery later on. Whether Esterhazy was also illegally acquitted, it is needless here to discuss. But that Colonel Picquart, though innocent, would have been sent to the galleys if the Court Martial had been allowed to go on with his trial, can no longer be called in question now that General Zurlinden's threats, Captain Tavernier's \* report, and Commander Foulon's † "impressions" have been given to the public. Political passions, it may be urged, are apt to possess men after the manner of unclean spirits in the bygone days of exorcisers, and to make them forgetful of their oaths and unfaithful to their duties. But this truth is merely an explanation, not an excuse; and even as an explanation it is insufficient. Here, for instance, is one of the numerous cases which it fails to cover.

Last July a soldier of the 145th Regiment of the Line, garrisoned at Montmédy, came home to barracks drunk. The Colonel, who is a wilful man, sent him before a court martial, with the undisguised wish to have him packed off to the penal companies in Africa. The tribunal, composed of five officers, did not see their way to ruin the soldier for life without giving him a chance of amending; so, by a vote of three to two, they acquitted him. On July 25 the Colonel, in an order of the day, said:

"The Colonel is unable to understand the decision taken by the court martial of the Montmédy detachment in the matter of Private ——. The vote of three members of the court would seem to indicate on their part a *spirit of opposition which the chief of the corps cannot tolerate*, and, without seeking in the least to do violence to the conscience of his *subordinates*, the Colonel is absolutely resolved, by means of his attitude towards the persons in question, to compel them to suffer the consequences of a line of conduct which appears to have been intended to be opposed to the truly impartial

\* The gentleman charged with getting up the case against Col. Picquart.

† The official "rapporteur" who represents the Government in the case against M. Picquart. This official's indiscreet exclamation is as follows: "Ah, if only we had been allowed to publish Capt. Tavernier's report on Picquart's rôle! If Picquart could be stripped naked." . . . Cf. *Gaulois*, December 9; *Aurore*, December 10.

and reasonable decisions of the Commander of the detachment. THE OFFICERS IN QUESTION WILL PLEASE TAKE THIS TO HEART ONCE FOR ALL."

If "this" be not condemning by order, in the sense meant by Émile Zola, these words are hopelessly divorced from ideas. And those are the men who are now usurping all the functions of Government in the Republic!

Further: before the Dreyfus trial was thought of there was a very different prosecution, in which MM. Allez were the defendants and Maître du Buit their counsel. General Mercier, at that time Minister of War, fearing the acquittal of the prisoners, sent a voluminous secret *dossier* to the tribunal to be shown "to the competent person there"! And when, later on, the lawyers, who remembered this irregularity, heard of the secret *dossier* in the Dreyfus case, they at once recognised the style of the military workman, so to say, and exclaimed, "Ah, that is General Mercier all over"! \*

But it is superfluous to continue the analysis of French political and social institutions. They are, one and all, in flagrant contradiction with their avowed aims and emphatic professions; they reduce the Republican form of government to an absurdity. Cabinet, Chambers, Army, Navy, diplomacy, journalism, clergy, educational system—all have been weighed in the balances, and found wanting. "Our present régime," says the semi-official *Temps*, "taking it all in all, is but an electoral enterprise—a society of mutual assurance against the risks of failure to be re-elected. To be returned again by his constituents is the sole object of the wistful aspiration of the deputy who holds our destinies in his hands."† Under conditions like these national decay and death is a mere question of time, and of time measured by years rather than generations. A revolution only can save the people and the State; not necessarily a radical change accomplished by violence and cemented by bloodshed. It may be equally well effected by methods that are peaceful and legal as were those that led to the revision of the unjust sentence passed upon Captain Dreyfus. But whatever its genesis, whatever its methods, it must come, and come quickly, if France is not to sink to the rank of a third-rate Power.

And it is not merely the harmonising of political, social, and military institutions with the noble strivings and healthy aspirations of the bulk of the inarticulate population that will have to be accomplished in haste. The education of the masses must also be reformed, radically and without delay. It is to-day, as it was before the great Revolution, based upon a system which fosters credulity, induces mental passivity, and leads to atrophy of the critical faculty. Hence the unexampled success of bungling forgers, journalistic quacks, and political mountebanks in France. The reason is that education in

\* Cf. *Siècle*, December 6, 1898.

† *Temps*, December 14, 1898.



France is but mental and moral gymnastics, with the avowed object of preparing the young generation to accept Roman Catholic doctrine, just as instruction is but an exercise of the memory, to enable them to pass certain examinations and obtain degrees and situations. Education to-day, like philosophy in the Middle Ages, is the handmaid of the Church, and this not merely in denominational schools, but in all the educational establishments of the country. Its traditions are theological, its aims are ecclesiastical, its results are pernicious. The inheritance of the French people thus impoverished or transformed and stored up in the race from generation to generation, must of necessity end by binding the nation with invisible threads, acting as efficacious barriers to such efforts of will and achievements of intellect as have secured for Germans the foremost place among cultured nations of the globe. It may not yet be too late to break the terrible spell, but there certainly is no time to spare. The signs and symptoms of decay are numerous and visible to all, and to clear-sighted, patriotic Frenchmen they are alarming. Among the most deep-rooted I venture to point out the following :

The utter breakdown of those social ideals, which it was fondly hoped would more than compensate for all that has been undoubtedly lost in the total disappearance or partial eclipse of religious strivings. It has proved hopeless in France to seek to maintain ethics on a social basis alone, because, the community not being educated up to the necessary standard, consciousness of the solidarity of the individual with the nation is neither widespread nor intense. Sympathy with one's fellows is not general nor efficacious ; the desire to place others on the same footing with oneself is rarely genuine, and scarcely ever assumes a practical shape ; and a keen sense of the responsibility of the individual for the blunders and crimes of the body politic is almost wholly lacking.

This evil would be less disastrous if it were due to a disproportionate development of that strong individualism which often makes of one man the *resumé* of his nation and his epoch, as Voltaire was the type of the France of the eighteenth century. But this is far from being the case in the third Republic. The individualism that impresses, elevates, ennobles all who come in contact with it, and does more to build up healthy public opinion than the law and the prophets together, although not wholly absent, is too often levelled and crushed by the educational system adopted in schools, catechism classes, colleges, and seminaries.

Worse than all else, that bane of mediæval communities, the *odium theologicum*, is not merely as intense as ever in the France of to-day, but it has spread in most malignant forms to politics, municipal matters, law, naval and military affairs, trade and commerce, eating into the very vitals of the nation. Anti-Protestantism, anti-Semitism, and obscurantism are the offspring of this dreadful psychical



malady. The results are visible everywhere. In Algeria, for example, measures have been deliberately put in force against poor, but hard-working and honest, Jews, which outdo in cruelty the worst things recorded of the Russians six years ago. In Algiers poor Jewish hawkers who toil and moil from morning until night have been forbidden to ply their trade, only because they were still faithful to their law. And to make their position still worse, their wares were seized and confiscated by the State. Hundreds have, in consequence, been reduced to misery. In the city of Constantine, where the Jews are indigent and industrious, living in dismal, narrow windowless hovels, they have been not only reduced to issueless misery, but excluded from the smallest share in the crumbs of official relief yearly distributed to the poor and hungry. No such heartless measure was ever adopted by the Russian Government which makes no such profession of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, as French Republicans do. Yet the Republic *par excellence* tolerated all this. Ay, much more than this. For the hunger of the famished Jews in their windowless hovels soon developed into disease. And lest misery in the form of disease should obtain the relief which was denied to mere hunger, it was decided to *exclude all Jews from the hospital of Constantine*, on which the words *égalité* and *fraternité* are still visible in large letters. And the Jews died, or are dying, in their hovels, in which young and old, healthy and diseased, are huddled together as in Turkish dungeons.

Against these things several stentorian voices have lately been heard in protest. Zola, Clémenceau, Pressensac, Guyot, Quillard, Jaurès, Gohier, and others have roused the French people from the state of hypnotic sleep which threatened to end in coma and death. The injustice done to Captain Dreyfus and Colonel Picquart was the occasion, but its reparation is not, cannot be, the sole aim and object of the widespread movement. The abuses which those energetic and honest Frenchmen are now endeavouring to remove are no more than transitory symptoms. The evil from which those symptoms spring is deep-seated and dangerous, and their patriotic efforts must now be directed to annihilate that. Success in such an arduous undertaking would mean a revolution; and no less drastic remedy will save the country. If they accomplish this revolution, France will resume her place in the vanguard of civilisation. If they fail, it will only be because the French nation, like the Spanish, has played its part in human history.

TRICOLOR.

## THE RESURRECTION:

### A STUDY IN THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

**M**R. HERBERT SPENCER has recognised the distinctive place of the religious faculty:

"Considering all faculties, as we must on this supposition [of evolution], to result from accumulated modifications caused by the intercourse of the organism with its environment, we are obliged to admit that there exist in the environment certain phenomena or conditions which have determined the growth of this feeling in question [the religious feeling], and so we are obliged to admit that it is as normal as any other faculty."\*

What is the function of the religious faculty? Where is the sphere of its environment? What is the nature of the intercourse between the faculty and its environment, and what the resulting facts of this intercourse? These we shall find by a study of the latest and what might be called the backbone development of the spiritual nature in the Western races.

The vital capital of every creature is in commerce with the sun and earth—solar and secular forces—and without this commerce life dies. A larger life means a larger commerce by a richer capital. Each separate organ of the body has its own special intercourse with special forces of the sun and earth: the eye with light, the lungs with air, the heart with heat, the brain with electricity. The physical environment is divided into energies of the sun and matter of the earth; the physiology of the body is functioned by the physics of the universe around us. The environment may be termed as the ultimate and proximate, for the matter which the earth supplies is inoperative without the energies of the sun. The sun is the ultimate. The vital force, the unseen imponderable we call Life, exists by society.

\* "First Principles," p. 16.

The higher nature, by which we are removed far from the sentient world below us, may be said to be layered—to speak in terms of biology—with three main faculties. The reasoning faculty translates the world of sense to us; the ethical faculty communicates with human society; the religious faculty communicates with supernatural society. The sphere of the religious faculty is the spiritual universe; the intercourse it finds there is the society of God, variously named as Jehovah, the Ever-present; Zeus, the Shining One; Tien, the Eternal, in China; Aditi, the Boundless One, in India; Tangaloa, the Unrestricted, in Polynesia; Umkulumkulu, the Eternal Father, in Southern Africa. He is the environment of the faculty, who compasses us behind and before, who possesses our “reins.”

When we speak of the religious faculty and its environment, we are speaking of the action and reaction of forces. We are accustomed to speak of religious beliefs, rites, customs; but these are of the intellect, and are the literary or artistic expressions, with indifferent success, of the operations of these forces. The religious faculty has produced the facts which have ruled the entire field of history, and we go behind the facts and find the forces which have shaped these facts. There is an internal vital force in the religious faculty, its own force, and there are external environing forces, soliciting and stimulating the faculty. In this interaction we have the events, the changes, the crises of history. The parallel between the natural and spiritual world is more than a mere analogy. The plan of the two worlds is at bottom the same: it is continuous from lower to higher, from the body to the soul, from physiology to psychology.

In the language of science, worship is the intercourse of the religious faculty with its environment. In the last evolution of religion, in the Christian era, the worship of Christ is the distinctive transaction with supernatural society. The response of the religious faculty to the impact of Christ has given the impulse and impress which have pushed the promising nations into the highest civilisation, stamped an ideal of character, and shaped the Western races into types.

The Resurrection is the event which introduces Christ into the Unseen, to be henceforward the correspondent of the religious faculty, and when this intercourse is established the faculty passes into the new type we call Christian. The Resurrection cannot be viewed apart from the Ascension, or the departure from the earthly scene. In the Resurrection He is a few miles from the unseen; in the Ascension, within the gates. Electric with sympathy by His sufferings and death, the religious faculty becomes percipient of His presence in the unseen, and responds to Him, and in the resulting communication Christian religiousness acquires the complexity and clearness which is distinctive of this latest evolution.

The historian laments that Christ did not prolong His stay on the earth after His resurrection and make the record of the fact conclusive beyond gainsay. He forgets that no contemporary testimony is proof against the unwillingness of the heart to admit inconvenient facts which cross our interests, which demand the submission of reason and the sacrifice of pleasure. Testimony after 2000 years must anyhow go before a court of historical experts, who only can decide, and all others must follow, according to the bent of their minds, and take side with experts, who are always divided. Moreover, religion driven by the force of miracle is a tyranny which excites insurrection. The miraculous, which Christ brought with Him, was one of His dangerous gifts for this world, and the class of temptation which tried Him severely came from this gift. It is often said there is a standing feud between religion and science. This is a mistake of a kind too common; the real feud is between the reasoning faculty and the religious faculty, the self-assertiveness of reason and the self-sacrifice of religion. Religion overpowered reason in the life of Christ by miracle, and the unreasoning violence which committed the crime of the Crucifixion was produced by this civil war which tried to suppress religion. If the Resurrection had overpowered the mind by the merely miraculous in it, it had not served a religious function. Its power consists in its being the persuasive medium of spiritual intercourse.

The lament of the historian overlooks the supreme note of religion. Religion is a transaction with the unseen universe. If even happy relations had begun with Christ in the flesh after the Resurrection, the religion which has ruled the Western world had been stifled in Jerusalem. There was danger to the innermost circle if Christ had continued longer and displayed Himself in the body. Worship, to be worship, is communication with the unseen world, and nothing would have been gained in delaying this intercourse by His detention in the visible world. Religion, to be religion, reposes on supernatural relations. Christ expressed His sense of this danger and His urgency about the supernatural relations when He hindered Mary Magdalene from worshipping Him and despatched her to His disciples with the message of spiritual religion, saying: "Hold me not in worship just now, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God"—when intercourse will begin.

There is a native bias in the reasoning faculty against the miraculous. When the religious faculty is clouded by honest doubts let the miraculous of the Resurrection stand by meanwhile and communications be begun with the risen Lord in the heavens, howsoever He got there. There is a faith in doubt, as there is light in twilight, electricity in the cloud, as in the hard nut there sleeps a summer of

foliage and fruit. We cannot be too alive to the first principle that there is no religion without ultra-natural intercourse, and no Christianity without ultra-natural intercourse with Christ. As this intercourse becomes experience, the manner of the Resurrection as told in the Gospels will be found to be in proportion and perspective.

We are speaking of forces urging life forward, not with theories or creeds of religion. The presence of Christ in the heavens is the supreme stimulus which has pushed the Western world beyond the Eastern. His worship is the endeavour of its millions, intercourse with Him the sacred experience of them in whom religion has free scope, the delicate note of their best hymns. "A liability to be unfolded arises from the actions and the reactions between organisms and their fluctuating movements,"\* is one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's canons of biological science. In the unfolding of religion we mark the growing distinctness with which the religious faculty perceives the supernatural and the growing sympathy of relations.

We are interpreting the co-operating forces of two worlds, not reconciling religion and science, which is an obsolete chapter of literature.

When we compare the intercourse of the religious faculty with Christ and this same intercourse with the Eternal among primitive nations, we discern the likeness of religious phenomena generally, and the unlikeness which is distinctive of the forward movement. The striking unlikeness is in the disclosure of a more opulent environment and in the simplicity of intercourse which have taken place.

The space between the visible and the invisible which the religious faculty must traverse is in primitive religions crowded with priests, rites, sacrifices, images. The inner circle of the Hebrew nation had dispensed wholly with images, but the rest remained—many rites, many sacrifices, as in all religions. Gibbon says of Roman life, "the innumerable deities and rites of polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of public and private life." Mr. Spencer, quoting a missionary, shows us the power of the religious faculty in the modern Hindu—"he is a religious being of wonderful earnestness and persistency." The Hindu looks this because of the enormous labour he imposes upon himself to clear his way into the supernatural world. We may say generally that the medium of intercourse for the Hebrew and the Roman was cloudy, and to his credit be it said that he spared no labour to find for the religious faculty its appropriate nutriment and struggled his way into the invisible.

One of the earliest facts we meet in the evolution of religion through the Resurrection respects the clearness of the way into the supernatural and the directness of the intercourse. The deities and deifications of the Greek and Roman age, which were detailed traces

\* "Principles of Biology," vol. I. p. 431.



of the divine found in nature and man, were unified in the person of Christ, as the First-born of the Creation. The toilsome purifications, propitiations, mortifications, of the Hebrew age were unified by His death and resurrection, and He was seen the First-born from the dead. The Resurrection placing Christ in the unseen as the correspondent of the religious faculty has swept the floor of the temple clean of priest, sacrifice, ceremony, and left man alone with God in an unseen solitude of companionship. The very temple walls are pulled down and there is nothing between us and God but clear space and sky, lighted by sun and star. Direct society with the supernatural world is the progress made; spirit touches Spirit without the intervention of any earthly stimulus, be it altar, image, priest. The revolution effected is so complete that we have almost forgotten and scarcely understand the deities of Greece and Rome, and it would be an unmeaning sensation to see the sacrifice of a lamb as a religious service. We have only to consider the lordly caste of priesthood supplanted by a democracy which needs no mediation, but transacts directly with the unseen world, to mark the evolution of religion which has taken place.

This development was obtained by an unfolding of the religious faculty and the disclosure in the environment. "As life becomes higher, the environment becomes more complex," is an aphorism of biological science. When the historic life of Christ was translated into the unseen universe and intercourse was begun with Him, He was seen in the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Infinite, the Eternal, the Absolute, which was the simple conception of the Power with which the religious faculty was responsive, was illuminated by the place of Christ in the Trinity, and the Godhead became sympathetic, conceived in terms of the family. The environment has shown its complexity to the unfolding religious faculty.

The intercourse clarified by the unfolded faculty and the complexity disclosed in the Godhead are phenomena which mark progress and direct the future course of evolutionary history.

The Trinity has been regarded as a mystery which is to be left alone in its unsearchableness. A mystery is a mystery by the light which is on one side of it and the darkness on the other, just as the unknown is the unknown by the light which is on the known side of the unknown. The light on the one side of the mystery of the Trinity, which has excited the evolution of religion, has come from the historic life of Christ passed into the unseen and His presence there as the correspondent of the religious faculty. Such is the clearness of this light that the darkness on the other side of the mystery is now the inspiring hope of the future. In Heber's hymn the known and unknown of the Godhead have become the emotion of a lyric:

"Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity."

Mr. Spencer has given us a conception of the Infinite in terms borrowed from physical science: "Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he (man) is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Popularly rendered, the Infinite Energy means, the Light of light, the unseen sun beyond the seen. It is a reversion to Greek idealism as it passed from the *το ὄν* of Plato, the Being of being, to the *το πρῶτον κινούν* of Aristotle, the Energy of energy. If this conception become popular and a religion be inspired by it to communicate with the Infinite Energy, it will be necessary to revive the spirits of nature which we know as gods and goddesses as a medium of correspondence. Worship would then require the Greek sensuous intervention of deities, sacrifice, ceremony. If it dispenses with this intervention it will be because it has got graft on the Christian stock as modern Hebraism is.

The critical movements of the Christian centuries have been directed by the quality of the communication which the Resurrection had established, and in the latest epoch this quality divides the Western races in degrees of efficiency. The history of the Western world is a history of the struggle, nobly sustained, more or less successful, with the natural tendency of the religious faculty to revert to the older types. Reversion, or regression, is a large fact in nature. The apostolic age was a brilliant outburst of direct communication, the literature of which is the New Testament, which proclaims aloud the abolition of priest, sacrifice, ceremony. A few centuries later we see a theocracy installed in Rome, and a modified reversion to the classical world has taken place by the revival of priest, ceremony, and a sacrifice obtained by a sort of metaphysical magic, which is known as Transubstantiation.

The Reformation was no other than the brightening of the religious faculty for direct intercourse with Christ. The Thirty Years' War was the fierce German struggle to preserve this clearness. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer submitted to be burnt to safeguard the distinctness of the unseen world which they had found, and Latimer said when the fagots were lighted that they were lighting a light that day which shall lighten all England. The Puritans left England for an unknown country to preserve the form of direct communication which they had found, and founded the great Anglo-Saxon republic. The Methodist revival in England was a clarifying of the space between the soul and Christ, which had become cloudy with dulness and indifference. Andrew Melville told the Stuart king that there were two kings in Scotland, King Jesus and King James, and he represented a national sentiment, which broke out in the Covenanting revolution. In 1843 one-half of the clergy of Scotland threw up



their livings in the State-endowed Church, and more than half of the people followed by the force of this sentiment. It was felt that in the choice of a minister the people should come into direct relations with the risen Lord, and that in the presentation to livings by patrons this communication was obscured, and even scandalised. The State refused the abolition of the obscuring intervention, and the Scottish Disruption took place which has changed the whole political, civil, and social life of Scotland.

Professor Froude is in lively sympathy with the Reformers. He holds that the modern world is wholly their making, and he has told the struggle of this making in his "History of the Council of Trent." Yet, throughout this book he does not come near the inner force at work at this period, and he hangs on the outskirts. Over and again he says, "the original Reformation was a revolt of the laity against the clergy, a revolt against a complicated and all-embracing tyranny";\* again, "The Reformation really turned on one point—whether the laity were or were not to have a voice in spiritual questions."\* This was apparent on the surface; but why did the laity at that particular period regard a theocracy as a tyranny, and why did they want a voice in spiritual matters, when for a thousand years their ancestors had found the Church a useful intermediary between them and the unseen universe? And why should the result of this revolt be another genus of the same religion, constructing a new order of ideas and forces, which divides, with the older order, the life of the Western world? It is true what Froude, with painful iteration, says, that popes, bishops, and clergy were at this period a body of open profligates, who at the same time claimed to be in communication with Christ and to dispense a depôt of supernatural gifts. The demand of the laity was for a moral reformation of the clergy, while the abstract claim of supernatural intercourse was not disputed. There was not a breath of rationalism at this period. Just here lay the problem of the Reformation and the inner forces of the revolution. The communication was not disputed, though the claimants were mere pretenders to it, because the laity had themselves been growing into a vivid communion with the supernatural world, and they felt that intervention of priest, sacrifice, ceremony was not necessary. The corruption of the clergy only brought into relief the direct personal intercourse of every soul with the Spirit of Christ, by which a spiritual democracy was established.

The distinctive progress the Western races have made has been determined by the intercourse of the religious faculty with the risen Lord. Christendom can be readily divided into two large classes—the Catholic and Evangelical—each with sub-classes, by the comparative distinctness of the Christian religious faculty. The comparative

\* "Lectures on the Council of Trent," pp. 41, 60, 136.

indistinctness in which the unseen world is seen requires the stimulus of priest, art, ceremony, and the metaphorical sacrifice known as Transubstantiation. An indirect worship marks out the Catholic class. The comparative distinctness in which the unseen world is seen makes the direct worship which asks for no intermediaries, and distinguishes the Evangelical class.

The efficiency of the Christian races in the work of the world is measured by the quality of this worship. We compare North and South America, Spain and England, Germany and Austria, Scotland and Ireland, and we find that a high-class energy of commerce and colonising is the property of the Evangelical communities.

The religious faculty having developed under this pressure, the ethical dispositions take character from it. Environment is another name for society; we become transcripts of the society we keep. Fellowship with the Resurrection power has likened character to Christ, and created a distinctive order of ethics, which has given trend to the politics, laws, and economics of the modern world. It gave a new conception of human nature, and pressed men into new relations with men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has now admitted that the supernatural is a stimulating factor in the evolution of conduct, though, in his "Data of Ethics," published many years ago, he regretted the persistent addiction of men to the supernatural. In his last volume, lately published, he concedes, with a kind of grudge indeed, but all the more effectually indicating that the reasons for the concession are conclusive, with true genius, slowly and surely, perceiving the unity of the faculties which compose our being: "Possibly only a motive so powerful as that of terror of the supernatural could have strengthened the habit of self-denial in the requisite degree—a habit which we must remember is an essential factor in right conduct towards others, as well as in the proper regulation of conduct for self-denial."\* If Mr. Spencer had not, unfortunately, at an early part of his life resiled from unevolved theological dogmas, and conceived a bias against the religion of his countrymen, and thus come to misunderstand and unconsciously to travesty it, he would naturally, as the genius of Evolution, have shown us that this terror of the supernatural has been modified and become a genial effluence through the historic Person of Christ taking His place in the supernatural. In the life, literature, diaries, poetry, prayers of his countrymen—in Gladstone and Salisbury, in Browning and Tennyson, in Generals Havelock and Gordon, in Faraday and Clerk Maxwell, in Newman, Henry Martyn, and David Livingstone—he would have discovered in thinkers of every shade, representing the millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, that the super-

\* "Principles of Sociology," vol. iii. p. 144.



natural has been felt and found in experience to be the home from which we have come and to which we are returning, and that this genial modification has been obtained by the religious faculty responding to the presence of Christ in the unseen. It is a renaissance of "those shadowy recollections" and "mystic gleams" the homing instincts which lay too deep in the old world to be got at.

Mr. Lecky has written the "History of European Morals," and has put his finger on the period when morals received a fresh impulse and took a new departure which has slowly changed the social condition of the Western world. He says, "Any impartial observer would describe the most distinctive virtues referred to in the New Testament as love, charity, philanthropy." These virtues were in the old world as rudiments, but so rudimentary that they could not be called by that name. The expansion of these ethical rudiments took place quickly under the warm pressure of the Resurrection. A new ethical history began that day when the risen Lord extracted this love from His disciples, and then pronounced the sequence of it as a service to humanity at large. He drew out, with pathetic repetition, the affection to Himself which lay in the folds of human nature, and which we must regard as lying in germ in us, saying, "Lovest thou me?"\* Then, as this love runs into service, He said, "Feed the tender and bruised ones; lead strong, liberal souls; feed and lead all of every temper and condition." The love of Christ is the new emotion which has given to morality its European history.

The service of man found its first sphere in the missionary enterprise. Love hastens to share with others the good it has found, and the chief find is that of the new supernatural world. Almost at the same time it began to equalise the social conditions and to create a new natural world. It soon undermined the old institution of slavery and recast the relations of man to man, of the strong to the weak, the more capable to the less capable. Slavery passed into serfdom, a more humane relation and a step towards equality. This equalising affection, vibrant of the Resurrection, kept quietly suggesting to the masses the sense of their native quality, and persuading the ruling classes to recognise the native rights of humanity. Feudal villenage disappeared, to be succeeded by the capitalist and the worker, the landlord and the tenant. The next step was the grant of political suffrage, educational advantages, and a fair field to all in the struggle for life. We are in this stage just now, the self-regarding interests restrained, and the other-regarding sympathy developed, and if further development proceeds under the same pressure, the conflicting claims of individualism and socialism will be brought into closer accord by the generation of a finer form of sympathy. But we must always remember the historic connection of this social sympathy;

\* John xxi. 15-17.



broken from the upper fountains, and the fountainless sympathy and socialism must dry up.

Professor Huxley expected a time when the evolutionary process will divorce ethics from religion.\* It is always dangerous to prophecy, more especially for a biologist to predict that in the next dispensation of evolution the bird will dispense with wing and the earth with air, or the horse with his specialised foot and the sun with its heat. Professor Huxley was in search of an historic illustration of this ethical evolution, and found it in the Hebrew prophets. The very proof he offered had on the face of it the disproof of his contention. He quoted, and could not have quoted a finer summary of ethics, from Micah: "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." The soliciting forces of religion are here in the Lord who requires, in the God with whom the man is to walk. Sir Henry Maine has told us that every nation of antiquity claims a divine origin and supernatural sanctions for its moral code, which means that the thinkers of every nation had found in their experience that religion and morality have a common source, that they are the north and south of a polar force. This isolation has been effected by superior minds in our day; but so long as the social atmosphere is charged with Christian ideals and influences as it is now, morality cannot discharge itself from religion, and the discharge remains only in theory.

Professor Huxley had the genius to perceive that an evolution of ethics had taken place in the prophets of Israel; but he did not perceive that the force of this evolution came from more direct relations with Jehovah, the Eternal God, that they had dispensed with or made little account of rites, priests, sacrifices as a medium of intercourse. Their message invariably carried this note: "Thus saith the Lord," and they came out of the secret chambers of communion to publish the higher type of morality. But this evolution was only established as a new genus of morality when the Resurrection power had lifted, not only select spirits, but the masses, into direct intercourse with the supernatural world. The Christian qualities of humility and meekness, of patience and courage, of diligence and activity, of truth and honesty, of self-denial and philanthropy—the Christian species of personal character and social sympathy—is a reflection and equivalent of this intercourse. We can trace what the Hebrew would have called the new social covenant between man and man up on to the mountain where the worship of Christ began.†

The Resurrection, further, has given a clearness to the moral order of our world, which not merely saves us from confusion, but nerves

\* *Nineteenth Century*, April 1886, p. 506.

† Luke xxiv. 50-53.

and cheers us with hope. A gloom hangs over our being by reason of sin and pain and death. We are galled by the sin that flecks us, the mistakes which dog our steps, the littleness which bars us, the fewness of our days, the drudgery of our toils, and the shadow at the end. We get dashed with sadness, and we give ourselves away as nothings, with no one to look after us and nothing to hope for. We naturally question the reasonableness of things and lose sweetness. There are not wanting symptoms that the trouble of our world and the burden of being are pressing hard upon the thinking of our time, and though languor is not by any means general, it is not a negligible factor in an advancing civilisation.

Professor Huxley has written a classic of the sorrow of evolution in these words:

"I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute only more intelligent than other brutes, a blind prey to impulses which as often lead him to destruction, a victim to endless illusions which make his mental existence a terror and a burden and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of comfort and develops a more or less workable theory of life in such favourable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then for thousands of years struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow men."

Huxley saw no improvement in modern conditions, though he wished it, and it was a relief to him to think that some kindly comet will come and in a collision send this earth back into its primitive mist and on a physical business. There is a sadness which lingers on the edge of the sweet, but this is a sadness on the edge of despair for a benevolent and opulent mind like that of Huxley. Mere science is not able to sustain the peace of the mind or the honours of existence. When the science of nature declines to interview the supernatural and has no word from it, fine minds deliver themselves to a solitude, and in the gloom of that solitude unkind thoughts will come and a grievance will be felt against the arrangement of things.

Mr. Hardy is a popular novelist of the day and a superb artist. He is not wanting in sympathy with the tragic fates of young human souls. He has felt them and cast them in a system of unkindness which he makes attractive to a class of readers, and perhaps instructive in warning to serious minds, by his art in painting sensual situations. He finishes the tragedy of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles": "The President of the Immortals (in *Æschylean* phrase) had ended his sport with Tess." In a later work of art he will have science tell that the time is coming when children will say that they are not wanted here, and the wish not to live will become general. The

merely beautiful is not able to sustain the burden, the balance, or the beauty of existence. In the pressure of his vastness, in the bars of his duration, in scenes of pain, the artist whines or weeps, at his worst rages. He cannot understand the sacrificial arrangements of the world in his impatience for happiness.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has recognised "malevolence" in nature when parasites are permitted to torture and kill superior organisms, when animals are equipped with cruel contrivances to prey upon each other. He takes comfort in the thought that evolution will eliminate these evils.\* Evolution has produced them, and that it should bemock its own work in the past by undoing it in the future, and that so slowly as to show still no signs of repentance, is a draft on the future which no biologist can honour, for more than half the species of the animal kingdom just now are parasites, and nearly all animals are provided with cruel weapons of offence and defence. A great philosopher cannot be despairing, but Mr. Spencer is bewildered with the facts of evil. Mr. John Stuart Mill was also bewildered, and bluntly tells us so: "No one can be so silly as to expect common human morality from nature. . . . In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another are nature's every-day performances."

The philosophy whose purview is this side of things only, which does not say plainly that it is waiting to see the side of things behind the sunset and beyond the stars, which does not impart a personal interest to each man in the unseen, must be silent on the goodness of things here, for there are laws working in the creation which we cannot justify, and there are things allowed in human affairs which we cannot approve. There is a trouble in the heart of this world which is beyond our knowing, and if it has not part in sublime issues in the future, philosophy has no choice but to pronounce nature criminal and evolution malevolent.

The cause of this uneasiness is easily gauged from the side of biology. A marked phenomenon of progressing life is clearness—clearer form, clearer organ, clearer function, clearer environment. A simple example from the breastbone will illustrate this clearness, in the words of an anatomist: "At first a mere outcrop of the feebly developed costal arches in the amphibia, it becomes the keystone of perfect arches in the reptiles, then the fulcrum of exquisitely constructed organs of flight in the bird, and lastly forms the mobile front of the heaving chest of the highest vertebrata." An air-breathing lung is a clarified organ, the sternum heaving with the breath is a clear structure, air and light are a clearer medium than water. In the advanced form a co-adaptation of clearness has emerged. It would be a physiological

\* Chapters on the General Aspects of the Special Creation Hypothesis and Evolution Hypothesis, "Principles of Biology," vol. i. pp. 334 and 347.

uneasiness if, when the lung had left the gill state behind, the breastbone had remained a mere outcrop of the costal arches. It would be a physiological confusion if when lung and breastbone had both emerged the creature had kept its water habitat, or even the amphibian habit of partly water and partly land. There is no more pitiful object than a religious man with a low type of morals or that low type of thought which makes him a fanatic. The trouble is sharpest because refined, when thought and ethics are highly developed and religion is atrophied or in abeyance.

The science in us, the art in us, the philosophy in us must be in amity with the religion of the latest evolution, or we create vexatious factions within. One of the functions of the religious faculty is to provide a working, practical reconciliation of the discordant elements into which we are thrown by our limitations. In their later history Greek and Roman found the old harmony not correlated to the mental stage they had reached, and they saddened into despair and disintegration. The wisdom of the age had provided Stoicism for the Greek and Neo-Platonism for the Roman in the throes of a transition, which did a noble work, and passed on their gains to Christianity, which succeeded to them as to much else. It was a great Hebrew, a man torn by the contradictions of the period, who found that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, who became the apostle of the new reconciliation, to the Jew first and also to the Greek. We like to look on the mountains because heights are in us, and on the ocean because far shores and horizons still farther are in us. We like life, because life eternal is in us. What we want is that amity which will knit into a whole, height and distance and eternity with brief time and hindering space and the scars and seams and shadows we carry. It was with the Resurrection that the new reconciliation began its career.

Death is ever before us, as the glacier pass girt on either side by snowy precipices which we fear to cross, an arrangement of which we do not approve and which we think might have been something different. But the worship of Christ has so wedded death to life, so joined the country here and the country transalpine, that snow and glacier have lost their terror and the pass invites adventure. There are times, oftenest at evening, that the snow glows into a rose and the peaks are tipped with gold and a purple gathers on the sky beyond, and we cannot keep our eyes off the landscape, and what is beyond becomes an inquisitiveness. Every religion lifts the line of this horizon on to another; the evolution of religion which the Ascension pressure has effected has so lifted the horizon as to make a friendly unity of two worlds, so expanded the religious faculty that we regard our interests and relations far away with wonder, curiosity, desire. The years bring us a deepening solitude, the memory of

what has been a deepening sadness, the sorrow of the world a deepening pathos, but there is no sense of wrong or anger at the heart as we communicate with the Resurrection power.

Rather we go deeper into trust and hope, we touch the element of infinity, we wait our assumption into the unseen. Our last shall be as the first, a birthday into light and love. Much remains to be explained—the misfits, jars, tragedies which confuse us here; but we see enough to wait the reversion into which we are coming in the resurrection, when we shall find past all doubt that all is love. A modern lyric of this reversion was written by Newman:

"Praise to the Holiest in the height  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all His works most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways."

A second life is an assurance confided to us in the medium of the Resurrection. Mixed in this mystic being is the sense of our continuance beyond death, "a presence which is not to be put by," as Wordsworth has it. Somehow we have not had a freehold in it. It is an awe in many religions, a silence in others, a gleam of the homeland from which we have come, the murmurs of a memory. It has at last resulted into confidence and persuasion. Life and immortality have been brought into light.

To make this second life presentable to the mind and to surmount the inhering difficulties of this presentation, the resources of poetry, philosophy, and science have been used up by the thinkers of Egypt, India, Persia, and Greece. And yet the success of their high endeavour is to us moderns something childish and even grotesque. But we must not forget that we are evolutionists, and evolution means movement, and each stage of progress should be to us a wonder and a pleasure. The nautilus and the starfish are stages of nature's childhood, as the eagle and the lion are of its boyhood. Evolution has done this moral service, to our thinking, that it has put us into sympathy with lower types of life and phases of thought. We value steps, stages, species. Ruskin has said of Greek thought in a touching sympathy: "Nothing is more wonderful than the depths of meaning which nations in their first days of thought, like children, can attach to the rudest symbols, and what is to us grotesque or ugly, like a child's doll, can speak to them the loveliest things." Professor Max Müller has spoken in a similar strain of the myths of immortality in the sacred books of India and Persia: "You know that philosophers, to say nothing of fathers and grandfathers, are able to discover a great deal of wisdom in childish twaddle."

Plato's myth of Er, in the "Phædrus," was considered in the Greek world as a masterpiece. We see the distance we have travelled



from the mind of Plato to find it juvenile indeed. It is only worth while giving a brief sketch of it because of its wide family connections. Er returns to earth after being twelve days dead. He relates that the soul after death makes a long journey, and then arrives on a meadow where there are openings leading back to earth and up to heaven, and where souls meet to relate their experiences. Here also judges sit, who decide upon the character of the soul. After seven days on this meadow every soul continues the long journey till it meets the Fates, who give it the choice of doom. Some, sent back to earth, prefer to pass into animal life. The journey is again renewed till they arrive at a plain called Oblivion, when an earthquake occurs, in the throes of which the next birth is obtained. There are many details which will require a commentary to make plain. The remarkable thing is that myths, similar both in the general and in many particulars, are found in the Hindu Vedas and the Persian Avesta, and what is more striking is their likeness to myths current to-day among primitive races like the Polynesian islanders.

The migration of souls into plants and animals is a noteworthy attempt, in the childhood of the race, to conceive and preserve the sense of immortality. This theory is found in Plato, in the Vedas of India, in the Avesta of Persia, and in Polynesia to this day, and in the folk-lore of our own country, as in Shropshire, where a squire is said to have appeared as a bull and suicides as monkeys. It is really a myth, and the inner truth is ethical. An adverse judgment had to be passed on bad men, while being tender to them and preserving the deathlessness of personality. The punishment therefore took the merciful form of degraded dignity, and the man had to step down into a plant or animal.

There was also a compulsion of science in the transmigration theory. It anticipates the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy, which has impressed upon us that no particle of matter or wave of ether can be struck out of the universe; it passes into other forms, but is not destructible. It was plain to observers that the elements of the dead body were worked up into plants and animals; it was plain that consciousness had at least an immortality similar to these elements. When the fates of men demanded degradation, consciousness was passed into lower life, if possible to be recovered by a purgatorial process. Analogy of nature compelled this mode of thought. Modern materialism, when we seek the meaning of death in it, is seen as a reversion to a modified theory of transmigration. It takes consciousness to pieces in death, and passes love to a lily, and music to a lark, and memory to the swallow; and thus transforms the dispersed consciousness into new forms. Extinction is outside argument, consciousness must have a stabler persistence than atom or vibration,

either as a whole or in dispersals. Materialism is a regression to the childhood of philosophy.

The Resurrection has brought us so near to the unseen universe that we see it as our own country, where our higher interests and relations are. The haze is dispersed which lay on the landscape in which we saw, as weird spectres of the Brocken, the journeyings, the meadows, the judges at the cross-roads, the fates, the transmigration. We see the eternal in the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which gives to the country the family feeling, and the family is the paradise of country and home.

"In my Father's country are many stations; I go to prepare the next station for you: there we shall meet; a little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." This earth-station in the flesh, in the visible of matter, force, life, is a realm of the fatherland; and the next station, in the invisible of these same elements, is adjacent, over the hills and behind the sunset and beyond the sky. The visible and invisible are one demesne, and death joins them as the isthmus which joins two continents. A marriage joins two hearts once divided, and the experience of the Resurrection power is pictured as the wedlock of the visible and invisible estates. We take our lamps and go forth to meet the bridegroom. The lofty conditions are the hardest fates, and it is because we are climbing up into one of the highest eminences that death becomes the hard fate it looks.

Progress is the simple idea of our future, which we have obtained, continuity is the simple plan, personal identity is the simple hope. The air is quite clear. The future is a scene of labour, service, sacrifice, as here. We drop love to take it up again, we drop service to find another manner of it; we drop the tools of wood and iron, and the methods of steam and electricity, for tools of the unseen in matter and force. We meet with beauty and love in their own native land.

The evolution of the conservation idea took its more ideal form in the bold paradox of the Master: The dead are not dead, and death is not death: death is a moment in life, an incident of being; it is the point of junction between the seen and unseen of us, now in a grating friction. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and he in whom the Resurrection is translated into experience never dies—death is only a seeming.\* The experience of men looking westwards towards the dipping sun, who have told us their interest in the landscape of the unseen, affirms the deathless death. The researches of biology are into life, and the closing phases of it are the sincerest, and the evening air of it is the calmest. Blake, poet and artist, says he "was going to a country he had all his life wished to see." Kingsley says,

\* John xi. 25, 26.



"God forgive me, but I look forward to it [death] with an intense and reverent curiosity." Faraday, explorer of physical forces, asked about his theories, says, "They are now over, and I am resting on certainties. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." Buckland, with a humour not far from pathos, and with a true scientific instinct of unseen modes of life, said: "God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I don't believe He will let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last; I am going on a long journey, when I think I shall see a great many curious animals." Dr. Stewart, of Ballahulish, who has written charming books on the folk-lore of the Scottish Highlands, tells us that he once asked a rustic parishioner, "When did your father die?" He was answered with indignation, "Men, women, and children do not die, and are not to be spoken of as dead. They shift from this scene, they depart, they change, they sleep, if you like, and are gathered unto their fathers." And Tennyson, like the Gaelic rustic, knows death as the time "when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home."

An unearthly splendour breaks out on the Alps, when eight or ten domes, cones, obelisks, lifting their heads in the eastern sky, above a range of mountains miles long, are lit up by the rosy glow of the setting sun, while the huge mass of the mountains and the deep valleys are in shadow. But it is the shadowed mass which holds up the peaks to the evening rose. We look with delight and hope on select spirits who have seen lovingly the fatherland from these shores, but they are only the summits of the general level of heightened life which has been lifted by the pressure of the Resurrection force.

When the religious faculty received impression from the worship of Christ, then our future unfolded into a certainty and into a scheme of beautiful thought. It passed the stage of gleam and hint. In the ancient world the intimations of immortality were everywhere, but mostly indistinct and awful. The Hebrew would not speak of it; the Greek argued it out with metaphysics, and as often wavered; the Roman was like the Greek. Euripides suggested, "who knows that death is life and life is death." Tacitus suspected, closing his affectionate monograph of Agricola, "If, as the good and wise affirm, men live on and never die, Agricola is among the immortals." But Paul uses the language of assertion and desire, "For we know that when our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."

We are now in sight of the mechanics of the future body in the light of evolution, clarified by the Resurrection. Evolution is an over-

driven word just now, and even a magical phrase, like the blessed word Mesopotamia of the good old Scotch lady. But it is a convenient word, if we keep in view the limits of the idea as defining the element of continuity in history. Evolution gives to life the undermeaning of an orderly process in a unity of idea and plan; it is the filiation of the serial order of our world.

An unseen universe of force invests us, of which light, heat, electricity are the showing, which are appearances of an unseen force in and behind the seen. An unseen universe of matter invests us, of which nitrogen, water, iron are the showing, which Lord Kelvin tells us will be found to be vortex rings, whose attributes are the same as light and heat. Life is the great unseen, issuing out of the universe, and utilising matter and force to organise creatures. Consciousness is the greater unseen, issuing out of greater depths in the unseen universe which, utilising matter, force, life, organises personality. The visible universe is only a manifestation of the invisible universe; its high-class energy is derived from the invisible; the two are one system of action and reaction. Here we are, consolidate of unseen elements and forces; the crucible of death cannot reduce the secrets of their corporate life. What happens in death is that these invisibles withdraw into their own home sphere; what happens after death is that these invisibles are arrested to organise an appropriate personality. Consciousness subsists only with individuality.

The religious faculty, throughout its long career, has foreshadowed a body for the future existence. It was reserved for the religious faculty, under the Resurrection impact, to get rid of rude figurations, and to pronounce in clear, simple tones, there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. In recent times, the difficulty of the bodily resurrection was forced upon the mind from the fact that the gases of every dead body have been worked up into other bodies, which would thus have several claimants at the last day. Boston, in his "Fourfold Estate," asks to be spared him a single particle of unused sweat, as that would suffice for the seed of the new body—which was preserving identity with a pathetic humour. In our day, the physical doctrines of the conservation of matter and the transmutation of energy have shown us the potential mechanism of the new body and the mode of resurrection. But the religious mind was first in the field with the idea of immortality of the body, which is no other than conservation and transmutation.

The beautiful mystery which we here encounter is the relation of Life to the invisibles of the carbon compounds and the invisibles of light, heat, and electricity which go to compose the inner body. The outer body is a limiting organisation, enclosed in the three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness. Death is the dismissal of the limitations, and the liberation of the invisibles of the present body



for another. Consciousness cannot be dispersed, and the religious faculty has always sought the materials of the reclothing in the present body and poetry has helped with analogies. Our growing insight into Nature is showing us how the arrangement may be carried out. Death dismantles dimension; everything else is retained. We have only to see the elements behind the walls organised again with such accessions as the unseen universe, teeming with elements and forces, will supply to life in its liberated estate, and we have the future body in which consciousness will now wake up with regenerated strength.

Death is the spent physiology of the dimensioned body, but death has no more power to spend away life than it has to spend away matter and motion. There is economy in the universe. The unspent is organised again; the splendid residuum, the real major part, is organised at once. We lodge the ultimates of nature in the unseen universe. The body is compact of these ultimates in the innermost of it, which are rearranged in death—so our intuitions have hinted, and Nature is on the way to verify. The coats, humours, lens which make the eye are of the nature of light, just as the cells which compose the brain are of the nature of electricity. When the eye glazes in death, dimension has broken down, but the light of light remains. Death cannot resolve the invisibles of the body. The Duke of Argyll has happily said, "The deeper we go into science, the more certain it becomes that all the realities of nature are in the region of the invisible." Religion has been beforehand with this fact; our roost is on the visible physics, the home in the invisible.

Without sensation nature would be dark, silent, without form or colour, but it is not lost; it retires into the supersensible. There is a light more beautiful and quite other than that which is sensed by the eye, sounds more melodious and quite other than the ear reports; there is a rose and green and purple more bewitching than ever graced a landscape of sea or land, and there are lines and shapes more entrancing than ever were seen on a maiden's face. Death passes us into a body of supersensible elements by which the sensible world is undergirded. The break-up is an illusion; assisted by the Resurrection we see a transfusion of persistent forces into a new form. There is a silent side to the body as to thought; it has a double, and just now the double is in its infancy. In death, consciousness slides into a body of silence and invisibility, composed of the invisibles of life, matter, and motion. The future body has definable antecedents in the present body. The chamber of death is a robing-room; the Ascension robe is already ordered.

Science lives by the suspicion of things unseen and hoped for. The scientific mind is on the search of its suspicions, and when they are found science is glorified by what it sees and shows of the unseen.



Argon was an element in air long ago suspected by Cavendish, but only found the other day by Lord Rayleigh. Light is loaded with suspicions, and the Röntgen rays were recently found. Electricity is the modern suspicion of boundless promise, and Lord Armstrong has last year found electric waves of a rotatory kind which move one within another, the inner current moving in a reverse direction to the outer, behaving as a whirlwind. Thought is more suspicious still, for we know that consciousness has "abysmal deeps," and the Psychical Society has been for some time announcing that thought can be transferred hundreds of miles away without a medium, and Professor Crookes suspects that there are brain waves of "high frequency" which carry thought, just as ether waves carry light and heat. But the religious faculty is the most suspicious of all: it has been communicating with the Infinite and Eternal, pushing man into the farthest recesses of the universe to discover unseen things. We have been long ago told of primitive religion that faith is the assurance of things hoped for, giving substance to things unseen. In the Christian age the religious faculty has discovered Christ in the unseen universe, and in communication with Him has found things which prophets and wise men had desired to see and had not seen them. As the scientific faculty develops within the religious it shows to us the unseen universe telescoped in the seen, and religion opens a piece of the telescope and shows to science death unfolding forces enfolded in the body of flesh for the spiritual body.

Except the transformation scene of the Ascension had discovered it for us, we had not appropriated these physical conceptions nor have come near to the idea of the continuity of the present and future body, the passage of the body terrestrial into the celestial body by an orderly cosmic procession in the medium of death.

The likeness between the resurrection of Christ and our resurrection holds only as we regard our resurrection immediate on death. The resurrection body of Christ was transformed in the Ascension into a body of glorified invisible physics, while the visible physics were dropped, exactly as we have here regarded the human body in death to pass into the unseen elements which lie always folded in the seen and then to be organised into the body of the regeneration. To gather the dispersed gases of the body from the ends of the earth after the scattering of thousands of years into a new body has no likeness to the resurrection and ascension of Christ. Our death is the immediate exchange of the visible physical for the invisible physical like unto the Ascension. Death is our assumption into the invisible physics; the assumption is the service which death gives us: it is instant on death; the spring of another existence, without a wintry ghostly interval. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we repossess our body in death; death is our ingression into the

spiritual body, without a leap or break. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." We know that when our earthly house of this temporal residence is dissolved we have—not shall have—a building of God, a residence of eternal elements in the heavens.

A considerable literature has grown up in recent times on the evolution of religion. Diligent research has been pursued among the beliefs, customs, myths of primitive races, and many valuable details have been collected; but they lie congested, without unity and ending nowhere, by reason of two simple wants. There is no definite meaning given to religion and to the concrete outcome of religion in worship. The worship of the risen Christ is the common fact of the European world, and we have reached a clear meaning both of religion and worship. Religion is information received by the religious faculty from the supernatural world, and worship is communication with the Infinite God in response to this amazing information. The Christian religion consists in fuller reports from the spiritual country made to the expanded faculty and in communications with Christ as with the Infinite God and the Eternal Spirit.

In the light of these definitions, based on the facts of the religious life, inept and halting are the current phrases, the worship of plants, the worship of animals, the worship of ancestors and of ghosts, and that grandiloquent phrase, the worship of death. Plants, ancestors, death are a medium in which God becomes a vision of the soul, but the letter which tells us of a love of a wife or brother is not the wife or brother. In these phrases we are obscuring the sun in the medium of its own light; we are forgetting the sun and remembering the light. If by the worship of ancestors is meant their sacred memory, and the worship of plants the beauty of nature, and the worship of death the solemnity of that change, we are misusing the word "worship," to which worshippers give the decisive meaning of personal intercourse. It is misappropriating a word and throwing confusion into a science. If we had no society to reckon with in the supernatural world, there had been no religion; if we had no society with Christ in the supernatural, there had been no Christianity.

The evolution of Christianity has its ground forces in the new society of the natural with the supernatural. The main social forces which this communion brings into play are derived from three events in the earthly life of Christ—the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, each holding specific virtues and together imparting that affluence which has given complexity to the Western world. Mr. Spencer has so profoundly grasped the plan of life below us that the most primitive ideas are seen to run up into the highest life of man. He says, "Whatever amount of power an organism expends is the correlate or equivalent of the power that was taken into it from

without." \* The Christian character is an organism adjusted to the power taken into it from without; the modern world is a social organism, correlate to the power taken into it from without. It is to obtain this adjustment or equivalent that appeals like the following are made: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." The next revival of theology will create a science of these social, adjusting, correlating forces which began their work with the Resurrection.

The details of the equivalence directly associated with the Resurrection may be summed: (1) The worship of Christ has initiated a complex intercourse with the supernatural Power as the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and we have found new "phenomena and conditions" in the environment. (2) This freshening intercourse has dispensed with sacrifice, priesthood, ceremony, simplified worship, and established direct communications with the unseen world. (3) A type of ethics and social relations of the disinterested order have been correlated with gentler feeling towards the supernatural. (4) In the actions and reactions of this intercourse, the natural world has got so proportioned to the supernatural, the present order so put into perspective with the future, as to conciliate us to the sore tribulation of our world and to save us from mental confusion. (5) This correspondence has swept away the haze which hung over our continuity and has brought both life and immortality to the light. (6) We see the future body in the invisible physics of the present body; life persisting in death.

If to this be added the powers taken into the organism from the Crucifixion and the Incarnation we have the equivalents of the affections, thoughts, consecrations, sacrifices which have been expended these centuries in missions, benevolence, art, martyrdom, in the high tides of personal change and social revolution.

The supernatural pressure and the human response under which the evolution of religion has taken place in the Christian centuries have deepened the mystery of being, but have also placed a halo over the unknown. The dust in us is more than ever immanent with divinity and its secrets are more than ever a hope and quest. We follow fact, reality, experience, in the story they tell of the New Intercourse; we follow the gleam which brightens before the wistful, upward eye; we follow the distant lights which beckon us into the Unseen.

W. W. PEYTON.

\* "Principles of Biology," p. 57.

## WANTED—A MAN.

CRITICUS, being released a little earlier than usual from the cares of Whitehall, was lunching at the Club on his way to the railway station, when our old friend Laudator, M.P., settled himself in the opposite chair.

Laudator was depressed, there was no doubt about it. He had looked in at Birmingham on his way to town from the North : and he had been mercilessly chaffed in the breakfast train by several of his Unionist friends. Criticus was in the rampant mood of a man who sees his prophecies come true. "I told you months ago," he said, "that your Front Bench had gone to pieces, and that you wanted a leader badly ; now I see—and I am not at all surprised—that even your much-enduring delegates have come to the same conclusion, and that they will not tolerate the present chaos much longer. I take no particular stock myself in political parties, for I do not think either of them, as they are now run, is a very creditable institution ; but if you people cannot work the Liberal party better than it has been worked for the last year or two, it had better disappear, as we have seen it disappear in Germany and in Belgium, and let somebody else take a hand."

"Disappear !" exclaimed Laudator, duly shocked at the suggestion : "The disappearance of the Liberal party is a thing you cannot even imagine. We are not any worse off now than we have often been before, and we shall get straight again soon enough."

"Yes," said Criticus, "your promiscuous regiment of Liberal M.P.s—I believe there are about 180 of you all told—will elect somebody to try and lead the House of Commons, and you will all piously agree that there is no such thing as a Leader of the Liberal party, and that, in fact, there never was such a thing before. The result will be that you



will go muddling on without knowing whom you are following, and without knowing what you mean to be at, till you have been defeated at another General Election. That, I hope and believe, will begin to pull you together; but I do not see anything short of that which will."

"Well, you know," said Laudator, "Mr. Gladstone always protested against the idea that the leadership should be kept up in a regular way when the party was out of office."

"I know," said the other. "He could afford to protest against it, because he knew he could always do any amount of leading he liked; but I fancy if he were living now he would be madder than anybody else at your present helpless position."

"I do not see," objected Laudator, in an injured tone, "why you should say we are helpless. Nobody can deny that we did an excellent piece of work in smashing the Government Education Bill, and we have shown them up over lots of other things. Considering our numbers, I think we have done wonderfully well. But you cannot expect us to construct a policy as if we were responsible for the Government, when, in all probability, it will be two or three years before they give us a chance of going to the country, and when they are practically omnipotent in the meantime."

"No," said Criticus, "I do not at all suggest that it is the business of the Opposition to do that sort of thing. What I say is, that you do not know where you are, and you do not seem to be taking any very effective steps to find out. This present row would be a god-send if you really wanted to reorganise."

The patient Laudator turned upon his friend at the word "god-send." "I think," he said, "if you ask me, it is one of the nastiest tricks a man ever played his party. Look at what Asquith said at Birmingham. Harcourt gave the other fellows on the Front Bench no warning at all that he was going to resign, still less that he was going to abuse them publicly: and as for John Morley's language, it is perfectly unpardonable. Besides, they had nothing in the world to complain of. T. P. says it was pique, because Rosebery outshone Harcourt at the Sirdar's dinner; and it looks like it. Harcourt's friends say that he resigned because there was a Rosebery intrigue. Some people even think that because Rosebery's house is next door to Harmsworth's, that ridiculous leadership competition in the *Mail* was a put-up job: but the fact is there was no sort of intrigue at all, and there was really no difficulty except the difficulties that Harcourt made himself."

"Well," said Criticus, "I should say that Harcourt *was* the difficulty, but I do not wonder at his feeling sore about it. He knew perfectly well that Rosebery was lying low, and that, as things were shaping, he was certain to come back some day or another, practically upon his own terms."

"Don't you be afraid," said Laudator: "Rosebery is a clever man, and if the party had to vote to-morrow, I suppose he would have a majority over everybody else; but all the same he will hardly be able to come back to the leadership—supposing always that he wants to—unless he makes it pretty plain to our people that he is really going in for a radical policy about the House of Lords and all that sort of thing."

"I do not distrust Rosebery," said Criticus; "and, after all, considering his experiences in the past, it is not very odd that he should say, 'If you want me to be your leader, you must let me lead.' I do not know that he would really say any more than that, and I do not think you can expect him to say much less. It does not look to me as if Rosebery was very keen to come back at all. I suppose the only thing he cares much about is foreign politics, and it may be that he has more power in that line by stiffening Salisbury's back as an independent critic, than he would have as a Foreign Secretary with Salisbury snarling at one from the one side, and Labouchere and Lawson from the other."

"I am not saying anything against Rosebery," said Laudator, "but he has been keeping his views about domestic policy extremely dark for a good while back, and some of us want to know what he is up to. As I said just now," he added impressively, "it is no use anybody attempting to lead the party at the next General Election unless he is in dead earnest about the House of Lords."

"I am very much amused," said Criticus, "at the simple-mindedness of many of your friends, who think they can get a majority at the next election by the simple expedient of running amuck at the Peers. I think the House of Lords and its power in the Constitution is one of the wildest absurdities to be found outside the Savoy Theatre. But I also think that the commonplace Britisher loves his House of Lords, individually and collectively, and that, unless he sees some other reform ahead which he very much wants, and which the House of Lords is keeping him out of, you may talk to him about the hereditary principle until you are black in the face. The only thing of first-class importance which the House of Lords has stopped in recent times is the Irish Bill. There the country endorsed their action, and the worst of it is that half your own party have endorsed it too."

"The next most important thing I remember is the Workmen's Compensation business. There the House of Lords insisted on an amendment which Asquith would not accept; and the result was that a few months afterwards they swallowed at the instance of Chamberlain a much more revolutionary Bill. Mind you, I quite believe that it is necessary to break the power of the House of Lords, if we are really to do any good, and I think that it is possible to do it; but it can only be done when it goes along with some great question which

directly comes home to the people. If you were fighting for Old Age Pensions now, or for a reform of the Land Laws, or for anything of that sort, the people might give you a mandate to carry that reform, and might enable you to quash the House of Lords, once and for all, in the process of getting it. What I complain of is, as I said to you many months ago, that your own leaders have not worked out any practical scheme even for attacking the House of Lords. I believe Asquith had a symposium about it with the Eighty Club the other day; but they took special care that no report of their proceedings should get out, and nobody knows what he said. And I do not see, for my part, why some of your furious Radicals imagine Rosebery himself to be lukewarm about the House of Lords because he happens to be a Peer. The argument is all the other way. I imagine that he is at least as keen about it as the rest of you, if only for this reason, that he is extremely anxious to get out of the 'gilded cage' himself, and if he saw his way to carry a Bill for destroying the power of the Upper House, he would certainly put a clause in it to permit Peers like himself to emigrate to the Commons, where he would have a real chance of becoming a great man. But, after all," he concluded, "there is no Rosebery question for the moment. I hear from those who ought to know that his whole anxiety is to keep himself as completely clear from all these things as ever he can, at least until he thinks his time has come. The real question is, what are you going to do about the Front Bench in the Commons? And that you people who are Liberal members will have to settle, not much later than February 1, if you can make up your minds about it. I hear you are all in a great state of muddle on the subject, and I do not wonder, for the whole thing is utterly disorganised. There is no man of powerful personality, and the men there are quarrelling."

"I don't see," said Laudator, "that the situation is any worse than it was after Gladstone's first retirement, when Hartington and Forster were both put up."

"That was an awkward time," his friend replied; "but this is worse. Everything is at sixes and sevens. It is obvious, even from what Harcourt and Morley and Asquith have let out, apart from T. P. and other common gossips, that your Front Bench have lived a cat-and-dog life for some time. Harcourt didn't lead himself—in fact, he was hardly ever there—and he would not let anybody else lead for him. Morley was not much there either, and when he was, he was always dissatisfied with the universe in general. Asquith was attending to his practice at the Bar. Fowler was thinking of telephones and water companies. Campbell-Bannerman was lazy, and Bryce is incurably academic; so there was really nobody left to run the show except Haldane and Lloyd George, and they did the best they could. As for Grey, it is something comic to hear the

papers talk as if he was a possible leader. He knows foreign politics, and he can play Fives, and he is an awfully distinguished person; but he does not even profess to have an opinion on domestic affairs—and that, at least, should be recorded to his credit."

"Well," said the M.P., with conscious superiority, "you can't hold us responsible for what the newspapers say. I don't suppose there is any question among our people of any names except Asquith and Campbell-Bannerman."

"I thought," said Criticus, "that half the people at Birmingham wanted to have Harcourt back again?"

"Oh, no," rejoined the other in dismay, "not *half*; there were some people at the Town Meeting, no doubt; but they were Temperance people, and didn't count."

"Anyhow," said Criticus, "a newspaper reporter told me that Spence Watson was evidently afraid to give that amendment at the delegates' meeting any rope, and that he smothered it most unmercifully."

"There would not have been many in favour of it," said Laudator, with conviction. "But it does not matter much, because Lulu swears that his father has really retired, and there is no question of anything else. He is going to make himself n——; well, I mean he is going to act independently, and I suppose he will go in for ritual and special lines of that sort."

"Yes," said the Critic; "and a nice time it will be for anybody who has to fill his vacant place. It seems to me," he added, after a moment, "that the only grand electors of any importance are Harcourt and Morley, after all."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, in alarm.

"Don't you see that if a man of Harcourt's power, having, in any case, a certain following in the House and in the country, and a sort of grievance to play with, were to make up his mind to wreck his successor, he could easily make Parliamentary life unendurable to him? Of course, if you had a great man, like Gladstone, it would be simple enough; or if you had a dangerous man, like Chamberlain, he could make the place too hot to hold his predecessor. But, with the men you have, I say Harcourt is the dictator of the situation. Any of them would be a fool to undertake the job, unless he had good reason to know that Harcourt and his friend would keep the peace."

Laudator was visibly cast down. Presently he plucked up courage to remark that they all relied on Harcourt's honour, and all that sort of thing, not to behave disloyally to any leader on whom the choice of the party might fall.

"Oh yes," said Criticus, "we know all about that. But no one who knows the inside track of these things is in any need to be told that Harcourt was not a nice man to live with either in the Rosebery

Cabinet or in the days of his own leadership. He is a powerful gladiator always, and he can make himself uncommon nasty when he pleases. There is not the least use in ignoring that side of the difficulty. You people had better grasp your nettle."

The faithful member looked out across the wet street and thought awhile.

"Well," he said, "there are only two to choose from."

"Which do you vote for?" asked his friend, with an unfeeling smile. "They are both good enough—plenty of brains and absolutely honest, which is more than the other people could say of all their chiefs. Campbell-Bannerman is a great deal cleverer than he gets credit for, and those who know Asquith best are ready to take their oath that he is really interested in progress. You have only to make your choice between their defects. The one is too comfortable and too lazy; the other is as cold as a fish."

The indignation of the faithful one flared up a little.

"No," he said; "you are unjust to both of them. Campbell-Bannerman takes things quietly, and we all know what he really wanted was the Speakership. But he has held all the hard places, including the Irish Secretaryship, and he did them all well. Ask your own friends in the offices where he has been, and they will all tell you he did his work far better than most people."

"That's not saying much," interjected the scoffer.

"And that he is as good a business man and as diligent a working chief as any man in Parliament. When a man can succeed as Irish Secretary——"

"He ought to be able to succeed as the leader of a distracted Opposition," laughed the critic. "Go on. I never denied that he had merits. To my mind, the chief of them is that he has a sense of humour. Yet he is lazy, for all that. You have only to look at him to see it writ large upon his waistcoat. But you are evidently a partisan of his, so I look for your assent about the other."

"On the contrary, I think you are still more unjust to Asquith. I believe you detest him, from the way you talk."

"I don't; but if I did I should not be the only one," said Criticus very amiably. "He does not lay himself out to be beloved, and he isn't. I admit that he has probably as serviceable a brain as any Balliol man alive—can you ask a handsomer testimonial than that?—but he has no more human sympathy than—well, as I said, than a fish. And it seems to me you can't lead this sentimental and slightly Pecksniffian public without a little visible humanity."

"I do not deny that he is cold and unsympathetic, and I know that people don't like him in the House. But it is a very petty thing to ostracise an able man because he does not make himself agreeable to people in the Lobby."



"That's not it," said Criticus. "Parnell was not an engaging person, but he was a master of men, and would have roped in your quarrelsome and distracted friends in a month. But Asquith does not make on me—or on most of us—the impression either of any force of character or of any enthusiasm about anything. He is very brilliant—and yet he is very dull. Take that Birmingham speech of his. If there is one thing he can do, it is to use words well: and he had an extraordinary chance. It was a hard one, but that made it all the better, and in some ways he said what he had to say very prettily indeed. But my newspaper man tells me that what every one felt when he sat down was a sort of flatness and disappointment. It was quite well done, but it was not a great speech. There was not a heart-beat in it from beginning to end. I admire Asquith, and I regard him as a supremely useful man for almost anything—except leadership. There is a Russian saying that 'a lamp has no real inside.' That is what Asquith suggests to me."

"You have no business to say these things," said the faithful Laudator, "and I am sure that if Asquith is chosen he will make an excellent fighting chief."

"There is one fight he will have on his hands at once," snarled the critic. "He will not be in that seat a week before he realises that every Irish member in the House is thirsting for his blood. He was a harsh man at the Home Office. The Labour party, as you see, have not forgotten Featherstone; and the Irish have not forgotten the day when he 'shut the prison doors with a bang.' I don't think he was to blame over either case—except for the hard and unsympathetic way in which he dealt with it. But that is just the difficulty. His very virtues are ungracious."

"I don't assent to all the hard things you say of him," said Laudator; "but my own mind at present is that Campbell-Bannerman is the safest choice all round. I am told that he will be less likely to get into collision with Harcourt and Morley; and though I can't believe they would carry the game you have been suggesting to any very dangerous lengths, still we have to reckon with them. And then Campbell-Bannerman, I admit, is more likely to get on with people, including those troublesome Irishmen, who are one of the greatest nuisances of the situation. I think Campbell-Bannerman will have the place, if he will take it; and then, if he refuses, I suppose Asquith will be offered it; but if he is to take it up he will have to drop the Bar and put his back into the work of organising the party in the House and out of it."

"Yes," said Criticus, as he paid his bill, "that is exactly like your people. They will not make up their mind, even about this crisis. People like you will agree to offer the leadership to Campbell-Bannerman, with a sort of reserved hope that Asquith may get it after all."

And yet you know yourselves that Asquith will not succeed. You know that no one who has so little fire inside of him will ever rally the country or convince the sceptical elector—like me—that the Liberal party has convictions and means business. You would be saddled for the next thirty years with a bad bargain. That, in fact, is the crowning merit of the other man. He would not be too permanent, and he has the sort of qualities that are wanted for an interregnum. But for heaven's sake, do anything rather than vacillate. If you decide, as I think you should, that Campbell-Bannerman is the best choice for the needs of the case, you must make him take it, and serve him well. The only objection to him is that he is lazy. People say he is not well, but that is all *blague*. This is a great chance for him, and, as you say, he can work when he chooses. I am told he is really a good Radical, and although I do not expect him to set the heather on fire, I do expect that if he is made to take his coat off, he may do for you what W. H. Smith did in very similar circumstances for the Tories, and that was an immense service. Asquith need not mind, and I have not the least doubt he will be loyal enough. If he has leadership in him," he said over his shoulder, as he got into his hansom, "it will be all the better for keeping."

Laudator was left pondering on the steps of the club. The street was dull and dripping, and the outlook generally cheerless. Happily he remembered that probably nothing need be settled till the end of January, and went off to buy his usual Christmas presents for his chief constituents.

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It is impossible to maintain these illusions. The fact is that a series of causes have co-operated to make bad blood between the two peoples; that some persons, on both sides of the Channel, have seized the opportunity of bringing grist to their mill; and that the Press—in some of its most influential organs—the politicians—at any rate some of the most active and least scrupulous of them—and the public—or the most noisy and least thoughtful part of it—have succeeded among them in bringing two nations made for mutual understanding to the brink of a deplorable conflict. Such is the situation; and it is grave enough to call for the anxious attention of all those, in France or in England, who have not wholly abandoned the traditions of nearly a century, and who persist in thinking that it would be, not only for both our countries, but for the whole civilised world and for the destinies of freedom, perhaps the most dreadful of all calamities to see the two great Liberal Powers of the West at daggers drawn.

I do not intend at the present moment to examine in detail the questions in suspense between the two countries. If I am not wrong, these difficulties may be grouped under six heads: the Nile, or North-Eastern Africa, Western Africa, Madagascar, the Far East, Siam, and

Newfoundland or the French shore. Nothing, to my mind, would be more foreign to the spirit of true diplomacy, to the traditions of international goodwill, or to good method, than to put all these questions on the same footing, to make a kind of *hocus-pocus* of all of them, and to take as a point of departure the assertion of absolute right and wrong on one or the other side. Everybody knows that things do not occur in such a manner as that. It is extremely rare to find a controversy in which one of the parties has the whole of the right and the other the whole of the wrong.

Let us take, for instance, the Nile problem. I make no difficulty at all of acknowledging that Great Britain and Egypt were perfectly entitled to claim for themselves, after Omdurman, the spoils of the "stricken field" and the possession of Fashoda. What is more, I am disposed to acknowledge that the policy of the Marchand expedition was foolish; that it was a mad undertaking; that no statesman worthy of the name, in presence of what had been done by Lord Cromer in Egypt and prepared by the Sirdar Kitchener in the Soudan, ought to have run this steeplechase of occupation; that it was to court either a conflict, for which no adequate diplomatic or military preparations had been made, or a humiliation to which no patriotic Minister ought to expose his country. From the first mootings of this regrettable business I have been convinced—and I have loyally tried to make this opinion generally accepted—that it was the duty of the French Government to recall Major Marchand as quickly as possible. Consequently, I have been one of those who have applauded with both hands the wise policy of M. Delcassé, and who have hoped against hope that, satisfaction once given to the legitimate claims of Great Britain, a new era of mutual goodwill would take the place of pin-pricks and bickerings.

All that does not prevent me from feeling and saying that there is another side to this story, that it is not merely a tale of French perverseness and English patience, and that it is profoundly deplorable to see, not only the Cabinet and the Unionist majority, but too many of the Opposition leaders and of the organs of public opinion, do everything in their power to make the retreat more unpalatable and the defeat more humiliating for France. After all, it is impossible not to remember that England had evacuated the Soudan after Gordon's death, that the vast possessions of the Mahdi and the Khalifa were for a long time treated as a *res nullius*, open to the first occupant; that a treaty with the King of the Belgians, as sovereign of the Congo Free State, dealt with a part of the late equatorial province of Emin as if it were wholly derelict; that the Protectorate of Uganda seemed to adopt the same point of view in the northern extension of its limits; that finally, even after the declaration of Sir Edward Grey, even after the battle of Omdurman, Lord Salisbury, in his telegram

from the *Schlucht* to Sir Edmund Monson, did not seem to know his own mind, or to choose between the two antagonistic, or, rather, mutually exclusive, doctrines of the prior right of Ottoman and Egyptian sovereignty and of the posterior right of conquest.

No fair-minded man, I dare affirm, will dispute the fact that such conditions greatly altered the case, and that it is impossible justly to appreciate the conduct of France—conduct I am not the last to call wrong and ill-conceived—without taking into account such *data* of the problem. Once more, I do not believe it is right on the part of an impartial man to be wholly silent about the other side of the balance—I mean the fact that England has occupied Egypt under solemn and reiterated promises of evacuation. Let me be well understood: I do not say, at this time of day, that it is possible or necessary for England to fulfil to the letter, or even in their spirit, her undertakings; I do not pretend that new facts, new forces, or simply the fatal consequences of acts once done, do not justify or excuse the transformation of a temporary occupation into a final and perpetual annexation. That is not my present business. All I assert is that it is necessary, in order to arrive at a fair and equitable adjustment of the creditor and debtor accounts of both countries in this Egyptian imbroglio, to take notice of the broken pledges of one side as well as of the unsuccessful attempts at revenge of the other.

It would be the same if I dealt with the particulars of the Madagascar business or any other. Here, too, I am very far from claiming for the French policy a monopoly of right. On the contrary, I am fully persuaded that great wrongs have been done, that dreadful mistakes have been committed, and that it is in the interest, as well as the duty, of the Government of the Republic to try and adjust these differences in a spirit of equity. It is just because such are the feelings, not only of an individual but of a great part of the public, that the publication at such a juncture of the Madagascar Blue-book has so painfully affected us in France. We were not without hopes of seeing, after the sharp, short tussle of the Fashoda business, after the removal of that great stone of offence, the dawn of a new era in which the two great Liberal Powers of the West should be able, if not exactly to renew immediately the *entente cordiale* and come to an agreement upon everything, at least to agree to differ without appealing to the bloody arbitration of war. England had gained her point. Not only was the victory of Lord Kitchener at Omdurman of a nature to give satisfaction to the legitimate pride of a conquering race, and even to the warlike appetites of fighters for the love of battle, such as General Gatacre has proclaimed himself at Norwich to be, but the evacuation of Fashoda had brought the finishing touch to the great work of the occupation of the Nile Valley, to which diplomatists like Lord Cromer, and soldiers like

Wolseley, Wood, and Kitchener, had so splendidly contributed, and which was to be crowned by the feats of a Cecil Rhodes in another field. The Queen's Government had triumphantly emerged from a conflict in which, at a certain moment, the prospect of a war with France had been much nearer than would have been thought possible some years ago.

Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, some months ago, were—whether justly or not I do not ask—at the lowest ebb of their political credit, even among the staunchest of their party friends, on account of their Chinese policy. Fashoda had brought them a new and intoxicating popularity. The grand policy of M. Hanotaux had simply served as a stepping-stone for the triumph of Imperialism. All that, for those of us in France who do not want a conflict, was not exactly exhilarating; but, at any rate, it seemed specially made to put England in a good temper and to dispose her statesmen to some moderation and to the fair-mindedness sometimes born of satiation. For my part, notwithstanding so many disillusiones, I was not without hope that the two Governments, having been brought to the brink of the abyss, having had to face the dreadful spectre of a war, would seize on this time of grace to put their relations on a better footing, and to eliminate, if possible, the subjects of quarrel.

Doubtless, such a crisis does not close without leaving some traces. It was natural, and in some measure right, for the conqueror to be elated, for the unsuccessful party to be aggrieved and uncomfortable; for the first, perhaps, to hug his suspicions and to ruminate on the sins of his adversary; for the other to nurse his resentment and chew the cud of his wrongs. Such tempers are not very dangerous when they are not persisted in indefinitely, when they are not artificially exacerbated, and, chiefly, when men of light and leading, on both sides of the Channel, do not take on themselves to fan the fire and rake up mutual hates. If the English Government, strong in the feeling of its recent success, stronger yet in its resolve to crown with peace the work of its diplomatists and warriors, had openly, frankly, quietly, deliberately, asked the French Government to profit by the recent lesson and to engage in negotiations in order to define the points of disagreement and to find the basis for a mutually satisfactory arrangement, I am firmly convinced that the answer would have been prompt and favourable.

Such, unfortunately, has not been, such is not, the march of events. Instead of a full, frank discussion, we have had recriminations, angry demonstrations, shrill clamour. In fact, we are drifting once more towards a state of reciprocal ill-will and mutual anger. Every old incident is raked up in order to fan the flame of irritation. Every new difference is exaggerated to the utmost. Great journals, once worthy to lead the destinies of a nation, on account of their



feeling of serious responsibility and the broad-mindedness of their politics, do not scruple to make themselves the worst foes of peace. Special pleading in the columns of the *Times* is directed with a misplaced cleverness against the Government of France. Every bad design is attributed to the French statesmen. Every bad interpretation is put on their words and acts. A style is used which is not quite decent when speaking of or to a great nation. That is only one of the symptoms of a painful situation. The greater part of the public Press in England seems to believe that it is right for leading journals to take the tone of scurrilous *boulevard* papers, and forget to note how difficult they make it for those of the great French organs which do not demean themselves so low to preserve the dignity of their language and the fairness of their mind. Some statesmen of the first rank—even Ministers of the Crown—speak as if it were a privilege of English platforms to call bad names, to impute bad motives, and to deal in threats. I am firmly convinced that if the great majority of Englishmen found in another country, among the Chamberlains, or the Hicks-Beaches, or the Roseberys, or in the *Times*, or the *Standard*, of a Continental nation, what we find every day among themselves, they would be dumbfounded at such an upheaval of Chauvinism.

France has, in past times, given to the world such spectacles. It may even be that France just now would be in the mind to give them anew. But is that a consolation? Do two wrongs make a right? Had we not been accustomed to look on England as on a free country, accustomed to self-government and raised above the vulgar temptations of aggressive Imperialism? Alas! that is the great sorrow and the great danger of the present times. Everywhere, even in the too rare parts of the world where we thought Freedom had planted her standard, we are looking upon a retrograde movement which puts us back some centuries.

In the United States of America we see the intoxication of the new strong wine of warlike glory carrying a great democracy off its feet, and raising the threatening spectre of militarism, with its fatal attendant, Cæsarism, in the background. Under the pretext of "manifest destiny" the great Republic of the western hemisphere is becoming unfaithful to the principles of her founders, to the precedents of her constitutional life, to the traditions which have made her free, glorious, and prosperous. The seductions of Imperialism are drawing the United States towards the abyss where all the great democracies of the world have found their end. The cant of Anglo-Saxon Alliance, of the brotherhood-in-arms of English-speaking people, is serving as a cloak to the nefarious designs of those who want to cut in two the grand motto of Great Britain: *Imperium et Libertas*, and to make *Imperium* swallow *Libertas*.

In the United Kingdom a similar tendency is at work. Everybody sees that the present England is no longer the England, I do not say of Cobden or Bright, but of Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Derby, or even Disraeli. A kind of intoxication of power has seized the people. Mr. Chamberlain has known how to take the flood in time, and to ride the crest of the new wave. The Unionist party is disposed to believe that it is to the interest of the privileged classes to nurse the pride of Empire; first, because they govern it and profit by it; secondly, and chiefly, because nothing diverts more surely the spirit of reform than the Imperialist madness. It is a curious thing, but a fact beyond dispute, that when the masses are on the verge of rising in their majesty and asking for their rights, the classes have only to throw into their eyes the powder of Imperialism, and to raise the cry of "The Fatherland in danger," in order to bring them once more, meek and submissive, to their feet.

Just now a part of the English democracy seems only too much inclined to lend itself to this sorry farce. We have seen working men, who ought to give their whole strength to the organisation of their class and to the advent of social justice, foolishly echoing the warlike clamours of the patriots of music-halls and attitudinising as true Jingoës. Mr. John Morley, who is nothing if not a sombre, austere, incorruptible witness to the great principles of modern Liberalism, has just raised his voice—not an hour too soon—in protest against this Brummagem Imperialism. He might have reminded his Montrose auditors that it is a great error to confound Imperialism and Empire; that, in fact, the era of the constitution of the Empire coincides with the predominance of the doctrines of the Manchester school, and what would be called now *Little Englandism*; that the pinchbeck Imperialism of our latter-day patriots is probably the worst symptom of the exhaustion of the true world-conquering impetus, and the beginning of that period of decadence in which words do duty for acts, and where they are all the more high-sounding and pretentious as the acts are less brave and noble. However, he has registered a powerful, honest, opportune protest against the spirit of militarism, which seems fated to become the worst foe of our so-dearly-bought franchises, and of that ideal of social justice which the next century has for its appointed task to realise among us.

For my part, what I want to impress on all the readers of these pages, written amidst the tumult of a dreadful struggle for the elementary rights of freedom and justice, is that the systematic disturbance of the relations between France and England, the provocation of a criminal conflict between these two great Liberal peoples, is only a special aspect of the general revival of militarism at the present time. Once more, I am fully convinced that it is possible, and even easy, for the diplomacy of our two countries to find for all our differences a basis of arrangement. It is a matter of goodwill and good sense. I am

perfectly disposed to acknowledge that France has, for a long time, pursued a line of conduct which has exposed her fairly to the accusation of ill-temper towards England. Though I believe that the wrongs have been more equally distributed than seems to be thought in England, I am certain that it is absolutely necessary for the two Governments to renounce a policy of pin-pricks and bickerings. I am convinced the elements of an equitable adjustment of all differences are to be found in a negotiation begun with the sincere wish to make it successful. Only it is indispensable not to let matters drift. There is abroad, at work on both sides of the Channel, a spirit of unrest, of hatred, of quarrelsomeness. It is called Jingoism or Imperialism in England. In France it is named Nationalism. Just now we are a small band of Frenchmen who are sustaining a dreadful struggle against this most powerful of foes.

It is not my present object to narrate here the Dreyfus affair. It is now a long time since the personal aspects of this great trial of forces have, if not wholly disappeared, at any rate been subordinated to the more general aspects of the case. Doubtless there are in France some men who are resolved to obtain full justice even for a Jew, even against the coalition of nearly all the great social powers, even at the cost of the infallibility of Councils of War and of the fair fame of the General Staff. But what everybody with eyes in his head does see and understand now is that we have to make war against a new and formidable alliance of Militarism, Cæsarism, and Clericalism. It is for us Liberals a question of life or death. And, as generally happens, the situation has gradually become more and more confused and intricate. At the beginning people took sides for or against Dreyfus or Esterhazy, Picquart or Henry, Generals Mercier, Bois-deffre and Pellieux, or the Court of Cassation. Then they sided with justice against so-called reasons of State, or with light against darkness. Now it is for or against Nationalism, for or against the supremacy of military power, for or against anti-Semitism, for or against Clerical Cæsarism.

And what is interesting is that the Nationalists have already developed a foreign policy. They are the patriots *par excellence*. They put us out of the French nation. They call us Jews, Germans, or traitors. An Alsatian name—such as that of Dreyfus or President Loew—stinks in their nostrils. And behold! these great *revanchards*, these men who have twice at least every year solemnly retaken the Statue of Strasbourg on the Place de la Concorde, these Deroulède and Co. who preached, wrote, sang, in season and out of season, for a war with Germany; now, behold! they have changed all that! In their papers, the great publicists of the party—Whist (Valfrey), Ernest Daudet, Jules Lemaître (alas for his wit of former years!), Judet—are writing up the German Alliance, and denouncing as the hereditary foe—England.

There is something ridiculous and nauseous in this *volte face*. It is a shame for people who were madly in hate against Germany suddenly to turn their coats and profess a kind of friendship for that Power. If it were my purpose to discuss a German alliance, I believe it would not be difficult to show all the contradictions, all the dangers of this idea. To my mind nothing is more probable for France, if, unhappily, her statesmen lent an ear to such counsels, than to find herself between two stools, having alienated irrevocably English goodwill without conquering the good graces of Germany. The Kaiser is not disposed to run at the whistle of the first Deroulède or Millevoye who changes his views and ceases to preach the Holy War.

But what I want to insist upon here is that, just as in England it is Imperialism—that is to say, the foe of true democracy, of freedom, and of social progress—which is at the bottom of the anti-French agitation, so in France it is Nationalism—that is to say, the party of military and clerical reaction—which is flirting with a German alliance and working for a rupture with England. Consequently, on both sides of the Channel and in the whole world, the fate of Liberalism, or, in other terms, the future of civilisation, is absolutely connected with the state of the relations of our two countries.

At any time it would have been a crime and a sin to precipitate the two great Liberal peoples of the world into a fratricidal war. Just now, when the whole of mankind is threatened everywhere with a dreadful crisis, when parliamentary institutions are on their trial, when the democracy is hesitating between the noble and manly struggles of freedom and the deceitful tranquillity of despotism, when we see an offensive return of forces we believed dead, such as militarism and that bloody fanaticism—anti-Semitism; when, in England, Imperialism threatens to substitute the intoxications of conquest and material expansion for the noble and proud endeavour of a self-governing democracy; when, in France, Nationalism and its unclean brood are perhaps on the eve of strangling freedom, of enslaving justice, and inaugurating a new era of false glory and military tyranny, there would be no excuse for those of us who with their eyes open should deliberately contribute to a conflict.

The duty is clear. Every one of those who believe in right, who love peace, who hope for a future of social progress, and who hate with their whole soul the reign of force, ought to take in hand the sacred cause of a peaceful adjustment of the difficulties between France and England. It cannot be beyond the power of the will of two great civilised nations, or of the skill of their statesmen and diplomatists, to prevent a calamity which would be the greatest triumph of the spirit of reaction, of brutal might, and of injustice in the world.

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.



## “THE CAPE TO CAIRO.

### THE BULUWAYO-TANGANYIKA AND OTHER RAILWAYS.

A DIRECT Buluwayo-Tanganyika railway would be so utterly useless (as I explain below), and such a hopeless loss to any one who had to keep it open for traffic, that I doubt the sincerity of those who propose the idea. It is more likely that they are insincere than insane.

A railway from Buluwayo to Salisbury is inevitable, urgently wanted, and pretty sure to pay, and deserves a guarantee. It requires a colliery branch to the nearest coal on the north-west side. Call this colliery branch a Cape to Cairo main line, and it will the more readily obtain a Government guarantee.

If the public resents being tricked by such a pretence, it must remember that its own ignorance of Central Africa is to blame. Its ignorance is made to be exploited. But I will not confine myself to destructive criticism. The public is in the mood for making or guaranteeing railways somewhere—anywhere. I will indicate the proper lines south of Tanganyika; and I will go further and suggest a still more ambitious and more useful project, a gigantic Chartered Company's lake, something to eclipse Tanganyika and Nyassa, and worth millions of money. I do not say it is practicable, but I say, photograph and measure the gorge before ridiculing the idea.

A Buluwayo-Tanganyika railway, if there is to be one, ought to run through Salisbury and Tete to Lake Nyassa, and then from the north end of the lake to Tanganyika. Excluding the lake transit, it would be all but as short as a direct line. The first 305 miles\* to Salisbury is badly wanted. The line from the sea or Lower Shiré† to Lake

\* The actual distance by coach road or present road. In other cases I have added 20 per cent. to the straight line map distances for the probable deviations of any railway.

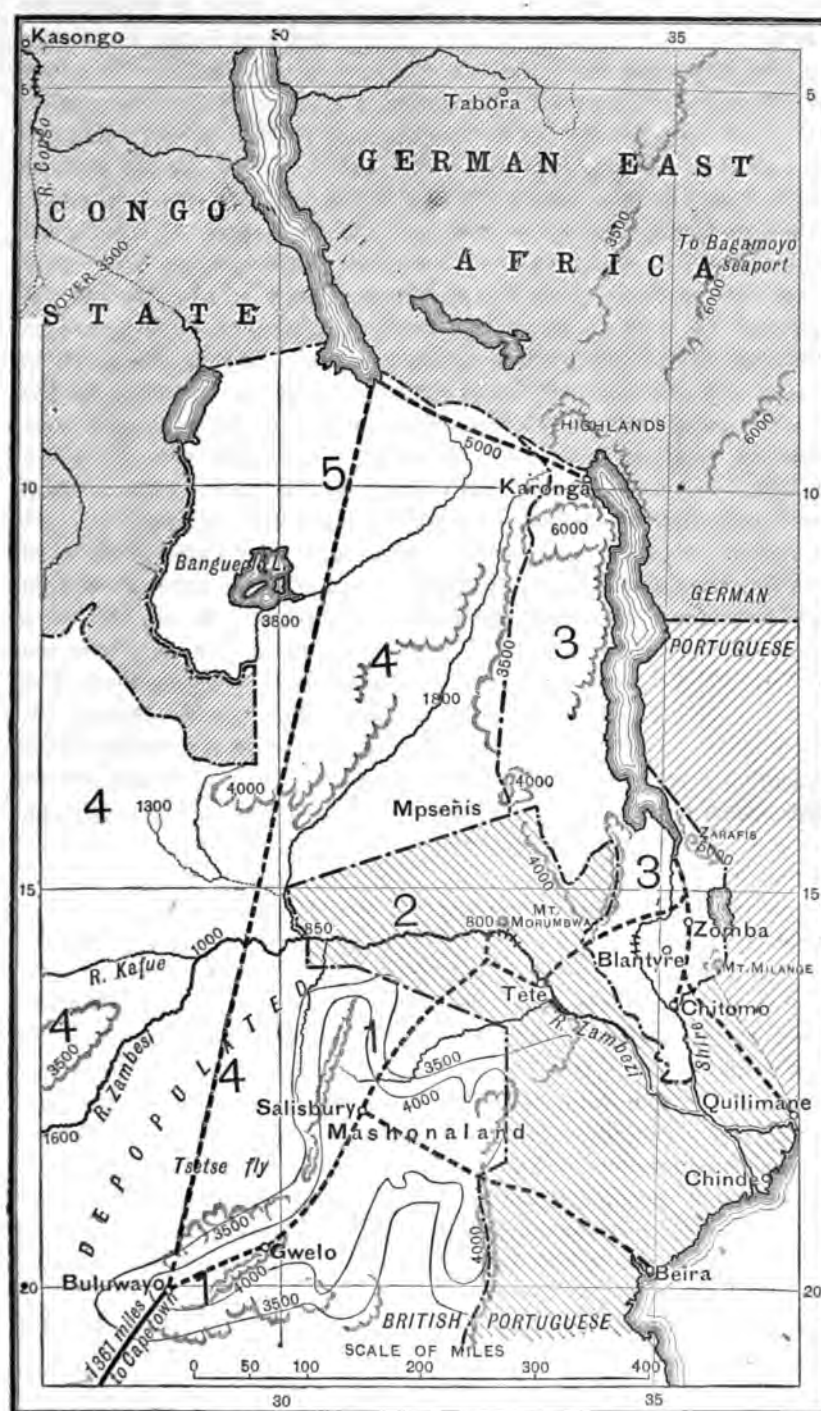
† 305 miles to Quillimane, or about 180 to Chiromo.

Nyassa (of which it would use a part), is also inevitable, sure to pay, and deserving of a guarantee. If there is anything worth having in, about, or beyond Tanganika, it is surely better to build 230 miles of the line between that lake and Nyassa on an existing good graded road, so as to give it an £8 per ton access to the sea, than to build 965 miles of line to give it a £29 per ton access to Capetown, which no trade or traffic could afford to use. Before making the remaining central two-fifths of a line through Tete, diplomacy must secure free-trade rights of way for a British-owned line; but there are means to secure this, and many treaty rights already—for instance, the alliance of Portugal with England in case of war, and our obligation to defend all Portuguese East Africa; free trade and transit from the Zambesi to British territory north of the river; the general Act of the Berlin Conference, &c. &c., and the commutation of damages due under the Delagoa Bay award.

The intrusive dovetail of Portuguese territory about and above Tete is mostly administered by companies with British capital. (Part is held by slave-raiding ruffians who cannot be got at or controlled. My lake would drown the ruffians out.) It is rich in coal, now worked by an English company; we have the free use of it in time of war.

Diplomacy can take its time, for I have already indicated 750 miles of line or more, of which all but 230 are wanted at once. The remainder about Tete consists of three parts, each of which can be considered and undertaken separately on its own merits. They radiate at Tete from a free river navigable to the sea and amply supplied with coal exposed on the river banks. We fly our own flag, and have our own gunboats on the river, and a British concession or settlement at the seaport. I know it at its lowest water and in flood. In time I expect that river freights will come down to quite a low figure. From Tete 140 miles of line would take one to the Upper Shiré navigation (which runs to Lake Nyassa), and 30 more to a junction with the Nyassaland line; or 200 miles would reach the lake direct by Central Angoniland, 110 would connect the Lower with the Upper Zambesi navigation, and 200 more would connect this with Salisbury. This 110-mile line would serve the bulk of the Zambesi basin portion of the country between Buluwayo and Tanganyika as well as the proposed inland cross country line between those points. It would end just above the gorge at Mount Morumbwa.

I fancy that the engineering skill of the twentieth century will be able to *plug this gorge up*. At San Francisco they have lately blown the whole face of a mountain into a gorge by one simultaneous blast, to make a reservoir. Perhaps one might float down caissons or frames half full of masonry, and sink them, and get the rest of the masonry



filled in before the water rose. They would be made to measure, to fit tight like wedges in the gorge. Every dry season one could pile on a few more, and make the dam up possibly to a 1550 or 1600 feet level, where the lake would conveniently overflow at another outlet. Part of the overflow let fall in turbines over the dam would make the finest electro-motor generator in the world. The famous ancient silver mines, for which wars were fought and natives tortured to reveal the hidden locality, are quite close by. Their deepest veins could be disembowelled by electric power. At the level named the lake would be longer than Tanganyika, and would reach from within 200 miles of Buluwayo far north-east, up the Loangwa in one of these numerous persistent parallel north-east to south-west troughs with which Africa appears to be seamed. (The railway from Salisbury *via* Tete to the Upper Shiré would simply run along another.) Its east and west cross arm would be as long as Nyassa and more accessible from the sea. One might reckon £5 a ton freights to the sea from its farthest shores, and half the present freights from the sea to Buluwayo. It would have other important arms. Mountains would rise from it as from the Lake of Lucerne. Its wasp waist of a few yards at Kariba could be spanned by an elegant high-level bridge. North Mashonaland would fall in cliffs almost to the lake shore, and so would the tail end of the far northern highland about the Congo watershed. The improvement of climate round it would be very great. As an old lake appears to have once existed here, old alluvial "benches" for cultivation might be found in quantity almost flush with the water's edge. Coal outcrops would be found in many places along its shores, and gold in the islands and headlands of its lower end, and iron everywhere.

Finally, the Zambesi delta might be irrigated *ad libitum*, as Egypt would be if the dam now being made at Assouan were to contain a Victoria Nyanza. Though poor in soil, it would then support 500 Hindus to the square mile. Our rule of peace in India is rapidly reducing the prolific Hindu to one of two alternatives—famine or emigration. Though they prefer death by bubonic plague and cholera, a great emigration is inevitable, and must be provided for. The out-flowing river, regulated to an uniform constant volume, would be splendidly navigable at all seasons. I have not looked into this gorge myself, though I know its door-post, Mount Morumbwa, well by sight. It should be photographed and examined before this idea is ridiculed; and two other gorges should be looked at at the same time.

The whole region from Buluwayo to Tanganyika must be divided into six parts:



	Population.
1. Rhodesian highlands above 3500 ft. and above the limit of the tsetse-fly country, which is almost identical. Officially	320,000
2. Portuguese Zambesia, "the intrusive dovetail" . . . . .	About 300,000
3. Nyassaland, including Mpseni's country and Zarafi's, of about 100,000 to 150,000 each . . . . .	Fully 1,250,000
4. Interior on the proposed Buluwayo-Tanganyika line and south of Bangueolo . . . . . (Competent, detailed estimates)	150,000
5. Ditto, north of Bangueolo . . . . . (?) 150,000 or	100,000
6. Western interior W. of longitude 26. Barotse, &c. . . . . (?) 150,000	
(This is irrelevant here as unaffected by any scheme.)	

Total 2,300,000

All but No. 2 are British. British Total 2,000,000

The Tanganyika basin may contain 1,250,000, as Mr. Décle implies. The German shores of Nyassa may have as much as areas 1 or 2. The direct interior line of the popular fancy only serves No. 4. The Buluwayo-Salisbury line serves all No. 1, the gold-mining region; the Nyassaland line serves all No. 3, and lake steamers and waggons from the north end of the lake would then take all the traffic of No. 5 and of Tanganyika away from a completed Buluwayo-Tanganyika direct line.

#### THE POPULAR WILD-CAT SCHEME.

The proposed railway from Buluwayo to Tanganyika *direct* would be a unique financial curiosity.

Length of line. Bee-line 804 miles plus 20 % deviations . . . . .	965 miles.
At £2000 a mile, plus cost of carrying the iron of the permanent way, from Capetown to Buluwayo £500,000, and £200,000 more on to the spot, and interest on the iron till completion . . . . .	Cost at least £3000 a mile.
Theoretical minimum annual charges for maintenance, working expenses and 2½ % interest, with two small up-trains a week . . . . .	£280,000 a year.
Population contributing to its traffic within 150 miles of line, 150,000 or say . . . . .	160,000
Adult males total . . . . . (From a detailed estimate)	40,000
" " per mile of line (by competent persons)	42
Best local labour employment . . . . .	Picking rubber.
Export (from N. of lat. 14° S., where this grows) . . . . .	Rubber.
One active "boy" (adult male), according to the Nyassaland Government botanist, will pick in a day about . . . . .	¼ lb.
Worth at London prices (it is the Landolfia creeper) . . . . .	6d.
Total export, if all pick for 80 days, at London prices	£30,000.
[Experience shows that at such a distance this rate of exports per head in such a country even when civilised, is quite Utopian.]	

Distance by rail from Capetown of the area so populated . . . . .	1361 to 2100 miles.
Freights at present rates of 3 <i>d.</i> per ton per mile from Capetown . . . . .	£17 to £26 5 <i>s.</i>
(Except bar iron, £16 10 <i>s.</i> , and timber and iron roofing, £10 15 <i>s.</i> )	
Freights at present rates of 3 <i>d.</i> per ton per mile from Capetown to Tanganyika . . . . .	£29 1 <i>s.</i> 3 <i>d.</i>
Freights do. do. with extra sea and lake freights to Tanganyika by Lake Nyassa, given 315 and 230 miles of railway . . . . .	£9 or £8 16 <i>s.</i>
Traffic by proposed line from north of Bangueolo . . . . .	Nil.
(Reason. Cheaper transport to sea <i>via</i> Nyassa by ox-waggons, and inevitable construction of a railway from sea or Shiré to Nyassa.)	
The waggons could afford to charge on the interlake road . . . . .	18 <i>d.</i> a ton per mile.
(Waggon freights at present on Buluwayo-Salisbury road, 15 <i>d.</i> )	
Do. do. before rinderpest on Mafeking-Buluwayo road, 6½ <i>d.</i>	
The exports and the British public between them must pay for all: for the £280,000 as above, for all freights and fares up and down south of Buluwayo, all imports at Cape values and Cape Customs, costs of Government, all private profits, all company promotion and home expenses and salaries generally connected with this region.	
Probable total annual loss to British public . . . . .	£507,000
This line is absurd and the promoters are not sincere.	Q.E.D.

Area No. 4 (if got at by the Cape route and not by the Zambesi) will be of all regions on earth one of the most remote from its seaport. Except for North Central Asia, and perhaps Wadai, it would be more remote than any.\* It is infertile in soil and climate, yet sufficiently rainy and relatively low in altitude to be unhealthy and unfit for Europeans. I have examined a true average mixed general sample of its soil—namely, the Zambesi delta. It is extremely poor and uniform, coarse angular granite sand. The climate is that of Rajputana Malwa Gwalior—20 to 30 inches of rain and a six months' drought. Its population as stated is ridiculously small. It is in fact depopulated. Brazil, if the navigable rivers Amazon and Paraná were suppressed, would be the nearest general geographical counterpart to South-East Africa, from the Orange River to Tanganyika, and one

\* Manitoba, East Dakota and the Bahr-el-Gazal frontier region are beyond the 1000 miles radius from a sea-port, whereas Buluwayo is 982 miles from Port Elizabeth; but the former enjoy the use of the best inland navigations of their continents, such as that from Buffalo to Duluth, which makes all the difference.

might closely parallel this scheme there by proposing a railway from Monte Video to the uplands of Matto Grosso and Goyaz. Goyaz alone is better and more populous than area 4. Such a scheme would be absurd.

Our Cape colonists must have as little notion of the use of the sea for trade and transport as a Russian peasant or a North African Arab. The splendid highlands in British East Africa, south and west of Mount Kenia, are for all practical purposes nearer to them and cheaper of access than this area 4, and fifty times better in every way when they get there.

And what a farce the Cape to Cairo idea is! Does the public forget that in order to make a Cape to Cairo overland line of any use it is necessary to pump the Indian Ocean dry? In order to make traffic to Tanganyika pass by Buluwayo it is necessary to fill up Lake Nyassa, or to prevent any one running steamers on the lake or by sea to Chinde and Quilimane.

In time of war the whole of Tanganyika is neutralised, unless Germany is a belligerent. In that case Tanganyika becomes irrelevant, as the defence of Egypt is not urgent, and the command of the sea decides everything.

In time of war the Portuguese ownership of the territory between Rhodesia, or the sea, and Nyassaland is no inconvenience, because Portugal is bound by treaty to be our ally, and we are bound to defend her East African possessions. Consequently, we can and shall (and are entitled to) send troops and contraband through that territory, and use it with perfect freedom. The treaties have just been published (see the "Blue-book, Miscellaneous," No. 2, 1898, pages 69, 75, 78).

Therefore, in war as in peace, Tanganyika is best reached *via* Nyassa, and, when reached, its use in war is either irrelevant or blocked by neutrality. Moreover, the only useful route beyond goes through German territory to Victoria Nyanza; elsewhere a hothouse jungle-fever valley leads to a barrier of active volcanoes 13,000 feet high.

Assuming, however, the utility either of an overland Cape to Cairo route or of a Buluwayo route to the Tanganyika basin (because Rhodesia would be glad to get labour from that basin), the best Tanganyika route lies through Salisbury, Tete, and Lake Nyassa. For labour it is the cheapest route, as the average destination where it will be wanted is not Buluwayo, but half way thence to Salisbury. This labour is the only through traffic worth mention, although the probability that the Germans will prevent such an exodus is great, and such a policy is according to precedent.

The line through Nyassaland would tap a surer labour supply of 1,500,000 in areas 2 and 3, near at hand. It would have a European passenger traffic, and would give military connection between Rhodesia

and Nyassaland. Goods would go in and out by short cheap routes to the sea by free rivers at Tete, and (by the Nyassa line) at Chiromo.

The railway distances would be: Tete to Salisbury, about 272 miles; Tete to the Upper Zambesi steamers, 110; to the Upper Shiré, 140; or Tete to Nyassa direct by Central Angoniland, about 200; and freights would be proportionately small. No part need be made till wanted, justified, and diplomatically secured; and when this was so, all could be made simultaneously or any part singly. The routes lie through easy country.

Assuming that the Nyassa line, either to Chiromo or Quilimane, is inevitable, like the section Buluwayo to Salisbury, the extra or special mileage required to connect Cape Town with Tanganyika is only 230 between the lakes, plus 482, of which 39 is a branch, as against 965 or more direct.

I could say more in favour of these lines, as I know the Portuguese country round Tete—the maps, for instance, show mountain chains across the route which do not exist—but I have no private interest whatever to induce me to do so.

In general, freights by sea are about one-twentieth of freights by rail over equal distances, by lake they would be one-fifth, on the Zambesi, perhaps, one-third. Consequently, an inland Cape to Cairo, or Cape to Tanganyika line will never divert trade or traffic from the sea, lake, or river routes.

J. T. WILLS.

## LE 18 BRUMAIRE.

(CHAPITRES INÉDITS DE "LA SAGESSE ET  
LA DESTINÉE.")

### I

**L**ES jours les plus sauvages de la Révolution commencent après la fuite de Varennes; ils prennent fin au 18 Brumaire. À l'un des pôles c'est une énergie, une intelligence, un caractère qui fléchit; à l'autre c'est une volonté prodigieuse qui se ramasse et se redresse. Ici, Louis XVI. est culbuté par les premières vagues d'un ruisseau qui s'ignore encore; là-bas Napoléon arrête le cours d'un vaste fleuve conscient et chargé de trophées. Ce qu'on appelle Destin à ce point de l'histoire, c'est la volonté confuse d'un grand peuple; ce que la majeure partie de ce peuple appellera Destin quelques années plus tard, ce sera la volonté d'un grand homme; et cet homme lui-même appellera fortune, étoile, fatalité, sort, ce que son intelligence, son activité, sa volonté, sa moralité n'auront pas la force, l'occasion ou le courage de prévoir, de saisir et de dominer. Ainsi, la substance et l'aspect du Destin changent sans cesse, selon l'état de notre force intérieure. Ce qui caractérise les hommes de premier ordre, c'est qu'ils n'accordent le nom de fatalité qu'à une puissance de plus en plus éloignée, de plus en plus inactive, de plus en plus inaccessible, de plus en plus inoffensive.

### II.

Elle est bien remarquable, l'attitude du Destin dans cette audacieuse aventure du 18 Brumaire. On n'y voit plus, comme à Varennes, une fatalité qui semble attaquer par erreur un pauvre être endormi, une fatalité incertaine, repentante, qui n'a pas eu le temps de réfléchir, qui ne sait où aller après les premiers coups portés, qui demande qu'on l'assiste, et qui, parfaitement semblable à sa victime, voudrait surtout ne pas agir, ne pas être funeste. Non, il n'est plus question



de larmes, d'hésitation, de pitié, d'impuissance, de prières. Cette grande déesse, qui nous semble immuable, illimitée, indescriptible, prend ici, comme en toutes circonstances, la forme même, le visage, les habitudes physiques et morales de l'homme aux desseins duquel elle va s'opposer. S'il est grand, elle paraîtra grande; s'il est énergique, elle sera pleine d'énergie; s'il est noble, déloyal, téméraire, elle s'empressera d'être noble, déloyale, téméraire à son tour. L'homme ne sera vaincu par la déesse que si sa conduite n'est pas conforme jusqu'au bout à l'idéal qu'il avait fait naître, à l'exemple qu'il avait donné à la force inconnue, car, bien qu'elle imite fidèlement tous ses gestes, ses mouvements sont plus profonds, plus étendus, plus lents et plus durables, et par conséquent plus puissants et plus efficaces. En vérité, ce que nous devrions appeler fatalité, si nous avions plus souvent le courage de renoncer à une figuration et à des images trop mystiques, au milieu desquelles nous nous plaisons à vivre parce qu'elles flattent notre vanité et notre indolence, ce que nous devrions appeler fatalité, ce serait la disproportion qu'il y a presque toujours entre la force du désir et la force de l'action, entre l'énergie du début et l'énergie indispensable, entre l'exemple proposé à la fortune et notre manière d'agir aux dernières heures de la lutte.

## III.

Il s'agissait, en cette dangereuse journée du 18 Brumaire, de s'emparer d'un pouvoir affaibli, incohérent, fatigué, divisé, mais en y touchant, il fallait toucher en même temps à une sorte d'idole, à cette heure bien mystérieuse, bien jalouse et bien effrayante, l'idole de la Liberté. Même dans son sommeil, elle semblait tout enivrée des sacrifices inouïs qu'on lui avait faits, toute sanglante du souvenir de la *Terreur*, toute frémissante encore des périls et du courage épouvanté de Thermidor. Bonaparte revenait d'Égypte, triomphant, acclamé, mais extrêmement suspect au Directoire. Un faux mouvement, une hésitation, une indiscretion peuvent le perdre. Il est difficile d'imaginer un coup de main plus téméraire en un moment plus redoutable. Aussi, est-il bon de relire ces pages de l'histoire pour apprendre de quelle façon une intelligence et une volonté inébranlables découvrent, poursuivent, et anéantissent dans leurs repaires les mauvais hasards les plus déconcertants. Tour à tour, c'est la mort ou la vie, la puissance souveraine ou l'échafaud, le délire de l'enthousiasme ou de la haine. À quatre ou cinq reprises, l'événement, comme un oiseau nocturne affolé par des flammes subites, ne sait où se poser, et va, tout pantelant, de la misère à la gloire, de la folie au génie, de la catastrophe au triomphe. Un moment, à Saint-Cloud—le bonheur tient à de bien petites choses, eût-on dit, s'il n'avait pas rencontré là une énergie qu'il ne rencontre pas souvent—un moment, à Saint-Cloud,

tout semble s'effondrer pour un retard de quelques heures dans la préparation des salles des deux conseils. Les amis, les principaux complices de Bonaparte, Siéyès, Ducos, une foule d'autres dont les chaises de poste attendaient tout attelées devant les grilles du château, tant la fortune paraissait incertaine, se préparent à fuir. L'instant d'après c'est l'indignation violente et la révolte des *Cinq Cents* de qui tout dépendait. Aux cris de : "À bas les dictateurs !" ils jurent de maintenir ce qui existait, et le frère de Napoléon, Lucien Bonaparte lui-même, leur président, est obligé de les suivre. Les députés du Conseil des Anciens, les seuls qui soient gagnés, sont ébranlés et près de reculer. Quant aux troupes dont Bonaparte a inondé Saint-Cloud, elles paraissent si hésitantes que les patriotes, c'est-à-dire les représentants de la vieille et inflexible Révolution, n'attendent qu'un moment favorable pour les tourner contre le coup d'état qui se prépare. Tout est si compromis et déjà le désastre si inévitable, qu'Angereau, rencontrant à ce moment l'auteur et bientôt peut-être la victime de ce grand trouble, ne peut s'empêcher de lui dire : "Eh bien ? vous voilà dans une jolie position !" "Les affaires étaient en bien plus mauvais état à Arcole," lui répond Bonaparte ; et à la tête de son état-major il se rend dans la salle des Anciens. Il n'avait point l'habitude des assemblées, il n'avait jamais paru à une tribune. Néanmoins, d'une voix entre coupée, il leur parle, il les effraye, il les rassure, il les réchauffe, il les ranime. "Songez," s'écrie-t-il en finissant, d'une manière menaçante, "songez que je marche accompagné du Dieu de la fortune et du Dieu de la guerre." Ils lui accordent les honneurs de la séance.

Il se dirige ensuite vers les *Cinq Cents*. À peine a-t-il franchi le seuil qu'il est arrêté par des cris furieux : "À bas le dictateur ! à bas le tyran !" On l'entoure, on le presse, on le bouscule. Quelques grenadiers, qu'il avait laissés près des portes, accourent pour le délivrer. Il sort au milieu d'un tumulte effroyable où des coups de poignard sont portés. Il monte à cheval. Il va rejoindre les troupes. Il leur dit le péril auquel il vient d'échapper. Elles l'acclament.

Mais le tumulte continue aux *Cinq Cents*. Lucien essaye vainement de justifier son frère. De toutes parts on crie le mot terrible qui avait perdu Robespierre : "Hors la loi ! hors la loi !" Bonaparte, qui du dehors entendait la scène de plus en plus inquiétante, craint pour la vie de Lucien, et envoie dix grenadiers qui le poussent hors de la salle. Les deux frères montent à cheval et passent devant le front des troupes. C'est la minute effrayante du destin en suspens. Il est trop tard pour reculer ; il n'est peut-être pas possible d'avancer. Bonaparte donne un ordre. Murat et Leclercq entraînent un bataillon de grenadiers. Ceux-ci pénètrent baïonnettes baissées dans la salle. Les députés affolés se sauvent par les portes et les fenêtres ; en un instant la salle est vide.

Les Anciens, déconcertés, effrayés, ébranlés, n'osent point désapprouver. Un décret est signé par cinquante députés des *Cinq Cents* qu'on retrouve dans les jardins et qui sont partisans du coup d'état. Il est adopté par les Anciens, et vers le milieu de la nuit Bonaparte est nommé Consul avec Siéyès et Roger-Ducos. A partir de ce jour il est maître de la France.

## IV.

Il faudrait voir dans tous les détails d'un récit plus complet de cette journée et d'autres journées de ce genre, l'opiniâtreté soudaine, la puissance dramatique, la prévoyance, la profondeur humaine, la réalité inattendue, minutieuse et grandiose de la force ennemie et confuse que nous nommons fatalité, dès que Napoléon se permet un mouvement décisif. C'est qu'à cette heure de l'histoire Napoléon semble représenter l'homme par excellence. Tout ce qu'il fait est incroyablement réel, nécessaire, raisonnable, sinon quant au but, du moins quant aux moyens. Tout ce qu'il entreprend s'appuie sur les vérités les plus triviales, les plus minimes, les plus pratiques, les plus quotidiennes, et il n'atteint à la grandeur que par le nombre immense de ces petites vérités qu'il aperçoit et domine d'un même coup d'œil. Aussi la fatalité est-elle obligée d'abandonner momentanément à ses pieds la plupart de ses armes habituelles, et notamment ces grandes ombres mystérieuses, à l'aide desquelles elle abuse, avertit, engourdit, instruit ou effraye bien des héros, bien des conducteurs d'hommes, car elle trouve souvent, tout au fond de leur cœur, un rêveur, un poète impressionnable, religieux et crédule. Ici, rien de pareil. Voilà un homme singulier : il n'a confiance qu'aux réalités extérieures, aux forces matérielles et morales que l'on peut supputer et peser sans erreur, et néanmoins, à l'aide de tous ces éléments, ennemis essentiels du rêve, il réalise le plus grand rêve que l'on ait jamais fait. Hors de lui, pour soutenir son ambition égoïste et démesurée, il n'a aucun idéal stable et vraiment élevé et désintéressé. Pas un instant il ne se croit au service d'un Dieu, d'une vérité, d'une pensée supérieure de justice, d'amour ou de bonheur. Il ne demande qu'une chose : c'est que la France soit aussi grande, aussi puissante que possible, afin que lui et les siens soient aussi grands, aussi puissants qu'il l'a rêvé. Dans son imagination ne se trouvent que des utopies matérielles, mais aucune utopie morale ou philosophique. Et pourtant, il agit comme s'il était porté par une de ces forces chimériques et généreuses qui seules aveuglent l'homme d'une manière assez éblouissante pour qu'il n'ait pas conscience de sa faiblesse aux moments décisifs. "Un géomètre de génie, doublé d'un grand poète épique," dit l'un de ses historiens. Oui, mais s'il croyait à la géométrie, il ne prenait pas fort au sérieux le grand poème épique. Au fond, il ne prenait au sérieux aucune de ces vastes idées abstraites qui sous le

nom de justice, de liberté, de bonheur, de bonté, d'amour, de fraternité, d'espérance, de progrès, ont toujours mené les hommes qui ont pensé, qui ont agi, plus invinciblement que les autres. Il ne prenait même pas au sérieux sa propre conscience. Il ne se préoccupe guère des mensonges, des cruautés, des injustices, des trahisons qui lui sont nécessaires chaque jour, et il ne semble pas qu'il s'en estime moins. Mais ce n'est pas par ignorance, par impuissance, par incapacité. Il possède suffisamment dans son cerveau universel tous les éléments de la morale la plus haute, de la sagesse la plus sûre, de la vertu la plus parfaite, pour qu'il se croie le droit de négliger, sans inquiétude, sagesse, morale et vertu dès qu'elles ne paraissent pas utiles à ses desseins.

Sans idéal, il trouve en lui toute la force anonyme qu'un autre homme ne rencontre qu'aux moments où il caresse dans son cœur l'idéal le plus sublime. Il n'a, si l'on y regarde de près, aucun de ces projets noblement chimériques qui révèlent une âme foncièrement noble et généreuse, et cependant, il paraît doué de toute l'étendue d'intelligence et de cœur nécessaires pour connaître ces pensées et pour enfanter ces projets. S'il n'avait pas eu ce sentiment un peu rêveur de la vertu, de la justice, de la beauté, de l'infini qui paralyse presque toujours les gestes de la grandeur dans les instants où elle se sent devenir inutile et funeste, il n'aurait pas été le héros, l'homme extraordinaire qu'il fut, car on ne fait pas un héros, un homme extraordinaire avec des qualités et des dons exclusivement pratiques et matériels. Et d'autre part, s'il avait parfois écouté ce sentiment qui le remplit toujours et se manifesta surtout dans ses malheurs et vers la fin de sa carrière, il n'eût jamais réalisé le genre de grandeur que, malgré tout, nous admirons en lui, contradiction étrange mais très humaine, devant laquelle l'histoire est encore en suspens.

## V.

Quoiqu'il en soit, on ne transgresse jamais impunément ces grandes ombres mystérieuses dont nous parlions tout à l'heure. Peu d'hommes eurent une intelligence plus inébranlable, plus lucide que Napoléon ; peu d'hommes, par conséquent, durent se faire de la justice une idée plus haute et plus sûre ; mais peu d'hommes, à certaines heures excessives de leur vie, eurent plus de peine à se soumettre à l'idée qu'ils s'en faisaient. Or, ne pas se soumettre à la justice dans la mesure où on la connaît, c'est montrer aux forces ennemies qui naissent de la moindre de nos actions, l'abîme qu'il y a entre ce que notre intelligence est à même de concevoir et de désirer, et ce que notre caractère mérite d'obtenir. À peine cet abîme est-il signalé dans une sorte d'éclair, qu'on dirait qu'elles s'y précipitent toutes ensemble, et voilà le commencement de notre ruine.

Aussi, bien qu'il ne faille pas compter sur la justice du Destin, est-il bon de constater la justice inévitable des hommes et des choses ; est-il bon de s'assurer de quelle manière inexorable la plupart des forces qui nous entourent punissent nos grandes transgressions ; ce qui n'est guère étonnant si l'on réfléchit que la partie indiscutée de notre morale n'est, au fond, qu'une traduction humaine de certaines lois de la nature. A ce point de vue, je ne crois pas que l'on trouve une vie où chaque acte d'injustice soit plus exactement, plus manifestement puni que dans celle de Napoléon. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait une existence où les suites de l'iniquité, du mensonge, de la déloyauté soient plus promptes, plus implacables et plus irréparables. Tout en se gardant d'une sorte de pétition de principes dangereuse, on aurait presque le droit d'affirmer que si l'on conservait quelque doute sur la moralité de tel ou tel acte de sa vie—sur l'assassinat du duc d'Enghien, par exemple—il serait possible de résoudre le problème rien qu'en considérant le mal plus ou moins grand que l'acte équivoque causa à sa fortune. Si le duc d'Enghien avait réellement conspiré contre lui, s'il avait été sérieusement coupable, s'il avait été légalement arrêté sur le territoire de la France et non pas arbitrairement et sournoisement enlevé chez une nation amie, s'il avait été régulièrement jugé, condamné et exécuté, il est bien certain que sa mort n'aurait pas soulevé et révolté l'Europe tout entière comme elle le fit. Il est bien certain qu'elle n'aurait pas mis entre le passé et l'avenir la funeste barrière que les désastres seuls purent franchir à partir de ce jour. Il est incontestable qu'elle n'aurait pas rendu les haines à ce point implacables, les violences aussi affreuses, aussi irrémédiables, aussi inévitables, tant il est vrai qu'à voir les choses d'un peu haut, c'est toujours la justice qui dirige toutes les actions, toutes les passions des hommes, alors même que chacun d'eux ne croit poursuivre que les intérêts éphémères de sa gloire, de sa haine, ou de son amour.

Nous n'avons pas à refaire ici l'histoire de Napoléon. Qu'il suffise, après la tragédie de Vincennes, cette première atteinte à la justice, cette première hésitation d'un bonheur sans exemple, qu'il suffise de rappeler l'incroyable guet-apens de Bayonne, la basse et patiente perfidie qui lui livra les malheureux, les inoffensifs et trop confiants Bourbons d'Espagne, l'horrible guerre qui s'en suivit, où s'engloutirent trois cent mille hommes, toute l'énergie, toute la moralité, la plus grande partie du prestige, presque toutes les certitudes, presque tous les dévouements et toutes les destinées heureuses de l'Empire. Enfin, sa conduite peu loyale, inhumainement orgueilleuse et injuste envers le sage et chevaleresque Alexandre, aboutissant à l'effroyable campagne de Russie et au désastre définitif de sa fortune, dans les glaces de la Bérézina et les neiges de la Pologne.

Il y a, je le sais, de très nombreuses causes à ces catastrophes



prodigieuses, mais en remontant lentement à travers toutes les circonstances, à travers tous les accidents plus ou moins imprévus jusqu'à l'altération d'un caractère, jusqu'aux imprudences, aux violences, aux folies et à l'enivrement d'un génie, jusqu'à la trahison d'une fortune heureuse, n'est-ce pas l'ombre silencieuse de la justice humaine méconnue que l'on croit voir debout près de la source du malheur? Justice humaine qui n'a rien de bien surnaturel, rien de bien mystérieux après tout, faite de revendications très explicables, de mille petits faits très réels, d'innombrables abus, d'innombrables mensonges, et nullement sortie, en un moment tragique, inopinée et tout armée, comme la Minerve antique, du front formidable et décisif du Destin. Il n'y a qu'une chose mystérieuse en tout ceci : c'est la présence éternelle de la justice humaine ; mais nous savons bien que la nature de l'homme est très mystérieuse, que ce mystère nous retienne en attendant. Il est le plus certain, le plus profond, le plus salutaire. C'est le seul qui ne paralysera jamais notre énergie bienfaisante. Et si dans toute vie nous ne trouvons pas, comme dans celle de Napoléon, cette ombre patiente et vigilante, si la justice n'y paraît pas toujours aussi active, aussi irrécusable, il n'en est pas moins utile de la signaler dès qu'on l'aperçoit quelque part. En tout cas, cela fait naître un doute et une incertitude qui donneront de meilleurs conseils qu'une négation ou une affirmation gratuite, paresseuse et aveugle, telle que nous nous en permettons si souvent, car dans toutes les questions de ce genre, il s'agit bien moins de prouver que de rendre attentif et d'inspirer un certain respect courageux et grave, pour tout ce qui demeure encore inexplicable dans les actions des hommes, dans leur enchaînement à des lois qui semblent générales, et dans leurs conséquences.

## VI.

Appliquons-nous à découvrir dans le caractère d'un homme l'action vraiment fatale du grand mystère de la justice. On peut affirmer sans témérité que c'est là que se trouve la partie la plus importante, la plus réelle de ce mystère. Dans le cœur de celui qui commet une injustice se joue un drame ineffaçable, qui est le drame par excellence de la nature humaine, et ce drame est d'autant plus dangereux, d'autant plus funeste, que l'homme est plus grand et qu'il sait plus de choses. Est-il difficile de se représenter ce qui dut se passer dans l'âme de Napoléon par exemple, lors de la perfidie de Bayonne, quand il lui fallut attirer hors de leur royaume, au moyen de promesses solennelles et trompeuses, et d'une foule de machinations mesquines et répugnantes, le malheureux et débonnaire Charles IV. et son fils Ferdinand, pour les emprisonner et les dépouiller de la couronne héréditaire?

On a beau se dire, en ces minutes agitées, que la morale d'une grande vie ne saurait être aussi simple que celle d'une vie ordinaire;

qu'une volonté active et forte a des droits que n'a pas une volonté stagnante et faible ; qu'on peut d'autant plus légitimement négliger certains scrupules de conscience que ce n'est point par ignorance ou par faiblesse qu'on les néglige, mais parce qu'on les regarde de plus haut que le commun des hommes, et que cette négligence volontaire est une victoire de son intelligence et de sa force ; qu'il n'y a aucun danger à faire le mal quand on sait qu'on le fait, et pourquoi. Tout cela ne trompe guère le fond de notre nature. Un acte d'injustice ébranle toujours la confiance qu'un être avait en soi et dans sa destinée. Il a renoncé à un moment donné, et généralement des plus graves, à ne compter que sur lui-même ; cela ne s'oublie point, et désormais il ne se retrouvera plus tout entier. Il a rendu confuse et probablement corrompu sa fortune en y introduisant des puissances étrangères. Il a perdu le sentiment exact de sa personnalité et de sa force. Il ne distingue plus nettement ce qu'il doit à lui-même, de ce qu'il emprunte sans cesse aux collaborateurs pernicioeux que sa défaillance a appelés. Il n'est plus le général qui n'a que des soldats dans l'armée de ses pensées, il est le chef illégitime qui n'a que des complices. Il a abandonné cette dignité de l'homme qui ne veut d'autre gloire que celle à laquelle il ne faut pas sourire tristement dans son cœur, comme l'on sourirait à une femme infidèle dans un amour ardent mais malheureux.

L'homme réellement fort examine avec soin les louanges et les avantages que ses actions lui ont acquis, et rejette en silence tout ce qui dépasse une certaine ligne qu'il a tracée dans sa conscience. Il est d'autant plus fort que cette ligne serre de plus près celle que la vérité secrète, qui vit au fond de toute chose y a tracée aussi. Un acte d'injustice est presque toujours un aveu d'impuissance que l'on fait au destin, et il ne faut pas beaucoup d'aveux de ce genre pour révéler à l'ennemi l'endroit le plus vulnérable d'une âme. Commettre une injustice pour obtenir un peu de gloire ou pour sauver celle qu'on a, c'est s'avouer qu'il n'est pas possible que l'on mérite ce qu'on désire ou ce que l'on possède ; c'est confesser que l'on ne peut sincèrement remplir le rôle qu'on a choisi. Malgré tout, on veut s'y maintenir, et ce sont les erreurs, les apparences et les mensonges qui entrent dans la vie.

Enfin, après deux ou trois perfidies, deux ou trois trahisons, quelques infidélités, un certain nombre de mensonges, d'abandons et de faiblesses coupables, notre passé ne nous offre plus qu'un spectacle décourageant ; or, nous avons besoin que notre passé nous soutienne. C'est en lui seul que nous nous connaissons réellement, c'est lui qui dans nos doutes vient nous dire, "Puisque vous avez fait ceci, vous pourrez faire cela. Dans ce danger, dans ce moment d'angoisse vous n'avez pas désespéré. Vous avez eu foi en vous-même, et vous avez vaincu. Les circonstances sont pareilles, gardez intacte votre foi,

l'étoilera fidèle." Mais que répondrons-nous, si notre passé nous chuchotte : " Vous n'avez réussi que grâce à l'injustice et au mensonge ; par conséquent, il vous faudra mentir, il vous faudra tromper encore " ? Nul homme ne reporte avec plaisir ses yeux fatigués sur un mensonge, sur une bassesse, sur une perfidie ; et tout ce que nous ne pouvons considérer d'un regard ferme, clair, confiant et satisfait dans les jours qui ne sont plus, trouble et limite l'horizon que forment au loin les jours qui ne sont pas encore. C'est en contemplant longuement le passé que notre œil acquiert la force indispensable pour sonder l'avenir.

M. MAETERLINCK.

## LESSONS FROM THE MASS.

### I. CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

NEAR the beginning of the Mass the priest confesses his sins to the assistant ministers. These need not be in Priest's Orders, and usually are not. The confession is, of course, not in detail, but a fixed Latin form. The assistant ministers then pray for him in a form substantially the same as what is called in the English Communion Service the Absolution. Then the ministers confess to the priest, and he prays for them; both parties in exactly the same words as before, only now in the plural number. Here the Roman is more Protestant than the Anglican. In the English Service priest and people confess their sins together, but the Absolution is to be pronounced by the priest only, or by the bishop if he is present. This is the only part of the service thus specially honoured, except the final Blessing, and there is no Absolution addressed to the priest, as in the Roman rite, by assistant ministers. But are these precatory forms, Roman or English, absolutions at all? They are the only kind of Absolution known in the Church till the ignorant times of the Middle Ages, and they are the nearest approach to an efficient Absolution that is possible, except in cases of public Church discipline. In all cases of private confession, or of general confession in public, the mediæval "I absolve thee" is nugatory. Either the persons who come to confess repent of their sins and believe the Gospel, or they do not. If they do, they are forgiven before the priest speaks. If they do not, they remain unforgiven after he has spoken. The priest's saying "I forgive you" makes no more difference than if he said "Abracadabra." But, as he cannot know whether the conditions of repentance are fulfilled in those who come to him, nor they in him, he and they may very properly pray for one another according to the teaching of the Mass and St. James. There can be little doubt that this Protestant trans-

action, which now passes only between the priest and his assistants, was formerly between the priest and the congregation. In the "Lay Folks Mass Book," the title given by its modern editor, the late Canon Simmons, to a metrical guide to the Mass, translated from the French about the year 1300, we read of the priest that

"til alle tho folk he shryues him thare  
of alle his synnes less and mare":

and then of the clerks:

"So dos tho clerk[es] a-gayn to him  
shryuen hom there of al hor synn,  
and askes god forgyuenes."—P. 6.

Nothing is said, however, of the priest's prayer for "alle tho folk's" forgiveness, nor of theirs, nor of the clerks' for his, though we must suppose these prayers were offered in those days.

A prayer follows in the Mass, to be said by the priest for himself and the ministers, whether also including the people is not quite clear: "The almighty and merciful God bestow upon us indulgence, absolution, and forgiveness for all our sins." But this is not the modern "I absolve." We are here in an earlier stratum of devotion than that of the Confessional. Had we not better clear away the rubbish which has since accumulated, and take our stand on a doctrine of confession which is in harmony with both Scripture and reason, instead of blundering along in opposition to both?

I know there are expressions in the forms of confession now in the Mass which are highly objectionable. The mutual confession is made not only to God and to one another, but also to St. Mary and the saints. But there is less of this in a York Mass of about 1425 than in the present Roman Mass; and if we could go back far enough the objectionable features would be sure to vanish, while "Confess your sins one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed," will stand for ever. The thing to be chiefly objected to in confession as now practised is that there is an order of men, not necessarily wiser or better than their fellows, but who, because a certain ceremony has been performed over them by a bishop, usurp the judgment-seat of Almighty God, and persuade silly souls that without their intervention a penitent Christian has no certain pardon. Instead of wearisome arguments as to what the Church of England directs or permits in this matter, let us be content in this respect with the doctrine and practice of the Mass, and bid the futile priest farewell. The "discreet and learned minister of God's Word," lay or cleric, man or woman, is a very different personage, and to such we might resort more often than we do for judicious advice and prayer. Judicial absolution no one now on earth can give us, unless we have caused public scandal, and "offended the congregation." In that case, on our repentance



and amendment, the president may, with consent of the Church, readmit us to fellowship; and his act, being theirs, will be a true forgiveness according to Matt. xviii. But even then, if he follows the ancient custom, he will not presume to forgive the penitent on God's behalf; he will only pray that God may forgive him. The words in St. John, "Whosoever sins ye remit," &c., are explained by the parallel passage in St. Luke, "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name unto all nations." They do not appear to have been addressed exclusively to the Apostles; and that they were not generally understood as such is pretty clear from their not having been used at ordinations till about the twelfth century. Remission of sins through Christ was no part of the Apostles' message when they were first sent to preach. The earliest mention of it seems to have been during the last journey to Jerusalem; the next at the Last Supper; the third and clearest on the evening of the Resurrection. The entire absence of this teaching from the earlier parts of our Lord's ministry, compared with its prominence in the Acts and the Epistles, is, to my mind, strong evidence of the Evangelists' accuracy. The Baptist's teaching may have suggested his question.

## II. RITUAL AND ORGANISATION.

After the Creed, at that part of the service where the English rubric directs the bread and wine to be placed upon the table, the Roman priest offers the bread for his own sins and for all who stand around, *pro omnibus circumstantibus*. And again, in the canon or consecration prayer, he prays, "Remember, O Lord, thy servants [N. and N.], and all who stand around," *omnium circumstantium*. Yet none are "around," and none are "standing," except the priest: all the rest are kneeling behind him. This points to a time when the ritual of the Mass was, in its most striking aspects, the exact opposite of that which now prevails. For the first thousand years or thereabouts, the celebrant stood beyond the holy table, facing the people, having his brother presbyters, if there were any, standing on either side, while the people stood in front to join in the service and to receive the Communion. What did this ancient ritual mean? It meant that the celebrant was the president of the ecclesia; their chosen mouth-piece, not their mediator. He was a priest, no doubt, as every Christian is a priest, but not otherwise. Down to Tertullian's time laymen administered both sacraments in the absence of clergy. Lay baptism is still held to be valid. There is nothing in Scripture or primitive Church history to show that a lay Eucharist is not equally valid; though, for the sake of decency, order, and discipline, the celebration has, by the custom of the Churches, been restricted to

presbyters. Hence the long and learned documents which have recently issued from Rome and Canterbury on the validity of Anglican Orders are so much beating of the air. In its origin the Eucharist was not only lay but domestic, and in the evening. To this day every pious Jew gathers his household at a table every Friday evening, and on the eves of the great festivals; blesses, sips, and distributes a cup of wine, or it may be the water in which raisins have been steeped; after which he takes a piece of bread, blesses it, partakes of it, and distributes it to all present. The service is called the Sanctification, and is an act of thanksgiving (Eucharist) for creation and all the blessings of this life. There is a very interesting account of it in a recent book, entitled "*Studies in Board Schools*," by C. Morley. The Chief Rabbi said once, in a letter to me, there can be no doubt that this custom was in use at the time of Christ. It explains some expressions of St. Paul and St. Luke, especially the words, "As oft as ye drink it." Apart from this custom of weekly, and indeed more frequent, Eucharist, we might have thought that the Christian Eucharist was meant to be annual, like the Passover. But our Lord assumed that His disciples would "drink of it" "as often" after His death as they did before; and accordingly we find the Eucharist passed into Christian use, not as a rare and unusual interruption, or an addition to their ordinary worship, but as often as they came together in the church. Nay, the first converts at Jerusalem seem to have retained the domestic character of the Eucharist; for they are described as continuing steadfastly with one accord in the Temple, and breaking bread at home; not "from house to house," as King James's translators put it, as if the Apostles went round from house to house to celebrate the Eucharist because they had no Christian building large enough for all to meet in. The head of every household continued to do for himself and his household what he had been accustomed to do before, only with the new and additional meaning which Christ had given to it. I say "additional," for in the ancient liturgies there are clear recognitions of the Eucharist of Creation as well as of the Eucharist of Redemption. Our own Sanctus is a remnant of such recognition, though far too brief.

How this touching observance passed from the Christian home to the Christian synagogue Scripture does not tell us, though we may conjecture. In Gentile cities whole families were not converted in such great numbers as at first at Jerusalem. It is possible that the disciples at Jerusalem did not withdraw from the synagogues at all, as they did not from the Temple, until their final withdrawal to Pella. This would account for the great animosity against St. Paul, who had been obliged to set up separate meetings and to celebrate the Eucharist in them. These larger meetings, however, were still family

meetings, though of the household of God ; and an elder brother or presbyter presided in them at the breaking of bread, as naturally as the father or other head of the house had presided in the natural family.

It was only when Transubstantiation came in, and the bread and wine became centres of worship, and were believed to be subjects of actual as distinguished from symbolic sacrifice, that the celebrant came round from the farther side of the table and placed himself between the now kneeling people and the Deity on the altar. No man saying grace for a family would willingly turn his back to them ; no man leading a congregation in such worship as is now practised in the Mass would deliberately turn his face to them. Our Reformers thought they had got rid of all this by placing the priest on the north side of the table. But that was a position which meant nothing. The priest there was neither president nor worshipper ; his position was one of unstable equilibrium. So in these days he has slipped back again into the intelligible but erroneous position of the four or five centuries before the Reformation ; and Archbishop Benson has managed to legalise the astounding proposition that while north, outside the Prayer-book, means north, inside the Prayer-book it may mean either north or west, at the option of the meaner ; as if a civil judge should decide that a captain who covenanted to sail in search of the North Pole could fulfil his engagement by sailing to New York.

Saddened as I often am by the childish superstitions which have well-nigh smothered our Lord's gracious institution, I sometimes ask myself whether a family Eucharist on a Saturday evening might not be the best solution of the whole question ; the public services of the Christian synagogue being restricted, in that case, to the model of their Jewish predecessors, as represented by our Morning and Evening Prayer, litany, and preaching. Of course, such a step would be a very serious one, and should not be taken without very serious consideration. But, if I lived in certain parishes, I am not sure that I should not be driven to do as the converts of Pentecost did—break bread at home. And in such case I should take the head of the table, not as a clergyman, but as a Christian householder, reproducing not only the "circumstantes" of the Mass, but, as nearly as possible in these days, the circumstances of the primitive Communion.

One remedy for the prevalent corruptions of the Eucharist would be to restore that corporate life to the local churches which seems to have faded away in proportion as the Empire professed to be Christian. We have never had such churches in England. Until now, when at last the whole population is taught to read and write we have never been fit for such liberty. The Nonconformists have had it ; but they have been select bodies. The national Church

includes, or aims at including, all classes. I believe the time is come when the parishioners, in vestry assembled, might be safely trusted to elect a parish church council which, subject to the bishop and the national laws, might, in many things, have co-ordinate authority with the incumbent. From such local councils there might gradually be built up district and diocesan councils, and at last a general assembly, all endowed with defined legal powers, and gradually perfecting the Reformation which our martyrs began but left unfinished.

The Pope stands behind the altar, facing the people, to this day when he officiates at St. Peter's. And there are a few other churches, I believe, chiefly in Italy, where the primitive arrangement remains unbroken.

These survivals are useful as an acted glossary on "circumstantes"; but the organisation is gone; and I suppose the people do not stand, but kneel. In the East the standing position is retained, according to the 20th Canon of Nicæa, which forbids kneeling at prayer on Sundays, and every day from Easter to Whitsunday. But the president is lost in the priest more, if possible, in the East than in the West, for his chief ministrations are performed behind a solid screen. An empty chair still stands, I believe, behind the table; another glossary on "circumstantes."

### III. SIGNS AND THINGS SIGNIFIED.

I have already mentioned the offering of the bread. These are the words—the English of them—with which it is done:

"Receive, O holy Father, almighty, everlasting God, this spotless offering (*hostiam*), which I, Thy unworthy servant, offer unto Thee, my living and true God, for my innumerable sins, offences, and negligences, and for all those who stand around; also for all faithful Christians living and departed, that for me and for them it may avail for salvation and life everlasting."

The bread so offered is unconsecrated. No transubstantiation, or consubstantiation, or other substantiation, or unsubstantiation, has touched it. Plain bread it is, neither more nor less.

And almost immediately afterwards, at the offering of the cup, still unconsecrated:

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord, the cup of salvation, beseeching Thy mercy that it may go up with a sweet-smelling savour, in the sight of Thy divine Majesty, for our salvation, and that of the whole world. Amen."

Language like this puzzles the ordinary Protestant; and, indeed, if it were taken over, as it stands, into a Protestant liturgy, it would probably lead many of those who used it, as it has led Roman Catholics, into serious error. Yet, compare it with a verse from "Wesley's Hymns," No. 394:

"With solemn faith we offer up,  
And spread before thy glorious eyes  
That only ground of all our hope,  
That precious bleeding Sacrifice,  
Which brings thy grace to sinners down,  
And perfects all our souls in one."

In the hymn and in the prayers the sacrifice is identical, though the hymn expresses it in words, the prayers in words and symbols. The only substantial difference is that in one of the prayers the faithful departed are prayed for as well as the faithful living. Such prayers are believed to have been offered in the synagogues which Christ attended, and it is difficult to make anything else of St. Paul's prayer for Onesiphorus, though the subject is one which needs careful treatment, as having been connected with very gross superstitions. One expression, "all that stand around," I have already dealt with. It is found also in the canon, and does not look much like adoration, at least not of the sort we are nowadays troubled with.

Other sacrificial language follows in this first section of the Mass, but there is no need to dwell upon it, as its character is similar to that which we have read.

The second section, the canon, or consecration prayer, is, in its present form, of much more assured antiquity than either what precedes it or what follows. But it opens with sacrificial language of the same kind as has gone before. It goes on to pray that the oblation—that is, the bread and wine—may be made to us (*nobis . . . fiat*) the body and blood of Christ. Then follows an account of the original institution, differing in no point that I need dwell upon from that in the Book of Common Prayer.

According to modern Roman doctrine the consecration is now complete; the miracle of transubstantiation has been wrought, and, under intrusive modern rubrics, both priest and people have twice interrupted a solemn prayer to God the Father in order to worship God the Son, as present first in the bread, then in the wine. But that, in the belief of those who framed the canon, He is no more present in the bread and wine now than when they were first offered, is clear from there being no words to express this worship, and from what follows:

"And accordingly we, Thy servants, but also Thy holy people, having in mind the blessed passion of the same Christ Thy Son, our Lord, His resurrection from the dead, and His glorious ascension into heaven, do offer unto Thy most excellent Majesty, of Thy gifts bestowed upon us (*de tuis donis ac datis*), a pure, holy, and spotless offering (*hostiam*, same as before), the holy bread of life eternal, and the cup of everlasting salvation.

"Upon which (*supra quæ*) do Thou vouchsafe to look with a favourable and cheerful countenance, and to hold them accepted, even as (*sicuti*) Thou didst vouchsafe to accept the offerings of Thy righteous servant Abel, and the sacrifice of our forefather Abraham, and that which Thine high priest Melchisedek offered unto Thee, a holy sacrifice, a spotless offering (*hostiam*).

"We humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, to command them (*hæc*) to be



carried by the hands of Thy holy angel unto Thine altar on high, in the sight of Thy divine Majesty, so that as many of us as by this partaking of the altar shall have received the most sacred body and blood of Thy Son, may be fulfilled with all heavenly benediction and grace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

After a prayer for departed saints, and another that we may join them, the canon proceeds:

"Through whom (Jesus Christ our Lord) Thou art always creating good [after their kinds], sanctifying, quickening, blessing, and bestowing upon us all these things."

The canon closes with an ascription of glory to the Holy Trinity.

And what does it all mean?

The "pure, holy, and spotless offering," or, as it might be rendered, "the pure, holy, and spotless victim," does not come down to us from heaven in the person of our divine Redeemer, but is taken out of God's ordinary gifts bestowed upon us; those many things which He is always creating good, sanctifying, giving life to, and blessing; among which things are neither Christ, nor His body, nor His blood.

Upon these gifts, neuter gender, plural number, not upon Him (*supra quæ*, not *supra quem*) the Father is besought to look with a favourable and cheerful countenance. We may well ask, with Bishop Ridley, how should the Father not look with a cheerful countenance upon His only well-beloved Son? And the comparison of that honourable, true, and only Son with such poor trifles as Abel's lamb, Abraham's ram, or even Abraham's son, and Melchisedek's bread and wine, would be supremely ridiculous, if it were not horribly profane.

Ridley asks again, if we understand the body and blood of Christ, wherefore do we so soon desire the departure of them ["carried away by the angel"], before the receipt of the same? Of course the answer is, that the prayers are older than the doctrine, as shrewd old Latimer guessed. (See Ridley's Works, Parker Society's Edition, pp. 109, 110.) The bread and wine are carried up to heaven in precisely the same sense as that in which the body and blood of Christ, and with them His soul and divinity, are brought down from heaven, that is, not at all in any literal sense, by a transit through space. The prayer is highly imaginative, but the meaning is plain; and it is identical with what is prayed for in the corresponding prayer in the English Prayer-book, namely, that the worship on earth should be so connected, in the mind and purpose of God, with the intercession of our Lord in heaven, that the visible signs should become not real and actual sacrifices, not real and proper centres of worship, nor indeed centres of worship at all, but means whereby the faithful may spiritually, and therefore most really, be made partakers of the things signified:

"It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing."

The same petition is found, in substance, in the Clementine liturgy;  
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only, instead of the hands of the holy angel, we read of "the mediation of thy Christ"—"a conclusive proof," says Canon Trevor, in his "Doctrine of the Eucharist," p. 300, "that the *oblatus* itself was not Christ."

It has been suggested that those prayers in the canon which follow the words of institution are really the ancient form of consecration, to which the words of institution and all that precedes them in the canon are introductory; so that they correspond to the invocation of the Holy Spirit in the Eastern, Scottish, and American liturgies. I am inclined to think that this suggestion is right; still I suspect that the modern Roman idea, which completes the consecration in the midst of the canon, is not altogether wrong. There seem to be, so to say, two scenes in this central Act of the Mass: the first, in which prayer is made that the oblation may be made to us (*nobis fiat*) the body and blood of Him who so lovingly ordained this sacrament; the second, in which the petition is that the bread and wine, thus solemnly set apart for our use, may be blest to all who receive them.

Be this as it may, the present and mediæval usage of the Mass disposes, without further argument, of all claims made upon mankind by Roman infallibility. A direction to adore as infinite Deity what is afterwards classed with temporal gifts, ancient and modern, could neither be given nor obeyed, if long habit of error had not eviscerated the words of their obvious meaning.

The truth seems to be, that the half-savage races that overran the Roman Empire inherited the sparkling phraseology of the primitive Church, and were so incapable of profiting by it that they read its poetry as prose, took its glowing imagery for matter of fact.

Mr. Mallock, in his "Aristocracy and Evolution," pp. 225-29, tells us with charming candour that this was so:

"That the sacramental elements were actually the body and blood of Christ, that the Redeemer who died on the cross for each individual sinner entered under the form of these elements into each sinner's body—entered bearing the stripes on it by which the sinner was healed, and mixing with the sinner's blood the divine blood that had been shed for him—this was the belief of the common unlettered communicant long before priests and theologians had, by the aid of Aristotle, explained the assumed miracle as a process of transubstantiation; and longer still before their philosophic explanation was, by the ratification of any General Council, given its place among the definite teachings of the Church" [A.D. 1215, little more than 300 years before the Reformation]. . . . The Council, with the Pope included in it" [Is this orthodox since 1870?], "is nothing more than a lens by which the rays originating in the democracy of the faithful are focalised and made to transmit a clear and coherent picture."

I believe Mr. Mallock is correct, except that for "coherent" he should have written "incoherent," as the vast difference shown above between the modern doctrine of the Mass and the ancient canon of the

Mass has proved to demonstration. In the same manner astronomers, instead of turning their lenses skywards and observing facts, might themselves have acted as a "lens" to "focalise" the notions of the ignorant. "By the aid of Aristotle" they might have "explained" these notions; that is to say, they might have invented long Latin names for them, and declared that these same ignorant notions, thus learnedly labelled, were scientific truths. A senior wrangler once gave a lecture on astronomy in a Lincolnshire village. The next morning a farm lad was asked what he thought of it. His answer was, "Hoo thot mon did lee!" The Cambridge lecturer had not focalised the rays of the Lincolnshire democracy.

No harm came to him; but those two good Cambridge men whom I mentioned before were burnt alive at Oxford, on October 16, 1555, for refusing to focalise a doctrine which those who burnt them denied by implication every time they said Mass. And, as a result of a more recent Oxford movement, on October 10, 1898, the people of England were solemnly informed from the primatial throne of Canterbury, by an Oxford Archbishop, that, by permission of her Majesty's Privy Council, any clergyman of the English Church is at liberty, so far as his opportunities go, to put out the candle which these Cambridge men lit.

I know attempts have been made by Roman Catholic writers to evade the condemnation which their liturgy pronounces on their creed. I have read some of them. It would be as easy to evade the demonstrations of Euclid. One of the most plausible allegations is that the concluding paragraph of the canon, which speaks of the consecrated bread and wine as bestowed upon us through Christ amongst all the other good gifts of the Creator, was interpolated into the canon by a kind of accident, and that it was originally part of a prayer for the blessing of fruits, and oil, and the like. Perhaps it is just as likely that the prayer for blessing the fruits was modelled on this prayer in the canon. I, for one, should not be surprised if some day the paragraph turns out to be a survival of that Eucharist of Creation which formed part of the original institution, and which ought never to have been dropped. Be all this as it may, there the paragraph stands. There it has stood for centuries; and those who put it there and those who have retained it there must be held responsible for its meaning what it says.

In all this I make no distinction between transubstantiation, consubstantiation, or any other notion which implies that the Deity is so present in the consecrated bread and wine that men can take Him in their hands, lift Him up, carry Him about, shut Him up in a box, and deal with Him generally as a Hindoo deals with his idol, except that the heathen Hindoo abstains from the Christian degradation of swallowing his god.

Our Ritualists, however, are not Roman Catholics, and if the consecration is not complete till the canon is ended, then the argument from the canon, though it refutes Roman Catholics, does not bear directly upon their Anglican imitators. But let us see. Close upon the end of the Mass, when the final purpose of the whole service has been accomplished, as far as under the niggardly rule of modern Rome it can be accomplished, when the priest has received the Holy Communion and the other communicants half of it, a wafer, the priest says :

"What we have taken with our mouth, O Lord, may we receive with a pure mind, and, from a temporal gift, may it be made to us an everlasting remedy."

Here, after all, we find that what is taken by the mouth is not eternal Deity, but a temporal gift, mere bread and wine, thus agreeing with the doctrine of our Reformers, and with Keble's once beautiful but now dislocated poem on the fifth of November :

"O come to our Communion Feast :  
There, present in the heart,  
Not in the hands, th' eternal Priest  
Will His true self impart."

The prayer next after the one last quoted seems at first sight to look the other way, in all the grossness of Mr. Mallock's unlettered communicants :

"May Thy body, O Lord, which I have taken, and Thy blood which I have drunk, cleave to my bowels ; and grant that the stain of my offences may not remain in me, when I have been refreshed by pure and holy sacraments."

"Bowels," however, is often used in Scripture much as we use "heart." And as the "stain of our offences" is not to be sought in our fleshly bowels, we need not assume that the writer thought of refreshing himself by pure and holy sacraments through a process of physical digestion. Whatever he meant, his prayer cannot claim a like antiquity with the canon, nor the same general acceptance. For instance, it does not occur in a MS. of the York Use of about 1425. Instead of it we read there :

"May this communion, O Lord, cleanse us from guilt, and make us to be partakers of the heavenly remedy." (See "The Lay Folks Mass Book," p. 116) And, anyhow, the purport of the Mass must not be judged by a comparatively late accretion.

#### IV. EUCHARISTIC ADORATION.

Where is Adoration ? In connection with the bread and wine there is no place for it ; for in them there is nothing to adore. Nor is there any word of such adoration from the beginning of the Mass to the end, unless the *Agnus Dei* and some prayers to Christ that follow

it be taken in that sense. The *Gloria in Excelsis* comes in the first part of the Mass, long before consecration; and the *Agnus Dei* therein cannot be addressed to Christ present on the altar. Christ is present at the service, of course, and that suffices for all that is addressed to Christ in the Mass or any part of it. There is no more need to interpret the *Agnus Dei* after the consecration, or the prayers that follow it, as acts of adoration to Christ present in the elements, than to give that interpretation to the *Agnus Dei* in the Anglican *Gloria in Excelsis*, which comes at the end of the service. But the *Agnus Dei* was not inserted after the consecration till the seventh century, and if it was a sort of herald of the great superstition to come, so be it. I do not know the date of the prayers to Christ; but, as they differ a good deal from those in the York Mass, though to the same purport, they are probably more recent than the canon. Yet, as they speak of the consecrated elements as Christ spoke of them, that is, as His body and blood, not as Himself in full divinity and manhood, they are not what might have been expected if they had been written under the present Roman faith. And after saying or singing *Agnus Dei* in whatever sense, and the prayers that follow it, men had still to declare that what they received with their mouth, *quod ore sumpsimus*, was a temporal gift. Knowing what we do of human nature, and of the way it has dealt with this very adoration in more recent devotions, we may be quite sure that, if such adoration had been in the minds of those who compiled, I will not say the canon, but even the other parts, or ordinary, of the Mass, they would have crowded their compilation with devotions unmistakably appropriate. To find such we must go to the works of modern Roman Catholics or our still more modern Ritualists.

Here is an extract from the "Litany of our Lord Present in the Holy Eucharist," which I have taken from a handsome "Treasury of Devotion," edited by a very worthy clergyman, and apparently sanctioned by a late excellent bishop, and therefore likely to be more sober and moderate than the cruder compositions of less responsible divines:

"Jesu, our wonderful God, who vouchsafest to be present upon the altar when the priest pronounces the words of consecration, have mercy upon us.

"Jesu, our merciful God, who, concealing the brightness of Thy majesty under these low and humble veils, invitest us to approach Thee, to lay open our miseries before Thy eyes, and to deliver our petitions into Thy hands, have mercy upon us."

I am not maintaining that the Mass is in all things what a Christian service ought to be. Far from it. But there is nothing in it like what I have just quoted, not one word which expresses, or at all necessarily implies, any divine presence in the elements for such



adoration as Roman Catholics and our Ritualistic brethren offer. And, stranger still, not only is there nothing in the Roman liturgy to correspond with this important doctrine. *Not one* of the liturgies, so far as I know, Eastern or Western, not one in the whole world corresponds with it. One of the most learned and enthusiastic supporters of revived mediævalism, the late Dr. Littledale, examined the liturgies, as with a microscope, of set purpose to prove that they express it. He brought together what looked at first sight an imposing array of evidence. But, upon closer inspection, it all, or nearly all, resolved itself into expressions no more to the point than such as appear in the Wesleyan hymn above quoted (p. 184), and from which I here take another verse :

" Father, behold Thy dying Son,  
And hear His blood that speaks above ;  
On us let all Thy grace be shown,  
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love ;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art."

Language like this occurs in the Mass, both in the canon and before the canon, when everybody admits that what is spoken of is bread and wine, and nothing more. Is the Church of England to be wrecked for an hypothesis? If a load of coal goes into a tunnel at one end of it, and comes out at the other still a load of coal, I cannot prove, merely by looking at it, that it was not a load of stone at some part of the passage. In these days nothing must be declared impossible, except a contradiction in terms. But then, if I am asked to believe in the stone, I shall ask for some very strong evidence. So, when I find that bread is placed on the table or altar early in the Mass, and am assured by those who should know that what the communicants take with their mouths at the end of the Mass is a temporal gift, only to become an eternal remedy if it is received with a pure mind, I shall require very strong evidence to convince me that it has been or has contained the Deity in the interval. Certainly those who composed or compiled the Mass did not think so, or they would not have left their mediæval and modern successors to provide words for saying so.

#### CONCLUSION.

Our lessons from the Mass have been four in number. First, we have learnt that the Mass provides a method of confession and absolution as different from that of the Confessional as light from dark. Secondly, that the Mass retains traces of a primitive constitutional brotherhood, superseded now by long centuries of clerical autocracy, but to the recovery of which, in its main principles, we must look for completing the Reformation. Thirdly, we have learnt that the bread and wine

in the Mass, from the first moment that they are ceremonially dealt with till they have been received by the communicants, are bread and wine all along, unchanged in every particular except for their purpose; that they are, in fact, the outward and visible signs of the body and blood of Christ, but that the inward part or thing signified, is inward not to them but to the receivers only, and not to the receivers unless they receive them with a pure mind. Lastly, the Adoration, which we hear so much of in these days, has no clear place in the Mass at all, except in dumb show, and that of merely mediæval origin.

St. Augustine, in his epistle to Boniface, illustrates the meaning of the word "sacrament" by such expressions as "Good Friday is the day of the Lord's Passion," "Sunday is the day of his Resurrection." "Nobody," he says, "is so silly (*ineptus*) as to maintain that such sayings are not true." "A child at baptism," he says, "is called a believer when his sponsors have answered for him, though he has not faith, just as (*sicut*) after a fashion (*secundum quemdam modum*) the sacrament of Christ's Body is Christ's Body, and the sacrament of Christ's Blood is Christ's Blood." If, then, we are so silly, so "inept," that we cannot profitably keep Good Friday or the Lord's Day without teaching or preaching, with vehement language and startling ritual, that our Lord is actually crucified every Good Friday, and actually rises from His grave every Sunday morning, then perhaps we may be excused for hankering after the poor dream which, instead of lifting up our hearts to things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and making us one with Him and Him with us, would drag Christ down from His heavenly throne and make Him one with corruptible bread, to dwell in temples made with hands.

Still, I am not sure that there is not yet a *fifth* lesson to be learnt from the Mass. Besides the preliminary matter, there are three main things in the Mass—sacrifice, consecration, communion. In the English service the consecration, communion, and post-communion are full and beautiful. Nothing can be grander in words than the offering and presenting of ourselves, our souls and bodies, in the post-communion prayer; and there is great power in the thought that we are offering ourselves to God at a moment when we are specially Christ-bearers, having just received Him into our hearts by faith. But all this is disconnected from the visible offering of the bread and wine; it is not the very same thing as that taking of the bread and cup, and giving thanks over them while holding them in the hands, which Christ did, and commanded to be done, though I do not say it is not, as Christian freedom goes, a defensible equivalent. If the word "oblations" in the Church Militant prayer means, as I believe it does, the bread and wine, still its meaning is not obvious. And

the placing of the bread and wine upon the table is reduced, in the English service, to what looks like a merely mechanical act; while, in the Mass, it is a solemn offering to God. All the ancient liturgies, so far as I know, regard the bread and wine as offerings. "The Fathers . . . almost unanimously interpret Malachi's prophecy of a pure offering (*minchah*, *θυσία*) of the Holy Eucharist" (Dr. Trevor's "Doctrine of the Eucharist," p. 7). In this, perhaps, the Fathers were mistaken; certainly there was *no incense* at the original institution, nor in the Church of the first three centuries. But it was an actual offering that led to the application of the prophecy. Clement of Rome, who may have written before the death of St. John, speaks of "offering the gifts" quite simply, and with no controversial purpose, as the recognised office of presbyters. The "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" speaks of Holy Communion as the Feast of Thanksgiving, and provides brief but beautiful forms of thanksgiving, which embody both the original Eucharist of Creation, and that Eucharist of Redemption which our Lord added to it. If we compare the Greek of 1 Cor. x. 15; xi. 20-34; and xiv. 16-26, we can have no great doubt that the blessing and giving of thanks in the third passage relates to the very same sacrament as the cup of blessing and the breaking of bread in the others. And our Saviour Himself, before breaking the bread and saying, "Take, eat," took the bread and gave thanks; that is, He offered before He consecrated, or rather, as a step in the consecration. And of this offering, as well as of the subsequent partaking, He said, "Do this in remembrance of me." Do we English Churchmen do all this? Or did not our Reformers, in their righteous horror of the sacrifices of Masses, strike out, or at least obscure, an important part of what ought to be done "when we come together in the church"? May not a genuine feeling after something that was lacking have led to that reproduction of mediæval error which has imparted to some of us a wanton offensiveness and saddened the rest almost to despair? May there not here, as in most disputes, be two sides to the question? Taking the sacrificial language of the Mass in the only sense that grammar and dictionary permit, I believe it is perfectly defensible. But it can be easily mistaken, as if the bread and wine were not only expressions of our thankfulness, which they are in act and deed and symbol, but could also be a propitiation for our sins in act and deed, though this they can be only in symbol. Long experience has shown how terribly this language has been mistaken; and in any reconstruction of this part of our Liturgy good care should be taken to make all plain. I believe it could be done, and yet leave room for such a brightening of the service as should largely increase its attractiveness, especially for the uneducated and enthusiasts of all classes. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" was spoken of giving to men. But He who spoke it

ordained holy mysteries in which we should not only receive blessing from God but offer a blessing to God, both His gifts and ours being symbolised by the same pure offerings. There must be, I think, somewhere a missing link, if we could but find it, which might yet bind all, or the main part, of English Christians together in the breaking of bread. The Oxford movement has not done it. It has lost its head in the glare of the Papacy. A prophet of its own wrote of it last August in *The Guardian* :

“It was academic in origin and genius, and has never laid hold of the popular life. The effect is a permanent suspicion between the clergy and their parishioners, a fixed difference of standpoint, a divergence (more or less conscious) of ideal.”

This is a woful indictment after nearly seventy years' labour. But it is true, and the time seems ripe for a new movement. The Evangelicals revived personal religion ; the Tractarians have restored, though with grievous mistakes, ceremonial religion ; Broad Churchmen have made religion credible. The next movement should renovate the *Ecclesia*, the Church.

JOSEPH FOXLEY.

P.S.—In the *Nineteenth Century* for December Mr. Mallock restates his theory thus : “The Church of Rome is an organism endowed with a single brain.”

For light on this I often used to grope,  
How men with brains could bow before the Pope ;  
But kindly Mr. Mallock now explains :  
The Pope's disciples do not use their brains.

Ridiculous, however, as the Roman position is, it is none the less serious. It is precisely that intellectual suicide which our Lord forbids in Matt. xxiii. 8-12. And it is to this, with some illogical modifications, that Ritualism invites us.

\*.\* By permission of Messrs. Houlston, I have taken some parts of the above from a pamphlet on their list entitled “The Witness of the Mass.”—J. F.

## THE SIRDAR'S COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM.

LORD CROMER, when laying the foundation-stone of the Sirdar's College at Khartoum, used language which must have relieved the anxiety of those who feared lest the mistakes which have been made by us in giving education to the natives of India would be repeated in the Soudan. It is, of course, possible that some of the warnings on this subject which have appeared here, notably in the *Spectator*, may have reached Cairo before Lord Cromer left it; but those who knew something of his previous life could not but be aware that such comments would at least be received by him with a sympathetic ear, and that it was almost certain that, of his own motion and initiative, he would recommend to Lord Kitchener that the instruction should "be as far as possible in the Arabic language." During the time that he was on Lord Northbrook's Staff he must have been exceptionally conscious of the ghastly result which has been consequent upon the methods of instruction we have pursued in the East, so that at present almost every European in India has to avoid taking as a servant a native who can speak English, lest in so doing he should secure a rogue. Before Lord Cromer went out to India he had had a history in connection with education not probably known to many Englishmen. He, though the fact has been strangely forgotten by many of the most important speakers who have mentioned him during the Sirdar's stay in England, was formerly an officer of the Royal Artillery. As such he, when between twenty-seven and twenty-nine years of age, passed through the Staff College. The work at the College was, when he was there, based entirely upon an elaborate system of marks given for successive examinations. Naturally, to a man of the world who had gone thither for the purpose of really studying his profession, the artificial nature of the system



was more apparent and more galling than it would have been to any one who had not had to undergo that exceptional experience at a mature period of life. His evidence before a Parliamentary Committee shortly after he had passed out at the head of the list was mainly instrumental in causing the whole method to be completely changed. The general subject of education had thus been practically forced upon him before he went to India, and, while his few words at Khartoum on the subject of Arabic and English education could hardly be more pithy and satisfactory than they were, or could show more conclusively than they do that he has fully appreciated the dangers which our experience in India has disclosed, his previous action undoubtedly proves that he is also in sympathy with that revolt against the system of "payment by results" which is the most healthy symptom of our present educational movement in England. Lord Kitchener has, by the response which was made to his appeal for funds, been left an absolutely free hand in the great experiment that is before him. Nothing could be more desirable; but, from his previous relations with Lord Cromer and his language about him when in England, it is certain that the two will work together in hearty sympathy, and that Lord Cromer's experience, whether in England or in India, will be at the Sirdar's service. Nevertheless, seeing that both Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener have been for many years absent from England and from Europe on hard practical work, and seeing further that during that very time and for some long period previously, both in England and on the Continent, we have, to an extent that was never formerly the case, been making efforts to organise national education, and have gone through a series of blunders and mistakes such as always attend the first struggles of human nature in a new direction, it may not be an unkind service to one of the most interesting experiments of our generation if I offer warning of at least some of the pitfalls into which we have tumbled.

A few sentences from Lord Cromer's address admirably set forth the central purpose of the College. "It is important by healthy moral associations to elevate the character of the body of native officials, who, it is hoped, will eventually be able to bear an honourable and useful part in the administration of the country." "The object of the College is not to create a race of Anglicised Soudanese, but rather in the first place to train the mind." Naturally Lord Cromer referred also to the secondary or technical education which would ultimately be given in "agriculture, engineering, and other practical acquirements which will be useful to all classes"; but both from the nature of the case, and from what Lord Kitchener said on the subject before he left England, it is obvious that for some time to come the College must be mainly devoted to elementary education for the "training of the mind," and as an instrument for the

imparting at a later stage of technical education. Now it sounds a very easy and simple matter to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, with probably English as a special study thrown in; but, unfortunately, it is just here that our experience ought to be valuable. We have learnt only too well that "elementary education" is by no means the easy thing that it seems, that there are few subjects about which it is more possible to commit grievous mistakes, and that the whole future "training of the mind" will depend on the methods adopted at this early stage. Only a short time ago Sir George Kekewich gave expression to the feeling which has, among all who really care for education, been growing in intensity as the years have gone by, that our elementary education in England has for more than thirty years been handicapped by the system introduced by Lord Sherbrooke and Lord Lingen. A few weeks ago Sir John Gorst, in a brilliant speech which went to the root of the matter, declared that it was altogether untrue that German methods of education had proved superior to our own because of their better technical education, but that the vital point lay in the superiority of their elementary education. It is impossible, therefore, not to watch the new experiment with the most anxious interest. If only the Sirdar realises that the task he has before him of teaching "the three R's" and English to the young barbarians of the Soudan is not an easy matter at all, but one which, if it is to be wisely conducted and not to do more harm than good, will require all the patience, skill, and investigation of facts that he has shown in his handling of military, financial, and political subjects, I, for one at least, think that the importation into it of a new and vigorous mind may yield us results which will react with the most beneficial effect both upon England and on India.

First, then, as regards the mere construction of the building, since that is the first business to be taken in hand. Every Board-school teacher will tell him that the form of class-room which has been adopted by the London School Board, and generally throughout the country, is one most anxiously to be avoided. I have been myself a "manager" under the London School Board, and have had to inspect many other schools, and I have not yet in this country seen one in which the question of the mode in which the light ought to be made to fall upon the blackboard, upon the children's work, and upon the face of the teacher when before his class, appeared to have been so much as taken into consideration. In this matter we have only this to learn from Germany, that when the Germans make a frightful mistake they frankly admit it, and set to work to find a remedy.

What happened in Germany as regards the school buildings was that they were so abominably designed that it is believed in the country itself that the chief cause which has changed the race which

Cæsar knew as that of the bright-eyes into the race of the spectacled has been, not the barbarous character which, now that Bismarck has gone, will probably rapidly disappear, but the bad light in which compulsory teaching has been carried on. Germany is so conscious of this that, as fast as she can do so, she is replacing the old-fashioned buildings by new structures. There is no question that for more reasons than one octagonal, or hexagonal, rooms are the best for educational purposes. The long forms piled one above another make it almost impossible for a teacher to have a proper supervision over his whole class at the same moment, and quite impossible that the whole class shall see a blackboard with equal facility. Moreover, any one who uses a reading-lamp for writing knows by experiment that there is only one direction from which light can fall without being objectionable to the eyes or throwing awkward shadows. It must come from the left hand in such a way as that it is screened from the eyes and falls directly on the paper. This is not altered even in the case of languages which, like Arabic, are written from right to left. For these and various other reasons of detail the first point which in all humility I submit to the Sirdar as the resultant from the mistakes made in Germany and England, is that he should employ for the building of his College an architect who has made a special study of architecture for educational purposes, but that any one who has been guilty of having had part or lot in the building of any of the London School Board premises should be for ever excluded from his favour.

The next crime against which he has to be warned is the destruction of young brains by premature forcing. Practically, this is *prima facie* a medical question. For my part, I cannot pretend to forgive the great authorities of medical science that they have never yet adequately made their voices heard on the subject. I believe I am speaking by the book when I say that it is an established medical fact that up to seven years of age the brain of the average infant is in a condition which makes it certain that all strain put upon it must result in permanent injury to its power. I know this, at all events, that, having seen many schools in which there were classes for infants, and also more advanced classes for boys and girls, I have never yet failed, when visiting them, to put the question to those who received the infants into the upper schools, whether they found that those who were sent them as infant phenomena proved successful in their after career. I have always carefully avoided giving any hint of my own view of the subject, but in all parts of the country the same answer has been invariably given me: "No, sir; they all break down at about twelve or thirteen years of age."

I have, when infant phenomena of five and six years of age were presented to me with pride to show samples of just which they ought not to have learnt, startled some of my friends by exclaiming almost

involuntarily, "How horrible!" and as I have had opportunity I have brought the matter before those in authority; but year by year the crime goes on. Masters and mistresses all confess it, but are powerless to stop it. Happily, under the wise hands into which the Education Department has at last fallen, the mischief has been greatly minimised by the abolition or great modification of the pupil-teacher system. The principle, now largely adopted in the best schools of the world, that the training of very young people requires more experience and wisdom than almost any other branch of education, and that it is not safe to leave in the hands of very inexperienced girls or young men, themselves brought up under a forcing system designed to obtain what are called "results," the delicate task of watching over the development of infants, has been recognised. Nevertheless, the old law that the descent into Avernus is easy, but that to retrace mistaken steps is laborious and difficult, has proved itself true. I am sure that either Sir George Kekewich or Mr. Sadler would be inclined to very heartily congratulate the Sirdar on the fact that he has a clear field from which to start and to confess the difficulty, when generation after generation of teachers and pupils has been brought up under a false system, of establishing a sound one. That is why the present moment is so critical. If a wrong start is given to the elementary training supplied by the College it will be beyond measure hard to retrace mistakes.

Probably the most telling way of putting the difference between the two methods of education involved in the decrepit and the healthy system may be taken from arithmetic. It is hardly too much to say that the whole after-education of a child is affected by the way in which he learns that twice two are four. If he learns by rote as a rule given him, "Twice two are four, twice three are six," and so on, in a cadence adapted for fixing it in his memory, and that of all his class chanting it over together, he will probably enough not forget it all his life. But if he has never discovered for himself that twice two must be four—are fixed as four by the eternal laws of the Universe—it is practically certain that, though the remembrance of the fact may help him to a certain extent to multiply figures, he will have sustained a moral injury of a very serious kind. Moreover, it is a moral injury which will be exceptionally disastrous in the Soudan, because, if there is one thing rather than another which is required to raise a race of slaves into a race of free men, it is that they should be taught to know what truth is. Unless the whole elementary education method tends to that result, it will fail in the most important particular in which it ought to assist the Sirdar's purpose.

I was one day in the Soudan investigating a complaint which had been brought before me by a native. After I had gone into the question as thoroughly as I could, I became convinced

that the man had throughout been telling me only lies, and, not having previously given him any hint of the conclusion at which I had arrived, I rather suddenly rounded on him with the inquiry, "Why did you come here to tell me all these lies?" The reply came at once: "My father always taught me to lie." I am not quite sure now that the answer did not in part express the mere cringing of the slave before authority when he found that it was going against him; but, at all events, it very happily illustrates the difficulty with which we have to deal. Everything, therefore, which is taught mechanically as a rule delivered by authority, when it is in reality a truth independent of all human rules, tends to foster the very worst element in the native character, its cringing submission before authority, its disbelief in any truth that by its own inherent quality tends to prove itself and to serve as a basis for other truths to be worked upon. The child who has ascertained that it is a fact that two added to two are four, that one added to three makes four also, and that twice two are, and must independently of all rules laid down by authority, be always four, has taken a very important step in the process of scientific investigation in the principles of mathematics and in the laws governing all human discovery. Moreover, it is precisely one of those steps of which it is true that it costs more effort than almost any other that has to follow it. Here in England we have almost destroyed the possibility that arithmetic shall be taught on the sound instead of the unsound method. We not only have made the payment to the schools depend on "results," but we have given to the examiners such an enormous number of papers to look over within a given time that no man could deal with them except by seeing whether the answers to questions were correctly obtained or not. Now, in the matter of arithmetic, this is a twofold evil. It determines the nature of the questions set and it determines the mode in which they must necessarily be dealt with. All questions which in any way test whether a child has understood what he has learnt must be rigidly eliminated. "We have no time to look over essays" is the perfectly just defence of the examiner. Therefore, only questions are or can be set that may be solved by a rule learnt by heart without even the slightest understanding of its meaning or reason.

A friend of mine was recently examining a class in arithmetic in a provincial town. He set a simple question, which was correctly answered by the entire class. "That is very good," he said. "Now, will you explain to me why you did what you did to arrive at the result?" To which from the whole class came the prompt answer: "Because it is the rule." "The rule! But who made the rule?" Absolute silence. "Did the Queen make the rule? Did the Bishop make the rule?" and so on, each after a long pause of hopeless silence.



At last one bright little urchin looks up. "Please, sir, the Inspector made the rule!" Now I, for my part, feel very distinctly that if any one of those who have been trained to teach under this system is to go to the Soudan to teach natives of that country on these principles, it were better, for his own sake, that "a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea." At all events, if he goes, he will be a cause of stumbling and a rock of offence to untold generations.

Happily, because of that previous action of his of which I have spoken, I feel convinced that the evils of a system based on "payment by results"—the results consisting of answers obtained by rule to questions in an examination, will be, to say the least, very easily appreciated by Lord Cromer. It is a matter of no small advantage, moreover, that Sir John Gorst's son is the Minister in Egypt chiefly responsible for educational questions. The admirable papers that have lately been drawn up by the Department under the title of "Special Reports on Educational Questions," the last two volumes being edited by Mr. Sadler, and the modifications which are being introduced into the system of inspection throughout the country, will, if I am so fortunate as to draw Lord Cromer's attention to them, specially commend themselves to him because of his experience at the Staff College.

Broadly speaking, I think it may be said that everywhere the tendency among the wise is to distrust mere mechanical "results," whether in primary or secondary education, in so far as the term is used to mean answers that can be learnt by rote, and to trust instead to the selection of the best teachers and to such examination as may tend to show how far the minds of children have been trained successfully. For very young children, unquestionably the Kindergarten methods and principles are excellent; but, just as much here as elsewhere, their value depends on the use made of them by the teacher. Mechanically applied, the methods of the Kindergarten may be as dull, stupid, and useless as any rote recitations. The advantages of discipline, order, and method, which have, on the whole, been most admirably applied in the London Board schools, are not likely to be ignored under a semi-military administration. Even the mechanical sing-song of a class is not to be despised as an aid to memory and an aid to discipline, provided it is used only to preserve a record of facts, the truth of which has been previously investigated. But, essentially, the same broad principle stands out in this question of education which is now confronting us everywhere—that it is the selection of the right men to carry out a system rather than of a system into which every one can be fitted; that is the root of the whole matter.

Nevertheless, with the experiences of a half-century of European struggles and mistakes to guide us, it is a very necessary thing not to start a new experiment without taking account of the lessons of the

past. A report drawn up by some of our best men as to the various Codes adopted by different countries, of their successive modifications, and of the causes which have led to these changes, would be a very valuable guide for future work. India at least supplies an ample field of experience of various attempts to deal with such a question. Seeing that we use now Arabic numerals, that Algebra is an Arabic word, and that those two facts are significant of the truth that we owe to Arabic culture no small part of the analytical methods we now employ, it is hardly necessary to suggest that there are in Arabic excellent educational works which only require to be adapted to modern experience in order to supply the very text-books that are wanted.

All our methods of teaching geography, geology, or "geognosy" have recently been so vastly improved that it is most important that these which, in their better form, are really what Lord Cromer suggests—"training for the mind"—and not mere crams for the memory, should be taught from the best text-books, or, rather, by the best teachers using the best text-books, and not after the mechanical system of the past, from which we have hardly emancipated ourselves.

Broadly speaking, however, the point is that the work of the College and of its professors and masters shall be judged by the extent to which it fulfils the purpose Lord Cromer has so well defined—that is to say, by the extent to which it builds up character and trains mind, and not by the number of correct answers that it is able to supply to mechanical examination tests on certain standards. Moreover, it is essential to that purpose that play shall be given for difference of mind and character, and, of all the tests that may be applied from outside to the efficient work that is being done by a school, few are equal to these two: first, the nature of the time table of the school; secondly, the degree and extent to which the head of it knows the characters and peculiarities of his pupils and adapts instruction to them. In many of our most costly English public schools the time table is simply a scandal. It represents only the means by which the master of the school saves himself all trouble by sacrificing his pupils to his own carelessness. To take the simplest instance: boys who are good mathematicians or good French scholars are put into classes where they can learn nothing, because they are kept back with boys of altogether inferior attainments in these respects, for the simple reason that it saves trouble to fix all the classes according to the standard of the boys' attainments in classics. One of the few school-masters who takes the honest labour that is involved in making the necessary adjustments in these respects once told me that before each term it took him weeks of hard labour to fit in the different classes so as to put the boys in each subject according to the standard in

which they would learn most of that particular subject. After he had himself devoted all his own trouble and the intimate knowledge of his boys, which he actually possesses by dint of laborious study of them constantly maintained, the lists had to be gone through again by the several masters, and further corrections made. Nothing is so easy as to shirk this duty. Its adequate completion involves a combination of qualities rare indeed. In almost any school a skilful examiner could find out more of the real efficiency with which a school was being carried on by a test on this subject than by any number of mechanical answers to questions. Almost every parent in the land, if he will only interest himself sufficiently in the matter, must have had experience of the difference of different schools in this respect; must know, that is to say, of schools where, when he has sent his sons, they have been positively set back in some subject, because their class was determined not by their knowledge of the particular subject, but by quite other considerations. It is to be presumed that, for the purpose which the Sirdar and Lord Cromer have in hand, an elementary knowledge of the facts of nature in science, physiology, geognosy, astronomy, and the like, will be important parts of the course. If so, differences will soon disclose themselves between the pupils in the readiness with which some will take to one subject, some to another. Then will come the real test of the competent and of the incompetent organiser of teaching. Will he know his boys and young men? Will he see that their special aptitudes are cultivated, or will he stretch all alike on a Procrustean bed, and save himself trouble by fitting them all on to it, no matter at what cost of suffering to them?

Obviously the subject is far too comprehensive to be discussed in detail in a single article, but I think I have sufficiently indicated the chief dangers which, from our bitter experience, have to be avoided, and the type of men who are required in order to fulfil the aspiration for the future which the Sirdar cherishes, which Lord Cromer has so admirably expressed. The national interest awakened by Lord Kitchener's proposal gives some hope that the question of education, whether of the rich or the poor, will attract the attention of others besides experts. It is not a technical one under any of those aspects under which I have dealt with it, but concerns us all in our business, our lives, and our homes. Therefore, as I want to appeal as a father to the fathers and mothers of England to judge what I have said about it, I, as one of them, subscribe myself by a name which, though "soiled with all ignoble use," may, I hope, yet in England be "borne without abuse."

PATERFAMILIAS.

## LONDON STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

**A**N able and interesting address to the Society of Arts, by Sir J. Wolfe Barry, has recently called public attention to the ever increasing difficulties of traffic in the streets of London, and to the necessity of devising relief for it. He complains that the improvements which have been carried out of late years have not been devised on any well-considered plan. He suggests that a great scheme of street improvements should be determined on, with the intention of carrying it out by degrees as opportunity may offer. As a contribution to this he proposes that a new street, 120 feet in width or more, should be made north of Oxford Street, taking the line of Wigmore Street to the City, that Piccadilly and the Strand should be widened to the same extent, and that the streets from the north to the south of London should be carried by viaducts across the intersecting streets east and west. It is admitted that these schemes would cost many millions. It may be worth while before commenting on them to point out what has been done of late years in the way of street improvements in London. This has been made easy by a comprehensive work recently published by the London County Council, compiled by the able Clerk of their Improvements Committee, Mr. Percy Edwards. It gives a full description, with plans, of all the principal improvements effected since the constitution of the Metropolitan Board in 1855, either by that Board or by its successor in 1888, the present County Council, or by subordinate authorities, aided by contributions from the central authority. It also shows in each case the gross cost of the improvement, the recoupment from the sale of surplus property, and the resulting net cost.

It results from this work that the Metropolitan Board of Works, during the thirty-three years of its existence, expended a net sum of

no less than £11,500,000 on such improvements, or at the average rate of about £348,500 a year. These included fifty large schemes of new streets, or the widening of old ones, effected at a gross cost of £15,000,000, and a net cost of about £10,000,000 after realising £5,000,000 by the disposal of surplus land. During the same time the Board contributed £1,500,000 to minor schemes of improvement effected by the vestries, or by the Corporation of London, or by the Government. These were mostly in the direction of widening parts of streets, and were no less than 837 in number. The larger improvements carried out by the Board alone included such important works as the Embankments on both sides of the Thames, Northumberland Avenue, Queen Victoria Street in the City, Shaftesbury Avenue, Southwark Street, Commercial Road (Whitechapel), Clerkenwell Road and Theobald's Road, Charing Cross Road, Gray's Inn Road, and the Camberwell and Peckham Roads—not a bad record of work by the much-abused Board. Of improvements to which it contributed, the most important were those at Hyde Park Corner, carried out by the Government, and at Eastcheap and Great Tower Street in the City, carried out in connection with the Metropolitan and District Railways.

It will be observed that in 1861, when the Thames Embankment was authorised, the Coal Duties, which had previously been specially assigned to improvements carried out by the Corporation of London, were divided, and out of 18*d.* per ton, 9*d.* per ton was assigned to the Metropolitan Board, and 4*d.* to the Corporation. The Coal Duties, in 1888, were bringing in to the Board £325,000 a year. They ceased in 1889 at the instance largely of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who when Chancellor of the Exchequer had refused on the part of the then Government to allow them to be renewed.

During the eight years, from 1889 to the end of 1897, the London County Council have authorised nineteen improvements of the larger kind, to be effected at the net cost of £2,316,000, including some expenditure in completing works commenced by the Metropolitan Board. They have also contributed the sum of £574,000 to minor improvements carried out by the vestries, 172 in number. The average, therefore, in the eight years has been £361,250, but the actual expenditure has been somewhat less, and considerably behind the average of the previous thirty-three years. Among the works carried out by the Council have been Rosebery Avenue, Church Street (Fulham), Fortess Road (Kentish Town), Isle of Dogs Bridges, Sandy's Row (Bishopsgate), and Wood Lane (Hammersmith), whilst among those authorised, but not yet completed, are the reconstruction of Highgate Archway, the formation of the northern and southern approaches to the Tower Bridge, and the widening of the Strand at Holywell Street, and of Tottenham Court Road at Bozler's Court. Roughly speaking, the net indebtedness in respect of all these im-



### *LONDON STREET IMPROVEMENTS.*

provements (since 1855), and on which interest and sinking fund payments are still being made, amounts to about £13,000,000, and the annual charge to about £500,000 a year, considerably more than the annual produce of the Coal Duties. The effect of the abolition of the Coal Duties was to throw upon the ratepayers the charge of paying for improvements effected during their imposition for so long as the loans are outstanding.

The financial burthen on the rates resulting from the cessation of these duties was the main cause of the reluctance of the Council to commence any large schemes of improvement until relief should have been obtained from Parliament, either in the direction of special taxation on ground-rents—now so unjustly exempt from local taxation—or by contributions in aid of improvements from properties specially increased in value by reason of the expenditure on the new works, under what is known as the “Betterment” principle. After a dispute with Parliament, chiefly with the House of Lords, on Betterment, extending over four or five years, clauses were at last conceded in 1896, which admitted the principle, and though the Council considered that the special form in which the concession was made was open to objection and inadequate, they decided to give it a fair trial; and consequently, in 1896, the Council determined to undertake the widening of the Strand at Holywell Street, the formation of northern approaches to the Tower Bridge, and the widening of Old Street, and in the present year it has been agreed to apply to Parliament for the more important scheme of the new street from Holborn to the Strand, the widening of High Street, Kensington, and several other most necessary improvements.

Reviewing the whole list of improvements described in Mr. Percy Edwards' book, they may be classed under the following heads:

- (1) The construction of entirely new streets, such as Northumberland Avenue, Rosebery Avenue, and others.
- (2) The widening of whole lengths of existing streets, as was done in the cases of Old Street, Clerkenwell Road, and Theobald's Road.
- (3) The widening of streets as opportunity occurred when houses were rebuilt, by setting back the frontages of the new buildings. It was in this way that Ludgate Hill and a few other principal streets have been gradually widened.
- (4) Minor local improvements effected by the vestries, with the aid of the central authority, generally in widening parts of streets, or in removing obstructive buildings.
- (5) Special improvements, such as the Thames Embankments and the Hyde Park Corner improvement.

It is important, with a view to future schemes, to determine which of these have been carried out with best advantage to the public and

at the least cost. The sixteen most important cases under the first head, where new streets have been constructed, have cost in the aggregate £7,023,000, and the recoupment from the disposal of surplus land has been £3,344,000, leaving the net cost of £3,679,000. As the length of these streets was eight miles, it follows that the cost has averaged about £460,000 per mile. Under the second head, in twenty-six cases important streets have been widened, of the length of six and a half miles. The gross cost was £5,275,000, the recoupment £1,281,000, and the net cost £3,994,000, or about £600,000 per mile. None of these streets were, however, of the first class, where the frontages were occupied by shops or places of business of very great value. It may be said that the widening of such streets as Piccadilly, the Strand and Cheapside, on any great scale, involving the purchase of the houses with their trade interests, subject to a reduction of the cost by the sale of the new frontages, is practically impossible, on account of the immense cost involved. The best hope of dealing with such cases is under the third head—namely, by waiting till opportunity offers by the demolition and rebuilding of any houses, and then setting back the new frontages at the cost of the land thus added to the street, but without paying for trade interests. Ludgate Hill has been widened of late years in this manner. The houses were set back for a length of 800 feet, 1200 square yards of land were added to the street, at a cost of £284,000, and the street was widened by about fourteen feet. The cost, therefore, was at the rate of £1,874,000 per mile of length, and the land was bought, for the most part, without trade interests, at the rate of £1,145,000 per acre. In the case of the Strand improvement at Holywell Street, the property to be acquired by the removal of the block of buildings between these two streets is of an inferior character, but it is estimated that the cost will be £569,000. For this sum the Strand will be widened for 500 feet in length, or at the rate of £6,008,000 per mile, and about three-fourths of an acre of land will be added to the public way.

The general conclusion to be drawn from these facts is that, in lieu of widening important streets, it is far better to construct entirely new streets, adopting, if possible, lines which will pass through inferior property, where the trade interests are of no great value. From a financial point of view, one of the most satisfactory improvements of this kind ever effected in London was that of Northumberland Avenue, connecting Charing Cross with the Thames Embankment. In this case it was necessary to purchase only a single great property. Northumberland House and its gardens were bought from the Duke of that ilk at what appeared to be a very large price. But the recoupment from the sale of the new frontages was even greater, with the result that there was a profit on the transaction

of £119,000. Of other new streets, one of the most important was Queen Victoria Street, leading from the eastern end of the Thames Embankment to the Mansion House, a distance of 1100 yards. The gross cost of this was £2,300,000, and the net cost £1,076,000. In another case, that of Southwark Street from Blackfriars Road to High Street, Southwark, a distance of 1100 yards, a most important new street was constructed at a gross cost of £584,000 and a net cost of £366,000. Some of these newly constructed streets are certainly open to the criticism of Sir J. Wolfe Barry that they have not been of a sufficient width. That is specially the case with Charing Cross Road, Rosebery Avenue, and Shaftesbury Avenue. These are 60 feet in width only. It is now clear that it would have been better to have given them a width of 100 feet, and probably the net cost would have been no greater. As a general rule, the greater the width of the street the more valuable is the frontage.

It is certain that with more recent experience, and with the amendments of the law, which have been obtained during the last few years, many of these new streets might have been constructed at very much less cost. It will be seen that for many years these legal changes were resisted by the House of Lords, which, in the supposed interest of the class represented in that august Chamber, opposed for years a vigilant and unenlightened obstruction to any alleviation of the old principles affecting the compulsory acquisition of private property for public purposes. For example :

(1) It was held, till quite recent times, that in acquiring land for a new street, the central authority should only be allowed to purchase by compulsory powers just so much land as was necessary for the actual width of the new road. The effect of this was to deprive the authority of the recoupment resulting from the sale of frontages to the street. Relaxation was gradually admitted in this, in respect at least of properties of which a part was required for the new street. It was not till 1877 that the House of Lords gave way to the extent of allowing the central body to obtain by compulsion the whole of the frontages to the proposed streets. In that year the Metropolitan Board promoted a Bill for making what is now the Charing Cross Road, from Charing Cross to Tottenham Court Road. In the Committee on this Bill in the House of Lords, a clause was inserted at the instance of an eminent Tory peer, who owned property along the line of the road, by which the Board would have been restricted to the acquisition of so much of this peer's land as was required for the area of the road. The property was held under lease from him, and the clause inserted in his interest provided that the Board should compulsorily acquire the interests of the leaseholders, and should then transfer their leasehold interests in so much of the property as was not required for the road itself to the ground landlord. The result

would have been that the Board would have had to pay to the peer the full value of his interest, with 10 per cent. added, for compulsory sale. It would then have had to compensate to the full those persons whose leasehold and trade interests were interfered with, and then to re-sell to the peer, for what would have been a nominal sum, the leasehold interests in the property not required for the road itself. The peer, therefore, would have come into possession of the existing leasehold interests and of the frontages to the new street, and the Board would have lost all the recoupment arising from these frontage values. The question thus raised in the interest of the owners of property roused public attention. It formed the subject of fierce attack and debate in the House of Commons at the instance of the late Mr. Fawcett. The clause was finally rejected there by a large majority, and on the return of the measure to the Lords the peer, in whose interest this great concession had been inserted by the Lords Committee, thought it well to give way to public opinion, and the Bill finally passed in a shape which secured to the ratepayers of London the value of the frontages to this new street. Thenceforward the principle has been fully recognised that the central authority, in making a new street, is entitled to recoup itself, as far as possible, by taking all the property fronting it, whether needed for the actual road or not. This principle of recoupment has been gradually extended, so that at present the authority is allowed to take for the purpose of an improvement scheme, not only the frontages to the new street, but also any other property which may be developed and increased in value by the improvement. The effect of this will later be shown in the case of the Holborn and Strand improvement.

(2) *The Betterment Principle.*—This has already been alluded to. The essence of the new principle is, that where it can be distinctly shown that, owing to a new street or other improvement being carried out by the central authority at the cost of the ratepayers, additional value is given to other property in the neighbourhood, there shall be a contribution charged upon such property in aid of the improvement, so as to reduce the cost of it to the ratepayers. This principle, in some form or other, and to a varying extent, was recognised in nearly every country but our own. As a general rule, the proportion of the improved value which is to be the subject of such a charge is not more than one-half. When, in 1890, it was first attempted to introduce this most sound and just principle into the system of this country, most violent and unreasoning opposition was aroused. The House of Lords succeeded for several years in defeating it. But after a long struggle they admitted, in 1895, the principle, and adopted it in a modified form. It is to be feared that, in their present form, the clauses will not result in much. Experience, however, alone can show



how they will work out. If they should turn out to be of little value, Parliament will again be appealed to for amendment and extension of the provisions thus grudgingly conceded.

(3) A further difficulty, which has been experienced in numerous cases, has been the rigid application of a provision in the Lands Clauses Act, to the effect that where a part of a property, however small, is taken compulsorily for the purpose of a public improvement, the owner may call upon the public authority to take and pay for the whole of the property. In many parts of London, and especially in the suburbs, there are small gardens or paved courts, called forecourts, between the houses and the road. These, as a rule, are neglected and dirty spaces, adding little or nothing to the amenity of the residences. Where the road is of insufficient width it might in very many of these cases be widened at the expense of these forecourts, not only without any injury to the houses, but often with an increase of value to them. There are many cases where such forecourts exist on both sides of the street, and where wide boulevards might be formed and planted with avenues of trees, if these forecourts were included in the road. The County Council, however, have been deterred from widening these streets at the expense of the forecourts by the fact that, under the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, 1845, they cannot take compulsorily only the forecourts, but that the owners might compel them to take the houses also. The House of Lords till lately has always expunged from Bills promoted by the Council any clauses inconsistent with the above provisions enabling the Council to take compulsorily only the forecourts. The necessity for acquiring the houses as well as the forecourts would enormously increase the cost of widening such streets.

In the autumn of 1897, the Improvements Committee of the Council selected a good case for raising this question, one where it was very apparent that no substantial injury would be done to the owners and occupiers of the houses by adding the forecourts to the street. They made it clear that they took power to purchase only these forecourts, and that their Bill would be conditional on this being acceded to. For the first time the House of Lords allowed such a Bill to pass. In this case—that of York Road, Wandsworth—it is proposed to widen this important artery of South London from thirty feet to about fifty feet, by taking in the forecourts on one side, for a length of 1200 yards, at an estimated cost for the land of only £60,000. It forms an excellent precedent for many similar cases in London.

(4) Another very important relaxation of the law has been admitted in recent years in favour of the London County Council in the following matter. Under the general law, where an authority carries out a street improvement and purchases land for the purpose, it is under the



obligation to sell the surplus land within ten years of the completion of the improvement. The practice in London, where the system of terminable building-leases prevails, was to let the surplus land on the frontages of the new street on building-leases for about eighty years, and to sell the ground-rents thus created. The average rate at which well secured ground-rents would sell a few years ago was twenty-five years' purchase; but of late years the rate has risen, and it is now about twenty-eight years' purchase. It was obvious, however, that it was not a good financial operation for the Council to sell well-secured ground-rents at from twenty-five to twenty-eight years' purchase, and to expend the proceeds in redeeming its debt on terms which paid only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and it was far better to hold the ground-rents, and to pay interest with them on money borrowed at the above rate. At twenty-eight years' purchase of the ground-rent the investment pays  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. There is a difference, therefore, of 1 per cent. as compared with the investment of the proceeds of the sale in the cancelling of debt. There was the further consideration that these freehold grounds improve in value every year as the time approaches for the termination of the lease, when the houses, as well as the land, become the property of the ground landlord. When this occurs the Council will find itself in possession of property worth four or five times the value of the land without the house.

Of late years the Council have been allowed by the Treasury to insert a clause in their Improvement Bills enabling them to retain the ground-rents thus created on the surplus land arising from the improvements, as security for their Sinking Fund—that is, for fifty or sixty years—at the end of which the sinking fund must be realised in order to meet the capital sum of the debt, which must then be repaid. It is easy to show how great a financial relief results from this. Let us suppose, for instance, the recoupment to consist of ground-rents of £35,000 a year valued at twenty-eight years' purchase, or about £1,000,000. If these ground-rents were sold and the proceeds invested in cancelling stock paying  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or rather less than £25,000, it is obvious that the difference of £10,000 a year, equal to a capital sum of about £400,000, would be lost to the Council. By retaining the ground-rents, therefore, the Council, as compared with the previous practice, adds a capital sum of £400,000 to its recoupment. As time goes by and the ground-rents approach the period when the leases come to an end, their value rises greatly, and when the ground-rents consist of property fronting some principal street, where very valuable houses are built, the value of the land and houses at the end of eighty years may safely be expected to be worth £4,000,000, as compared with the original £1,000,000, if sold at twenty-eight years' purchase. This privilege has been continued in Improvement Acts year by year, and may now be considered as

the settled practice. The Council has in its ownership, as the result of improvements effected during the last few years, ground-rents to the annual value of £150,000, an asset of continually increasing value.

These four changes of the law during the last few years have greatly facilitated street improvements by reducing their cost. The Council have accordingly been induced to take up such improvements on a much wider scale than for many years past. In the present year they have recommended six important schemes—namely, for a new street from Holborn to the Strand; the widening of Southampton Row, Holborn, of High Street, Kensington, of Wandsworth Road, and of Goldsmith's Row, Hackney, including a new bridge over the Regent's Canal; and the re-construction of Old Gravel Lane Bridge, St. George's-in-the-East. The gross cost of these improvements is estimated at no less than £5,591,000, and the net cost, after accounting for the value of the surplus land, at £1,154,000.

Of these, by far the most important is the first on the list. It proposes that a new street shall be constructed from Holborn, in prolongation of the widened Southampton Row, to the Strand. As it approaches the latter street it will branch into two, the one taking a direction to Wellington Place and Waterloo Bridge, the other to the Law Courts. These two branches will form a great crescent. The street will be 100 feet wide. A very considerable extent of property is scheduled for purchase so as to give the largest amount of recompment. The principle of Betterment will be applied to some adjacent properties which it is inexpedient to purchase. The new street will pass through some very inferior and dilapidated property, of which a part is now being made the subject of a scheme of clearance under the Housing Act of 1890. The scheme also provides for the widening of the Strand from Wellington Street to St. Mary-le-Strand. The whole of the property lying between the crescent and the Strand will be taken by compulsory powers. It includes four theatres and the great building occupied by the offices of the *Morning Post*.

The scheme will cause the displacement of 3000 persons of the labouring class, of whom a considerable proportion are now employed in the immediate neighbourhood. The Council have decided to re-house the whole of these people. Those of them who are now employed within a mile of their homes will be re-housed within a mile of their present residences, the rest elsewhere. The charge resulting from this obligation will in all probability be not less than £300,000—that is, the difference between the commercial value of the sites appropriated to rehousing and their value when covered with workmens' dwellings. It is estimated that to house these on the property taken over for the street will cost no less than £260 per head. Those at a distance of under one mile, but not on the most valuable sites, will cost £8 per

head. It is estimated by the Council's officers that the scheme will involve the purchase of property to the value of £4,442,000; that the cost of making the new road will be £120,000; and the cost of re-housing, £300,000—a total of £4,862,000. They put the commercial selling value of the new frontages and of the surplus land taken for recoupment at £4,088,000, showing a net commercial loss of £774,000. This is arrived at by estimating the ground-rents of such land and then taking their commercial selling value, allowing a considerable margin for expenses of all kind, and for the necessary interval which will occur between the purchase of the property and the re-letting of the new frontages. As, however, the Council will be relieved of the obligation to sell the surplus land, and will be able to hold the ground-rents thus created, there is every reason to hope that, in spite of the magnitude of the operation and the number of trade interests which it will be necessary to purchase, the transaction will ultimately be carried out without any charge to the ratepayers. There can be no doubt that buildings of very great value will be erected on the new frontages to the Strand and along the line of the new street. It will be almost the only street near the centre of London where buildings of 100 feet in height ought properly to be erected, and in these times, with the aid of lifts, there is an increasing tendency towards buildings of great height. If, instead of dividing into two branches, the new street were continued in a direct line to the Strand, the gross cost of the scheme would be reduced by nearly one-half, but its net cost, on a commercial estimate of the surplus land, would be doubled—an apparent paradox—to be explained, however, by the boldness of the scheme, involving the purchase of all the property between the proposed crescent and the Strand, and the consequently much greater length of valuable frontages.

There can be no doubt that the new street will be one of the greatest improvements ever effected in London. It will make a splendid new artery between the North and South of London, and the wide sweep of the crescent will produce a most striking architectural effect. The widening of the Strand for some distance to 120 feet will also be a great feature. The church of St. Mary-le-Strand, with its exquisite classical steeple, will stand out in the centre of the widened street, making a dignified approach to the City. If I am right in supposing that most valuable buildings will be erected on the new frontages, it is clear that the scheme, both in demolition and building, will afford employment for labour on a very large scale. The labouring people will also be greatly benefited by the clearing away of the unsanitary slums through which the new street will pass, and by the erection of new houses for them on the best sanitary principles at no great distance. The scheme is of such magnitude, so far as the purchase of property is concerned, that it



will necessarily take some years for its completion, and it is not to be expected that the new street will be completed before 1907.

The improvement is the more important, as it will show what can be done in London by a bold scheme, dealing in a comprehensive manner with a wide district, and by driving a new street of great width through comparatively inferior property. It shows also the great financial benefit to London of the provision allowing its central authority to hold the ground rents created on the new frontages. If, as is to be hoped, the result proves the soundness of these financial estimates, the scheme will be fraught with most important consequences to London, and will form a precedent which will be followed in many other parts of the Metropolis. It cannot be doubted that there are many other schemes of the same kind which might be adopted with equal prospect of reducing the congestion of the London streets, and of adding to its dignity and beauty, without entailing any great ultimate charge on the ratepayers. No one can look at the tangled and confused map of London without admitting what a vast field there is for improvements of all kinds. Broad avenues and boulevards should be made, stretching out directly from the centre to the suburbs providing for double tracks of tramways, and affording opportunities for fresh air. There should also be circular belts of boulevards at certain distances from the centre, of which the Marylebone and City Roads would form one. Care should also be taken to join the principal commons and open spaces by such broad boulevards, and to give easy access to them from the densely populated districts in the centre.

Another direction in which we may hope for widened streets, and even for handsome boulevards, is the utilisation of the numerous cases where there are forecourts on either or both sides of existing streets. It has already been pointed out that the House of Lords has admitted the principle that these forecourts may be taken under compulsory powers, on the widening of a street, without the necessity of purchasing the houses to which they are attached. There are very numerous cases where advantage may be taken of this. The number would have been still greater if the Metropolitan Board and the local authorities had not, in past times, been most scandalously negligent in not preventing the owners and occupiers of the houses in such streets from extending their premises by erecting one-storeyed buildings on such forecourts. Under the Building Acts no owner or occupier of a house is permitted to erect any building in advance of the line of alignment of the adjoining houses. It was possible, therefore, for the Metropolitan Board and the district boards and vestries, if so minded, to prevent, in nearly all cases, forecourts beings built over. Unfortunately, in too many cases, they neglected to enforce this provision, and the opportunity, therefore, has been lost of widening the streets at the expense of the forecourts. Numerous cases of such

neglect are to be seen in all parts of London. Conspicuous illustrations of it may be noticed on the south side of Brompton Road and in the New Road, between Gower Street and Park Crescent.

But fortunately many such streets remain unaltered in this respect, and the London County Council, since 1888, has rigidly enforced the rule against building over the forecourts. There are numerous streets in London, especially in the suburbs, where advantage could be taken of the existence of forecourts to widen the existing streets into broad avenues or boulevards. The Improvements Committee of the London County Council are now considering a case of this kind where it has been proposed to them that a succession of streets with forecourts for a distance of two and three-quarter miles, from near the Thames to the suburbs, should be widened into a broad and handsome boulevard at an estimated cost of £150,000. It is contended that this will be of immense advantage to a poor district, which is in great want of open spaces, and that by affording an opportunity for a double line of tramways easy access will be given to the country south of London, and a new district will be opened out for building workmen's dwellings.

A very conspicuous case where the same kind of process could be effected is that of the Marylebone Road, Euston Road, and the City Road. In this important thoroughfare wide forecourts exist on both sides save in a few parts, where as already shown, they have been built over. The road generally is 50 feet in width; but the distance between the line of houses on either side is 150 feet. This affords the opportunity for a broad boulevard which might be planted with trees, with ample space for two lines of tramways, without interfering with other traffic. This great artery connects the stations of the principal railway companies entering London from the north—the North-Western, Midland, Great Northern, and Central.

The great width of the street enables the erection of houses of exceptional height, as will be seen in the buildings now in course of erection in Marylebone Road. It may confidently be asserted that the formation of a broad boulevard here would add to the value of the houses fronting. A careful survey of London will show that there are many other cases where similar widenings could be effected. It may be noticed that the Brompton Road was widened at the expense of the forecourts on one side of it in 1850, in anticipation of the Great Exhibition of 1851, without Parliamentary powers, and with very small compensation to the owners of the houses.

With respect to streets in the business centres of London, the cost of widening on any great scale, involving the purchase of the trade interests, is almost prohibitory. The widening of such streets can only be effected by slow degrees, taking advantage, from time to time, as opportunities occur, of the rebuilding of houses to set them back a few



feet, as has been done in Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street. Even in such cases, the sums which have to be paid for the land to be thrown into the street are very heavy. It may be observed that the law now gives to the owners of the houses in such streets an undue advantage. Under the general law of the existing Building Acts the owner of a house is not permitted, if the street is less than 50 feet wide, to raise the building to a height exceeding the distance of the front wall from the opposite side of the street. This, however, does not apply to old streets, that is, to streets in existence before 1862. In these cases existing houses can be increased in height to 80 feet, *plus* two storeys in the roof, no matter how narrow the street may be, subject only to any claim for light and air on the part of the opposite owners. If in such streets the existing Building Acts applied, the owners of houses, when rebuilding, might find it their interest to set them back in order to raise their height in accordance with modern requirements, and the central authority would not be compelled to pay exorbitant prices for land to be added to the street.

There seems to be no reason whatever for the exemption of old streets from the salutary provision of the existing law as to modern streets, and the abolition of this exemption would facilitate the widening of such streets by making it the interest of the owners of houses to set them back at their own cost. It may be said, as a general rule, that it is the interest of the owners of houses that the street should be widened. What they lose in area they gain in height, and in better light and air. The Duke of Westminster has, during the last few years, found it his interest to widen many of the streets in his large property between Oxford Street and Mayfair, without any contribution from the central authority, and what is the interest of a single great owner would appear to be the interest of a number of owners in other parts of London. This case is another illustration of how an exaggerated regard for vested interests has hitherto worked out to the disadvantage of the community, by opposing obstacles to public improvements. It would be well also to extend the provisions of the Building Act as to the height of houses, and to prohibit the erection of any buildings of a greater height than the width of the street in front of them.

I cannot close this paper without referring to a great London improvement now in course of being carried out by the present Government, by the widening of Parliament Street to about 140 feet, corresponding to the width of Whitehall opposite to the block of public offices erected by Scott. This will make a very broad and most dignified approach to the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey. The improvement is one which I made many attempts to effect between 1881 and 1884, when I was at the Office of Works. I proposed in the first instance to carry out the exact scheme which is

now in hand, by the purchase of all the property between Parliament Street, Delahay Street, and Charles Street, the doing away with King Street, the widening of Parliament Street, and the erection of a block of public buildings fronting the latter street. The proposal, however, was opposed by Mr. Gladstone. I have among my papers a very long memorandum written by him at the time, when, as Prime Minister, he must have been overwhelmed with other work, pointing out his objections. He thought that the site was too costly for public offices. He objected to the Government monopolising all the property near to the Houses of Parliament. He considered that King Street was associated with old traditions, and that it was very wrong, from an antiquarian point of view, to obliterate it. He thought the better course would be to widen that street, and to leave Parliament Street unaltered. At his instance the Cabinet, to whom he allowed the question to be referred, rejected my proposal. I was directed to negotiate for the sale of the property which the Government had already acquired in this district. I then approached the Metropolitan Board of Works, and endeavoured to induce them to undertake the improvement, pointing out to them that, if carried out in a comprehensive manner, by the purchase of all the inferior property behind King Street, it could be effected without any loss, and possibly even with a profit. The Board replied that they could only deal with the widening of Parliament Street and the removal of the block of buildings between it and King Street, and that this would be a very costly operation. They gave notice of a Bill for this purpose, but subsequently, when Parliament refused to renew the Coal Duties, the Board decided not to proceed with it. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in 1894, when First Commissioner of Works, initiated the measure under which this great improvement is now, at last, being effected, and which his illustrious father in 1882 had vetoed.

Another necessary, and I hope imminent, improvement near the same quarter—namely, in Abingdon Street, between the Houses of Parliament and Lambeth Bridge, is worthy of notice. A broad road and embankment ought to be made along the river at this point. The question whether this can be effected without a very serious burthen to the ratepayers depends on the extent to which the scheme will embrace in its improvement the inferior property lying to the north of Abingdon Street, and the amount which the Government will contribute in respect of the “betterment” to the Houses of Parliament by improved approaches. This matter is now under the consideration of the Improvements Committee of the London County Council. The House of Commons very wisely last Session refused to allow a private syndicate to carry out this improvement as a mere land speculation.



The description I have given above of what has been done of late years by the central authority of London, and of what it is possible to do in the future without entailing a great burthen on the ratepayers, will sufficiently show that, while sympathising heartily with the object Sir J. Wolfe Barry has in view, and admitting some of his criticisms, I doubt the expediency of dealing with it in the manner he proposes. It is easy enough to mark off with a thumb on a map of London lines of new streets, or of existing streets which might be widened. But to propose them for adoption, with the intimation that they will cost many millions, is hardly a practical solution of the question, or one which will commend itself to the ratepayers, on whom the heavy charge will fall. The widening of any of the main lines of business streets of London to 120 feet, or over, is beyond the financial capacity even of this great community. I doubt also the advisability of the line of the new street which he proposes from Bayswater to the City, a few hundred yards north of Oxford Street, along the line of Wigmore Street. It would not be a short cut. It would pass through most valuable property. It could only be effected at a vast cost, and it may be doubted whether it would relieve Oxford Street of a single omnibus.

A solution is rather to be found in a very careful and minute examination of the map of London, with the object of selecting routes for new streets through property of low value, and such as will relieve the main arteries of their redundant traffic, in making use of the facilities offered in many cases by the existence of forecourts for the widening of existing streets, and in a careful application and extension of the financial alleviations effected during the last few years.

It will be a wise course for the London County Council to devise a general scheme for improving the Metropolis on these lines, and to carry it out by degrees. Whether it will also be well to make known such plans to the public is open to doubt. It is to be feared that such a course would result in great speculations in land and houses along the route of the proposed improvements, with the result that the public would have to pay enormously increased compensation on purchase. The better course, probably, will be for the Council to keep its own counsel till the time comes for giving effect to its plans. I have endeavoured to show that, while much has been done in the past, still more remains for the future, and that it will be possible, by carefully devised plans, to effect very great improvements in London at no serious cost to the ratepayers.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

## DOES TRADE FOLLOW THE FLAG?

### A REPLY.

I KNOW well from long experience that Lord Farrer's figures are never to be trusted; it is not that the figures themselves are incorrect, but they are put in such a way that the reasoning founded upon them is entirely misleading and delusive.

In the old and palmy days of Free Trade, when the country was drunk with the craze, Lord Farrer's figures were allowed to pass without examination or comment, and as he was at the head of the Statistical Department they were always supposed to be trustworthy. But it is not so now: business men, like myself, of long experience (I have been at the head of great commercial concerns for sixty-one years, and I am still so), can no longer allow misleading statements to go unchallenged, as the very serious loss of trade and the rapid strides made by our competitors warn us of a coming crisis. It is true that for the moment we are in most trades (but not in all) fairly prosperous—but it is only a passing gleam of sunshine, to be followed by such a storm as may well alarm even the most thoughtless.

Lord Farrer begins his article published in the December issue of this REVIEW by saying of Jingoism: "A few years ago its war-cry was Protection, a cry which has been successful abroad, and which, under the absurd title of Fair Trade, has been noisy and troublesome at home. That bubble has collapsed."

He sneers at Fair Trade, and tells us that "that bubble has collapsed": but he is greatly mistaken—and I should know. I say without fear of contradiction that there are a thousand Fair Traders or Protectionists where there was one when Mr. Sampson Lloyd, then M.P. for Plymouth, Mr. Ecroyd, Mr. Healey, and myself and two others met at Derby some twenty years ago as conspirators with closed doors. Soon afterwards Mr. Ecroyd successfully contested

\* See "Does Trade follow the Flag?" by Lord Farrer; CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December 1898, p. 810.



Preston as a Fair Trader, but at the next election was beaten in South Lancashire by Lord Hartington. But from that meeting the Fair Trade movement began, and I had the honour and pleasure of being its president for twelve years—until it was thought that the time had come when we might with advantage enlarge our programme; and under a new title, that of "The United Empire Trade League"—with the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., as chairman, and Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., as Hon. Sec.—it has ever since done, and is doing, good work for the "Cause." It must be remembered and understood that preferential trading with the Colonies was the leading plank in the Fair Trade platform from the very beginning; but there is no doubt that we made a great mistake in changing the name—we lost more than half our old supporters by it. If we had been content to keep the old name, and simply change it to "Fair Trade and Federation with the Colonies," we should have been stronger than we are, as it would have been better understood throughout the country. Nevertheless, I think that Lord Farrer might be a little more modest, when we consider the relative position of the two parties, Fair Trade and Free—what it was twenty years ago and what it is to-day. Then it was anathema to say a word in favour of Fair Trade. The all-powerful Cobden Club had its celebrated whitebait dinners, and had for a guest the distinguished foreigner, who, courteous but sly, with his tongue in his cheek, used to tell his delighted audience what an admirable thing Free Trade was for England; only it did not suit his country—and now I think we are finding out that it does not suit us either, seeing that almost every industry in the country is being threatened with destruction at no distant date.

Nowadays the very distinguished foreigner sits at home and laughs at John Bull's folly; and as to the Cobden Club, if I am rightly informed it consists mainly of two members, the President and the worthy "Sec.," with offices in the country! How the mighty have fallen; such it was, and such it now is!

But we are told with amusing arrogance now that the same "evil spirit" has assumed the form of modern "Jingoism," and "in this form it is even more dangerous than Protection or Fair Trade"; and then, to show how dangerous it is, Lord Farrer quotes what Mr. Chamberlain said at Glasgow in 1897: "We believe in the greatness of the Empire; we are not afraid of its expansion; we know that for us the control over the markets is an absolute necessity, and that without it we could not possibly keep in comfort all the vast population which we have in these small islands." Never were truer words. Again he quotes what the Colonial Secretary said at Liverpool in 1898: "At the present moment it is perfectly certain that we are liable to be excluded from any country—so far as hostile tariffs can possibly exclude us—where the British flag does not float." Again



I say, most true! We could not have a better object-lesson than what is taking place at the present moment in Madagascar. Again he quotes what Mr. Chamberlain said in the House of Commons: "I believe confidently that this country benefits from, and almost lives upon, its Colonial Empire." Yes; and so do I. Look at the immense sums that Englishmen draw from their tea and coffee plantations, their wool farms, their gold mines, and a hundred other things—all of which is spent in this country. For years I had a tea plantation which paid me 10 per cent. on the outlay, the income being spent in England; and there must be thousands of similar cases.

Having, as he thinks, effectually sat upon the Colonial Secretary—one of the ablest men in the kingdom—Lord Farrer forthwith proceeds to show that this modern "Jingoism," as he terms it, is altogether wrong, and that trade does not "follow the flag," and he fills whole pages with figures to prove that he is right. But it is so evident, so positive and undeniable that trade does follow the flag that I shall not trouble my readers with more than one or two striking instances. Take, for example, the United States and Canada. In 1897 we exported to the United States, with a population of about 70,000,000, £21,000,000 worth of goods, and to Canada in the same year £5,500,000. So that we see clearly that, of two adjoining countries, we exported more than three times as much per head of the population to that under our own flag.

Take, again, another instance. We exported in 1897 to Australasia, with a population of about 5,000,000, no less than £21,000,000 worth of goods, or actually more than to the United States with twelve times the population!

Then, again, take the British Possessions. Suppose India to be in the hands of Russia, with a closed door—half the mills in Lancashire would be standing. It is, indeed, very surprising that Lord Farrer should not see this—but he is blinded by prejudice.

Then he has no end of figures to show that our recent Possessions do not pay. But when our first cargo of convicts was sent to Botany Bay, who did or could foresee the marvellous results?

And now we come to the most misleading portion of the whole article, and I shall quote it at length, as it is most important in the best interests of the country that it should be thoroughly exposed. This is what Lord Farrer says (p. 816):

"The first observation on this Table is that the total increase of the trade as measured in £'s sterling is much greater in the earlier than in the later part of the time. The aggregate trade of the United Kingdom, not including re-exports of foreign and colonial merchandise, averaged £285,000,000 in the five years 1855-59, and £581,000,000 in the five 1870-74; in other words, it more than doubled in fifteen years. In the

five years 1890-94 it averaged £653,000,000, so that it had increased by not more than one-eighth in twenty years. But this difference in the rate of increase is largely accounted for by the fall of prices which took place in 1872, and which is estimated at from 30 to 40 per cent. If 40 per cent. were added to the £653,000,000 representing the trade in 1890-94, it would bring the sum up to more than £900,000,000, thus showing that when quantities and not values are considered the rate of increase in the later years of the half-century, though less than in the earlier years, is not nearly so much less as it appears to be from the return of values."

As we have before said, Lord Farrer's figures are quite correct, as usual, but, for all that, they are so put in every possible way as to mislead the general public. Any one not well up in statistics, after reading the above passage, would quite naturally suppose that, although we were not so prosperous, and that the trade of the country was not increasing as fast as in the earlier years, still we were making considerable progress; but Lord Farrer cannot fail to know that that is not the case, and from his high position as a statistician he should have been the very last person to risk misleading the public on such a vital question. By mixing the imports and exports together, and leaving out the last four years—1895 to 1898—he shows that the general trade (imports and exports) had increased by one-eighth in twenty years. But we all know that our imports have increased so enormously, so immensely, as to alarm the country as to how they were to be paid for; on the other hand, our exports during the last fifteen years have most seriously diminished; but he takes care that this very serious fact shall neither be seen nor known, so far as he can prevent it. Let us take the last fifteen years. In 1883 our export of manufactured goods was £214,000,000, and in 1898 only £198,000,000, thus showing not only no increase, but a ruinous shrinking of £16,000,000! Now let us look at something else still more alarming. In 1883 we imported of foreign manufactures £68,000,000, and in 1898 the enormous, the frightful sum of £103,000,000, or an increase of £34,000,000 in fifteen years! So that, if you put the decreased exports and the increased imports of manufactured goods together, it shows clearly that the trade of the country has gone to the bad only £50,000,000—yes, only £50,000,000—in fifteen years! Is it possible for anything to be more disastrous? If this does not alarm the country, I don't know what will. I may here state that my figures are taken from the Statistical Abstract issued by the Bradford Chamber of Commerce for 1898—which I believe to be quite correct. The United Kingdom has certainly not prospered under Free Trade; let us see what Protection has done for our rivals. When speaking the other day Mr. Bryce told his audience that between 1891 and 1897 Germany had increased her export trade by £21,000,000. The United States increased theirs in the same period by £24,000,000; while the export trade of Great Britain fell off by £15,000,000!

"He did not say these were alarming figures, but they did give them cause for reflection." But we shall have to do something more than reflect if we wish to save our trade from utter destruction.

It is grievous, although amusing, to see how the Press of England goes groping about to find out the cause of our loss of trade. But to a man like myself, who has lived and traded under Protection and during the whole period of Free Trade, the cause is as clear as possible—a single sentence explains it. The British manufacturer is called upon to "fight hostile tariffs with free imports"; to fight the closed door with the open. In spite of Lord Farrer and the Cobdenites, no nation can do it without the most serious consequences, the certain loss of its trade; and for the last twenty years I have always said the same thing. Let Germany, by far the strongest of our rivals, open her door, and let us close ours, and then we should see which prospered; but no, they are far too wise to do anything of this kind: they would say, "It suits England, but it does not suit us."

And now for the remedy. I am afraid unduly to occupy too much space, so I shall put it very shortly. Let us first see what Mill says:

"A country cannot be expected to renounce the power of taxing foreigners unless foreigners will in return practise towards itself the same forbearance. The only way in which a country can save itself from being a loser by revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities is to impose corresponding revenues on theirs."

I think Mr. Stuart Mill puts it in a very sensible way. And now for Lord Salisbury:

"I would impress upon you that if you intend in this conflict of commercial treaties to hold your own you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon the nations which injure you the penalty which is in your hand—that of refusing them access to your markets."

Those are brave and wise words, and if he would only act up to them he would be the saviour of his country; and if not, he must be prepared to make way for some one that will, as preferential trade with the Colonies is our only possible future.

MASHAM.

## THE INDIAN CURRENCY.

**T**HE Indian Government, in a despatch dated March 3, 1898, have proposed to the Home Government the establishment of a gold currency and a gold standard for India. We are of opinion, they say,

“that we ought not to wait longer for the attainment of our object by the gradual operation of the causes described, however certain we may be that they would in the end produce the desired result, and that we ought at once to take active steps to secure the early establishment of a gold standard and a stable exchange.” \*

The present amount of the circulation has, they consider,† been proved

“by experience to be much more than is consistent with a maintenance of a rate of sixteen pence in the season of inactive trade, and to be a little more than is consistent with that rate at the time of active trade.

“It is impossible with any exactness to say, and it can only be ascertained by actual experience, by how much this rupee circulation has to be decreased in order to remove its redundancy. (It must be remembered that redundancy is a relative term; what is sufficient for a rate of exchange of 14*d.* the rupee is necessarily redundant for a rate of 16*d.* We use the term in this despatch with reference to a rate of 16*d.* the rupee.)”

They give reasons for considering that the withdrawal of twenty-four crores‡ of rupees would be amply sufficient, but, they continue,

“We must not only withdraw the amount from circulation, but we must show by the method we adopt that our intention is that it should cease to exist in the form of coin, and that its place, as coin, is to be taken by gold.

\* Correspondence respecting the proposals on currency made by the Government of India. Parliamentary Papers, C. 8840 of 1898, p. 5. † *L.c.* p. 5.

‡ A crore is ten millions of rupees.

Our proposal is, therefore, to melt down existing rupees, having first provided a reserve of gold, both for the practical purpose of taking the place of the silver, and in order to establish confidence in the issue of our measures."

They then proceed \* to describe the course they propose to adopt:

"Our first step is, as already indicated, to obtain a reserve of actual gold coin, and this we can only do by borrowing in England. Our proposal is that her Majesty's Government should move Parliament to pass an Act giving the Secretary of State power to borrow up to a maximum of £20,000,000 for the purpose of establishing a gold standard in India. . . . We recommend that, as soon as the Statute is passed, your Lordship should at once borrow and ship to India £5,000,000 in gold. The sovereigns would be placed by us in our reserve Treasuries, and held ready for such use as events may show to be expedient."

These proposals, as soon as they became known, met with so much criticism and opposition that her Majesty's Government very wisely referred the whole question to a Committee which is now sitting under the able presidency of Sir H. H. Fowler.

The Committee have issued a volume of evidence, and the subject has also been dealt with by various articles in the *Economist*, *Statist*, the *Financial News*, and other periodicals, and last, not least, in two interesting and instructive articles, one by Sir R. Giffen in the *Economic Journal* for September, and the other by Lord Northbrook in the December number of the *National Review*.

A plan suggested by Mr. Lindsay has also received much consideration and some support. I allude to it lest it should be supposed that I have not given it full consideration, but I will not enter into it because I concur generally with the arguments which Sir James Westland, and more recently Lord Rothschild and Lord Northbrook, have urged against it.

Nor will I occupy time and space by discussing whether a gold standard can exist without a gold currency. Lord Rothschild stated before the Committee that in his judgment a gold standard without a gold currency was impossible.† Lord Northbrook also in his article says: "I cannot agree that a gold standard can be introduced as a practical measure unless the mints are opened for the coinage of gold; and this is, in other words, to introduce a gold currency." With this I quite concur, assuming, of course, that the rate is such as will be practically operative. It is useless to open mints if you do so at a prohibitive rate.

Is it then wise to introduce a gold circulation into India?

It cannot be said that the currency of a country is gold unless the main amount is of gold. The metallic currency of India is in round figures

\* Correspondence respecting the proposals on currency made by the Government of India. Parliamentary Papers, C. 8840 of 1898, p. 7.

† Minutes of Evidence taken before the Indian Currency Committee, 1898, p. 286, and again p. 288.



120,000,000 \* tens of rupees, apart from hoards, which are said to be very large; but to melt down, say, three-quarters, or even half of this, and replace it by gold would be a gigantic and most expensive operation. The silver could only be sold at a ruinous loss. The rupees now stand at 16*d.*, the silver would not under such circumstances realise over 8*d.*, so that on, say, £60,000,000 the loss would be, in round figures, £30,000,000. No wonder that the Indian Government shrinks from such a course.

Lord Northbrook describes himself as being in favour of a gold currency for India.

The argument in favour of a silver circulation for India, he says,

"upon which the greatest stress is laid by high authorities upon currency, such as Sir John Lubbock and Sir Robert Giffen, is that a gold standard and a gold currency are unsuited to India, and cannot be carried into effect without a very large expenditure. It seems to me that much misapprehension exists upon these material points. It is said that a gold standard is not suited to India because India is a 'poor country.'"

I have not myself used this argument, though I do believe that silver is more suited to India than gold.

Lord Northbrook, on the contrary, maintains that a gold currency would be suited to India. To establish this he goes back to ancient times. In the time of the Pathans and the Moghuls, and in the early days of the East India Company, he says India had a gold currency. But surely this argument might be turned against him. If so, and if it was suitable, why was it abandoned?

As a matter of fact, the currency was even then in the main silver.

It is unnecessary, however, to elaborate this point, because the Indian Government, and I believe Lord Northbrook himself, consider that †

"the transactions of the people of this country are for the most part on so small a scale, that even the sovereign would be too high in value for any but casual use, except in the centres of trade";

and they have elsewhere suggested that not more than £20,000,000 of gold coin would probably come into circulation.

So far, then, from really proposing to establish a gold currency, their ideal is a currency of which the great bulk will be silver, and not gold—£100,000,000 of silver to £20,000,000 of gold, and a moderate amount of bank-notes. To describe this as establishing a gold currency seems to me misleading.

Perhaps I shall be told that this is a mere question of terms: that the proposal being to have a circulation of about £100,000,000 in silver and £20,000,000 in gold, the terms in which this system is

\* Sir J. Mackay, Minutes of Evidence taken before the Indian Currency Committee, 1898, p. 8.

† Correspondence respecting the proposals on currency made by the Government of India. Parliamentary Papers, C. 8840 of 1898, p. 10.

described are unimportant. Concurring as I do with Lord Rothschild, that it is impossible to have a gold standard without a gold currency, I submit that the proposals of the Indian Government would not create a system which could be correctly described as the establishment of a gold currency; it would remain a silver currency supplemented by a small proportion of gold, and would therefore be incompatible with a gold standard.

In fact, the proposals of the Indian Government would introduce a certain moderate amount of gold coin into India, but they could not be said to change the currency of the country from silver to gold.

This is no unimportant question of words, for, if we are clearly to understand what we are discussing, it is important to know what is meant by the terms that are used, and to call things by their right names.

I now come to the second proposal of the Government—the establishment of a gold standard.

Let us first consider what is the true nature of the present Indian standard—the rupee.

The value of the coin no longer depends on that of the silver contained in it, but is enhanced by scarcity. It may be regarded as an inconvertible bank-note printed on silver.

The rupee stands now at about sixteenpence, but the value of the silver is only about tenpence.

The Indian Government say that they propose to adopt “a gold standard under conditions not dissimilar from those prevailing in France.”

But what are the conditions in France? The Indian Government must surely have forgotten them. So far from attempting to maintain a gold standard with a nominal amount of gold, as Mr. Schmidt pointed out to the Committee of 1893 (and the same is substantially true now),\* the French stock of gold is £160,000,000 against £180,000,000 of silver, thus fully bearing out my argument.

But can the French be correctly described as having a gold standard? Surely not. Five-franc silver pieces are legal tenders to any amount.

No doubt, theoretically, any one can take gold to the French Mint and have it coined, but at a cost which would, at the present rate of exchange, involve a loss, and consequently no one now does so. The currency is so regulated by the Bank of France as to maintain an exchange with England of about 25·20. It cannot be called a gold standard, because five-franc pieces are legal to any amount. Nor is it a silver standard, because it does not fluctuate with the value of silver, but is so regulated by the Bank of France as to maintain a steady exchange with England of about 25 francs 20 centimes to the pound sterling.

I have proposed, therefore, to call it an “exchange standard”; it is

\* Evidence before the Indian Currency Committee of 1893. He also gives similar figures for other countries.



regulated with reference to the British pound sterling, and it is, I think, rather a proud position for us that the French standard at this moment is a standard based on the pound sterling.

Yet the Indian Government call this a "gold standard." But if this is what they mean when they speak of a gold standard for India, they have it already. They regulate their currency so as to keep the value of the rupee at about 16*d.*; the French regulate theirs so as to keep their coinage at about an exchange of 25 francs 20 centimes to the £1. The one is as much, or as little, a gold standard as the other.

The mere fact of coining a few millions of gold pieces in India would not affect the question.

Sir R. Giffen justly observes\* that

"The burden of foreign obligations in gold on the people of India is not affected in the slightest degree by the fact that the money of India is silver or copper or paper, and not gold. The foreign gold obligations are clearly paid by the produce which India exports, and according as India has a surplus or not for export, so will its foreign gold obligations be easily, or not easily, met. There is not the slightest reason, then, as far as the gold obligations, whether of the Government or of individuals, are concerned, why the money of India should be the same as that of its foreign creditors."

I can see, therefore, no advantage in a gold loan such as the Indian Government propose. It would only enhance their difficulties.

Another unfortunate result has followed from the course pursued by the Indian Government in their desire to obtain gold.

They undertook to give rupees to any extent against gold at the rate of 16*d.* While, therefore, the lower limit of value of the rupee was unfixed, it could not rise above 16*d.* They fixed the maximum, but not the minimum. Consequently, as soon as the rupee approached the maximum every one who could do so withdrew his capital. He could gain nothing, and might lose heavily by leaving it in India.

Their other suggestion is, that the "rupee circulation must be decreased in order to remove its redundancy." They propose, therefore, to reduce it, and think that twenty-four crores is the outside limit which would be necessary to effect this object.

But they say † :

"We must not only withdraw the amount from circulation, but we must show by the method we adopt that our intention is, that it should cease to exist in the form of coin, and that its place, as coin, is to be taken by gold. Our proposal is therefore to melt down existing rupees, having first provided a reserve of gold both for the practical purpose of taking the place of the silver, and in order to establish confidence in the issue of our measures."

\* *The Economic Journal*, September 1898, p. 304.

† Correspondence respecting the proposals on currency made by the Government of India. Parliamentary Papers, C. 8840 of 1898, p. 6.

But if the currency is redundant—and to this I will return presently—to melt down rupees and replace them by gold could not reduce the amount, and consequently could not affect the value of the currency. It appears indeed that they propose to reissue a somewhat smaller amount in gold, but why issue any? Even assuming that the currency is redundant, I see no need to melt down rupees, which would be an unnecessary expense. The natural wear and tear, which is always in operation, the growth of population and (let us hope) of commerce, will in no long time require them all.

But suppose the Indian Government do melt down their rupees, and succeed in buying and issuing £20,000,000 of gold, how will they be better off; how will they be nearer a gold standard than they are at present?

They propose that rupees should remain legal tender to any amount. Indeed, they must be so.

A circulation in which, out of £130,000,000, £20,000,000 only would be legal tender would be an absurdity—an evident impossibility. But if silver remains—as under these circumstances it must remain—legal tender up to any amount; if rupees remain legal tender—contracts are made in rupees, and accounts kept in rupees—surely it is entirely misleading to talk of establishing a gold standard.

If, indeed, the Government undertook to give gold for rupees at a fixed ratio, the case would be very different; but in that case, as Sir R. Giffen points out,\* they

“must be prepared, on the one hand, to issue sufficient silver coins for currency purposes, and, on the other hand, to redeem those coins with gold on demand; which means that they must be prepared to face the hoards of rupees coming out to be exchanged, as no distinction can be made between coins for currency and hoarded coins.

“Another consequence of this would be that when the system is fully in operation the Indian Government must have two reserves—one in coined silver to meet the daily needs of the community, and to be withdrawn and issued as required; the other in gold, to be used for keeping the silver coins up to the gold standard. What the expense of such a system would be it would be useless to calculate.”

¶ This responsibility the Indian Government very prudently, if I may venture to say so, decline to undertake; but that being so, their proposals, even if carried out, would not create a gold standard for India. The rupee may, perhaps, be maintained at an exchange value of 16*d.*, but so it may without the new steps proposed by the Government.

But perhaps it will be said that, even if the result could not with technical accuracy be termed a gold standard, it would practically be one; and that to suggest a difference between such an “exchange standard” and a gold standard is a mere technical refinement.

\* *The Economic Journal*, September 1898. P. 311.



The difference, however, is not a mere question of terms, because an "exchange standard," though in many respects similar to, is also in many respects different from, a gold standard.

For instance, a gold standard, if once established, would be automatic; an exchange standard requires to be watched and regulated.

A gold standard would be elastic, and adapt itself to the requirements of commerce; an exchange standard is inelastic; it will be very difficult to say whether at any given time the currency is redundant, sufficient, or inadequate. Some important witnesses have maintained to the Committee that the currency is at present redundant, and the Government themselves propose to melt down a large sum in rupees; while other witnesses of great experience have attempted to show that the present circulation is insufficient for the requirements of commerce. The decision arrived at by the authorities would mean to many the difference between profit and loss—perhaps, between wealth and ruin. This shows the difficult and delicate problem which would have to be solved in determining whether at any given time the coinage is deficient or not, and it is very undesirable that such a responsibility should rest upon the Government.

The dangers of illicit coinage seem also considerable, and there are indications that for certain purposes the use of bars of metal is replacing that of coin. I should much regret to see the Queen's head disestablished.

Considering the heavy fall which has taken place in the value of silver, and that there has probably been some rise in that of gold, no Government would be wise in taking steps which must accentuate the change. Least of all should the Government of India do so.

The difficulties of Indian finance have arisen from the fall in the value of silver. Under these circumstances the policy of the Indian Government should surely be as far as possible to raise the value of silver. The measures they propose, however, would tend to raise gold and depress silver still further.

It seems to me, therefore, that the proposals of the Indian Government are unwise, and that, whether they are wise or not, they would neither result in a true gold currency nor a gold standard.

There is one other matter which is not directly connected with the currency, but which has, I submit, materially aggravated the difficulties of the Indian Government and retarded the progress of India. This is the policy adopted with reference to railways. Millions of British capital have been, and are being, invested in railways in the United States, and even in Argentina. Concessions are being eagerly sought for in China. Why not in India? If the Indian Government had encouraged private enterprise, they would have had more railways, and a smaller amount of interest to meet in this country. But if they make railways themselves, no one else will do so. If a line is sub-



mitted to subscription under existing circumstances, the general feeling of the public would naturally be that, if the line was likely to pay, the Government would have made it themselves.

Moreover, the Government insist on the right to purchase after a certain time, so that if the railway is unremunerative it may be left on the hands of the shareholders, while, if it pays well, Government exercises their right of purchase. No wonder, then, that private enterprise is checked. India requires capital; but the policy of the Government in this respect also has tended to keep it away.

Returning to the currency I quite concur that the present position is very unsatisfactory; but it is impossible, I think, simply to reopen the mints. If, however, the United States and France were to increase their coinage of silver, this would make a great difference. I regret, therefore, that the recent proposals of those Governments were so summarily dismissed, though they were, no doubt, quite inadmissible as they stood.

Moreover, they were rejected by the Indian Government under a misapprehension of what the effect would have been. The proposal was that, if the Indian Government reopened their mints, France and the United States would reopen theirs at their existing ratio, and the Indian Government said:

"The first result of the suggested measures, if they even temporarily succeed in their object, would be an intense disturbance of Indian trade and industry by the sudden rise in the rate of exchange, which, if the ratio adopted were  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, would be a rise from about 16*d.* to about 23*d.* the rupee."\*

That is a very bold prophecy, for which they do not state the grounds, and I confess I do not see the reason. That there would be some rise I do not doubt, but I cannot think that it would be to any such extent. In the long run the opening of the mints would only raise the price of silver by increasing the demand. But to raise the price of the silver in the rupee from 10*d.* or 11*d.* to 23*d.*, to double and more than double the price of silver throughout the world, is (if other circumstances remain as they are) more, I am convinced, than France or the United States, or both, strong as they are, could accomplish. The whole £160,000,000 of gold held by France and the £50,000,000 gold reserve in the United States Treasury would be drained away and replaced by silver before such a tremendous change would be produced. The fears of the Indian Government, therefore, that an increased use of silver in France and the United States would raise the rupee to an intrinsic value of 23*d.* seem to be utterly without foundation.

I have always regretted the closing of the mints in 1893. It seemed to me unnecessary and unwise. The evils of a fluctuating exchange are, no doubt, considerable, but I agree with Mr. O'Connor,

\* Government of India to India Office Sept. 16, 1897. (C. 8667. 1897.)

Sir S. Montague, Sir F. Adam, Mr. Ralli, and other competent authorities, that, so far as trade is concerned, they have been exaggerated. A stable exchange is a good thing, but it is still more important to have a sound currency and a satisfactory standard.

The mints, however, have been closed, and the problem is, what should now be done.

The Government have pledged themselves to do their best to maintain a rate of about 16*d.*, and cannot recede unless the attempt is shown to be impracticable. Under these circumstances, it seems to me that we should give the present policy a fair trial. My own belief is that, unless some unforeseen circumstances arise, the rate of exchange will be maintained at about 16*d.* I agree with Sir J. Mackay that it is probable no drastic measures will be required.

Even, however, if exchange be maintained at about 16*d.*, the position is far from being satisfactory, and it would be of great importance to reopen the mints if possible. From this point of view I recommended in 1892 a fixed import duty on silver of, say, 6*d.* an ounce, or about 20 per cent., which would have three good effects:

1. It would bring in a substantial revenue;
2. It would tend to increase the demand for Council Bills;
3. It would diminish the difference in value between coined and uncoined silver in India.

Lord Northbrook objects that such a tax would (1) fall on the people, and (2) would be evaded by smuggling. Any tax must fall on some one, and this would fall on those who wish to buy plate or ornaments, neither of which are necessities of life. Nor do I see any special danger of smuggling. Our own duties on tea and tobacco are far higher.

The present intrinsic value of the rupee is about 10*d.*; a duty of 6*d.* an ounce would be between 2*d.* and 2½*d.*; the effect of opening the mints would probably be at least 1½*d.*, and if a seigniorage of 1*d.* was charged we should have:

	<i>d.</i>
Intrinsic value at present price of silver . . . . .	10
Import duty (say) . . . . .	2·4
Seigniorage . . . . .	1
Effect of opening the mints (say) . . . . .	1·75
Making together . . . . .	15·15
or within 1 <i>d.</i> of the present value.	

No doubt there might still be fluctuations. So there may be with a gold standard. Gold is not necessarily more stable than silver. From 1870 there has been a great increase in the production of silver. It may now be the turn of gold. Some indications seem to point in this direction. The production of gold has immensely

increased in the last few years, but it has been absorbed by the Russian Government, who have borrowed enormous sums, and hoarded the gold. This cannot continue, and when the Russian action ceases, unless some fresh demand arises, the increased production will begin to tell. The problem, however, is so complex that it is impossible to predict the future of prices. The value of silver in relation to gold may rise or may fall. He would be a bold, rather than a wise man, who would venture to prophesy which. It is certainly, however, not impossible that silver may rise in relation to gold. In that case, with the imposition of a fixed and heavy import duty, as above suggested, and a seigniorage of, say, 1*d.*, the value of silver in relation to gold might be such as would enable the Government to reopen the mints.

I should, then, deprecate the raising of a gold loan, or the melting down of rupees as suggested by the Indian Government, and recommend the imposition of an import duty of, say, 6*d.* an ounce on silver, looking forward to the possibility that some day, with the assistance of a seigniorage, it might be possible to reopen the mints, and thus give to India once more the inestimable advantage of a sound and satisfactory currency.

Let me say in conclusion that I make these suggestions as a modest contribution to the discussion, not in any spirit of dogmatism.

The opinions above expressed seem to me to be those most in accordance with the facts at present before us, but any final conclusion would be premature until we have before us the Report of Sir H. H. Fowler's Committee, and the evidence on which it is based.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

## CEREMONIALISM V. EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

THERE is an entry in the diary of Mr. Henry Reeve which so exactly depicts the present ecclesiastical situation that it might have been written yesterday. It has reference to the fierce controversy which gathered round the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford, and which is memorable chiefly for having called forth Lord John Russell's curt and incisive letter to the Dean: "I have had the honour to receive your letter" (a letter in which he had announced his resolve to vote against the election) "intimating your intention to violate the law." Reeve differed from the line which the *Times*, to which he was a leading contributor, took upon the subject, and he writes:

"The contest is an open manifestation of a revival [of the struggle between] Protestant and Roman Catholic principles in our own Church. The predominance of the latter would be quite fatal to all we are accustomed to regard as most precious. Yet that is what the High Church is now aiming at in emancipation from the State. It intends to be all things to all men, not only in the next world, but in this; to supersede virtually the actual governing powers, and to establish in their stead the worst of all despotisms—the theocratical. That, at least, is the tendency of its present movement; it soon will be its undisguised object; and I can't bear to see the *Times* throwing its weight into the anti-social scale."

This was penned in 1848; if not more true, its truth is more manifest in 1898. The experience of the half-century has more than justified the forecast; but the point I am anxious to emphasise about it is that the writer was not a bigot or a partisan, but an eminent journalist, an accomplished man of letters, a sagacious man of the world. There are so many men of his class who fancy that they prove themselves superior persons by assuming a supercilious air in relation to all religious questions, that it is refreshing to find one who

can go directly to the heart of a great question. Even now we, with all the experience of years, will talk about ritualism as though it were a question of more or less ornate service, with which it would be folly for sensible men to trouble themselves. There is doubtless much that has favoured this view. But it is simply the talk of nineteenth-century Gallios without the excuse of ignorance, which the Proconsul of Achaia might have pleaded on his own behalf.

It must in all fairness, however, be confessed that this ritualist controversy is one in which there is almost of necessity an undue prominence given to the accidents rather than to the vital question at issue. The colour of a vestment, the position and name of the Communion Table, the proper attitude of a priest, the genuflexions of worshippers, the use of incense, all seem to belong to the infinitely little, and are not unnaturally regarded by thoughtful men as trifles, about which only fanatics or faddists would concern themselves. But it is around these that the battle has frequently raged. It would be untrue to suggest that the extreme High Churchmen have sought thus to divert attention from their real designs. Many of their most distinguished men have, indeed, not cared for these ritualist innovations. But they are pictures which attract the public eye and produce a much deeper impression than doctrinal discussions.

It cannot, however, be too strongly emphasised that these rites and ceremonies have been introduced with a definite purpose. From the first there has been a Romeward drift, and what was apparent to a cool-headed observer like Mr. Henry Reeve half a century ago, has now become so strongly pronounced that English politicians, looking at the course of events from their own standpoint, have raised their indignant protest against what they regard as high treason, not only to the Church of which these "Romanisers" or "Catholics," as they would call themselves, are ministers, but to the State which gives them privilege and endowment, and, in fact, commissions them as teachers of the national faith. Sir William Harcourt's trenchant exposures and telling denunciations are all the more effective as coming from outside ecclesiastical circles. They have been the event of 1898, and it is one which may yet give the political world more trouble than it anticipates. There are happily signs already that the discussion will go much deeper than others of a like character which have sprung up from time to time since the beginning of the Tractarian movement, but have passed away as rapidly, hardly leaving a trace behind. The sneers which used to be directed at the excitement raised by some small question of ritual are pointless as levelled against the far graver issues which have been disputed in the columns of the *Times* during the last few months. The legal limits of comprehension in a Church based on an Act of Uniformity, the first effect of which was an act of exclusion as cruel as is recorded in Church annals; the



distinction between "Catholic" and "Romish practices"; the toleration that may fairly be extended to ritualist excesses or eccentricities; the precise meaning of Rubrics and the comparative guilt of Evangelical omissions and ritualist additions; the extent of a bishop's authority and consequent responsibility for the faults of his clergy, are all of immense importance, and the mere enumeration of them shows how wide the area which this discussion has already covered.

But even in these we do not reach the bed rock. Far more important are those relating to the power of the priest and the efficacy of the Sacrament, and even these can only be rightly dealt with when they are considered in their relation to the spiritual training of men. In truth, the controversy involves the very essence of religion itself. It was, therefore, very instructive to have attention called to this point in an extremely valuable paper by one of the most distinguished journalists of the day, Sir Edward R. Russell. In the excitement of the controversy of the hour, and the urgency with which current questions are pressed, his appeal has received less notice than it deserves. But its supreme importance is not to be denied. His contention practically is that there is something more than a battle about ritual, for the opposing forces represent radically different conceptions of religion. The issue is raised by Paul when he says: "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision profiteth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by love." Here ceremonial is opposed to experimental religion, and the contention of Sir Edward Russell is that the predominance of the former has brought about what he characterises as the "decay of experimental religion." The appearance of so thoughtful and deeply religious a contribution to this subject in the columns of the *Times* was surely a cause for devout thankfulness. It was especially valuable as coming from a lay teacher, and all who are more anxious for the advance of godliness than for the triumph of any sect or polity may well rejoice to find this eminent publicist among the prophets. Underlying all the questions of the hour, agitated with such vehemence, and many of them invested with such factitious importance, the calm observer, who has no touch of the partisan, sees a far graver matter, of which the eager combatants on sides are in danger of losing sight. In his view it dwarfs every other, and he abundantly justifies his position.

The first question which naturally suggests itself is, what is "experimental religion"? and the first point on which it is necessary to insist is that it must not be confounded with mere emotionalism. The confusion between these two has been the cause of serious error and practical mischief. There is emotional religion which is not experimental, and there is experimental religion which is not emotional. There are men fully alive to the primary importance of the divine life in the soul, and who feel that its wise culture is a necessity

of their spiritual nature and the first condition of success in Christian service, who are singularly calm and unimpressible. They know nothing of inward raptures, and are probably predisposed to doubt their reality. They are not carried away by appeals to their feelings, but they are sincerely devout, discriminating in their scrutiny of their own motives and actions, leading a real and strenuous spiritual life which they never unbare for the gaze of others. But if they are very indisposed to speak of its secret and sacred passages, it is not less a reality to them. They have had their spiritual experiences, and though they may be unable to point to the time or define the circumstances under which they passed from darkness into light, they are not the less assured that they have been converted by the grace of God, and that they have a new life through faith in the Son of God. That life, with its many conflicts, its alternations of successes and reverses, its constant trend upward and Godward, its vision of Christ and living fellowship with Him, its divine impulses and ardent desires to obey them, is experimental religion. It may be emotional, for with the spiritual as with the intellectual, and, indeed, even with the physical life, the mode of development must largely depend on the original constitution. But it is much more than emotion. It means thought, resolve, strength, wise culture, in which right feeling may be an invaluable help; but it is more than emotion, easily awakened, and as easily passing away—at one hour full of the sweet experiences of the sanctuary, and the next drowning them all in the feverish excitement of the world—to-day revelling in the enjoyment of divine consolation, but to-morrow cold as a very iceberg, in so far as spiritual experiences are concerned.

After giving such a definition it is incumbent on me to disclaim any suggestion to the effect that sacerdotalism is so inconsistent with experimental religion that the adherent of the one can have no experience of the other. Such a judgment would be as false as it would be uncharitable. We are not insensible to the saintliness of many priests because we hold that the influence of their teaching is to hinder the development of the same high quality in others. Here, again, our statements require to be very carefully guarded. Priests of the type to which I refer may, by force of example and personal influence, lead their followers to the manifestation of the same graces which are so conspicuous in themselves. But this will be despite their system, not by means of it. The antagonism of which we speak is purely an antagonism of systems, and it must in all fairness be recognised that there are eminent Christians on both sides, who, if they were brought into friendly contact, would find an amount of spiritual affinity for which neither of them was prepared.

The key-note of the old Evangelical teaching was the need of experimental religion. The Low Church party are the successors of the



Puritans, and this was the distinctive feature of the Puritan. Briefly, the difference between it and sacerdotalism may be stated thus: The one insists that there is regenerating grace in baptism; the other that the new birth is conversion—"except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." In other words, the one makes baptism, the other personal turning to God, the essential condition of admission into the Church of Christ. Between the two extremes there are many shades of opinion, but these express the opposing ideas, and of the latter the Low Church and Evangelical Dissenters are the exponents. They do not make light of rites and ordinances, and there may be among them a diversity of will as to their value, but in every case they are only means of grace, cannot be substitutes for the quickening power of that grace of God in which experimental religion has its spring and its support.

It is this type of religion which, in Sir Edward Russell's view, is decaying. "The Low Church party," he says, "is dead." This is a strong, emphatic assertion. Perhaps it may be thought that he himself might not care to vindicate its literal truth. But when it is examined in connection with his other statements it will be seen that he has much to say in vindication of this sweeping assertion. He does not mean that the party is extinct, although it must be admitted that it has fallen from that high estate which it enjoyed when Coneybeare drew his celebrated picture of Church parties. It does not hold its own even in numbers, still less in power and leadership, among the clergy. But this is not all that Sir Edward Russell means. In the following passage we have a key to the true interpretation of the strong statement with which we are dealing.

"The Bishops of Southwell and Hereford, though they think the difference between sacerdotalists and non-sacerdotalists grave and radical, do not assign as a reason the abeyance into which the great Church revival of Pusey, Newman, Keble and the others, has thrown those Evangelical doctrines of salvation which in the first thirty years of this century were the criterion of vitality in the Christianity of Church of England congregations. I doubt not that the Bishop of Liverpool agrees with me in regarding the supersession of the doctrine of conscious conversion by priestly mechanism and sentiment as the essence of the great change of the last seventy years, but he has so fallen into the habit of treating this vital spiritual matter as turning on differences with Rome, that even he does not do justice to the place which the evangelicism of Scott the commentator, of Romaine, of Daniel Wilson, and, coming later, of Baptist Noel, the Sumners, Dallas, Goodhart, and Montague Villiers took, as they thought, for ever in the structure of the Church's spiritual operation. Bishop Perowne of Worcester has come nearest to the expression of my feeling."

This is a very serious allegation, and the misfortune is that when we have given ourselves time to reflect upon it, it is impossible not to feel that the evidence by which it is supported is uncommonly strong.

The question whether the change which has affected the Evangelicals of the Established Church has been felt by Dissenting Churches shall be considered afterwards. For the present it is the position of the Low Church party of which I am treating. The development in the High Church direction among them is too manifest not to be noted. It is a very small matter in itself that the black gown has so largely disappeared, but, nevertheless, it has its significance. With the triumph of the surplice, for such it undoubtedly is, have come a number of other things which, if they stood alone, would be of no moment, but which, seeing that they all point in one direction, cannot be thus heedlessly dismissed. The most serious feature of the whole result is the creation of an atmosphere by which even Evangelicals are affected. I was conversing a short time ago with a clergyman of strongly pronounced Evangelical views, and speaking to him of the difficulty of the Low Church position, especially in parishes where there was a strong tendency on the opposite side, ventured to suggest that in such cases an adherence to Puritan or old Evangelical practice might be as expedient in policy as it was sound in principle. Knowing that in his own church (from which he was removing to another) the service was extremely simple, I expected to find him in sympathy with these views. I was not a little surprised to hear him insist on the necessity for adaptation to the taste and tendencies of the times. He would probably not have gone very far himself, but he was an illustration of the sort of subtle influence which is abroad, and which is telling upon a large section of the clergy to a much larger extent than upon him.

This idea of adaptation has been a fatal snare to numbers. There are, no doubt, things that do change. It would be as foolish to conform our public worship and preaching to the precedent of the sixteenth century as it would have been to fight the battle of Omdurman with the weapons used at Agincourt. But there are other things which cannot be changed without serious injury. It would have been of little use to adopt the improved weapons, if, in casting away those of the olden times, we had, at the same time, parted with the skill of the general and the courage of the soldiers. The question about the transformation in the services at many Evangelical churches is to which of these two classes do the changes belong. Are they merely changes of externals, or do they indicate something deeper, more permanent and more injurious?

In the answer to this it is necessary to take account not only of the intention of clergymen by whom the changes are made, but also of their effect upon the minds of congregations. To interested observers, especially those who, should they belong to neither of the contending parties, have a decided Protestant bias, under the influence of which they have watched this extraordinary evolution, the craving



for a "beautiful service" has always seemed a somewhat dangerous tendency. In the Anglican Church this is not, hardly can be, a mere craving for a more ornate style of worship. Were that all there would be no need for strong protest, albeit the argument in its favour is not so conclusive as it may appear to many. Discussion of the question here would be irrelevant. It needs only to be said in passing that it affects only those Nonconformist Churches which have introduced some innovations, chiefly improvements in the musical part of the service, which would have shocked their ancestry even at the beginning of the century. We are continually being taunted by ritualist critics with having ourselves advanced from the position of our fathers. We do not deny the fact, but we refuse to regard it as an offence which it is necessary for us to explain or to extenuate. Our very life is in progress. We are not bound by any Act of Uniformity. We have not to consider what our obligations to the State demand. Emphatically we are the children of liberty, and for the use of that liberty we have to account to God. We stand at no human tribunal; to our own Master we stand or fall, and we share the Apostle's confidence that we shall be holden up, for God is able to make us stand. But as a mere point in the discussion we must urge that there is no real parallel between our position and that of clergy in the Anglican Church in this matter. It may be unwise on other grounds to allow mere æstheticism to exercise so much influence in our modes of worship, to give so much prominence to a musical element, to surround the public worship with so much of "pomp and circumstance." But even if this were admitted, the danger ends there. There is no thought of symbolism about any of the innovations which are conspicuous in many Nonconformist Churches, and there is nothing in our teaching or our system—and I speak here of the Evangelical Free Churches as a whole—which lends itself to such a tendency.

It is different in the Anglican Church. There is a strong sacerdotal element in the Prayer Book, and it cannot be doubted that the chief object of the extreme High Church party is to develop it to its utmost extent. It is not a mere childish craving for man-millinery that leads to the assumption of gorgeous dresses of many colours by bishops and priests, but a deliberate purpose to impress the spectators with the sanctity of the office which they hold. The same idea runs through the whole of the ceremonial for which they are contending. The exaltation of the Sacrament means the glorification of the priest. The idea is naturally so welcome to those who fill the office that it is not surprising if it meets with very wide acceptance, and that besides those who adopt it from conviction there are numbers who drift into it without any conscious purpose, by the mere force of the current by which they are borne along. The priest-idea is in human nature. It is curious sometimes to note its working even in men to whose



theory of the Christian ministry it is utterly abhorrent. Is it wonderful that those who have been taught that they have received from God, through their bishops, "the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands," should feel themselves not only disposed, but compelled to "magnify their office." The tremendous import of the words in which their prerogative is described cannot be exaggerated. "Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained." While the formula remains unchanged it will simply be impossible to exclude priests and priestism from the Anglican Church. The marvel is not that they are there, but that there has ever been found a place for those who repudiate the idea of a "ministerial priesthood," to use Dr. Moberley's expressive phrase.

It would be superfluous to elaborate a contrast between this ceremonialism and experimental religion. Even if the old Evangelical message continued to be proclaimed with more or less of distinctness from the pulpit, the object-lessons of the altar would do much to neutralise its effect. The teacher may repeat Paul's old counsel to Timothy, "Take heed to thyself and the teaching." But the burden of all the symbolism of the altar and the Sacrament is, "Hear the Church." Lord Halifax and his followers are continually dinning into our ears that they must defend at all costs the Catholic heritage of the Church. To them it matters not whether this is compatible with loyalty to the Establishment, from which they derive their only claim to speak as the representatives of the English nation. The law must be treated with contempt if it interfere in any way with their fidelity to the "Catholic Church." In every case their appeal is to the Church, and this submission is the primary duty incident on the people. An Apostle disclaimed the idea of any lordship over the faith of men. But here it is claimed for the Church, and the will of the Church is in every case to be interpreted by the priest.

It may be said that, of all people, there are none less likely to be entangled in such a yoke of bondage than free Englishmen, who still number among their noblest heroes the brave men who fought the battles of liberty in the past. Looked at one side, this is true. It is easy to conceive of acts of priestly assumption which would at once arouse the fiercest indignation of the laity and stir them to a passionate resistance which would make a very speedy end of all the arrogant pretensions of a priestly caste. Sir William Harcourt is a strong and sturdy representative of a widespread sentiment which might easily be lashed to a fury that would make short work of the bishops and even the Establishment itself. It is significant that one of his most telling letters—perhaps the most effective of the whole series—is that in which, taking as his text a letter which was one of

the most conspicuous illustrations of the insolent and lawless temper which masks itself under the garb of loyalty to the Catholic Church, he dwells upon the evils of the Confessional. There the ordinary English layman is most easily and most keenly touched. He may be perplexed about the metaphysics of transubstantiation, he may laugh at copes and chasubles, and sneer at the use of incense, and yet be disposed to treat these peculiarities as freaks and vagaries of well-meaning but weak-minded men. He is disturbed when he is warned of a Romeward tendency, but his equanimity is restored when he is assured that the last thing the Anglican priest desires is a return to the "Roman obedience," and, in fact, as he hears him express his readiness to abjure the Pope and all his works, his anxious spirit may be soothed to rest again. But the confessor and his intrusion into his domesticities he will not stand. So long as a priest remains an outsider, confining himself strictly to his church work, the squire may tolerate him, if for no other reason because, as far as he can, he will humour the whims of his womankind. But it is at the priest's peril that he transgresses this limit; he may still stir up an active resistance to himself and his order against which they will be unable to contend.

All this is true, but there is another view suggested even by the rapid sketch just given which must be taken into account. The man who treats religion as a matter mainly for women, and with which busy men cannot be expected to trouble themselves, is tempted to catch at any plea which will save him from personal thought and effort in the matter. This is exactly what the priest is prepared to do for him. He would probably profess himself wearied of the eternal wrangle of the creeds, and shrink from the task of discriminating between them; the priest finds relief for him by leading him to rest on the authority of the Church. If he is ever disquieted by the thought of a selfish and worldly life, anxious about the possibilities of an eternal future, perhaps even perturbed by the inward witness which will now and then remind him that the God, in whose hands is his breath and whose are all his ways, he has not glorified, here again is one ready to administer the anodyne to the restless conscience. The Church points out through the priest the way of peace and life and hope. The Church undertakes to receive his penitent confession and prescribes the conditions on which he is to be absolved. There are those, it is to be supposed, who content themselves with this assurance from the lips of a man. The process by which they have managed to persuade themselves that any fellow creature has such a prerogative is not very intelligible. But the voice of the spiritual sluggard, who cannot bear to be awakened, who hates anything like an appeal to conscience, and who trusts himself to the hands of the priest rather than cultivate faith in the living God, is too often heard to allow of any doubt as to

the existence of a class who, from one cause or other, are the ready victims of sacerdotalism.

The priest himself is a spiritual phenomenon. I have no desire to impugn the sincerity of many of those who hold that office, and who seek in all conscientiousness to discharge its duties. I should be blinded by prejudice were I unable to discern or unwilling to admit the saintliness by which many of them are distinguished. It is of the office that I speak, not of the men who hold it, and of the office even where the man who holds it is of the finest type, has the highest conception of his obligations and is beyond all suspicion as to his discharge of its duties. Here is a man, with frailties and infirmities like other men, who, nevertheless, believes that in him is a power of working a miraculous change in the simple elements of bread and wine, so that when by his consecration they have become the "Sacrament," they are to the recipient the flesh and blood of the Saviour; and further, that to him has been given the (if possible) more awful prerogative of searching into men's lives, and himself pronouncing their sins retained or forgiven. It is beyond the power of my imagination to conceive of the inner life of the man who can believe this in relation to himself. It is not so wonderful that there are found so many who are caught by what Sir Edward Russell describes as the "religious ideal" of "intermittent sin with sacerdotal clean-slatting." But assuredly it is the point on which the indignation of the English people will most certainly be concentrated, as it is that on which the antagonism to the Puritan type is most pronounced. Sir William Harcourt has wisely warned the bishops that, if they cannot end the Confessional, the Confessional will end them.

There is an important question which suggests itself as to the extent to which this evil has affected other Churches. Sir Edward Russell speaks very distinctly on this point. I would fain hope that he is not judging too favourable a judgment. He says:

"Of course I know that change has not been absent in other communions, and that the old phraseology of Evangelical Christians is not now heard—except in street preaching or its counterparts—in its apt and taking baldness. But the essence—the free-grace conversion doctrine and process of Luther and Knox and Wesley—remains, and no thin end of the Sacramental wedge has in the least degree been got into the Presbyterian, Congregational, or Baptist faith."

The qualification I should feel it necessary to supply here is that while there may have been no real change in beliefs, or, at least, none which involve even an indifference to the vital points of the old Puritan creed, there may have been—there certainly has been—a very considerable readjustment of the relative positions of truths. Dr. Dale was wont to complain that the "grace of God," once a favourite term, was in danger of becoming obsolete, and his suggestive remark pointed



to some facts whose significance is sufficiently grave. Our fathers probably dwelt too much on the facts of personal experience; it is pretty certain that we give them too little prominence. It was not a healthy state of feeling which found expression in the old hymn of John Newton's, as great a favourite in Congregational circles as in those of Evangelical Churchmen:

"'Tis a point I long to know  
Oft it causes anxious thought—  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I His or am I not?"

A recent writer speaks of this as a loved lyric, and no doubt it was extremely popular, and popular because it expressed a very prevalent view of the Christian life. Religious hours were too often spent in a microscopic introspection, conducted for the most part in an extremely severe temper, and with a distinct leaning to pessimist conclusions, and the result was an experience which was often very agonising. Watts matched Newton with his characteristic utterance:

"Why should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?"

The reason was not obvious, but the mourning was certain and real, nevertheless. No one whose pastoral reminiscences extend forty years back, or even less, can have failed to meet with cases of conscience of a very distressing kind which were due entirely to ideas of this kind. I can recall one or two whose beautiful spirit and saintly life commanded not only affection, but respect approaching to veneration, who, nevertheless, allowed themselves to be tortured with doubts of this kind. Had they been really converted, or were they self-deceived? Was their faith strong enough? Was their love to Christ genuine, and was it as strong as it ought to be? Having had to deal again and again with such inquiries, and exhausted all my resources both of brain and heart in order to help these unfortunates to conquer foes who owed their existence mainly to their distorted views of God and their relation to Him, I can testify to the wide prevalence of this kind of "experimental religion." And, happily, I can also bear witness to the gradual subsidence of phenomena which I believe to have been distinctly morbid in character.

The reaction could not fail to come. The question is, has it been excessive? Has it, that is, not been carried so far as well nigh to ignore the idea of experimental religion. Even if it were so, there would not be any close relation between such a movement and that in the Anglican Church. So far there might be similarity, that in both the decay in vital godliness has been accompanied by an increased attention to the externals of worship. But there all resemblance ceases. There are practically no indications in the Free Churches of that disposition to ascribe some supernatural character to the sacraments, and

to draw the soul away from its direct fellowship with God to a trust in the priest. There a strong, not unnatural, disposition on the part of some High Churchmen to appeal to Dr. Dale as sympathising in their views. There could be no greater mistake. Probably, from his own habit of mind and spiritual temperament, Dr. Dale was more inclined, and even more able, to appreciate and admire the better side of Tractarianism than Nonconformists generally. All readers of his biography must be struck with the extraordinary breadth of his sympathy. But his admiration of particular qualities in individuals is not to be understood as agreement with their distinctive views. He had learned, what so few have learned, to find out the good in a man, and to honour him for that, even though compelled to oppose his teaching and, as far as possible, to counteract his general influence. Thus, while he could admire George Dawson and Dr. Pusey, he did, when occasion required, oppose the theology of both. The mysticism of Newman and his school attracted him, but there was no man further removed from sympathy with their sacerdotalism. In his views of the sacraments he differed widely from many of those with whom he was most closely associated. But this difference did not at all affect his whole conception of experimental religion. He had a more exalted conception of the value of the Lord's Supper as an instrument of spiritual culture. But that is the whole extent of the divergence. He found no place for the priest in the Church of Christ. Even the Sacrament was precious to him only as bringing his own soul and the soul of every true recipient into more direct communion with the Saviour Himself.

It is in an entirely different direction that the danger of Congregationalists, at all events, is to be found. A love for intellectual advance is our weakness—it may be even that it is the sin which easily besets us. We pride ourselves on our freedom from the tyranny of creeds, on the openness of mind with which we receive new lessons of truth from whatever side and in whatever form they come; on being abreast of the age, and so far in sympathy with its ideas that we can meet many of the objections to which a more stereotyped theology can give no answer. The aim is surely laudable enough, but the perils to which those who pursue it are exposed must be equally manifest. The restlessness of the age may affect us and create a discontent with all that is simply because it is. Our independence of the past may be pushed into contempt for it. Our determination to prove all things, and the value we put on clear and rational thinking may pass into a mere worship of intellect which forgets that the primary and chief condition of the entrance into the heavenly kingdom is that we be converted and become as little children.

There have been theological changes which could not but affect the tone of our religious life. It seems hard to suggest that the old Evangelical ideal had in it a certain selfish element, remembering that



the men who were trained under its influence were foremost in the great philanthropic movements of the time. But, undoubtedly, the influence of their theology, of their awe-inspiring conception of God, of their vivid pictures of the "terrors of the Lord," of their theory of eternal punishment, was to concentrate the thought on their personal salvation. It would be the climax of injustice to deny or forget that, despite all such tendencies, numbers of the disciples of this school were among the excellent of the earth. What the Puritan movement and its successors, the Wesleyan awakening and the Evangelical revival (both of which, despite some theological differences, were its lineal descendants), have done for British Christianity, and for British liberty also, it would be impossible to tell. But, as everywhere else, there always were those who abused the teachings which the narrowness or hardness of their own nature prevented them from assimilating, and in whom all the worst tendencies of the system were conspicuous, and by them it is often and most unfairly judged.

Our theological conception has changed, and with it our spiritual ideal also. The recognition that "God is love" as the central truth of the Gospel had a transforming influence on the entire creed. It could not fail to affect the idea of conversion. There was a time when it was expected that the Christian should be able to describe how and when the great change was effected in him, and often even to describe the successive stages by which the soul was led out of the darkness of unbelief and ungodliness into the light of the Gospel. It was inevitable that all this should pass away. Indeed, it is marvellous how, with the New Testament in their hands, this miserable Procrustean theory of conversion could ever have come to be entertained. There are two important points at least which are distinctly recognised—first, that in individual souls, with their infinite varieties of temperament and experience, God fulfils Himself in different ways; and second, that the way of access to the Father of infinite love, who willeth not that any should perish, can be made difficult only by the unbelief or impenitence of the man himself.

The serious question is, whether in this change there has been any weakening of the necessity of conversion. "The definite parting from sin," in Sir Edward Russell's view, "was the idea of the old Evangelicals." It is not uncharitable to say that there is need, and very serious need, to insist more strongly upon that as a primary and essential Christian duty. The weakness of not a little preaching at the present time, even among those who desire to be classed as Evangelicals, and who, so far as the acceptance of a creed is concerned, are really so, is that it is not sufficiently Evangelistic. And that weakness is, in its turn, to be traced back to a defective conception of sin. The number of Evangelical Nonconformists who are untrue to the old faith is not considerable. There is a larger number who would

have credit for intellectual freedom and breadth on the ground that they will not pronounce any theological shibboleths, and insist on stating the truths which they hold in their own language. But there are many more who do not feel the absolute necessity of perpetual insistence on the great fundamental truths which are at the root of all experimental religion. It is not that they are captivated by the attractions of a high ritual, or ascribe any special grace to sacraments. But they are full of a lofty ideal of practical Christianity, which they continually keep before their hearers. They are ethical teachers, they are full of humanitarian sympathies, they are ardent social reformers. The one thing they are apt to forget is that a house must have foundations, and that in the endeavour to build up this lofty character they have forgotten this necessary condition.

After all, the worker is one of the most important factors in the work that has to be done. No more valuable contribution can be made to the reform of society than the training of godly reformers. The epithet is deliberately chosen, for godliness is just the quality, the necessity for which is too often overlooked. There are not a few active philanthropists who need to be reminded that humanitarianism is not necessarily Christianity. A friend was telling me recently of a meeting of some Christian brotherhood, organised on a purely humanitarian basis. After some speakers had spoken in earnest terms of their work as a service to Christ, a discordant voice was heard from one who protested that this introduction of a reference to Christian motive was unnecessary, for, as for himself, pity for his poor or suffering fellow men was a sufficient impulse. A reply was promptly given, and it may be hoped that the lesson of the incident was laid to heart. Service for man is the true product of love to God, and, as the New Testament teaches, the best service that can be rendered to Him. But as a substitute for it, it is a miserable illusion. It would be peculiarly unfortunate if, at this crisis, there should be any weakening of the testimony which the Free Churches have always borne on this point. I do not believe there is any danger.

The one fortunate circumstance in the present controversy is the fact that its real nature is beginning to be appreciated on all sides. Here is what the Dean of Norwich says on the absurdity of concentrating so much attention on mere points of ritual :

"What would be said of the War Office if, on being assured of the existence, extension, and even organisation, of what was regarded as a perfidious, yet conscientious, mutiny, the Commander-in-Chief ordered a court-martial on a most laborious officer to try him for smoking on parade?" And how would the inquiry appear if it turned out that the same, or some other officer, had passed on the cigars to those next in rank to a field-marshal, who apparently enjoyed the delicious aroma?"

Parallels can seldom be made to run on all fours, but the kind of

proceeding thus described has a very close resemblance to the fierce resistance to the use of incense. Like a multitude of other rites, which in themselves are almost childish, the objection to it is because of its place in a sacramental system which is in distinct antagonism to what has been known and prized both in the Establishment and the Free Churches as Evangelical religion. But the experience of centuries has shown the vanity of any dependence on law to uproot sacerdotalism and its attendant evils. All that Protestants are entitled to ask—if they are to be consistent with their own principles all they can ask—is that the law shall not encourage and endow the error. Unfortunately that is what the Evangelical clergy seem indisposed to do. The Dean of Norwich, for example, calls out for new legislation :

“ I for one cannot acquiesce in the deadlock, persuaded, as I am, that, unless a way out be found, there is nothing before the Church but chartered robbery, nothing before the State but splendid heathenism, nothing before the throne save the loftiest personification of national apostasy and an indelible Ichabod which needs no Daniel to interpret.”

Such an utterance makes one despair of the party whose views it represents. It is a kind of fine writing in which sounding words conceal the absence of solid argument. What it really means is that Protestantism must be risked rather than sacrifice the Establishment. And this position is taken in face of the results of disestablishment in the sister Church of Ireland. But enlargement and deliverance will come from another place. The English laity will yet save the Establishment from being un-protestantised, and they will save it, I venture to predict, not by inflicting a new injustice, but by abolishing that which already exists. Under religious equality truth and error will wrestle for the mastery in the field of argument, and, as we all believe in God, we cannot doubt the issue.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

## A TRIP TO LAKE BALKASH.

ONE fine morning, at the beginning of last February, I left my hotel at Vierny and started on a sporting expedition to Lake Balkash. When I say that I left my hotel, this, perhaps, hardly conveys a correct notion to an English reader, the hotel being merely a wooden structure with five rooms, bare, though clean; there was, indeed, not even a bed. Here I was served with nothing to eat or drink but the inevitable *samovar*, or urn of boiling water heated by charcoal. Englishmen do not like these arrangements, and such a diet is not suited to their constitutions. I must own I was somewhat disappointed in the leading hotel of Vierny—a town of 25,000 inhabitants and the capital of the province of Semiritché, in the dominion of Siberia—for I had made a long journey from India of some 800 miles to get there, and my mind had been fixed—perhaps greedily—on many savoury dishes, as a pleasant change to the plain fare I had enjoyed on the Pamirs and on my journey. But it was not to be.

My destination was Lake Balkash, which, as any one who will look at the map may see, lies partly in Siberia and partly in the Steppes; and my object in going there was to try to shoot the tiger of those parts, which I hoped might prove to be of the same species as the Korean animal.

I started with two sledges, containing myself and my Ladaki cook and a curious man from Khotan who had attached himself to me on the way from Kashmir, together with a certain quantity of rifles, stores, &c. The proprietor of the barrack before mentioned kindly came with me to make the *bandabast* at the village I was to start from, where he owned a shop, principally useful in keeping the whole of the Cossack village—man, woman, and child—in a perpetual state



of drunkenness. This village, Ilisk by name, is situated on the Ili River, where the main road to Omsk crosses the river by a very fine bridge. The weather being very cold, generally about zero, the snow was firm and the sledges ran smoothly and pleasantly, so much so that my invaluable cook, who was the only person whose language I could understand, and who therefore always had the place of honour by my side, fell fast asleep and dropped off into the snow. I did not discover his loss for some time, as I was in much the same state myself. He took a long time to catch us up, all the better, no doubt, for some sharp exercise. Ilisk was seventy-five versts away, but the ponies were good ones and no changing was necessary.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I got to the village, and the owner of the hotel took me at once to his shop, where I was to stay. I found, as is usual in this part of the Russian Empire, that I was expected to make myself comfortable in a small and very stuffy room, with two or three females of various ages and some half-dozen squalling children; the prospect, therefore, from the commencement was not alluring; but travellers must put up with small inconveniences of this sort, and I remembered that I was not shooting in India or Kashmir, where the people do not shock one's modesty to the same extent. The first thing was to send for the principal Cossack hunters of the place, and make an arrangement with some of them to accompany me on my expedition; but I soon found that this was no easy matter, for when they heard that I was going after tiger, and not after the more homely pig and pheasant, they began one and all to make excuses. One said—not that I mean to be profane—that he had married a wife and could not leave her, as she had not had time to produce a family to keep her company. Another maintained he had a stiff arm, and could not raise a gun; the third was evidently too old and inactive, though he professed to have killed two tigers in his lifetime. The three first arrivals proving unsatisfactory, another man was sent for. His name was Borodichen, and his face had a very unpleasant expression; however, he expressed himself as willing to come with me and bring two companions with him, who were, like himself, both good shots and brave men, and who knew the 500 versts of country below the bridge through which the Ili River passes before it empties itself into the great lake of Balkash. It was in the dense reed jungle which extends for many miles on either side of the river, and especially near the estuary—where there is a swampy district much resembling the Sunderbunds at the mouth of the Ganges, at this time of year, all frozen solid—that I hoped to find the cunning tiger. Terms having been settled and liberal backsheesh promised in case of success, the next thing to do was to supply the party with a bottle of *arrack*, or neat spirit, and when they had added some turpentine to it—for neat spirit is not strong enough for their stomachs—they



appeared to be in a very pleasant frame of mind. The question of transport had then to be considered, and this was no easy matter to arrange. No one would let me the necessary camels and ponies on hire for a month; such an arrangement was not customary there; besides, their animals would not be able to get any grass, and would die or be stolen. This, I may say, was pure imagination on their part, as the Kirghiz had large stocks of grass everywhere; but I noticed this extraordinary ignorance of the conditions of the country within a comparatively short distance as being a feature amongst the Russians of this part of Central Asia from highest to lowest. It is not remarkable, perhaps, as the Russian traveller or sportsman is a rarity, his efforts being mainly confined to the shooting of the pig and pheasant, or even of that difficult animal the hare, when not moving too rapidly. After much discussion, extremely trying to the temper—since my Ladaki Khalik, who was my interpreter, was, like myself, ignorant of Russian, and Turki, as spoken by the Russians and Kirghiz of these parts, is very different from that of Chinese Turkestan or the Pamirs—an arrangement was come to with three men, who undertook to convey the party in sledges for a day or two, after which I should have to requisition transport and riding ponies for myself and the Cossacks from the Kirghiz, who were said to be numerous all the way. This agreement being settled, more arrack and turpentine was necessary for the sledge-drivers, and it was a long time before I got rid of the lot.

Amongst the Babel of voices which had been filling the room during the palaver I caught the sound of the well-known language of Hindustan, and on asking the speaker who he was and where he came from, he told me that he was a Taranchi,\* and that he had lived for some years in India, where he had been employed in the Commissariat Department; he had found his way there from Mecca, whither he had gone on a pilgrimage with his father. On the death of the latter he had returned, through Afghanistan, to his native village close by, where he had a number of relations and owned a small holding of land. As he spoke Kirghiz fluently and understood Kirghiz ways, I thought he might be useful, and accordingly attached him to my following till I should return; he turned out useful to a certain extent, and most interesting to talk to, as he seemed to have been everywhere in India. He had been at Penjdeh at the time of

\* The Taranchis are a people who were transferred by the Chinese Government from Kashgar to Kuldja after a revolt about a century ago. In Turki language the word signifies "peasant," though originally they were *sarts* (merchants). They revolted a second time simultaneously with the Kashgarians under Yakub Beg, when, in spite of the smallness of their numbers, they massacred some hundreds of thousands of Chinese. Later on, in 1882, when the Russians, who had been administering Kuldja for some years, gave back the country to the Chinese, most of the Taranchis, fearing reprisals, settled in Russian territory.

the Russo-Afghan "incident," and gave me a graphic description of the affair.

Seeing that there would evidently be a difficulty about transport hereafter, and that the more lightly I travelled the better, I thought it would be best to rough it a bit, and accordingly left behind the greater part of my stores, and also some extra thick clothing of various kinds, taking only some flour and tea. I had been told that the cold at Balkash would not be more excessive than at Vierny; but this, like most of the information given me during this trip, was not strictly the truth, for the mercury during the next month usually fell to 30° Fahr. below zero—a small difference of some 30°. I suffered, therefore, somewhat from my good intentions; but when those who should know make these trifling errors, what can a stranger do but fall into them?

Leaving my Khotan acquisition with my dogs and most of my baggage behind, I started the next morning with three sledges. A large quantity of bread had to be taken for the half-dozen mongrel dogs who accompanied the Cossacks, and who all bore marks of much fighting with wild boars. One in particular, which afterwards became a favourite of mine, was minus one eye and also lacked some of the bony structure of his head, a malformation accounted for by a tusk thrust from below his jaw through his eye. Two of the Cossacks lingered behind with one sledge, to make, as they said, some final arrangements; they turned up late in the evening much the worse for liquor.

The Ili River, alongside which the way lay, is a fine broad river, and was now of course covered with thick ice. After crossing the bridge we entered on the bare steppe, occasionally crossing the river in search of a better road, for there was no regular track. The sledges conveyed us a hundred versts down the river in a couple of days, and then the drivers said they must return, and the difficulties of providing transport and riding-ponies for my onward progress at once commenced. The Kirghiz were not used to travellers or sportsmen coming that way, the only European stranger they ever saw being a very occasional Russian Sous-Chef of the district; and as this official, being on Government business, had to be provided with transport and supplies gratis during his tour, they thought that I also must be an official, although my old *puttoo* coat did not, it appeared to me, bear much resemblance to the Russian official uniform. I offered very liberal payment for transport, but in vain, and much to the surprise of the Russian Cossacks, who by no means approved of my actions, and promised that ponies should be forthcoming the following morning. Accordingly, as soon as it was dark, they and the Taranchi rode off on the sledge ponies and scattered themselves over the steppe to search

for Kirghiz *yourtas* where they might find means of transport. After about two hours the Taranchi returned in a very dishevelled state and with most of his clothes torn off his back. On my asking him what had happened he said that he had found two ponies tethered by a Kirghiz encampment, and that he was leading them away when he was assaulted by a crowd of these nomads, who beat him severely, and he had to run away. I thought it very natural that they should do so, but he said it was the custom to seize ponies if the Kirghiz would not give them willingly, and that by the Government *parwana* that I held I was authorised to do so. Presently he went off again with a gun over his shoulder and accompanied by another man. Some time afterwards far in the distance I heard a gun-shot; he told me the next morning that no damage had been done: he had only frightened his late assailants with the noise.

Next morning I found that sufficient ponies had been collected during the night to make a start; accordingly we pushed on forty versts, keeping near the river: it was very dull work, and there was nothing to look at except the great frozen stream and boundless steppe, covered with a stunted sort of *bhourtsa*, stretching away flat as a pancake as far as we could see. Everywhere there were hares in thousands; poor brutes, they looked half-starved in the snow: the dogs tried hard to catch them, but in vain, the heavy going effectually preventing any chance of a kill. The Cossack Borodichen, whom I had constituted as head *shikari*, soon showed me he could shoot; for, sitting on his pony, he killed two hares with his military rifle with one bullet each at seventy yards; and the pony was not over-steady either, for the Kirghiz in this part of the country do not shoot. I asked him if he was the best shot in his *sotnia*, and he said yes, which I was very glad to hear. With the exception of hares, and later in the day a few pheasants, there were no signs of life to be seen, except occasionally in the distance a Kirghiz *yourta* with the smoke curling out of the hole in the centre. Towards evening we came on an encampment of three *yourtas*; but all the male kind belonging to them appeared to be away; the wife and her daughters did the honours, and a curious-looking lot they were—the latter looking especially Mongolian, with very high cheek-bones and very thin cotton clothing; how they exist in this bitter cold is more than I can understand. My servant said they were like Gurkhas, but as I have never seen real Gurkha ladies I cannot say whether they were or not. Soon after I had arrived a Kirghiz *chuprasi*, or *jiggit*, as in Russia they term indiscriminately the numerous class that we in India call *chuprasi*, *peon*, *dakwallah*, &c., came in from some neighbouring *yourta*, and to him I entrusted the task of dividing the money for the six ponies and two camels which had carried the party and the baggage. I thought that as he was in the employment of the chief of the district he could

be trusted to carry out this somewhat thankless task, for I found it difficult to make the Kirghiz understand what the money was for and how much each was to receive. He promised to divide it as I told him; but of course I afterwards found out he had not parted with a farthing.

At this point, some 150 versts below Iliak, we came on the commencement of the great rush-jungle: the rushes were very tall and strong, considerably over the head of a man on horseback. No tigers were reported here, but there were plenty of wild pigs, and the Cossacks were out early to try and shoot some for the dogs, who promised to fare but badly, seeing that the Russians had already eaten most of the huge load of bread which I had intended to be used for them, and I had not enough cartridges to spare to shoot hares for their food. Neither Russians nor Kirghiz will eat these hares, as they say the dark flesh is not good; I had some soup made which I found good enough, though of course not coming up to hare soup as we get it in England. There was not the same difficulty about transport here, as there were plenty of camels and ponies about in the jungle, and sufficient of these were soon caught and loaded. My spirits began to rise at the sight of the jungle, which became denser and wider the farther we went, while the numerous tracks of pig, jeran, wolves, &c., which were to be seen everywhere in the snow, gave the place a sporting appearance. About midday we came to a Kirghiz encampment, where there was a mud house and some *yourtas*. The Cossacks told me that the owner was a very rich Kirghiz Beg, and that they knew him well; so we went inside and found a room warmed to an extreme heat by a Russian stove, and made very comfortable with numbers of rugs and felt *numdahs* made by the Kirghiz women, many of them prettily embroidered. He gave us tea and little pebbles of flour fried in *ghi*, and also dried apricots. I asked the Beg how many ponies and *mal* (meaning cattle, sheep, &c.) he possessed, and he told me that he owned about twenty ponies and 300 sheep. The Cossacks laughed at this; so I told them to explain that I was not an official but an English traveller, and that he need not be afraid of telling me the truth as to his possessions. On this he said that he owned 500 ponies and 3000 *mal*. The Kirghiz, having to pay a tax on each beast to the Government, in addition to the tax of eight roubles per *yourta*, naturally wish to conceal their riches as much as possible. I asked him, if he had any really good pony handy, to let me see it, as I was anxious to see a first-class Kirghiz pony. They soon fetched a good-looking white animal which had a *yourga* like the wind. *Yourga*, to explain the word, means a peculiar running swing when a pony moves both fore and hind of either side simultaneously: the motion is very easy, as the rider is not moved in his saddle: a good *yourga* pony will cover an immense distance of ground in a day,

but the action is a tiring one for the animal. All over Asia this motion is general and commands a higher price. At night we got to two Kirghiz *yourtas*, where we were a nice little family party, five of my following and an equal number of Kirghiz occupying one hut, whilst I and three Kirghiz took the other. There were no ponies here, so off went the foragers to seize what they could. The Taranchi and a Jiggit with him were again routed, so I sent one of the Cossacks with them to seize the culprits and bring them to me. They were very full of apologies; but as they had been shown the Government *parwana* written in their own language as well as in Russian, there was no excuse for them; so I told the Cossacks to bring them along on foot the next day's march, when I would hand them over to the *volus*, or Kirghiz officer, who was said to have his headquarters forty versts lower down the river. During the evening a fine large sheep was brought as a present to propitiate me and induce me to let the men go; but I sternly refused all attempts at bribery, and told them to take it away. Unfortunately, the Cossacks caught sight of it, and were not so scrupulous, as they immediately seized and cut its throat, eating most of it themselves and giving the remainder to the dogs. I was very much annoyed at their action, as of course the Kirghiz imagined that I was cognisant of it, which was by no means the case, since I only discovered what had occurred the following evening, when there was no chance of paying for the animal. I don't think, however, that it mattered much, as the Kirghiz are not accustomed to be paid for sheep, and all the way only tardily appreciated the fact that I wished to pay for them.

We started the next morning, with the retinue largely swelled by the Kirghiz culprits and numerous female relatives who had previously been drawn up in a line outside the *yourta* ready to burst into lamentations and tears on my appearance. This they did with right good will, but as there was nothing in their appearance to soften my heart, I paid no attention. The ponies carrying the baggage were loaded so badly and were so thin that about half-way I thought it prudent to capture and load two camels which happened to be within sight, and to turn the ponies loose. When we got near the encampment of the *Volus* I told the Cossacks to let the Kirghiz offenders go, as their relations made such a noise crying, and I had not the heart to take them before their chief, who has considerable magisterial powers of fining and imprisonment: there was much kissing of my foot and salaaming in consequence, and doubtless the walk of forty versts was highly beneficial to them all. The *Volus*, I found, had a little collection of mud houses, into one of which I was shown; and very warm and pleasant, after the bitter cold outside, the room was, warmed by a Russian stove and plenty of rugs on the floor and walls. The *Volus* belonged, he told me, to the Kopal district, and had some 1500 *yourtas*



under him from which he collected the taxes for Government, and whose internal affairs he managed generally. I asked him about *Shikar*, and he told me that there were tigers forty versts lower down—at least, he had heard so—but he would accompany me himself the next day and do what he could to assist me in obtaining reliable information. I spent a comfortable night in his house, being waited on by a very charming young woman who, I elicited, was the daughter-in-law of the Volus, and really extremely good-looking for a Kirghiz. We had a very superior lot of ponies provided the next day; so, leaving the baggage under the escort of one Cossack to follow, I and the remainder of the party went on at a great pace. We struck the river again thirty versts lower down, and very sporting the country looked: the stream divided here into several channels, with many islands covered with jungle scattered about; numerous creeks and nullahs branched off from the river, and a belt of reed-jungle twenty feet in height bordered the right bank on which I was, and extended to a distance of a mile or so into the steppe: altogether it was an ideal place for tiger.

A decrepit old Kirghiz who lived in a hut by the river-side told me that there were tigers in the neighbourhood, and that a Nogai merchant, who had an encampment some distance lower down, had killed a large female the previous day by means of poisoned meat: he had laid several pieces about on various jungle paths, and one of them had happened to come in the tiger's way. This was not very good news, and I was afraid lest the Cossacks' dogs might pick up some of the carrion by chance; however, the Cossacks did not seem to fear such a contingency, and it would not have been much loss if they had, for the dogs were quite useless and devoid of any idea of following up a beast by scent. I directed the owner of the hut to send the baggage on an animal to some *yurtas* reported a little lower down, whilst I and the Cossacks and my Taranchi friend crossed the river to look for tracks of tiger in the snow. There were several large islands here and there between the different channels that the river formed, and we paid particular attention to those that had a likely appearance. I saw at once that the only chance of getting a tiger would be to mark him down on an island where a drive could be arranged, or in some isolated piece of jungle of which the extent was known: to attempt a drive in the miles upon miles of dense reeds was useless, and the number of Kirghiz to be obtained was limited: on an island, therefore, lay the best chance of success.

At the foot of a long and somewhat narrow piece of land which jutted into the river from the opposite bank we found the first tracks of tiger. There were two of them, and evidently full-grown; they had gone up stream apparently four or five days ago, but it was difficult to say how recent the tracks were, as no fresh snow had fallen for

a month. We followed the tracks for a long distance, sometimes having to force our way through the most tangled and difficult jungle I have ever seen. Very often, too, one would come across a place where the reeds had been bent to the ground either by wind or snow, forming a bed some yards in depth. Our Kirghiz guides always went first, and it was amusing to watch their sturdy ponies in such a place: they could of course find no foothold for their feet, which plunged into the reeds, but could not reach *terra firma*; thus they would struggle vainly to get out of their dilemma, throwing themselves into extraordinary attitudes, while the rider sat quietly in the saddle, and eventually the poor pony, quite exhausted, would subside quietly on its side. Such places as these necessitated long détours, and as it was getting late, the evenings being short, I thought we had better leave the tracks and return to camp, where we could discuss the situation better. This took us some time, over much ice and through troublesome tree-jungle, and it was nearly dark before we came to the Kirghiz encampment that I had elected to stay in. After dinner I held a consultation with the Cossacks, who wanted to stay here and look for the two tigers whose tracks we had seen; I was against this plan, as every one had told me that tigers were more numerous near the estuary of the river. Subsequently I found that this, like most other information given me, was quite a delusion, and I should have done better to have followed the Cossacks' advice, as the jungle higher up the river, in which direction the beasts had gone, was not nearly so extensive as lower down.

The next day we moved twenty versts lower down, to the house of the Nogai merchant, dividing our forces on the way, one party crossing the river to explore the jungle on the far side, whilst I and some others stayed on the nearer bank. There were traces of tiger in several places, but none very recent. I shot some pheasants, of which there were any quantity sunning themselves on a bank at the edge of the reeds; the dear old "Cock! cock! cock!" as the birds rose and flew back to their jungle home, sounded pleasantly to the ear, and reminded me of many pleasant scenes in a better country than this. We could watch the birds for a great distance, with wings motionless, skimming over the tops of the huge expanse of trees, and then gradually sinking out of view: it was a pretty sight, and looking at the bright clear sky, the huge frozen river, and the never-ending steppe behind as a background in the distance, I felt that there was much in nature to atone for the discomforts of travelling. I shot half a dozen pheasants on my way; they were simply in hundreds, and real good fliers too. The bird was slightly smaller than our pheasant in England, and had a larger ring of white on his neck; the plumage, though very beautiful, hardly possessed to my eyes the brilliant colouring of the sporting British bird. Still they were fine birds, and good

enough eating; in fact, I generally lived on pheasant the whole of my trip.

The Nogai merchant had a mud hut with two rooms, one of which had been prepared for me; he had got a Russian stove of a sort, and lots of felt and rugs on the walls and floor, and I was therefore in clover. He was a very superior man, I found, and had received some education at Krasnovodzk, where his home was—a place about 1200 miles from here, in Siberia. Every winter he came to the Ili River to purchase camels, ponies, and *mal* generally from the Kirghiz, and then, when winter was nearly over, he returned on his long journey to re-sell at a good profit. What a distance to come, and how tired one would get of marching 1200 miles over the steppes!—the *tarantass* is bad enough. I ascertained that there were tigers generally to be found close by, and that the merchant had laid down poisoned meat three months ago without any success until yesterday, when a tigress had been killed: he promised to show me the skin secretly when every one else had gone to sleep. He informed me that every year half a dozen tigers were poisoned, as a rule, and that he and his servant, who was in another place rather higher up, obtained three or four skins every year by laying down poisoned carcasses, or occasionally by purchasing from the Kirghiz, who killed the animals by similar means. One could not say anything against such an unsportsmanlike proceeding; for, as I said before, Russians do not resemble Britishers in their love of travel and sport, and they are only too glad to purchase a tiger-skin however obtained. The Kirghiz of these parts are not great sportsmen; and in such dense reeds, where, generally speaking, there are no trees sufficiently large to build a *machan* to sit in over a kill, even if you could get one, a heavy rifle is required. First-class rifles, however, in the hands of natives are not encouraged by the Russians, who do not in this follow our Indian system, and hence the natives very wisely leave the tigers alone, unless they find a small cub, when they kill him or try to capture him alive, as the case may be. Curiously enough, the tigers but very rarely attack their cattle—a remarkable fact, seeing that the cattle and sheep wander where they please in the jungle. I was told that during the last ten years only two cases had been known in which tigers had killed cattle. The explanation undoubtedly lies in the fact that pigs swarm everywhere, and that the tigers prefer pork to anything else. The Nogai promised to accompany me the next day for a short distance towards Balkash, and show me the favourite places for tigers, and, before parting for the night, he urged me to accept as a present the skin of the tigress he had killed the day before.

The next day we made an early start, the baggage-men, with my servant, being ordered to march down stream till they happened to chance on a Kirghiz encampment towards evening. Several Kirghiz

who were well acquainted with the jungle from long experience came with us, and altogether there was a great cavalcade. When we got to the river we divided into smaller parties in the usual manner, having agreed that if any party found really fresh tracks, or actually saw a tiger, they should light a fire on one of the numerous little hillocks which were constantly met with. I crossed the river, in the middle of which, somewhat to my surprise, was a piece of unfrozen water: the way in which the ice cracked was not pleasant, but the Kirghiz said that it was only surface ice, and that the real depth of the ice was two yards; this was reassuring, as was also the statement of the Taranchi that an elephant battery could cross in safety. There were tiger tracks leading up and down the river, but not very recent—and one tiger will make a lot of show in the sands in a month. On the opposite bank, which was very difficult to climb—several of the ponies, whose riders were too lazy to dismount, falling over backwards—there was thick tree-jungle, tangled and very difficult to force a path through. Occasionally I got a glimpse of some jeran from the top of a hillock, but long before I could get a shot in they had disappeared. Encumbered as I was with two enormous sheepskins and two pairs of thick gloves, with my head also wrapped up in two sets of Mr. Jaeger's excellent headgear—for the cold was always excessive, never less than  $25^{\circ}$  below zero in the shade—I could not get the rifle near enough to get a good look down the barrel. We traversed many little lakes and small creeks leading from the main channels. The ice on some of the former was not very thick, and three times my pony put his forelegs through and threw me a cropper over his head into snow. There was no harm done, as the falling was soft and the surrounding ice luckily held firm, but it was annoying that my pony should always be the one to fall through and that the others should escape.

It was past midday when, on mounting the top of a hillock to take a general survey of the country, the smoke of a fire on some rising ground farther inland, and apparently five miles or so distant, was plainly visible. We made our way in that direction as best we could, and found that the party had come on some quite fresh tracks of a tiger and were awaiting orders. We followed the trail down the river all the afternoon, and very difficult work it was, as the animal had at times entered impenetrable jungle, which necessitated long détours. We did not seem to be getting much nearer, and at 3 P.M. I thought it was time to knock off and look for the baggage. This entailed a long and bitterly cold ride, and my whole body ached with the penetrating wind that had got up. Just as it was getting dark we came on a collection of *yourtas*, where I found the baggage; how my guides had found the way there was a mystery to me, for the *yourtas*, lying in a little clearing with high reeds all round, were not

visible till one was close to them. I resolved to make this my headquarters, and thoroughly examine the country all round, as the natives said it was the best place for tigers in all the length of the river.

The Cossacks were rather troublesome here, complaining that the sheep that were supplied were too thin, and wishing to beat the brother of the Volus, who had been sent to accompany me and make all arrangements. This was too much of a good thing, considering that in their own homes meat is a luxury, and the sheep were in fair enough condition for the time of year. The Cossacks were extremely greedy and wasteful, consuming a full-grown sheep among the three of them in two days; this seemed a large order, as the sheep were the large fat-tailed species, and there was a good deal on them. I discovered here various ingenious methods on the part of the Cossacks and the Taranchi for improving their finances: one of the most favoured was to report to me that no ponies were procurable for the day's work, they having previously been bribed by the Kirghiz to say so: the latter, however, were not allowed to benefit by this invention, as the foragers were immediately sent off again, I insisting on their finding ponies somewhere. Knowing of course where they could at once lay hands on the necessary animals, they went and seized the ponies which they had previously been bribed not to take, and would then bring them to me in triumph, never explaining to the Kirghiz that I paid a daily wage for the use of each animal. I found out also that they had a pleasant habit of making use of my name for anything that they required; and by that means they accumulated an immense number of odds and ends—pieces of felt, bags, cooking utensils, rope, occasionally some money, saddles, a pony or two, and a charming variety of miscellaneous plunder. When I asked where they had got these things they always said they had bought them.

A discussion with the Taranchi on these curious notions of *meum* and *tuum* formed a point of daily interest and amusement; he only saw in his actions a wonderful acuteness of intellect. I told the Volus to procure a dozen large goats for tying up here, on the condition that I should pay a certain sum for each beast that might be killed, and if none were harmed, then I was to pay nothing and give them back to their owners. I explained to the Cossacks the plan of action to be adopted and the sort of place to tie up in; then, dividing the party up, with orders to send back to camp for goats to tie up whenever they found fresh tracks in a locality possible to arrange a drive in, we all started off to the four quarters of the compass. My own party soon came to some thick jungle with a number of small frozen lakes dotted about in the middle; fresh tracks of tiger were here numerous, and we could see many places where the beasts had slept. On examining the lie of the land I saw that a drive might be



managed if I could get thirty mounted Kirghiz, so I sent back for a couple of goats, pointing out the places where they were to be tied: then passing on and skirting the denser reeds, I came on a prairie-like country with shorter grass and good going. Here a herd of pigs was spied, and the dogs giving chase soon brought them to bay: they kept the dogs at a respectful distance, occasionally making short rushes at them, but the dogs knew too much to let them get near. Such a din as the pigs raised, grunting and snorting, might, I should think, have been heard five miles off. The Cossacks shot three of them and the rest bolted. The slain having been cleaned, the carcasses were tied to the ponies' tails, and we went back to camp. I thought the plan of dragging the carcasses back a good one, and I had never seen it done before; the ponies did not seem to mind, and the Kirghiz in front making a road, the dead pigs ran easily over the snow. I spent some days at this camp, but with no result, though I tied up goats in all directions. One day we actually did come on two tigers asleep in some grass on the borders of a sheltered pond, but they were off long before I could even unsling my rifle, only giving me a momentary glimpse of their stripes as they disappeared in the reeds. Tracking them up was of course useless, as mounted men in a jungle of this sort made a great noise; going on foot was also out of the question. I spent the days in shooting pheasants: the Kirghiz seemed much impressed by my shooting the birds on the wing, their way of catching them being to drive a patch of jungle out towards the open steppe very early in the morning, when the unfortunate pheasant is so benumbed by the cold that he is unable to rise. In this way great numbers are killed. Seeing that the tigers in this locality would not look at my baits, I moved thirty miles lower down, where I had ties put out in all directions, but it was quite useless. The Cossacks, who are very partial to the fair sex, used to make boisterous love to any female Kirghiz not actually repulsive or over fifty whom we happened to come across in our daily excursions through the jungle; some of the women were not bad looking, and seemed by no means displeased with the marked attention bestowed on them, shyness evidently not being a thing that troubled them.

Forty miles lower down we came to the great lake of Balkash, an enormous sheet of ice stretching as far as we could see. There was a road used by the Kirghiz across the ice to the opposite side, which I was told was two days' journey off, so I suppose the width must have been sixty miles or so in this place; high reeds extended some distance into the lake, and it was only by mounting on an elevation that I could see where the lake really began. There were signs that some cultivation was carried on here in the summer, the grain grown being a very small round seed whose name I do not know, though I have eaten a good deal of it instead of porridge. I spent two days here;

but tiger tracks were not so numerous, and the beasts evidently preferred to stay higher up the river where it was warmer. The two days I spent here I shall always remember as being the coldest I have ever experienced, the mercury sinking to  $40^{\circ}$  Fahr. below zero; at night, too, there was usually a wind, which did not tend to improve matters. The Ili River here emptied itself into the lake by three main channels and a number of subsidiary ones, and much of the jungle, which, so far as I could judge, must have been forty miles in extent, was absolutely impenetrable by man. Pig, jeran, and wolves were numerous; and for this reason, no doubt, the tigers disdained my goats, as well as the cattle which I tried as a last resource.

Having had the satisfaction of visiting this great lake, which, so far as I can learn, no Englishman has ever visited before, I returned as quickly as I could to Iisk by the same way as I had come, since there was evidently no chance of my killing a tiger. I travelled hard, doing the 500 versts in ten days without mishap. Part of the way back I travelled in sledges improvised from the rough contrivances used by the Kirghiz in fetching wood; it was rather exciting work, as the ponies that were caught and tied to the sledge had never done any of this work before and gave us at times much trouble, the horse in the trace occasionally standing on his hind legs and supporting himself on the back of his companion in the shafts, or, by way of a variety, turning round on the sledge and making a violent onslaught on myself, till checked by a smart tap on the head. The method of procedure was for the Taranchi to ride the horse in the shafts, whilst I playfully flicked the animal in the traces and encouraged it to gallop in the correct fashion. As there was no harness of any kind and everything had to be arranged with ropes, I thought it extremely clever of the Taranchi to manage so well as he did; and, notwithstanding these deficiencies, I managed to travel half the distance, and got a rest from the saddle which I was in need of. The Kirghiz, too, on my return seemed much more agreeable, and everywhere provided ponies without the wrangling and fighting that had occurred daily on my passage downwards. Twelve days after leaving the lake I was in Vierny again; when, having settled my affairs, I turned my face southwards and commenced my long journey back to Hindustan.

On thinking over my trip, I cannot say that I really enjoyed the month I spent along the banks of the Ili River: the cold was too extreme, and the task of looking for a tiger in such a boundless expanse of jungle is as hopeless as looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. The only possible means of getting about is on horseback, and with two or three mounted men crashing through the stiff reeds, such a noise is made that an animal far less acute of hearing than a tiger would be alarmed a great distance off.

The number of tigers is greatly exaggerated by the Russians. I was told there was any quantity, and that they committed great havoc amongst the Kirghiz cattle, which was a mere invention. I should say that between the bridge at Ilisk and the shores of the lake, a distance of about 330 miles, there are certainly not more than a dozen tigers, and not all of them are full-grown. It is easy, when there is snow lying, to estimate the numbers within one or two, and my Cossacks, who were hard workers and well up in jungle lore, agreed with me that that was about the number. It is extremely rarely that a tiger is shot, unless one happens to stray very far up the river, and gets into a small patch of grass or on to an island, which occasionally happens.

Pig and jeran are numerous, and some of the country would afford excellent pig-sticking; there are also a great many wolves. Pheasants and hares swarm, and I saw two kinds of partridges. Russian sportsmen occasionally visit the upper portions of the river to shoot pigs and small game, and, with a companion and some hog-spears, one might spend a very agreeable and sporting month along the river. The drawback is the cold, which is severe, though the days are usually bright and still. In the summer time it is useless to think of *shikar*, as the whole of the delta of the river is one huge swamp.

The skin which the Nogai merchant presented me with was a fairly good one, and I measured it 9 feet 6 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, which, if the strychnine had not affected the skin in some way, is a very large female indeed; the marking was somewhat similar to that of our friend in India, but not the same, and the coat was much larger, though it had not the long fur of the Korean tiger, which is, I fancy, another variety.

Although unsuccessful in my *shikar*, I am glad on the whole that I made the trip. The Kirghiz of the Steppe are an interesting study, and it is quite refreshing to find oneself in a portion of the globe where Europeans are really a novelty, and where civilisation has not in any way penetrated.

To sportsmen who may think of visiting the country I have attempted to describe I would say: Bring plenty of warm clothes, and buy what ponies you require in Vierny before starting; otherwise you will have free fighting going on the whole time, which, besides being annoying to yourself, does not encourage the Kirghiz to give you information about sport. With ponies and men of your own you are quite independent, and probably another sportsman would be more successful than I was if he followed these hints. Also, do not go alone, and, if possible, know some Russian. The best time to go is at the first fall of snow, usually the end of November.

R. P. COBBOLD.

## AN IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

**J**UST nine years ago Mr. Arthur Balfour, after some preliminary intimations of his desire to satisfy Irish demands for Catholic University education, announced in a speech to his supporters in the Partick Division the concessions he was anxious to make, and the conditions under which he was prepared to approach Parliament on the question. After admitting that at the request of the Presbyterian General Assembly he had done his best—in manifest violation of the principle of the Queen's Colleges—to denominationalise Queen's College, Belfast, by appointing a minister as president, he went on to say :

"We cannot with public advantage found a Catholic University . . . . I am of opinion that it would be fatal to the cause of education in Ireland if the Catholics and Protestants were not brought into competition in obtaining the degrees and honours of University teaching. . . . This is the first thing we cannot give.

"The second thing I think we cannot give is any State endowment of theological education.

"The third condition which I think ought to be laid down before any College of the kind I suggest is founded is, that there should be what I believe is called a 'conscience clause,' or, at all events, some provision by which any man attending the College who did not share the religious tenets of the governing body should not be compelled to attend either theological lectures or theological services."

But this interesting statement of what he was prepared to grant in response to the demands of the Roman hierarchy in Ireland was prefaced by a most remarkable enunciation of the conditions on which he was alone willing to attempt the task :

"There are," said he, "three conditions which I lay down as being

absolutely necessary to be fulfilled before anything effective can be done in the direction which my predecessors indicated, and in which I have attempted to follow them.

"The first condition is that what we propose to those desiring higher education in Ireland shall be cordially accepted by them as a solution of their difficulties.

"The second condition is that the proposal of measures of that description in Parliament should not be used by any party in Parliament as a means of inflicting a political blow on their adversary.

"And the third condition is that the general opinion of Englishmen, of Scotchmen, and of Irishmen, should all agree in desiring that this particular boon should be granted to the Roman Catholics in Ireland.

"And unless these conditions are fulfilled, I for one would never counsel my colleagues to embark in so difficult and arduous an enterprise as that dealing with the education question."

We can hardly wonder at any statesman hesitating to pledge his Government on a matter which had at one time baffled the fine tact and generous feeling of Lord Mayo, and at another wrecked a Gladstonian Ministry some thirty years ago. Some sceptics thought there was a special reason for the Chief Secretary's caution in '89; they asserted that it was a promissory note drawn by diplomatic arrangement in payment of the Papal condemnation of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign; and they applauded the commercial cleverness of payment in paper promises of equal practical value with the consideration received.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, however, seems to have the family, or party credit at heart, and to be willing to exchange gold for bronze; he has backed his brother's bill on the Imperial Exchequer to the amount of a million sterling; he is understood to have been working hard for the last twelve months endeavouring to devise a scheme that should satisfy his clerical "masters" (to cite Lord Emly), and yet not be too outrageous for him to propose on the floor of the House; he has even waived the Premier's objection to a Catholic University as "fatal to the cause of higher education in Ireland."

The priests and the politicians of Ireland have a curious admiration for the Balfour brothers, and a faith in them which they strive to dissimulate, even to themselves, by the accumulation of abuse. They have not been slack in acting on these suggestions; for the last year they have been multiplying meetings in favour of the denominational University. Not a week, indeed, passes without its meeting, where the publicans and farmers, the priests and squireens of Ballynagashel or Borrisokane carry cut-and-dried resolutions with a pleasing unanimity. And now the Protestants and Tories are being induced to toe the line by the simple argument of threats of ostracism from the new Local Boards. The *Standard* of December 27 reports that Lord Emly said, "he would favour the introduction of politics into the County Councils, and make the establishment of the Roman Catholic Univer-



sity a test question. The Protestants should be taught that the Roman Catholics were their equals all over Ireland, and their masters in the South!" Thus, under pain of disfranchisement, the minority of slaves (as Lord Emly would probably call them) are swallowing the shibboleth in order to retain a portion of the local control they hitherto possessed as grand-jurors. We need not cite the text of such resolutions; they are always the same, fluent testimonies to the urgent need of entrusting the highest interests of lay education to a body of men who admit their own lack of general education and academic experience; for one gravamen of the clergy is that the want of a denominational University has barred them from all culture save that of the clerical seminary.

The fabled failure of the Queen's Colleges was long the peculiar property of the *Freeman's Journal*; not a year ago, however, it was echoed by a junior member of her Majesty's Government, who would have been far better advised had he studied the refutation of such misrepresentation in the report of the Commission of 1885,\* instead of accepting as gospel their revival in the Catholic press. No wonder that Mr. T. W. Russell's constituents at Fintona resented his speech and declined to take his proposals seriously. To the Orangeman and to the genuine Tory the establishment of a Catholic University stands self-condemned; but we who are not necessarily either will do well if we look a little closer into the present state of affairs.

The first point that strikes a candid inquirer is that there has been much talk, but no real discussion. Unfortunately, free discussion is impossible where it is most wanted—on the Catholic side. Catholic laymen are quite ready to speak privately of their willingness that their sons should under proper guarantees learn as students to mix with their fellow countrymen of other denominations, their belief that to guard them jealously from contact with students of other denominations is to stimulate the questioning tendency in their minds; their objections to any excess of spiritual direction; but, save in America, the spirit of Montalembert is dead. We must remember that, besides other influences, the claims of the priest on the gratitude of the politician (for favours past or to come) are too well founded for the latter to care about inquiring seriously into the merits of this particular question.

To Trinity College, were it worthy of its position and traditions as a younger sister of its Cambridge namesake, one might look for guidance. But Trinity College, Dublin, is weighted with the old traditions of ascendancy, and longs to maintain, with the retention of Protestant services and the Divinity School of the Disestablished Church, as much of her denominational character as possible. Modern fairness, indeed, would incline her to favour the birth of a

\* C 4313, in Parliamentary Papers for 1884-85, vol. xxv.

Catholic sister; and this commendable spirit is strengthened by the fear lest she herself should, by an alternative plan, be at once undenominationalised, nationalised, and broadened in government and in tone like the older English Universities. Such fears are in full harmony with her ungenerous jealousy and hatred of the energetic and progressive Queen's Colleges, which she has unremittingly striven to thwart and to malign. As most readers know, the students of the Queen's Colleges have to seek their degrees at the Royal University of Ireland, an examining University largely on the model of the doomed University of London, but in closer touch with teachers and teaching bodies. Now Dr. Mahaffy, in a recent number of a leading London monthly review, cast up as a reproach against the Royal University that its graduates (including, of course, the men from the Queen's Colleges) lacked the culture of a true University training. There was here a *suggestio falsi*; for the Queen's Colleges provide as healthy an academic life as the University Colleges of England and the Scotch Universities. But there was a yet meaner *suppressio veri*; Trinity College, for filthy lucre, despite her high ideals of University training, admits, I believe, a full half at least of candidates for her degrees to examination without residence, without inquiry as to their teaching; and though this may have been obtained from schoolmaster, grinder, or even the veiled personality of a "Correspondence College," stamps them with the same hall-mark as if they had lived, fed, and studied for the full time within her Elizabethan walls. If Dr. Mahaffy is a true son of Trinity, he has given good grounds for looking with suspicion at the counsels she offers.

If the advocates of denominationalism have free speech, the same is not the case with its opponents. The professors of the Queen's Colleges are appointed by the Crown, paid from the Consolidated Fund, and have so far the status of Civil servants that they dare not enter the arena of political discussion in Ireland. They, who are singularly qualified to enlighten their fellow countrymen on the advantages of undenominational education, whose glory it should be to defend the corporations to which they belong against the most sophisticated arguments and the most unscrupulous misrepresentations, are absolutely muzzled and gagged.

In England matters are not apparently much better than in Ireland. The Unionist wishes to kill Home Rule by kindness, and seeks, in defiance of the very principle of the Union, to continue to govern Ireland from Westminster by making every other possible concession to the voluble demands of the priest and the politician. The Gladstonian is anxious, pending Home Rule, to gratify the expressed desire of the Nationalist members, and to see Ireland governed on what profess to be Irish ideas, while perhaps the large proportion of Irish writers on the Radical press has helped the tacit.



acquiescence. This, indeed, has been remarkable in recent discussions in English papers, where no attempt has been made by any writer to examine the principles or the practice of denominational University teaching. And so both parties, with a light heart, seem to be willing to create in Ireland a University for which they will find a fitting pattern in decadent Spain.

The Irish hierarchy demand the establishment of a University under their control, on the stated ground that mixed academic education is fraught with danger to the faith and morals of the Catholic student. Such separation is to be enforced on students alone of their young men; it is the *élite* of their own training that they mistrust, for in Ireland all school teaching, primary and intermediate alike, is essentially denominational. No such restriction is imposed on other training or pursuits; the apprenticed artisan, the articled solicitor or architect, the shopman or the clerk may dwell in Protestant families, work in the same shop or office with Protestant comrades, take their orders and their professional training from Protestant masters and from Protestant foremen. The lay mind would foresee far more danger to faith and morals in such close association than in that of fellow students in a neutral college, where the Catholic student will find a compact body of fellow worshippers to support and strengthen him against the supposed wiles, temptations, or, it may be, sneers of the adversary. But, in face of the obviously visionary character of these dangers, self-interest limits the observance of restrictions on the association of Catholics with Protestants in the more directly lucrative walks of life. As a matter of fact, religious controversy is, we understand, rigorously tabooed by the common sense of the students of the Queen's Colleges, and the Catholics among them have ever proved worthy and faithful sons of the Church. We may here note the often repeated lie that the Catholics of the provinces do not avail themselves of the Queen's Colleges. Of course we should not expect them to go to Belfast, since the claim of the Presbyterian ministry to hold it as their own particular preserve has been admitted by Mr. Arthur Balfour. But we read in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1898 that the Catholics are in the majority in the Cork College; and in Galway, where the Catholic population is so notoriously impoverished, and unlikely to supply many aspirants for academic training, the proportion is nearly a half. In the Scotch Universities, in the University Colleges of England, and in the vast majority of Universities abroad, Catholics are freely allowed to mix in education; and recently the hierarchy have allowed Catholics to reside at Oxford and Cambridge, permeated as they are with the most attractive influences of Anglican tradition. It is only the Irish Catholic students whose faith is so weak and tottering that they cannot be trusted.

One aspect most important to all liberal thinkers is the position of women in the proposed University. In Great Britain every University,

save alone Oxford and Cambridge, opens all its distinctions and rewards to both sexes alike. In Ireland the Queen's Colleges and the Royal University are equally liberal. Some twelve years ago the Colleges opened their gates, and more recently obtained supplemental charters from the Crown to put the rights of their female students above legal question. This has not been in Ireland the burning question it was ten years earlier in Great Britain; as Mrs. Fawcett has related, it was the spontaneous action of the medical students of Cork that supplemented the action of the College, and induced the authorities of the local hospital to open their clinical teaching to women. But the Roman hierarchy have absolutely vetoed their studying in the Queen's Colleges side by side with their brothers. Trinity College, Dublin, has refused to make efficient provision for the education of female students, or to admit to examinations and give them the hall-mark of a degree. If a Catholic University is founded, and the whole University system in Ireland remodelled, what provision will be made for female education? Will the million be spent at the same time that female education is retarded? Is it just or right that this should be done in response to a factitious agitation on a question neither generally understood nor seriously discussed, and that the country should spend a million of money in the foundation at this time of day of a mediæval institution closed to women?

What would be the effect of such a creation on the country? The wealthier Roman Catholics of Ireland, except perhaps under absolute threat of excommunication, will, as in the past, continue to send their sons to Trinity or to the English Universities; for there alone can they enjoy the advantage of mixing with men of different religions and different (we do not say superior) social circles, as a preparation for the intercourse of life. But every pressure will be put on the parents in the provinces to send their sons to the new University rather than to the local Queen's College. How great this pressure may be we can judge from a remarkable utterance of Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop of Dublin. Every one knows that the dispensary doctors under the Irish Poor Law are appointed by the Poor Law Guardians, and it is well known that where bribery, as lately in Kilrush, does not come in, local influences of all kinds are apt to have the greatest weight in the selection; and in many districts the strongest local influence is that of the parish priest. Now Dr. Walsh, after alluding to the sacrifices made by the hierarchy in founding and providing the Cecilia Street School of Medicine in connection with the Catholic University College, went on to state explicitly:

"The Bishops had laid down in the legislation of the last National Synod the principle that, so long as there was a competent candidate [*i.e.*, from that school] to put forward, every influence possessed by the members of the



Irish hierarchy should be given in favour of that candidate to any position in connection with which that influence could be usefully exercised."

In other words, the parochial clergy are as far as possible to bar, not only Protestants as hitherto, but also Catholic doctors who have not the seal of Cecilia Street. Whether this is actually enforced it is impossible to tell; but there is a belief, we learn, among students that a Catholic does his prospects no harm by spending at least his final year of studies at the Catholic School, and saying as little as possible of whatever previous training he may have got at Trinity, the Royal Collège of Surgeons, or one of the Queen's Colleges.

If, then, the Act creating the new University does not provide for the humane extinction of the Queen's Colleges at Cork and Galway, but leaves them as a provision for the middle-class Protestants of the West and South who cannot afford the expense of Trinity, or who belong to the sex barred by that institution, what will be the result? The Catholic students, who form more than half, as we have seen, will be withdrawn under increasing clerical pressure, and the professors will lecture to dwindling classes, under every discouragement. Doubtless the old cry of their inefficiency and costliness will be raised anew with fresh force, the old equation of endowment and student will be paraded, and the Colleges shall certainly perish at the demands of a false economy.

The present movement for more academic centres in Great Britain, which has there been so conducive to a higher provincial life, is certain to grow and to prosper. Mr. Chamberlain is at the present moment striving to make his own city of Birmingham the home of a great Midland University. Will the Government of which he is so distinguished a member venture on an enterprise which, if achieved, would murder the provincial centres of light in Ireland?

Since the above was written, a very interesting article on this subject has been published in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, by the Bishop of Limerick. The idea, in brief, that it conveys to the mind of the ordinary reader is this: no measure that any statesman could accord would satisfy the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; but still such a University might, he admits, a hundred years hence acquire a "Catholic atmosphere." He refuses the status of University students "in any true sense" to all Catholics but the one hundred now attending Trinity College, Dublin. However, those at the Catholic University College and Cecilia Street and at the Queen's Colleges passing through the courses of the Royal University, where they are examined by boards on which their own teachers are largely represented, are under conditions precisely similar to those of the Victoria University and the University of Wales, and under such conditions as will be realised in the proposed Midland University and the transformed University of London. Clearly, then, no settlement



on the lines proposed by Mr. Morley, Mr. Courtney, or Mr. Balfour will be accepted as in any sense final.

What is wanted we find very candidly stated, and we can only thank the Bishop for putting it so nicely :

"It must be evident to the least-informed person that an institution constituted under these five conditions [Mr. Morley's] cannot be regarded as a Catholic University in any true sense of the word. . . . In a Catholic University the authority of the Pope would be supreme, and reach directly or indirectly every part of its organisation, and pervade and inform its operations. He would grant its charter, and appoint its rector, and sanction its degrees. All its intellectual life would be carried on under ecclesiastical supervision and control."

We may well take note of a statement like this.

The argument adduced by many writers that, because a relatively free hand in this matter was to be left to the Irish Parliament by Mr. Gladstone's last Home Rule Bill, Gladstonians should violate their conscience by helping to found a mediæval Spanish University in Ireland, is valueless. I may be content to see my son set up a separate establishment, though I know that he will then do things I dislike and disapprove ; but if it prove impossible for the separation to take place, that is no reason for my withdrawing my objections to such things in the joint household. On the other hand, the essence of the Union idea is that separate treatment and separate privileges are to be deprecated in every way. I do not think that either party will do well in forcing on a measure repellent to the majority in the Imperial Parliament, and condemned as inadequate by the minority whom it is sought to conciliate.

A GRADUATE.

## THE SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN.\*

### THE NEW CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

**W**ALKING through a beautiful Alpine valley, it may happen that we are lost in admiration of some colossal mountain peak, whose venerable and snow-clad summit shines across to us brightly from the distance. At that moment we may, perhaps, think him happy who is able to climb that peak and to enjoy the magnificent view from the top. If at such a time one were to accost us, and to say seriously, "I intend to climb even beyond this peak into the blue sky above," we should think him a foolhardy and fantastic person, to say the least. Many of us would probably not laugh at him, but rather be moved to pity.

In the same way I am always affected by a gentle feeling of pity when I fully realise how great Beethoven was, when I am most fervently conscious of the infinite significance of his creations, and am then reminded of the fact that there have been, and, indeed, still are, composers who have undertaken to write symphonies after him. Richard Wagner pours his keen satire on the symphony-writers since Beethoven. He is surprised that composers see only the formal side of Beethoven's works, and gaily go on writing symphonies, without becoming aware of the fact that the "last" symphony, Beethoven's Ninth, has already been written. Wagner calls this work the last possible emanation of music as a separate art; as the direct transition to collective art-work, so that further symphonic productions have no justification.

I refer the reader to Wagner's elaborate treatment of this subject in "Oper und Drama," and, while leaving it an open question whether he is altogether right in his remarks, I would first of all establish the

\* Kindly prepared for English publication by Carl Armbruster, Esq.

fact that not one of the symphonies composed since Beethoven has attained, let alone surpassed, the value of one of his, although many of them contain excellent music, and some display genius. If to-day we were forced to choose either to annihilate one Beethoven symphony or to destroy *all* symphonies composed after him, I think I am justified in saying that none of us would be cruel and foolish enough to desire the death of the Beethoven symphony, even if it were not one of his very greatest. If we contemplate the possibility of valuable symphonies after Beethoven, we must ask ourselves what still remains to be said in a form which stands complete in itself, which in the relation of its separate parts, nay, even in the change of keys, seems immovably fixed. The master himself filled that form with contents so colossal that it proved too small, and at last, after expressing the vastest ideas in it, he broke through its fetters. Beethoven did this in the last movement of his Ninth Symphony, as well as in some of his later sonatas and quartets. Another question is, whether it is by any true artistic impulse that a composer gathers up the fragments of the form burst asunder by Beethoven's thought, and vainly tries to put the pieces together again, and to patch up the cracks. We may fairly ask whether the composers who have heedlessly dared to do this really had an adequate idea of Beethoven's greatness. In saying this, however, we must not lose sight of the fact that, after once abandoning the customary form, Beethoven by no means continued constantly to do so: his procedure in no way bears the marks of a *deliberate principle*. For example, the Sonata op. 101, which resembles a free fantasia, is succeeded by the monumental op. 106, which is perfectly rounded off in its four colossal movements; and other instances might be given. It is clear, in any case, that Beethoven departed from the standard form only when the structure of the whole work compelled him to do so, and that he certainly did not consider the form obsolete, even after overstepping it in certain cases. We are fully justified in conjecturing that Beethoven, had he lived, might again have written a symphony in the old form after his Ninth; in which case Wagner's hypothesis of the "last" symphony would never have arisen.

The cause of the undeniable decline of symphonic productions after Beethoven's death seems to me not to lie in the over-ripeness of the symphonic form, but to have a much deeper reason. No musical form has developed itself from its first origin to its climax within so remarkably short a time as the symphony; "Song," for instance, although it found its first supreme master at the beginning of the present century, still discovers new methods through the close linking of music and words, which in turn has to adapt itself to the melodic character of song. Many a song composed since Schubert's days need not fear comparison with his immortal *lieder*. To musical

drama also innumerable methods have been opened by Wagner's great reforms and methods, which depend only upon the choice and the poetic elaboration of the materials. But consider, on the other hand, that it was only about the year 1760 that Haydn wrote his first symphonies, and that in 1823, only sixty-three years later, these harmless and playfully serene productions had been developed into the most sublime of tragedies: Beethoven had written his Ninth Symphony. More than seventy-three years have passed since the appearance of that wonderful work, and in the realm of symphony it still wears the crown without dispute.

We notice almost everywhere that the loftiest climax in any art is followed by a temporary decline, sometimes by a total decay; I believe that in this region also Nature, after accomplishing the most remarkable results within the period of two generations, after giving birth to Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, was compelled to resort to a period of comparative rest, so as to be able to breathe, as it were, after the exhausting effort. The reason why no more symphonies have been written which are on a level with those of these great masters seems to me to lie in the fact that Nature could not produce another genius like them, and not in the absorption of music in collective art. Wagner himself, in his later days, seems to have changed his view, at any rate in part, because in his treatise "On the Application of Music to the Drama" (vol. x. of his collected writings), he admits the possibility, under certain conditions, of symphonies "about which something, too, might be said."

In order to consider more in detail this possibility, let us review the main points of what has been produced hitherto in the domain of symphony. Haydn studies the sonatas of Philip Emmanuel Bach (which were freer and more worldly extensions of the *suites* of his great father), and writes similar compositions for the private bands of the noblemen whose musical director he is. Enchanting masterpieces, which, like all productions of true genius, will live for ever and outlast all so-called "schools," spring from his childlike and sunny mind. Mozart's nature lies deeper than Haydn's. Treated much more roughly—far too roughly—in the fight for existence, his tender body was soon worn out, and in his compositions he often shows the serious gloom which pervaded his life. The sweet melancholy of the G minor symphony, the austere severity of the C major, the majestic seriousness of the first two movements of the E flat, are features peculiar to Mozart, but quite foreign to Haydn's instrumental works. But his individual importance shows itself in opera more than in anything else; the strains he intones in the last scene of "Don Giovanni" and in the "Magic Flute," the significant indications he gives in the treatment of the orchestra in "Figaro," do not occur in his symphonies.

Beethoven, too, in his two first symphonies, rests upon the shoulders

of his predecessors. Had he died after writing his D major symphony, no one could have had an idea of what he really was. Then a miracle happened. A great personality in the political world, the first Consul of the French Republic, so roused the enthusiasm of the young musician that he felt he must celebrate his deeds in a great tone-poem, and—as Athene once issued from the head of Zeus—the “Eroica Symphony” stands before us. No other artist but Beethoven ever took such a gigantic stride as he did from his second to his third symphony. In the depths of his great soul he conceived the truth that the ideal life of a hero, that which is freed from the dross of human imperfection—I would call it his real life, the full realisation of his worth—only begins after his death. Only in the first movement of his symphony does Beethoven show us the hero himself, in his mighty strife and struggle, and in the full victory of his power; in the second he already intones the majestic lament for his death; in the third, the remarkably short scherzo, he shows us a picture of humanity, ever occupied with itself alone, rushing past all that is sublime with indifference or a jest, or remembering it at most with some high-sounding fanfare. Then, in the last movement, the nations assemble from all corners of the earth bringing materials for a monument worthy of the hero, who only now is recognised in his full value. The daring boldness of conception and the polyphonic working-out of this movement rise even beyond the two first, and make the much-admired fugue-finale of Mozart’s Jupiter Symphony seem like a child’s toy. When at last the veil of the monument falls, when the consecration-music is heard, and the tearful eyes of all look up to the image of the deified hero, then our ears are filled with sounds which tell us that by this symphony the art of music has learnt a language, for which hitherto it had not seemed to possess the organ of speech.

How Beethoven then advances from one wonderful work to another, and how he finally crowns his creations with his Ninth Symphony—who would not love to dwell on all this! But it is not of Beethoven himself, but of what came after him that I want to treat.

One wonderful musician appears to us, standing close to Beethoven, rather his contemporary, indeed, than his successor; it is Franz Schubert. Probably no other composer was gifted with such a wealth of purely melodic imagination, with such an abundance of musical invention, combined with the deepest and most tender sincerity of mind, as he. Whenever we are permitted to catch a glimpse of Beethoven’s mental workshop, we observe an enormous struggle and a firmly set purpose to find the final musical expression of his thoughts; but Schubert’s ideas well up as if from an inexhaustible source, and he commits them to paper with a *naïve* delight in their existence. It is astonishing to compare the number of his works with that of his years. He was only thirty-one years old when he died, and he



has written more works than any other great master of music. His whole being was saturated with music, so that he went on producing incessantly and writing down his ideas without sifting or filing them down. With all this, he was of an amiable, serene disposition, a thoroughly genial Viennese, easily overcoming embarrassments. The troubles of his poverty-stricken life could not silence the divine voice of his soul.\*

The absolutely fabulous productivity of Schubert, of course, had the disadvantage that now and again unimportant and superficial works flowed from his pen. Indeed, more than half his compositions must be regarded in this light; but the rest suffice to place him permanently in the rank of the greatest masters. Schubert certainly gave us no new forms, but he filled the old ones with exceedingly rich and characteristic matter. He was the lyric musician *κατ' ἐξοχὴν*. Whatever he wrote, the most serene as well as the most tragic work, seems, as it were, imbued with that infinitely soft, melodic element, which always lets us perceive his figure as if through tears of gentle emotion. A blissful warmth emanates from his music. Only think of the great symphony in C major! Schubert probably never heard it himself, and we think with horror that it would have remained in oblivion had not Robert Schumann found it in Vienna not long after Schubert's death. How grand it stands before us in its four magnificent movements: the vivacious and exuberant first one, the romantic second one, of gipsy character (with the wonderfully mysterious horn passage, the "heavenly guest" as Schumann has so aptly remarked), the splendid scherzo and the finale filled with gigantic humour! Our interest is not aroused by any far-fetched harmonic effects, nor by any polyphonic combinations, and yet this work fascinates us and carries us away without cessation, in spite of its occupying a whole hour in performance. I cannot conceive how it is that there are still people so ill-humoured as to think this symphony too long, nay, even to ask for cuts to be made in it. I am not of their opinion, and I own that whenever I hear this work well conducted, or when I conduct it myself, I always experience the most happy sensations, and am absolutely intoxicated with music. It produces on me the effect

\* I may here relate an anecdote of Schubert which Franz Lachner, of Munich, who was a friend of Schubert's in his young days, told me in the year 1886. One fine day Lachner had asked Schubert to come for an excursion into the country. Schubert wanted to go very much, but could not, as he had not a penny in his pocket. Lachner was not much better off and so the embarrassment was great. So Schubert gave Lachner a book of songs in manuscript, asking him to take it to his publisher and to ask for the fee for it. He said that he did not dare to go himself as he had so often been refused. The publisher (Lachner named Diabelli) proved very averse "to take anything more from that Schubert," saying that nobody ever bought his songs. At last he gave in and paid the magnificent sum of—five florins for the manuscripts. The two friends went for their excursion as happy as kings, and finding a spinet in a country inn, Schubert at once played several songs to Lachner, which had occurred to him on the way. Unfortunately Lachner could not remember exactly which they were, but he assured me there was one among them, which is now one of the most celebrated *Lieder*.

as of flight through a bright ether. Perhaps higher still than the C major symphony rise the two movements which have been preserved from the one in B minor. Generally speaking, it is certainly a misfortune if an author is not able to complete his work; but I am almost inclined to call it good fortune that this symphony has remained unfinished. The first movement is of such tragic greatness as no other symphony-composer besides Beethoven has attained; Schubert himself has only reached it elsewhere in some of his songs; I consider the second theme, given out by the violoncelli, to be one of the most glorious ideas that it was ever given to any musician to express. The mental strife which thrills us in the first movement is softened down to gentle and happy feelings in the second, as if the tone-poet were already wafted towards eternal realms. I have never felt any desire to hear a continuation of the work after these two movements. One might be inclined to believe that Schubert, like Beethoven in the pianoforte sonatas ops. 109 and 111, wished to end the work with this slow movement, if we were not compelled to infer that a continuation was intended, from the fact that the key of this second movement differs from that of the beginning. Indeed the sketch and the beginning of the score of a scherzo, belonging to the B minor symphony, actually exist. In the greatness and power of his sentiment, united to the tender, lyrical element, which runs through his works like a scarlet thread, Schubert appears as the noble and, as it were, female complement of Beethoven; the two great symphonies, in which his important personality is perfectly represented, are the only ones which approach those of Beethoven. In the domain of the string quartet, the same may be said of his quartets in D minor and G major.

The second great contemporary of Beethoven, the composer of "Der Freischütz," has produced remarkable works in the field of the pianoforte Sonata, but not in that of the symphony. Thus we turn from Schubert to the real symphony-writers after Beethoven, and first of all to the clever and elegant Felix Mendelssohn. It may be said of him that he gives the lie to the proverb, "No master falls from heaven." He who at the age of seventeen years, when others are scarcely out of leading-strings, composed the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture is really a master fallen from heaven. It is true that if we think of the elves whom Weber shows us in "Oberon," we must agree with Wagner, who, with reference to the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture, says that these are not elves, but midges. But the formal perfection and the conscious certainty of invention and workmanship of which the composer gives proof in this overture, as well as even in the earlier string-octet—a perfect pattern of beautifully sonorous treatment of string instruments—command our astonished admiration, and have not been attained at so early an age by any



other except Mozart. After composing these pieces, Mendelssohn had nothing more to learn externally. What else he should have possessed, in order to create works equal to those of his predecessors, he could not acquire; it should have lain *in himself*—but it did not. It is a noble, amiable nature, eminently gifted poetically and intellectually, which speaks to us from his letters and his music. Deep passion and subjectiveness he never possessed. Compare all the other *Midsummer Night's Dream* music with the overture. It was composed four years before his death, and therefore fully seventeen years after the overture. Almost the whole of his productions lie between these dates, and yet it seems as if the whole had been written without a break, the difference in character is so very small. By way of contrast compare works of other great masters between which a considerable time has elapsed; compare the "*Flying Dutchman*" with "*Tristan*," Beethoven's first symphony with his seventh. What an enormous difference! Mendelssohn did not go through a development, a period of inward growth, as other creative artists have done. From the beginning to the end of his life he remained the master fallen from heaven; whether he wrote pianoforte pieces, songs, symphonies, oratorios, fragments of operas—everywhere the same perfection of form, the same harmonic sense in the treatment of the orchestra, the same elegance, the same coolness. Two of his symphonies, those in A major and A minor, have lived to the present day. Both owe their existence to impressions made by landscape, to which Mendelssohn was peculiarly sensitive. Thus they have the advantage over the dry Reformation Symphony and the "*Hymn of Praise*," that they have resulted from a vivid suggestion, and that they therefore make a more lasting impression than these other two, which to-day surely exist only in name. As in Schubert's symphonies, the individuality of their composer is fully and perfectly expressed by the two symphonies mentioned. The essential difference only lies in the personality of the two masters themselves. A Raphael paints St. Cecilia, an Ian van Huysum a small bunch of flowers. The rank of master as such cannot be accorded to the latter in any lesser degree than to the former. By mastership, speaking generally, I understand the capacity of being able to express one's individuality in a given art completely, and without leaving anything unsaid. Purely technical skill is an essential condition of this power; but it can be and is always acquired by diligence, if the capacity of expression be there. The foundation of mastership is a great sincerity or truthfulness, which does not pretend to give more than it can give, and which shows its effect in the work. Mendelssohn possessed this truthfulness in a high degree, and that is why he appears to us, if not by nature a great mind, yet as a perfect artist, internally and externally complete. His successors cannot claim the same degree of mastership.

Of the two Mendelssohn symphonies named, I give the preference to the one in A minor, the so-called "Scotch" Symphony. The first movement, evidently conceived when the composer was in the same frame of mind as he was when he wrote the beautiful Hebrides Overture, is specially valuable; with the other three movements I can never get rid of a sensation of well-sounding superficiality. Also in the A major symphony, the so-called "Italian," I much prefer the fresh, vivacious first movement; the last one, entitled "Saltarello," is intended to picture a scene of Italian national life. If we compare it to the "Carneval Romain" of Berlioz, which expresses the same thing, the comparison turns out much in favour of the latter. I once heard it said, I forget by whom, that Mendelssohn stands upon the balcony of some Roman house at carnival time and, with well-gloved hands, throws confetti among the surging crowd, smiling amiably the while; Berlioz, however, mixes with the merry-makers and takes part in their exuberant joviality.

With Mendelssohn an epoch in music began, which is generally called the *new classic* epoch. Its representatives remain true to the formal traditions of the old masters, but they carry into music a sentimental, and sometimes mystically vague element, which, contrasted with the *naïve* and objective method of their predecessors, arouses the desire for subjective explanation. The knightly legends and fairy tales of the Middle Ages spring into new life; the world of elves and spirits envelop the classical ideals of beauty with a ghost-like mist. The period of the so-called "Hineingeheimnissen" (hiding of secrets in a work; an expression ascribed to Goethe, with reference to the second part of his "Faust") sets in. This new-classic epoch has also been named the romantic, by analogy to an almost simultaneous period in our German poetry.

The first and most peculiar of subjective romanticists is Robert Schumann. His mind is diametrically opposed to Mendelssohn's. What the latter did externally, Schumann did from his very soul; the former a finished artist even in his youngest years; the latter impetuously striving forward in a struggle unto death for something new and more perfect. In the first period of his creations we see Schumann only as a composer for the pianoforte. He makes poetical pictures the bases of his pieces; the name of his youthful love he fixes in a theme and writes variations on it; the motley pictures of carnival inspire him to write one of the most ingenious pianoforte works that we possess; Hoffmann's fantastic tales cause him to write "Kreisleriana," and the important sonata in F sharp minor; he represents in two imaginary figures, "Florestan" and "Eusebius," the "two souls which dwell within his breast," and ascribes his works now to the one, now to the other. Violently abused by critics and corporation-musicians, he forms the "Davids-bündler" league with friends of similar opinions, and roughly



and humorously dances on the very noses of the "philistines." I may say at once that Schumann did by far his best work as a pianoforte composer. Here he too possesses the truthfulness of the great masters; he is entirely what he is, and does not pretend to be more. In these works new and daring ideas speak to us, and we still accept the offerings of his fancy with unabated delight. His treatment of the pianoforte is also original, and thoroughly adapted to the nature of the instrument, as well as to the musical thought. On the other hand, his management of the orchestra leaves almost everything to be desired, as we shall see later on. It was only at the age of thirty-one years that he turned to greater forms of art, to the symphony among others. To compose a symphony must have seemed like a prize-task to the young tone-poet; he longed to win this prize, as the highest thing to be striven for. Even at a later time, to compose a symphony seemed to be a climax. I might call it the final proof of maturity. At the Leipzig Conservatoire, which was governed by the awe-commanding spirit of Mendelssohn—at least during the period of my studies there—I and my colleagues of those days were advised first to try our powers on smaller forms, such as pianoforte pieces, &c., then gradually to ascend to the sonata and the quartet, and, finally, to come to a blissful end with the symphony, just as if art were nothing else but form, and one had only to be well at home in it in order to be somebody in the world. One of the Leipzig professors said to us young people, whose heads and hearts had been powerfully agitated by Wagner's works: "Just let Wagner try to write a symphony and you will see how little he can do." It is quite true that none of us then knew the symphony of Wagner's youth, a work which is not very important as regards contents, but very perfect in construction; it would have taught us that the full command of the old form was to him certainly not what the grapes were to the fox in the tale. The *Siegfried Idyll*, too, and above all, the *Faust Overture*, that wonderful piece, the very essence of a "tragic overture," should have thrown some light upon his relation to symphonic music. The brilliant talent of Mendelssohn, which manifested itself with the most playful facility in all domains of music, formed the shining ideal in Schumann's early life and works—and this was not to Schumann's advantage. While striving to equal Mendelssohn, to attain his smoothness—I should like to say in the endeavour to become *classical*—Schumann's peculiar originality was injured, without his being able to reach his model in this regard. A foreign element—that very Mendelssohnian smoothness—robs his later works of the vigorous directness which delights us so greatly in his first compositions. His gifts are spread out into wider dimensions and become thinner and more threadbare; they are required to yield more than they possess. In this second period of his creations there is hardly any form of the art at which he has not tried his hand.



Besides his numerous songs, many of which are of the very best, Schumann wrote concertos, chamber music of all kinds, melodramas, an opera, and—as a matter of course with such versatility—symphonies also. I suppose that many will call me a heretic when I candidly confess that I by no means number Schumann's symphonies among his most important works. In his pianoforte pieces the invention of small but very expressive themes, which he knows how to use and to vary in the most ingenious manner, is a special and characteristic feature. But in the symphony these little themes do not suffice, however warm and deep the feeling may have been that gave them birth. If you closely examine his orchestral works, you will find that he is often driven to repeat single bars, or groups of bars, in order to continue the piece, because the theme in itself is too little for such continuation. Nay, sometimes the theme is itself formed by the repetition of one and the same phrase. On account of these copious tonic and consequently rhythmical repetitions his greater pieces for the orchestra easily become monotonous. True, the theme of the first movement of Beethoven's C minor symphony is even shorter than Schumann's themes. But there is an essential difference between the two. In Beethoven's work, after the first appearance of the theme, consisting of four notes, we can distinctly trace the spontaneous evolution of a uniform melody, passing over the pause of the first violins and the repetition of the theme in A flat—F, and going as far as the second subject (entrance of the horns in E flat major). This melody uses the original theme as a means of rhythmical construction, but does not require it for its own continuation. With Schumann the whole composition is kept in an apparent flow merely by the repetitions of the themes as such, and the insertion of phrases which, in many cases, have not even grown out of the subject. This weakness of Schumann becomes sadly apparent in the first movements, and particularly in the finales of his symphonies, which are conventional and noisy—except the finale of the B flat major symphony, which is graceful in its principal theme, though not very important. Involuntarily we ask why there must always be rejoicing at the end of the symphony, while in similar cases with Beethoven this thought never arises? It is because in his works the rejoicing follows with psychological necessity from the grief overcome, as in the C minor or the Ninth, or is already involved in the character of the whole work, as in the seventh symphony. In place of the great and broad *adagio* of the Beethoven symphony, we find in Schumann graceful, melodious, lyrical *intermezzi*, which would suit the pianoforte far better than the orchestra. Indeed, if a Schumann symphony be well played as a pianoforte duet it is far more effective than in the concert hall. The reason of this lies in a circumstance which even the most unconditional admirers of Schumann can no longer fail to recognise. The fact is that he absolutely did not

know how to treat the orchestra, neither with the baton nor with the pen. He is working almost incessantly with the full material, and takes no pains to elaborate the parts according to the character of the separate instruments. With almost childish awkwardness, he thinks he can obtain power and fulness of sound by doubling the instruments. Hence his instrumentation is so thick and clumsy that, were one to play strictly according to his direction, no expressive orchestral performance would be possible. You may believe my experience as a conductor that nothing is so troublesome as the performance of a Schumann symphony, because almost all *nuances* of sound and the accentuation of the leading parts must be obtained through the conductor's own initiative, so that the composer's intentions, which come out clearly enough on the pianoforte, may also be recognised in the orchestra, and the performance may not be devoid of light and shade. One might say that Schumann's symphonies were composed for the pianoforte and arranged for orchestra, rather than the reverse. If we open the scores of Schumann's symphonies, then we doubly appreciate Mendelssohn's masterly command of the instrumental means. They are certainly not devoid of flashes of genius, which remind one of the works of the composer's youth, such as the introduction to the B flat major symphony, which promises great things. But the first movement which follows falls off very much, owing to the monotony of rhythm and the everlasting repetitions. The middle movements are more valuable than the first one, except the first trio of the scherzo, which is quite meaningless and reveals Schumann's weakness in the symphonic style to an almost alarming degree. I believe the *adagio espressivo* of the C major symphony, with its ideal ascending and descending violin passage, to be by far the best movement in the four symphonies of Schumann. The E flat major and D minor symphonies do not reach the level of the two I have mentioned.

Even as an orchestral composer Schumann appears in quite another light than he does in his symphonies, when he receives a poetical inspiration which is congenial to him, such as Byron's "Manfred." Then the desire to be classical no longer oppresses him; then he may be what he is, the fantastic romanticist, inclining towards the supernaturally mysterious. In this mood, which was closely related to his very nature, he succeeded in writing a piece which may be rightly called "classical." The overture to "Manfred," a piece written on broad lines, full of verve and energy, is his only orchestral piece which may be placed on a level with his pianoforte music. Even its instrumentation is tolerably good. From the remaining "Manfred" music we may learn that, under certain circumstances, even an artistic absurdity, the melodrama, may be of overwhelming effect, if an eminent mind has wandered within its precincts; above all, I am thinking here of the "Conjuration of Astarte." This scene, if well performed by

the actor and the orchestra, leaves nothing to be desired in its overpowering effect, least of all the wish that Manfred should actually sing; this would be worse than composing the dialogue in "Fidelio" and "Der Freischütz." I have no idea here of breaking a lance for melodrama, which is coming up again in these days, and is even cultivated and defended by "Wagnerians." But it would be equally foolish to condemn, say, the "Conjuration of Astarte," merely because it is melodrama.

There are many portions of the "Manfred" music which also give evidence of their pianoforte origin, but that is a point which Schumann could never quite get over. He is and remains the great poet of the pianoforte; this is the centre of gravity of his importance for all time to come. His behaviour towards the rising star of Richard Wagner is distressing. He lovingly and zealously supported all ideal effort; but, after a short period of interest, he first showed indifference, and in the end absolutely opposed his only thoroughly great contemporary. He that loves Schumann should try to obliterate from his mind what he said about "Tannhäuser." He turned away from Wagner, and enthusiastically introduced instead a young musician who had just published some pianoforte sonatas, calling him the future Messiah of music. This young musician was Johannes Brahms. Already in Schumann's prophecy the destiny of this artist is foreshadowed: he was raised as a counterpoise against the bold opera-reformer by the enemies of the latter, as the upholder of so-called "absolute" music against poet's music, programme music, and music of the future. It is a fact that Brahms owed, I do not say his importance, but a great deal of his reputation, which, as compared with other composers, came very early, to the incessant endeavours of a number of antagonists of the Bayreuth master. They never missed an opportunity of playing him off against Wagner. This kind of rivalry had no sense whatever. First of all, the difference between absolute music and other music is by no means so great as is still believed by many, in spite of Richard Wagner's detailed treatise on this subject. Music which might be called "absolute" in a certain sense, *i.e.*, which is put together without any instigation, a mere formal conglomerate of sounds and trifling with phrases, may sometimes emanate from the pen of an art-philistine, but has no right to any attention on account of its tedious dreariness; now that Ferdinand Hiller and the brothers Lachner are dead it no longer does any serious damage. All other music betrays, even without song or programme, the mental influence which affected the composer when he wrote it. In this sense none of our great masters were absolute musicians—Beethoven least of all.

Partisanship in music is doomed to failure. It is clear that the zeal of the "Brahmsians" could not rob Wagner's greatness of one jot, and, on the other hand, Brahms will occupy the place he deserves in

the history of art, in spite of the too zealous attacks directed against him by certain Wagnerians by way of revenge. Time is the severest of judges. How far Brahms belongs to the immortals it is impossible to say as yet; we are still in the period of the funeral orations in his honour. There is no doubt that many, who are not blind adorers of his, would feel more sympathy with Brahms' works if he had not been put forward as a counterweight against Wagner—and again, if he had not been placed on a level with Bach and Beethoven. This last conceit originated in the well-known witticism of Bülow about the three B's, which, after all, arose from a merely personal motive. Bülow would never have dreamt of becoming a champion of Brahms, but for his own painful breach with Wagner.

When Brahms came forth with his first symphony the watchword, "This is the Tenth Symphony!" was sounded in the camp of his friends. Of course, they meant Beethoven's tenth. Allowing for this extravagance, we have still in Brahms' C minor Symphony a piece of music of masterly workmanship, of hard, austere character, but which corresponds far more with my idea of a symphony than Schumann's symphonies, and in which the orchestra is far more ably treated. The *adagio* and, above all, the beautiful slow introduction to the last movement I consider to be the best portions; the horn, which sounds forth in C major through the tremolo of the strings after the gloomy minor part, produces a most intense effect, as if the sun were breaking through moving morning clouds. Brahms moves away from the often vague romanticism of Schumann, and tries to approach the energetic and plastic mode of utterance of our great masters, of Beethoven in particular. In the first and last movements of his C minor symphony he, indeed, succeeds in attaining a certain resemblance, a resemblance, of course, comparable to that which a concave mirror gives of our face. The second symphony in D major I place much higher than the first. I do not think that in any other work of Brahms the spring of invention runs so freshly and spontaneously as in this, nor has he ever treated the orchestra so sonorously. The first movement is a masterpiece from beginning to end, an end which reminds one of the popular vein of Schubert. The second, slow movement can only be adequately appreciated after a repeated hearing; it does not yield easily to the musical mind, but thoroughly at last. If a comparison were permitted, I should suggest a Dutch landscape at sunset. The eye at first sees nothing but the sky over the wide, wide plain; its glance passes across it heedlessly and almost as if tired. Little by little, however, a certain feeling arises, broadly and softly, and speaks to us. By degrees I have learned to like this movement, which at first seemed indigestible to me; with many other compositions by Brahms I have not succeeded in doing this in spite of most sincere efforts. The minuet-like *intermezzo* is a graceful trifle, almost too insignificant for

the other three movements. The finale gives a powerful finish to this important work, which I do not hesitate to place above the whole four symphonies of Schumann, nay, which I number among the best symphonies written after Beethoven in the new classic direction. As with Schumann, I consider Brahms' two last symphonies weaker than his two first. In these later works a pondering (or ruminating) element reappears, which is peculiar to Brahms, and of which he could rarely quite free himself; to me this element seems rather to arise from reflection than from a genuinely artistic feeling. I should like to explain my meaning more in detail. First of all I must state that I value certain other works of Brahms as highly as the second symphony, such as parts of his "German Requiem," several songs, the "Song of Destiny," and portions of his chamber music, but I must add that these works are free, or at least more free than the rest, from that pondering element which adhered to Brahms' creations, and which became his very manner. By this special manner of Brahms I mean certain ways of building up a musical piece, which recur again and again. One of these devices is his very favourite habit of syncopating—i.e., displacing the bass against the rhythm of the upper parts or *vice versa*, so that the one limps after the other, as it were. This syncopation is a curious thing. Imagine a quite simple melody, consisting mostly of crotchets, and with a harmonic accompaniment, and then let the bass notes not come exactly with the corresponding notes of the melody, but always a quaver later; then the whole composition will assume a very strange and learned aspect, without gaining in intrinsic value. It is just as if one were to make a very solemn face while saying the simplest thing in the world; the face does not become more expressive. Furthermore, Brahms loves combining a rhythm consisting of two beats with one consisting of three, a form which, if employed for a long time or often, produces the effect of unpleasant vacillation. Another of his habits is to let the upper part, or sometimes one of the middle parts or the bass, be accompanied by thirds, and yet more frequently by sixths, and then again to mix up the parts with artificial syncopations. Whole sections of his works are built in this way. There are certain tone-combinations, and, indeed, actual themes, made from the fifth of the common chord, together with the third above and the next fifth above that—constantly avoiding the keynote—which we find so frequently that a clever "causeur" recently described the phrase



as the "Brahms *leit-motif*." If you examine the most varied compositions by Brahms with regard to these habits, you will find my



remarks confirmed, even if you do not agree with my deductions. Indeed, I believe that the complicated character of the harmony, rhythm and melody (which, by-the-by, his partisans call "profoundness") which results from these mannerisms, and which destroys the clearness of the musical expression, is the cause why so many of Brahms' compositions give one the impression of artificial productions, and fail to cause us pleasure, in spite of all the masterly technical construction. Nor can it be denied that this complicated character of the works produces a certain monotony, which is in marked contrast to real simplicity. At all times, and from every point of view, simplicity will always have a happy and stirring effect; it will ever appear new and young; in Haydn and Mozart we admire it even to-day, after the lapse of a century. But monotony, particularly if, as in Brahms' case, it results from over-complication, will at first cause us to meditate and search, but afterwards will fatigue us, and at last produce that dangerous and art-killing poison, feared by all like death—the poison of boredom. It is but rarely that Brahms' compositions are really simple, but, when they are, they are always beautiful—for example, the songs "Feldeinsamkeit," "Sapphische Ode," and the first movement of the "German Requiem." But if we become aware that he wanted to write in a simple manner, in which case it seems to me that his endeavour to write in a popular vein is predominant, then the invention is insignificant, and often reminds one of the weaker "songs without words" by Mendelssohn; the C minor movement of his third symphony is a case in point. A French critic wrote concerning him: "Il travaille extrêmement bien avec des idées, qu'il n'a pas." This saying is undoubtedly too hard; but when, sometimes after magnificent thoughts and periods, the work is distorted by syncopations, by constant combinations of unequal rhythms and by those curious additions of thirds and sixths, and when after all that there comes an artificial simplicity, one feels as if the composer had wished to stay the flight of his own genius and, fearing to betray his innermost feelings, preferred to wrap himself in mysterious silence and rather to let the listener guess what he wanted to say than actually saying it.

It is a bad thing if a composer can be convicted of a manner. Who could do this with the great masters? How similar are Haydn's symphonies, and yet how different; what an abyss lies between the "Marriage of Figaro" and the "Magic Flute"! Who could seriously speak of a Beethoven or a Wagner manner? Let any one who does not believe what I say try to make a parody on these masters, that is, to represent what is supposed to be their manner in an exaggerated way. He will not succeed, or if he does, it will be only in a clumsy fashion, as, for example, by using Wagner themes for quadrilles or marches—which is blasphemy, but not parody. But to make a

parody on Brahms is very easy, and has been done most brilliantly by Moritz Moszkowsky. The same may be said of actual imitation. When we hear modern chamber music written in Brahms' manner we might often accept it in good faith for Brahms' own, if no name were given; but I very much doubt if (under similar circumstances) any one who heard a piece from an opera of one of our "New German" composers would think he was listening to Wagner.

Brahms is always a master of form. The warm pulse of life I have been able to find only in a few of his works, but then these are all the more valuable, because beautiful thoughts in them are combined with perfect form; we at once feel that in a happy hour it was given to the author to freely express his individual nature. What was it that hindered him so frequently from expressing himself in this way? I believe this is the reply: he believed himself to be the one whose coming Schumann had foretold, and whom his partisans constantly praised as the "Messiah of absolute music," the "successor of Beethoven." But it was not given to him to attain to Beethoven's profoundness; he could only put on the mask of the master. Therefore, in spite of resemblances in external features, we find in Brahms' works only the abstract idea, while Beethoven reveals to us the very essence of music. Considered as a whole, Brahms' music is—if I may use the expression—scientific music, a game played with sounding forms and phrases, but no longer that most expressive and intelligible world-language which our great masters spoke and which excites our very hearts, because in it we recognise ourselves, with all our pains and pleasures, our struggles and our victories. Their music is artistic, Brahms' music artificial.

It is a characteristic experience of mine that those works of Brahms' which attract me are by no means regarded as the best of his productions by strong "Brahmsians"; they praise the "Triumphlied," the fourth symphony, the clarinet quintet, among others which to my mind are empty tone-constructions. But it is just by this reflective and mannered way of composing, together with his refusal to adopt any of the newer discoveries in the treatment of the orchestra and his avoidance of all sensuous charm of sound that Brahms has acquired the glorious reputation of having eschewed the "erroneous ways of the modern composers." He is probably the last eminent artist who will deserve this glory.

When the grave closed over Johannes Brahms, it closed at the same time over the "new classic" school, which, as we saw, began with Mendelssohn and Schumann and which found its most celebrated offshoot in Brahms. New thoughts about music came from another side, new conceptions have made their way, new composers have taken up the fight with the guardians of the classic ideals of form. To-day we may say that these last were the victors in the end. But before

proceeding to the consideration of the so-called "modern school" I must first notice certain solitary artists who were certainly influenced by that school without entirely belonging to it, and who therefore represent connecting-links between the two schools.

During the last decade the name of a powerful rival has often been connected with that of Brahms, a rival who arose in Brahms' second home, Vienna, which seems destined to be the city of symphony writers. Anton Bruckner, who died recently, obtained general recognition as a composer very much later than Brahms, although he was much older. What arrests our attention in Bruckner is the immense wealth of his invention, the pregnancy of his themes, and the surprising long-windedness of his melodies. He had a truly rich musical talent. One would be tempted to compare him to his great compatriot Schubert in this respect, had he only left any works which kept on a uniform level of excellence so as to be truly called masterpieces. But that is not the case, because, unfortunately, his power of utilising his ideas, connecting them one with another, and so organically building up his tone-pictures, does not keep pace with his power of invention. I cannot join in the opinion of his pupils and admirers that he was a great master of counterpoint. He may have been so as a teacher; but in his compositions the purely technical part is often awkward, the polyphonic texture of the parts often doubtful and lacking in clearness. His wonderful themes are rather set in a row, like beads upon a thread, than actually connected. This is the reason why Bruckner's strength usually leaves him in the finales of his symphonies, which should contain the highest climax; this also explains the fragmentary manner of his work, torso-like and often breaking off suddenly—a manner which does not admit of pure enjoyment. One is almost inclined to wish that he had less to say, but that the structure of his creations were more logical and uniform, and carried out with a more definite object in view. His most magnificent ideas often flutter away into an ineffective nothing, because they only arise and are not worked out.

Although we cannot deny these objections to Bruckner's music, we need not let them prevent us from admiring and loving him sincerely, especially for his imposing idealism, which in these days is absolutely phenomenal. Imagine this schoolmaster and organist, risen from the poorest surroundings and totally devoid of education, but steadfastly composing symphonies of dimensions hitherto unheard of, crowded with difficulties and solecisms of all kinds, which were the horror of conductors, performers, listeners, and critics, because they interfered sadly with their comfort; imagine him thus unswervingly going his way towards the goal he has set himself in the most absolute certainty of not being noticed and of obtaining naught but failure—and then compare him with our fashionable composers, borne on by daily success

and advertisement, who puzzle out their trifles with the utmost *raffinerie*; and then bow low before this man, great and touching in his *naïveté* and raise a monument to him in your heart. I own that among modern symphonies nothing can touch me so profoundly, nothing can so charm me as a single theme, or even a few bars by Bruckner will often do. I think, *e.g.*, of the beginning of his Romantic Symphony. His greatest and relatively most perfect work is the seventh symphony in E major, with the magnificent and justly celebrated *adagio* in C sharp minor, a piece of overpowering force and beauty.

Honourable mention must also be made of an artist, who in his high and noble idealism is related to Bruckner, it is Alexander Ritter, the nephew and friend of Wagner; according to my feeling we must rate him even higher as the poet of his two one-act operas, than as a dramatic and symphonic composer.

Of other Germans, I first mention that most fertile composer, Joachim Raff, whose principal works are the poetical symphony "Im Walde" and the romantic "Lenore"; then Felix Dräsecke, originally quite one of the "modern" ones, but now turned reactionary for some time past; lastly, the most important one among them, Hermann Goetz, who died so early, and who, as regards refinement of mind, is related to the poet-musician Peter Cornelius. It is inconceivable why this richly gifted composer's delightful comic opera, "The Taming of the Shrew," has disappeared from the *repertoires* of opera-houses as completely as his F major symphony, which surely grew "from the still and sacred recesses of the heart," as its motto says, has vanished from concert programmes. What other nation but Germany can boast of possessing such an artist as Hermann Goetz even among its stars of the second magnitude?

I must lastly refer to some important symphonies by foreign composers, to whom I would specially draw attention, since hitherto they have suffered in Germany from undeserved neglect. The latest work that must be mentioned is the D minor symphony of the Danish composer, Christian Sinding, a piece born of the gloomy romanticism of the North, often rugged and harsh, but having bold and powerful verve. The B minor symphony by the Russian composer, Alexander Borodin, is a genuinely national piece, a masterpiece of its kind, the most important work of the new Russian school which I know. It is so pregnant and characteristic that I always fancy that one may get from it, without going to Russia, an idea of the country and the people. Carl Goldmark, with his symphony "Ländliche Hochzeit" (a country wedding) has fared much better than the two composers above with regard to public recognition. They are not country people whom we see there, but spoilt townfolk, who have conceived the idea of celebrating the wedding of a bridal pair of their acquaintance in the

country; we often notice the perfume of the drawing-room in these sounds, which are supposed to be pastoral. Apart from all this, Goldmark's work is a brilliant and interesting piece of music, well worthy of performance and of general applause. I must also mention A. Rubinstein's honest endeavour to reawaken classical symphony to new life: only once, however, has he succeeded in rising above the dull stringing together of musical phrases—namely, in some movements of his Ocean Symphony. With immense success the "Symphonie Pathétique" of P. Tschaikowsky has made its way through the German concert-halls during the last two years; it has also drawn general attention to the earlier works of this composer. It resembles an effective drama, rich in exciting and fascinating situations, and its effect upon the public never fails. It is reported that Tschaikowsky himself feared that it might not be considered a symphony at all. No doubt it departs from the usual form, both as regards the arrangement and the construction of the separate movements. In the first movement the form may be traced, but the construction is free. The middle movements are more concise; the finale, however, is quite free again. Moreover, this is formed by the *adagio*, which, as a rule, stands in the middle of a symphony; but the fundamental idea of the work demanded a close which should lose itself in gloomy darkness. It is said that the foreboding of death guided the composer's pen when he wrote this work; he therefore departed from the usual form for the sake of a poetical idea.

FELIX WEINGARTNER.



## THE POLICY OF THE HOLY SEE.

IF we consider the policy adopted by Leo XIII. during the latter period of his Pontificate, and compare it with the energy shown by the same Pontiff several years ago with regard to the unity of Christian Churches, Christian Democracy, &c., we cannot help being struck by the fundamental change, not to say deterioration, which it exhibits. The large-minded, comprehensive, and conciliatory views so becoming in the chief of a great religious body have been replaced by others which are undoubtedly of an exclusivist and ultra-conservative bearing, as though Catholicism continued to vegetate within the same narrow social boundaries in which it lived three centuries ago, while the secret of the grandeur and vitality of Catholicism lies precisely in the fact that, unlike the religions of Buddha and Brahma, which have exercised such a fatal influence over society in Asia owing to their crystallised isolation, so to say, from all human interests, it has always shown itself in harmony with intellectual progress, not only adapting itself to the new conditions of civilisation, but even utilising every change for its own benefit.

The present undisguised reactionary tendency shown by the Holy See precisely at a time when the development of social progress is more than ever accentuated strikes us, therefore, as being in strange contrast with modern civilisation and with the secular traditions of Catholicism. For instance, the *Intransigente* party now paramount at the Vatican has abruptly put an end to the question concerning the Union of Christian Churches, which Leo XIII. was wont to say "represented no small part of his hopes and studies." That this was indeed the case may be gathered from the perusal of the first Encyclical, "*Præclara Gratulationis*," published on the subject, in which Leo XIII., assuming the paternal voice of Christ's representative on earth, placed

before the whole Christian world the sublime ideal of the pacification of souls through a universal return to the religion of Christ, taking special care, however, to avoid every subject or allusion that could in any way have offended the prejudices or the *amour propre* of non-Catholics. But when Leo XIII. again refers to the question of the Union of Christian Churches in the Encyclical "*Satis Cognitum*," we are amazed to find that the solemn and empty dogmatic affirmations by the head of the Church of Rome on the Catholic hierarchy and on the nullity of other religious orders, which form the principal theme of this Encyclical, are precisely calculated to prevent any union between dissident Churches. It is also remarkable that Leo XIII. should have pronounced the sentence of the nullity of Anglican orders in the very same manner as Paul III. and Julius III. did in their time, even making use of the arguments of those sixteenth-century Popes, completely disregarding the important and radical changes effected in society and in the question by the intervening centuries.

Another instance of the retrograde policy recently adopted by the Holy See may be found in the changed attitude of the Vatican with regard to the question of Christian Democracy. Leo XIII. began by warmly encouraging the partisans of Christian Democracy in his famous Encyclical entitled "*Rerum Novarum*," and in various allocutions pronounced before working-men's pilgrimages. Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State, likewise did all in his power to encourage and help the movement. But now Leo XIII. maintains an ominous silence on the subject which he formerly referred to so enthusiastically, and the Cardinal Secretary of State metes out condemnation and punishment where he was, but a few months ago, so lavish of praise and encouragement. In Belgium, for example, the Vatican has completely disavowed the work of the Abbé Daens, and two of the most active pioneers of Christian Democracy in the United States, Mgr. Kean and Mgr. O'Connel, are retained in honourable captivity at Rome.

It is quite possible that Leo XIII. will, in the near future, publish an Encyclical in direct opposition to the principles contained in the preceding one, "*Rerum Novarum*," for those theories have already been virtually disowned by the Holy See. Instead of seeking an alliance with the people, as such a bond is understood by the leading partisans of Christian Democracy, the Vatican now hankers after alliances with Emperors and Governments, as it did in the Middle Ages, in order to dominate the people and, if possible, stem the ever-rising wave of progress which, in the eyes of the retrograde party, constitutes a menace to its very existence. Leo XIII. is fond of boasting that during his Pontificate he has signed twenty "*concordats*" with different Governments—a number which has never been attained by any of his predecessors. Every other recent Vatican document

reveals this same reactionary spirit of contradiction with the well-known ideas of Cardinal Pecci when only Archbishop of Perugia, and also with the policy which Leo XIII. followed during the first years of his Pontificate. The Encyclical which the Pope addressed to the Italians on August 5 is in perfect harmony with the general tendency of the policy of the Holy See. It would be a mistake, however, to consider that document only as an energetic protest against the action of the Government in suppressing Catholic journals and associations, for in reality it is nothing but a repetition of the usual protests against the present *régime* to which Leo XIII. has systematically given utterance for the last twenty years. But it must be confessed that on no previous occasion has Leo XIII. ever exposed in so clear and undisguised a manner the policy to be followed by the clerical party *vis-à-vis* the Italian Government :

"The Catholics of Italy," says the Pontiff in his Encyclical, "precisely because they are Catholics, cannot but ardently desire that the Sovereign Pontiff should re-acquire that necessary independence and that fulness of true and effective liberty which are indispensable for the independence and liberty of the Catholic Church itself. On this point their sentiments will always remain the same in spite of threats and violence ; they will undergo the present order of things, but, as long as the Italian Government will have for its object the depression of the Papacy, and for its allies and auxiliaries a coalition of every anti-religious and sectarian element, Catholics can neither help nor support it without violating their most sacred duties."

It is strange that Leo XIII., whose accession to the Papal throne gave rise to so many hopes of a speedy reconciliation with the newly constituted Kingdom of Italy, should, after twenty years of his Pontificate, declare a war *à outrance* to modern Italy, thus renewing the dead-lock between the Papacy and the Government and rendering it more hopeless than ever.

In the opinion of Cardinal Rampolla Germany is the most powerful moral prop of the Savoy dynasty, for although Austria-Hungary forms part of the Triple Alliance, still the Emperor Franz Joseph has never returned King Humbert's visit by coming to Rome, a mark of devotion to the Holy See for which Leo XIII. is profoundly grateful. But it cannot be said that the Pontiff shares Cardinal Rampolla's rooted antipathy for Germany, although the Secretary of State, through whose medium the aged Pontiff may be said to form his ideas of European politics, does his utmost in order to induce Leo XIII. to sanction his policy of bitter antagonism against Germany and boundless condescension for France. One of the first acts of Leo XIII.'s Pontificate was to exert all his influence and every means in his power in order to put an end to the Kulturkampf ; in this he was successful, and when that bitter religious struggle ceased, the relations between Pope and Kaiser became extremely cordial, and when Leo XIII. celebrated his

sacerdotal jubilee, in August 1887, William I. sent him a splendid mitre, accompanied by a most friendly autograph letter. Indeed, Leo XIII.'s conciliatory policy in Germany could hardly have been attended with better results. Unfortunately for the Holy See, just as it was reaping the profits of this wise policy Cardinal Jacobini died, and Cardinal Rampolla was appointed to succeed him at the Vatican in the important post of Secretary of State. A radical change immediately took place in the policy of the Vatican, whose sympathies were abruptly and completely transferred from Germany to France. The year 1870 had been equally fatal to the Papacy and to France, and both, in the mind of Prince Bismarck, represented the principle of hostility against Prussia. Cardinal Rampolla, knowing this, felt the necessity of a *rapprochement* with France, especially as it is to the latter that he looks for the necessary support and help for the realisation of his long-cherished political ideal. That the Cardinal Secretary of State wishes Italy to become a Republican Federation with the Pope as President is no longer a secret to any one, as this republican programme has been repeatedly and openly discussed in the *Civiltà Cattolica* by Father Brandi, by Don Albertario in the *Osservatore Cattolico*, and by several other leading Catholic journalists. Cardinal Rampolla, who is a Sicilian, like Crispi, has many points in common with the ex-Dictator, not last among these being his somewhat headstrong and authoritative character. Just as Crispi caused the estrangement, almost amounting to an open conflict, between Italy and France, Rampolla has succeeded in effecting a *rapprochement* between France and the Vatican which differs but little from abject subjection of the latter to the former. Indeed, thanks to the policy followed by Cardinal Rampolla, the Papacy of to-day presents a striking resemblance to that period in its history known as "the servile Papacy," which was inaugurated by Caius I., Marcellinus, and followed by their successors after Constantine formally recognised Christianity. By means of excessive and cringing condescension towards political authority, the Papacy succeeded in obtaining new and important prerogatives, which were destined to attain their maximum in that political power which enabled Julius II. to abandon the "servile policy," and to boast, not without reason, that he had the *giuoco del mondo* in his hands. Nor was he long in making use of his newly acquired strength, for we find him at the head of the infamous League of Cambray, encompassing the ruin of the Venetian Republic. But the Papacy of to-day aims at overthrowing something far more important than a petty republic, and the weakness, indecision, and corruption of the governing classes of Italy, added to the general dissatisfaction and financial distress so prevalent among the Italians, all tend to facilitate what would, under different conditions, prove a very difficult, if not impossible, task. It would be idle to deny that the Vatican is unceasingly and systematically

preparing its ground for a great *coup* in Italy. The organisation of the clerical forces proceeds in a feverish manner, and before the disturbances in May there were no fewer than 8200 clerical associations in Italy, and all directly dependent from the Holy See. More than the half of these—namely, 4600—were suppressed during the reactionary period which followed the riots at Milan; but the work of reorganisation is going on with incredible activity, and while the Clericals, momentarily disbanded, are once more clustering round their standards and preparing for the impending struggle, their organs, the Catholic papers of the Peninsula, blow shrill blasts of defiance, and continue a most bitter campaign against the present order of things, criticising every Liberal institution, and striving to stir the masses up to a consciousness of their present degradation and misery.

In striking contrast with this fiercely hostile attitude towards the Italian Government is the unlimited support and praise which the Holy See lavishly bestows on the French Republic. Although the great majority of real Catholics in France belong to the Legitimist party, Leo XIII., by means of repeated Encyclicals, has almost imposed the Republican *régime* on the clergy. The very negative results obtained by the *ralliés* at the last elections ought, however, to have convinced Cardinal Rampolla that he is on a wrong tack, and that French Catholics, although quite disposed to follow Rome in religious matters, do not relish the idea of sacrificing their political independence. But the Papal Secretary of State, in his anxiety to conciliate the Government of the Republic, has by no means lost courage in consequence of this momentary check, and seeks to cover his defeat by giving all the blame to the Paris Nuncio, Mgr. Clari, whom he covertly accuses of inability. To tell the truth, Mgr. Clari was the last person who should have been chosen to fill the important and delicate post of Nuncio in the French capital. Having passed all his life in the unevenful quiet of a little provincial town in Italy, he had neither the natural gifts nor the necessary preparation indispensable to a diplomatist, and when he found himself suddenly transplanted from Viterbo to Paris Mgr. Clari could hardly speak a word of French. Under these conditions his mission could hardly have been a success, and it is certain that the Holy See will repair its error by recalling the Paris Nuncio in the near future. It is true that Mgr. Clari will be no loser by this measure, for, in accordance to custom and to the shrewd maxim, *Promoveatur ut amoveatur*, he will undoubtedly be raised to the purple on his return to Rome.

The real victims of the Vatican's abjectly Francophile policy are the French Catholics, who, curiously enough, are placed in the same position as their Italian brethren, for they cannot conciliate their religious persuasions and the deference which they feel for the Papacy with their political ideas and with their love for their country. The same



phenomenon which took place in Germany during the Kulturkampf owing to Bismarck's attitude is now caused by the policy of the Vatican in France, in Italy, and even in Spain, where the Holy See openly supports the present régime and threatens with excommunication the Republicans and the partisans of Don Carlos.

In his partiality for France Cardinal Rampolla does not mind offending the *amour propre* of Italian, English, German, and Austrian Catholics by giving over to the French the exclusive right of protecting Catholics in the Orient and in the Far East. In March 1898 Cardinal Kopp, Prince-Archbishop of Breslau, came expressly to Rome in order to obtain from the Vatican the formal recognition of the German Protectorate over the German Catholics in the East, but his Eminence's mission proved a failure, and on September 5 Leo XIII., in a letter addressed to Cardinal Langénieux, once more confirmed the privileges conferred on France to the detriment of all other Catholic nations. The Holy Father's object in writing such a formal declaration to Cardinal Langénieux was to forestall any statement which the Emperor William II. might have made during his journey to the Holy Land in favour of a German Protectorate, and it was Delcassé who, through the intermediary of M. de Poubelle, French Ambassador to the Vatican, strongly urged Leo XIII. to make an explicit declaration on the question. If M. Delcassé, therefore, has every reason to rejoice over the success of his diplomatic machinations, the same cannot be said of the German Catholics, who had solemnly affirmed, at the Congress held last August at Crefeld, that William II. intended going to Palestine as the Emperor of 18,000,000 of Catholics, and who had not forgotten the parting blessings bestowed by Archbishop Kopp on Prince Henry when he sailed from Kiel in order to avenge two Catholic missionaries.

The Catholics of Germany are quite as patriotic as their Protestant brethren, and perfectly at one with them as far as regards the commercial and colonial expansion of their country, and it is only natural that they do not relish Cardinal Rampolla's policy, tending to render all missions subservient to the interests and to the prestige of France. Everybody knows what a great influence for good or for evil, in a political sense, may be exercised by missionaries in the East. For instance, official documents have recently shown that the war between Italy and Abyssinia was in a large measure brought about by the French Lazarist Fathers, the same whom Cardinal Rampolla wishes to send out to the reconquered provinces of the Soudan. Again, the *Figaro* recently complained bitterly that French prestige suffered in Palestine owing to the hostility of Mgr. Piavi, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and it is not at all improbable that M. Delcassé will succeed in obtaining that prelate's recall to Rome. Cardinal Rampolla, in short, appears to consider the missions for the propagation of the Catholic faith as the

best and most convenient means of furthering the commercial and colonial expansion of France. This being too clearly the case, it is only natural that one of the most important organs of the German Catholic Centre should comment as follows upon Leo XIII.'s letter to Cardinal Langénieux :

"It is not at all surprising," says the *Germania*, "that the French papers should be jubilant over the letter in which the Holy Father speaks so benevolently of France, a country certainly not deserving of such a manifestation of goodwill on his part. Their joy over the *splendid result*, as they call it, of Cardinal Langénieux's diplomacy leaves us indifferent, as it cannot be detrimental to our interests. We should advise our dear neighbours, however, not to place the real and legal value of their protectorate over German institutions too closely to the test, for let them know that German Catholics will never seek the protection of which they may stand in need in the Orient under the tricolor flag, but under the glorious banner of their own country. As to the puerile conjectures which are rife in France concerning the Emperor William's journey to Palestine, it is not worth while to take them into serious consideration."

The other leading papers of the Catholic Centre, such as the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*, &c., criticise the servile policy adopted by the Vatican towards France in the same bitter and sarcastic tone.

While on the one hand Cardinal Rampolla has subjected the Holy See to France by assuming a hostile attitude towards Germany, he has followed the same unwise policy by openly revealing a strong partiality for Spain and a strong aversion to the United States after the recent conflict. In this case, however, the attitude of the Holy See is natural and almost pardonable, for Spain, besides being the right arm of the Papacy in that struggle against Islam which was so gloriously brought to a close at Lepanto by Don Juan of Austria, has always proved the principal support of Catholicism in troublous times, when its very existence was menaced.

It was Philip II. who ensured the success of the Council of Trent, and after that Council, which marked the triumph of a new conception of Catholicism perfectly corresponding to the ideas of Philip II., Catholicism was no longer Italian, but became an essentially Spanish creation. Italian Catholicism, if we may make use of the expression, was essentially and profoundly pagan, its most characteristic representatives being Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X., with courtiers such as Raphael, Perugino, Titian, Bembo, Bibbiena, and Michelangelo, the latter of whom thought there was no harm in depicting, in one of the medallions in the Sixtine Chapel, the Duke of Urbino in the act of murdering the Cardinal of Pavia, while Julius II. is calmly looking on. As soon as the influence of Spain began to be felt at the Vatican, these somewhat incongruous but characteristic traits of the Italian genius disappeared before the Spanish Catholicism, severe and stately,

which purified the Papacy from its pagan taint and gradually effected its complete return to Christianity. By Christianity, however, we do not mean the Christianity of Jesus, but that of Hildebrand and of Innocent, the religion of the Crusades and of the Inquisition, which manifested itself in the night of St. Bartholomew and in the *autos da fé* of Philip II.

The two types of Catholicism represented by a Medici, surrounded by artists and scholars, and by a Ghislieri (Pius V.), incapable of comprehending art or relishing letters and surrounded by Inquisitors, could hardly present a more striking difference. But the type of the Italian Pope had vanished for ever, together with pagan Catholicism, and the triumph of the Spanish Catholicism was ensured. The principles of the primacy of the Pontiff and of unlimited submission and obedience to the hierarchy which gave it strength were spread all over the Catholic world and diffused with a continual *crescendo*, especially by the members of a religious Order which rose contemporaneously with the new Catholicism—viz., the Society of Jesus—and these principles finally culminated in the proclamation of Papal Infallibility in August 1870.

Another reason which explains the partiality of the Holy See for Spain is the fact that many of the principal religious Orders had their origin in that country. Besides the Jesuits, whose General, Father Martin, or the "Black Pope," is a Spaniard, the Dominicans, Alcantarines, Trinitarians, and Carmelites all originated in Spain. It is from Spain, too, that the heaviest fees and religious tributes are paid into the coffers of the *Dateria Apostolica*. Leo XIII., being godfather to the little King, naturally takes a great interest in the dynasty, as does also Cardinal Rampolla, who is personally acquainted with the Queen Regent, having been Papal Nuncio at Madrid. Many other Cardinals, such as the Cardinal-Vicar, Parocchi, who speaks Spanish like a Castilian, have the warmest attachment for Spain.

But apart from these reasons of a secondary nature, the real explanation of the Holy See's attitude during the late war must be found in the fact that the Spanish-American conflict, from a purely Vatican standpoint, represented the struggle of a Catholic nation with a chiefly Protestant one, and from a political point of view it was a conflict between the republican and the monarchic *régimes*, and between a Latin and a Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon race. All these reasons combined amply sufficed to turn the sympathies of the Holy See towards Spain. But the sympathy for an old and valued, although somewhat decrepit, friend does not, in the practical mind of Cardinal Rampolla, completely outweigh the consideration of the advantages to be derived from the friendship of a young, powerful, and wealthy nation. Indeed, now that Spain is practically laid on the shelf, that irreligion is making rapid strides in France, and that the present state of things in

Italy seems to render a return of the temporal power a difficult matter even in the eyes of the most sanguine partisans of the Holy See, Vatican diplomatists begin to consider the advisability of turning from the *débâcle* of the Latin race and of applying for help to the rich and vigorous Anglo-Saxon nations. The radical change, however, which such a step would necessitate in the actual policy of the Holy See is not at all likely to take place in the near future, for the bitterness of defeat is still felt at the Vatican, where a sentiment almost amounting to hostility towards the United States prevailed during the war. Leo XIII. is known to have prayed that he might be called away before witnessing the fall of the noble Spanish nation, and only when two prominent American prelates residing in Rome pointed out that the attitude of the Holy See might bring down persecutions on the Catholics of the United States was this attitude changed to one of mute and passive resignation.

Leo XIII. has never tired in his Encyclicals to insist upon the necessity of the union of civil and spiritual power. Recent events, however, have proved that the undue interference of the Papacy in the political questions of different countries has had a most disastrous effect on Catholicism itself. Instead of fulfilling its mission of peace, and of furthering sentiments of brotherly love and unity, we find that the Papacy, by its present worldly policy, is exciting the Catholics of Germany against those of France, those of Spain against those of the United States, and, moreover, that it is keeping Italy in a perpetual state of agitation, almost amounting to civil war, by encouraging general dissatisfaction and fostering party spirit. In short, we must arrive at this surprising conclusion—namely, that the Holy See, instead of giving its attention to the spiritual needs of humanity, instead of dedicating itself to the progress of civilisation and to the comfort and welfare of the poor, is devoting all its energies and all its attention to regaining possession of a few square kilometres of land, or, in other words, of the temporal power!

G. M. FIAMINGO.

## AFTER THE ATBARA AND OMDURMAN.

I SHOULD not have entered into this discussion had not several senior officers of the Egyptian Army disproved Mr. Bennett's allegations against the Soudanese-Egyptian portion of the force, thus rendering it imperative for the British Division to clear itself of the charges made against it; I therefore send you all I know of the circumstances.

A certain amount of cruelty and hardship is inevitable in war, and however carefully operations in the field are carried out, however definite and thoughtful are the orders issued to prevent excesses and inhumanity, there must still be some loophole through which suffering may be conveyed to combatants or to those living in the war area by men who, escaping the observation of their leaders, allow their baser passions to run riot. In the Soudan during the recent expedition, the composition of the army was such as to demand a close watchfulness being kept over it. We had the British soldier anxious to avenge Gordon; the Soudanese, in whom the desire to loot is strongly developed; the Egyptian, who had many old scores to pay off; and the "friendly" Jaalin, whose blood was still boiling over the massacre at Metemma, in which some 2000 of the pick of the tribe fell victims to the savagery of the Khalifa and his lieutenant, Mahmoud.

Mr. Bennett charges the Sirdar with having issued orders for, or acquiesced in, the destruction of the wounded, or of having so neglected to watch the course of events that those wounded who fell into our hands were murdered in cold blood; further, he alleges that harmless persons, when leaving the town after the battle of Omdurman, were fired on by our gunboats.

With regard to the first of these allegations, had any orders of the kind been issued they must have been conveyed through general



officers commanding divisions; certainly no such order, or any order which could be construed into acquiescence in the killing of wounded or prisoners, was received or issued by me; further, it is well known that Lord Kitchener was anxious to increase his fighting strength by taking into the ranks of the Egyptian Army all able-bodied men who fell into his hands.

Shortly before the battle of Atbara, the Sirdar sent for me and personally explained that any men laying down their arms, holding up their hands, and giving the word of peace, "Aman," were to be allowed to pass through the ranks towards General Lewis's Brigade (in reserve). This was made known to all officers and men in my brigade; but it is quite possible that some few men who wished to surrender were killed in the confusion which, owing to the firing and fighting, was great.

It must be remembered that, in advancing on the zariba, the infantry got within 250 yards of the stockade before they could use their rifles or the Dervishes could fire at them. It did not take long for the column to pass over this space under a sharp fire, which meant that the Dervishes had little time to clear away from the stockade and trenches before the British brigade reached them and their defenders. As some Dervishes held resolutely to the stockade, even after the arrival of the leading regiment, it was impossible for officer or man on the attacking side to discriminate in their fire between men still firing and those who, having dropped their arms, were running away. In the first phase of the fight, then, possibly many were killed who, having been forced to fight by the Khalifa, would have surrendered had they had the opportunity. Knowing by repute the treacherous character of the Dervish, wounded or unwounded, it would be a difficult matter to issue any practical precise orders on the subject which should ensure that no man who wished to surrender should be shot at.

I was with the Cameron Highlanders during the advance through the zariba and saw many Dervishes spared and allowed to pass through the line towards the rear of the brigade. Looking to the number of prisoners who were marched back on the evening of the 8th of April, and to the fact that no formed body of Dervishes surrendered to the Sirdar on that day, it is evident that the number must have been made up from those who surrendered in the zariba and trenches.

While the British Brigade was concentrating immediately after the fight, I returned from the river-bank through the zariba with a company of the Warwickshire in order to find a party of women and children, some of whom were wounded by shells, which I had noticed during the advance. Had the slaughter hinted at by Mr. Bennett been going on, I must have seen it. Moreover, all my men were on

parade outside the zariba under their own officers, with the exception of eleven reported missing; these were afterwards found to have accompanied wounded comrades to the field hospital.

I do not know how many prisoners were taken at and after the Atbara, but the number was considerable. They were all marched to Berber, and afterwards sent to Wady Halfa. On our return to Darmali in April, wounded Dervishes kept coming in to Fort Atbara; here they were treated in the Egyptian Hospital. When cured they were despatched to drill at Halfa, where, in June, I saw about 1500 to 2000 of them being drilled by Captain Fergusson, D.S.O.

Some ten or fifteen days after the battle, hearing that there were still some wounded Dervishes in the bush up the Atbara river, near Nakheila, I ordered a party of friendlies, under a Sheikh, equipped with donkeys and food, to bring them in for treatment. At the end of a week this party came back with several men suffering from shot wounds, mostly in a very bad state. These wounded were placed in a separate tent hospital established under the orders of my P.M.O. at Darmali for Dervishes; and were tended by Major Braddell, Major Carr, and Lieut. Bliss, of the R.A.M.C., who spent a considerable portion of their time in extractions and operations. When cured these men were drafted into the depôt at Berber to see service against the Dervishes at Omdurman.

The interest taken in these wounded prisoners by the men in the British camp was remarkable, and there was much good feeling displayed in small gifts of food and tobacco. Many Dervish prisoners were also employed in menial sanitary work about the British camp, and on no occasion that I am aware of was any British soldier brought up for ill-treatment of these men. When the Sirdar visited our camp he always inquired after the wounded prisoners, and enjoined me to send them when fit to Berber for enrolment.

Between the fights at the Atbara and Omdurman there was no engagement in which the British troops took part.

After the first phase of the battle of Omdurman, the British Division moved southwards over ground practically clear of dead or wounded men, till the spurs of Surgham Hill were reached; here the 1st Brigade was sent back to the assistance of General Macdonald's Brigade. From personal observation I can say nothing of what went on in that part of the field, as I accompanied the Artillery and 2nd Brigade, but Major-General Wauchope is not the man to allow any unauthorised barbarity in his Brigade, and had anything of the kind taken place it would have been reported to me.

Undoubtedly if wounded Dervishes treacherously shot at our men, or endeavoured to use their spears, a British soldier would be excused for shooting at his disabled enemy; in principle it would be wrong, but in practice it becomes a necessity.

I saw two or three cases during the advance of the 2nd Brigade where wounded Dervishes got up suddenly and used their guns or spears; but as the ground passed over by the Brigade was almost free from wounded men, there was certainly nothing on this area to warrant Mr. Bennett's assertions. On the night of September 2, our first and only night in the town, neither of my Brigades settled down till darkness had set in, as till that hour we were under arms; men got no opportunity of leaving the bivouac, for although we were short of water, it was considered unsafe owing to the distance of the camp from the river to allow parties to go even to fill up the water tanks.

Early next morning, both Brigades were marched out of Omdurman to an open spot on the river bank north of the town, pickets were immediately mounted and maintained throughout to prevent men from quitting their lines except on duty. All parties in search of fuel, which had to be taken from the houses on account of the scarcity of wood, were accompanied by officers; but it is possible that here and there an evil-disposed soldier may have escaped supervision and used violence.

The only case I remember against a British soldier of cruelty was on the second morning after our arrival at Omdurman, when three or four natives came to complain that some soldier had forcibly taken a silver ring off some woman's finger. Inquiries were made but it was impossible to test the truth of the statement or to trace the offender. Most of the relics obtained during the expedition, in the shape of flags, armour, swords, &c., were brought into camp by followers or friendly natives, who got what they could for them. Where and how they got the loot it was impossible to ascertain; it is probable that in some cases the things were taken forcibly from the inhabitants, but the invariable explanation was that they were picked up outside Omdurman; as all the country between Kerreri and the city was strewn with swords and military *debris* which was to be had for the picking up, this was very plausible. The Jaalin friendlies had good reason to hate the Dervishes, and I have no doubt that when they got a chance on the sly of knocking a wounded Baggara on the head they would do so.

Again, there were many officers' servants in camp, picked up in Cairo or on the river, some of whose characters would possibly not bear investigation, but they were the only servants procurable. These men probably had no scruples about annexing property; but a great number of them were of the same races as those living in Omdurman, and there is reason to suppose they would not pitilessly murder their co-religionists.

Major-General Maxwell was appointed governor of the city, and in two instances that I know of men who were convicted of robbery and murder were promptly shot.



With regard to the treatment of wounded on the battlefield of Omdurman, I am aware that Lord Kitchener ordered the inhabitants of the town to go out and fetch men lying there who were unable to come in by themselves, and for days after the battle villagers were bringing in wounded on beds or on their backs.

These men in some cases were treated by their friends. Slatin Pasha collected many in a group of houses near the Khalifa's residence, while others were placed for safety and treatment in the great mosque. The wounded received medical attendance from the Egyptian army doctors and were fed on biscuit.

With the sanction of the Sirdar, a temporary hospital for Dervishes was selected near the British camp, but owing to the wounded men being taken direct into the town by their friends and to the early movement of the British Division down the Nile, this hospital was not used.

Mr. Bennett, in his indictment, also accuses the Sirdar of turning his guns on harmless inhabitants flying southwards along the banks of the Nile.

Now, it is an axiom in war to disorganise a beaten enemy in every possible way, and by the use of cavalry and guns to endeavour to break up his formation so thoroughly that he will be unable to make a stand or offer for the time being further resistance. If this rule were neglected by a commander, he would merely be driving his enemy away from one spot to fight him in another, it might be without having done him much damage. Without giving chapter and verse, there are many instances in history where leaders have bitterly repented of not having followed up their victories, and I think it may be accepted as a sound principle to follow up your adversary with alacrity and determination.

The Khalifa's beaten army retired up the Nile, and, as is usual with Soudanese, was accompanied by many women belonging to the troops. As they moved in masses up the bank and at some distance from it, it was impossible to prevent casualties amongst the women, but it was equally impossible to allow large unbroken bodies of Dervishes to escape unmolested because they were accompanied by their camp followers; it is one of those necessary consequences which have to be accepted in war.

A great portion of the inhabitants of Omdurman consisted of people who had been compelled by the Khalifa to quit their lands or islands south of Berber, and take up their residence in the town. As soon as the flying Khalifa reached Omdurman from the battlefield, these people, recognising that their hour of deliverance had come, commenced streaming out northwards, carrying their goods and chattels, *en route* for their own home lands. During the entry of the troops into the city, the roads by which we were advancing were

full of families, with animals, &c.; these were allowed to pass unmolested.

One more word. In some journal censure was passed on the Sirdar for having given permission to loot the granaries at Omdurman; it apparently was not understood that this permission was given to the starving women and children of the town to help themselves from the Khalifa's stores, being grain which had been retained by him for the use of his Baggara soldiery.

In the above notes I merely offer my impressions of what took place and state what I personally saw. I do not pretend to know what orders have been issued during previous expeditions as to killing wounded Dervishes, but I think that Mr. Bennett has confounded "precautions to be taken against treachery when moving amongst wounded Dervishes" with orders for "killing wounded Dervishes." It would be culpable for any officer who knew the tricks and cunning of these tribes to neglect to warn his officers and men as to what they might expect under such circumstances; but that is a very different thing from issuing orders for the destruction of the wounded, and I feel sure from my knowledge of Lord Kitchener that he is the last man to countenance such a practice.

W. GATACRE,  
Major-General.



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## IMPERIALISM.

THE politician finds in relation to some subjects a sense of relief in holding opinions which fall under no classification and escape all political labels. This feeling exists, no doubt, in other callings. It is said of a curate that he earned distinction for his application for employment in the columns of the *Guardian* by appealing to this opportunist sentiment. Side by side with the advertisements of his competitors emphasising their adherence to "high views" and "low views," and the "via media," appeared the adroit declaration—worthy of an old Parliamentary hand—that the advertiser possessed "no views." Politicians, in dealing with the problems of the empire, sigh naturally, and perhaps reasonably, for the freedom which allows them to approach each problem as it arises, trammelled by no canons more stringent than those of "common sense," and of no more general application than "the circumstances of the case." Those, however, who seek to apply science to politics are not content to allow this freedom. *Laissez-faire* must submit to rule and statesmanship, like Leviathan, be brought to the hook. It becomes necessary to generalise, to frame abstract propositions and to attempt definitions. The process, if of no other use, has at least its dialectic value. It may naturally lead to the spectacle of politicians concurring heartily in the same line of Imperial policy, and at the same time falling foul of each other in the effort to put into general language the principles which guide their conduct. But dialectics affords this diversion to non-combatants in other fields. So great men furnish mirth for the gods.

In attempting to define the subject of this paper, I tread consciously on thorny and delicate ground. It is necessary to avoid the pitfall on either hand which public odium has made repulsive under

the malodorous names of "Jingo" and "Little Englander." I will not emulate the attempts of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. John Morley to define these spheres of malign influence into which they have sought to thrust each other. I will try only to describe in outline the intermediate and more fortunate region of popular opinion which avoids the indefinite but conscious objections which attach to either limbo.

I define Imperialism as a principle or formula of statesmanship for interpreting the duties of government in relation to empire. The formula is compounded—to use the language of the analyst—of an emotion, a conviction, a determination, and a creed. It may be said that these are the elements of a liturgy or a cult and not of a code of practical politics. I am not sure that the ideas are irreconcilable. In the opinion of our day the sphere of "morality touched with feeling" and the sphere of political philosophy overlap and cover common ground. Much useful public work is done upon the included area; and it may be that views will differ most largely upon the ethical question whether Imperialism as I define it falls to any extent within and thus receives the finer impulses of this hallowed field.

Let me expand my formula. The Imperialist feels a profound pride in the magnificent heritage of empire won by the courage and energies of his ancestry, and bequeathed to him subject to the burden of many sacred trusts. This is his emotion. He is convinced that the discharge of the duties of his great inheritance has an educational influence and a morally bracing effect on the character of the British people, and that the spread of British rule extends to every race brought within its sphere the incalculable benefits of just law, tolerant trade, and considerate government. This is his conviction. He is resolved to accept readily the burden of inherited dominion, with every development and expansion to which the operation of natural and legitimate causes may give rise, and to use the material forces of government to protect the rights and advance the just interests of all the subjects of the Queen. This is his determination. He believes that the strength and resources of our race will be equal to the weight of any obligation which the sense of duty of our people may call upon our Government to undertake. This is his creed.

Imperialism is the protest against the attitude of the weary Atlas seeking to lay down the burthen of empire in order to retire into the insular security of a little England in the northern seas. It is alive to the great social needs of our own teeming millions; but it holds that the ministry to these needs in their physical and in some of their moral aspects is assisted by the discharge of the Imperial duties of the State.

Why are we Imperialists? As well ask the owner of an estate why he is a landlord? We have inherited empire and intend to do our duty by the many peoples included within it. The sense of



duty—possibly misguided at times—is one of the characteristics of the race. We are Imperialists in response to the compelling influences of our destiny. We are not grouped with nations “vacant of our glorious gains.” We are the heirs of the ages, with all the great prerogatives and solemn obligations which attach to this high privilege. We are, and shall be, Imperialists because we cannot help it. The argument may be digested thus. The energy of our race gave us empire. Nature has supplemented the bequest by the qualities which distinguished our ancestry. Government is the organ which expresses the faculties and tendencies of an Imperial people. Its policy is the line of action which their wishes and opinions dictate. If this political line is in harmony with the genius of the race it will be Imperialist. If it ceases to be Imperialist, then either the harmony is destroyed, or the character of the race has suffered change.

The basis of Imperialism is race. The spirit of the people which won empire will never relax the grasp which holds it. Its genius will find scope in developing and, as duty or legitimate interest demands, in extending its possession. Should Great Britain ever shrink from her responsibilities, seek to shed her provinces, and flinch from the burden of wide and even wider dominion, she may claim to have raised her people in the scale of refinement, but she will have attained those heights of accomplishment at the cost of the sturdy fibre which gave her race its place in history.

I have sought to state the claims of and the arguments for Imperialism in as modest language as a necessarily swelling theme will allow. What are its practical applications? Some at least should be mentioned. The duties of government in the Imperialist sense have a twofold aspect. They deal first with the people of these islands; secondly, with the people of our colonies and dependencies. We are an industrial community, maintained largely by our trade with the world. Where our capital and enterprise have created highways for our commerce, they must not be closed by hostile tariffs; where we have secured markets for our goods we must retain our access by the “open door.” Appropriation of the unoccupied portions of the earth’s surface would be morally justifiable and may be economically wise if the step be necessary to avert the exclusive grasp of trade monopoly. Towards the people of our provinces we owe the same duties which we acknowledge to ourselves. If they expand by natural and legitimate growth, let them expand under the British flag; where they go carrying with them the sentiment of British loyalty we should follow, providing alike for them and for the aboriginal races among whom they settle the security of British protection, the advantages of British administration and the guarantees of British law. No greater curse can befall subject races than the licence of the trading freebooter; no greater boon can be given them in their

inevitable struggle with an invading civilisation than the strong and humane authority of British rule.

This conception of Imperialism acknowledges, of course, its limitations. We should respect the rights of other civilised Powers as we regard our own. We should even welcome annexation by them in the cause of a common civilisation, provided they do not pursue a policy of blocking the channels of trade by monopoly, and seek to remove patches of the earth's surface from the fertilising flow of the commerce of the world.

We cannot, of course, expand beyond the limit of our own powers and resources. This restriction is theoretically complete, but practically inoperative. We never have measured, and I do not believe we ever shall measure, our obligations by the estimate of our means. History has shown us that our resources are developed and our powers stimulated by the expansion of the area of our responsibilities. Our vitality has grown with our increasing bulk. Growth has acted on vitality, and vitality reacted on growth, and the resultant has been the British Empire. It is difficult to resist the argument which has been founded upon the ironical quotation of the proverbial aphorism that Providence never sends mouths without bread to fill them. True, Providence is never on the side of improvidence; but the Anglo-Saxon knows with an experience too deep for philosophy that the presence of the many mouths often so stimulates the energies of the parent that bread enough is provided not only to satisfy these domestic wants, but to add to the general stock of mankind. A great England has produced great Englishmen; and a little England will tend to produce little Englishmen. The path indicated by the legitimate development of our dominion is the path we shall tread, because that way lies the genius of our race. Mr. Gladstone is said to have told Mr. Rhodes that he hesitated to accept the gift of new provinces because he had not the administrators to govern them. This remark, if truly reported, is scarcely in harmony with common observation. Our public schools, "the playing fields of Eton," can furnish an unstinted supply of youth with the stuff out of which great administrators are made; men who will bear their powers and dignities meekly, who will be ever ready to sacrifice self to duty, and whose one effort will be to govern with a single eye to the good of the population committed to their charge.

There are some limitations suggested which the Imperialist declines to acknowledge. It is said that the Empire is too large already. Where is the "Little Englander" who will fill the chair of Canute and say to the rising tide of Imperial expansion, "Thus far and no farther"? By what standard will he determine the high water-mark of its flow? How can you confine the development of a nation whose capacity grows with its bulk? Are you by a "little hoard of maxims" to preach down the aspirations of the race? Are you to practise

a sort of Imperial Malthusianism, assisted by a severe regimen of domestic legislation breathing the spirit of Local Veto? If you would like to try the experiment, do you think that the imperial Malthus would attain a larger success than his economic prototype? Our non-puritan, pleasure-loving, easy-going—it may be unthrifty—political masters of the great cities would say, Heaven forbid! and course their dogs, fly their pigeons, drink their beer, and play football. If our policy is to maim or mutilate in order to reduce the sphere of existence, we shall soon find that we cease to exist at all. No. Destiny is our mother, and we must take her hand and face the future in the calm confidence that the qualities which have sustained us through the struggles of our national progress in the past will not desert us in any crisis of our country's fate which may await us in the unknown.

The Imperialist strenuously resists the proposition that his policy makes for war. He maintains, on the contrary, that his principles tend to peace. Clearly defined views, strong purposes, resolute aims, are the characteristics of the statesmanship which avoids complications and emerges successfully from controversy; while the most fatal path to the calamity of war finds its way down the broad and easy gradient of pusillanimity, timidity, and the nerveless diplomacy of drift.

If you ask me to indicate in the current politics of the day the task of Imperialism I would say that it should have preserved our treaty rights with Tunis; it should seek some reparation for their violation in Madagascar. It should ensure that the ports and trade highways of China opened by British enterprise and British cannon are kept free to the commerce of the world. If more vigilant, it would have saved the hinterland for West Africa. It would assist, in a spirit of prudent generosity, distress in the West Indies, and would not on principle banish from consideration even railway schemes for the union of the Mediterranean with our provinces south of the Equator.

If I were to outline the field of practical controversy in regard to the past achievements of Imperialist policy, I should point to the administration of India, the reclamation and development of Egypt, the destruction of the atrocious and devastating tyranny of the Khalifa, the spread of civilised government in South Africa. I claim that these results, notwithstanding all that may be urged against them, vindicate the policy from which they have followed. The politician of the narrower school would insist that defects of administration outweighed the magnificent boon which British government has conferred and is conferring upon India. He would say that famine, oppression and anarchy on the Nile directed by Arabi or a conquering Mahdi are better than peace and plenty under the influence of British rule. He would spend the life of no single British soldier to end the reign of

carnage and plunder and to inaugurate civilisation in the Soudan. The whole chapter of South African development is blotted out from his vision by the faulty treatment of the Bechuanas and by the crime of the Jameson raid.

It is interesting to note how the motive for the Manchester School has outlived the pacific philanthropy which once dominated that body. Manchester, as a great industrial centre, was all for peace, because peace meant undisturbed markets for the sale of its goods. Now that these markets are in danger of closing, the Industrial spirit is Imperialist and even warlike, and demands that they be kept open. Even the Cobden Club is swinging round. The towns of the North have done so already.

Do not let us Liberals be ashamed of our principles because we find them professed by our political opponents. When the clothes of the Whigs were stolen, it would have been an unworthy policy to have disowned the garments because they hung awkwardly on the limbs of the Tory statesmen for whom they had not been fitted. Mr. Chamberlain is a politician nourished and equipped in Radicalism. He has now carried his Radical wares to the Unionist coalition, and they are the leading items in the trade catalogues of the party. Their political marks of origin, however, remain stamped upon them. May I add, in reference to some recent rhetoric at the National Liberal Federation, that a Unionist adoption following a Liberal desertion does not bastardise, nor does a piece of old Liberal bunting fluttering from a Tory mast become for those who have lost it "a filthy rag."

My personal feeling on this subject is profound. I regard the possession of empire, with its traditions, responsibilities, and opportunities, as a source of the highest inspiration for the best qualities and energies of our race. The strength of this conviction makes the imprudence of a prophecy irresistible. If the time ever comes when we are content to let our dominion slip or to cast it from us, the day of the departure of our country's prosperity will be at hand. We shall have then commenced our mournful, and perhaps inevitable, passage into the region of history and tradition and perished splendour in which reside the great empires of the past.

J. LAWSON WALTON.

## THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

ANY effort of a monarch, people, or constitutional Government for the mitigation or prevention of the horrors and miseries of war demands the most profound sympathy of every individual lover of the human race. This is so patent a truism that its statement is almost an absurdity, and, whatever may be the practical view one may take of the particular form in which the pacific impulse may take, or his opinion of its ultimate result, the movement deserves his sympathy, and the movers in it his reverence; for the ends of it are beyond our responsibility, only the means are to our credit.

But even the most generous illusions when they come to nothing discourage progress and bring temporary disaster to the cause at heart. It is worth while then to examine from the practical political point of view the present movement in support of the proposition of the Tsar of Russia, in order to discover whether there be any ground for hope of a practical result, or whether it must in advance be put on the list of generous failures which only receive an obituary record.

Will a suspension of the increase of armaments, if agreed on by all the European Powers, make war less probable? If not, will it not militate against the interests of England, which is the Power holding at this moment more than any other the peace of Europe in her hands? The suspension of increase can have only one consequence—a closer study directed to the efficiency, and therefore the aggressive power, of the present armaments. But history shows that the immensity of modern armies has made wars less frequent, and scientific military opinion has been expressed that the terrible nature of future conflicts, with more perfect engines of destruction, must make the risks of war so great that no nation will face them voluntarily. The arrest of the increase, therefore, being equivalent to the



diminution of armaments, will have the result of enabling those armies which are behindhand in any respect of efficiency to overtake the more efficient, and put all on the terms of equality, which render war more rather than less probable. Practically war is continually being made between all those European nations who do not know how they may be arrayed in the case of actual collision; but it is carried on through their finances, and in this warfare the richest country conquers. Is it wise to exchange a system which removes bloodshed further into the future and which leaves England still mistress of the situation, for one which practically facilitates a conflict of flesh and blood? Certainly taxation is a heavy burthen, especially on a poor nation; but how much better a competition of expenditures than one of arms! The suspension of increase of armaments, if practicable, would appear to operate to the disadvantage of England chiefly, and chiefly to the advantage of Russia. But as neither the English people nor the English Government has any aggressive tendency, and England is the most unlikely of all the Powers to disturb the peace of Europe without grave provocation, the best guarantee of peace is in the affirmation of that preponderance which her present position gives her. Better spend your sovereigns than your sons.

What can we do then to promote the cause of peace? First, we can attack the gravest of our errors—that which consists in the belief that in order to keep a people in readiness to fight for a sufficient cause it is necessary to have a war going on somewhere. This is only necessary for monarchs who want ready instruments for aggression on their neighbours, and whose troops must be ready to move at an instant's notice. It has been well said that in the best army on the Continent, the German, there is not a man in the rank and file who has ever seen a shot fired. War is less a school of courage than of indifference to death, just as the system of fagging in schools breeds bullies rather than brave boys. When the American Civil War broke out there was in the North hardly a man who had seen a shot fired in anger—yet 800,000 men volunteered as fast as they could be enrolled, amongst them the flower of the youth of New England. No troops ever faced slaughter and hopeless defeat better than the Italian soldiers at Adowah, and none of them had fought before.

The first practical step towards permanent peace must be the education of the people in the knowledge that war is a crime, that killing is always murder, and that, though a soldier is morally justified in defending by arms and slaughter the rights of his country, the man who volunteers to fight where he has no duty is simply and purely an amateur murderer. This is the foundation of that moral reform which shall make war for the future impossible. War is always a crime in those who provoke it, and to those who must endure

it an evil with wretched compensation, even in victory. If we excuse aggressive war, let us employ no subterfuges, but say frankly that we do not believe in Christianity, and that murder is merely a matter of social convention, not of right and wrong. And because there *are* circumstances in which, at our stage of human progress, every good citizen should be prepared to fight and die, it is the more necessary that the essential wickedness of unnecessary war should be proclaimed and insisted on, and that the public opinion of the civilised world should adhere to that proclamation. Let us, too, have the courage to admit that in taking certain courses we are departing from the Christian rule, and, *ipso facto*, becoming unchristian, for this is better than to degrade Christianity by the assumption that it is an elastic and evasive rule of conduct, and that it is permissible to do evil that good may come of it. It is honest and human to admit that we are bad Christians, but neither honest nor permissible for that reason to say that Christ sanctioned war because He admitted that abuses must needs come; or murder, because one of the apostles, in His presence, cut off the ear of the high priest's servant. So much premised and admitted, we can the more easily determine the criminality or anti-Christianity of any particular war or cause of war.

And secondly, if the Christian world is about to enter into a crusade against war, it must begin with understanding the real causes from which we may anticipate war, and attacking the most menacing, just as, if we want to reduce an irritable condition of the body, we should first remove the immediate local irritations—take off the friction where the soreness is greatest. To determine these spots is the office of the journalist and the statesman, as well as to lead, *in the same order*, the agitation against the causes of danger; and one of the most fortunate conditions in the present situation is that, as a rule, the English journalist (as well as the English diplomat) is aware of the importance of the high mission given him, and rarely fails to do his duty to humanity. And this I say from a by no means inconsiderable knowledge of a body of men amongst whom I am personally only by chance included, and to whose noble devotion to a high ideal of their profession I have been witness in many critical junctures of European affairs. And to them still, if agitation for peace means the establishment of peace, the success of that agitation will in most of its effective elements be due. Arms yield less now to the toga than to the Press, and if to English journalism, using the word in its broad sense, is to be given the first place of honour in the dissemination of the principles of political progress in the past, to it also must be assigned the front rank in the contention for the establishment of that peace which we aspire to who recognise no progress as sound which is not founded on the love of humanity.

The sound basis on which the Press, and that public opinion which

is the harvest of the sowing of the Press, must rest all their work in this country, is the fact that England's highest interest and broadest sympathies are found in the preservation of peace amongst all civilised nations, and that the assent of England will certainly be given to all measures which tend to a just equilibration of national differences. In all the questions which threaten the peace of the world, the position of England is one that would be the best maintained by the maintenance of conciliation amongst civilised nations and the diminution of armaments. And this opinion of mine is not based on a Chauvinistic preference, with which I have no sympathy, but on the study for more than forty years of European politics, in the review of which I have almost invariably seen that England has yielded more of what strict justice demanded in questions of national dissent than her opponents. The one exception to that attitude of conciliation has been in a question which, to my surprise, called for more liberality rather than less—viz., the colonial conflict with Germany about what was in 1882-3 known as the question of "Angra Pequena," in which, through an unworthy pressure of commercial jealousy, the friendly relations between Germany and England were menaced, and in consequence to this day remain clouded. This result is the most unfortunate mischance in the diplomatic history of the generation; but for it an agreement between England and Germany must long ago have closed the door to any danger of a European conflict, and, next to England, Germany is, of all European nations, the Power which has the least to fear from war and the highest interest in peace.

I intentionally exclude from the consideration of this subject the barbarous parts of the world, not as exceptions to the principle, but because, practically, the barbarous and half-civilised nations cannot be influenced by considerations of reason or moral pressure; and whether we approve or not of the treatment of the Dervishes by England, the Tunisians by France, or the Turks by Russia, such matters only affect the general question of peace when they touch on treaties or rival interests between the European Powers in relation to these tribes, and if we are to arrive at a fundamental understanding of the world's peace it can be only by leaving out of sight all the peoples who do not submit to the discipline of civilisation. The treatment of the question as an ideal and universal one is pure sentimentalism, a vein into which philanthropic movements have an unavoidable tendency to run, but which must be avoided in international conflicts or agreements, as in all diplomatic proceedings. For when the Press and the agitators have done with it, the matter falls into the hands of the diplomatist; and on the savage or the barbarian diplomacy has no hold.

Within the limits of diplomatic action the questions which threaten the peace of the world most prominently are the following: firstly, the most menacing, but not the gravest—the conflict between France

and England over the African interests and pretensions; secondly, the question of Alsace-Lorraine, complicated like the first by the internal condition of France—the weakness of the Republic and the dynastic pretensions; thirdly, the conflict between the aims of Russia and Austria in the Balkans—the remotest but the gravest of all; and fourthly, the pretensions of the Pope to the restoration of the temporal power, complicated by the condition of Italy and her position in the Triple Alliance. I shall examine these in their order, premising that my views are those of a person without any material interest in the solution of any of them, and with no disturbing bias in favour of any solution which the opposing parties may agree on, and absolutely with no national antipathy, and only that degree of sympathy with England's position that arises from the perception that on the whole her action and attitude make more for justice and human well-being than that of any other of the Powers, my own country not included. I shall probably be met by denials of the justness of my diagnosis by most of the parties concerned, mainly on account of my ignoring the importance of certain considerations which to the persons interested are more serious than they seem to be to one who looks at them in a broad and comprehensive light. And it must be remembered that a nation in the situation of France, distressed by factions which regard their own predominance in the country as of vital necessity to the well-being of the nation, sometimes vitiates all calculations by plunging into a foreign difficulty to avoid a trivial home trouble which, to outsiders, is either invisible, or at least so relatively unimportant as to be effective only by surprise. France, as a feminine nation, has an hysterical tendency, and in kindness should always be treated accordingly—with firmness where definite and vital interests are concerned, but with all possible indulgence for her sensitiveness as to her *amour propre*. The English Governments have made a series of mistakes in their treatment of the colonial questions arising between themselves and the successive French Governments, by acquiescing even passively in trivial aggressions by France on settled questions, where they should have firmly resisted the least infringement of the arrangements agreed to. In Newfoundland, in Tunis, in Madagascar, in Siam, the treaties define precisely the rights of both nations; at the first infringement of the rights of England it was of vital importance that France should be told, firmly but with extreme friendliness, that she must not overstep the line drawn. In fact, while the French Government, woman-like, invariably tried the expedient of stepping on England's toes, to see how far it was safe to venture, England has invariably yielded and stepped back, only to find the same expedient resorted to *ad infinitum*; and as each tacit concession was made, France shifted the line of the compromise to the advanced position, and regarded the aggression yielded to as a right won and a precedent

for farther advances. The prescriptive right of amicable aggression thus established, the significance of treaties was gone—a treaty with England meant to the French Government only the hither boundary of a disputable territory to which England attached no value, and which might be poached on without danger. The tardy perception of the necessity of making a firm stand against these questionable liberties with treaties, due, I suppose, to Mr. Chamberlain, and of backing down no farther if England is not to be backed amicably into the ditch, has produced the impression on the French mind that England has become hostile and meditates aggression on the rights long ago conceded. Thus the amiable weakness of Lord Salisbury in regard to the violations of treaty in Tunis and Madagascar has come to be regarded as the norm of conduct towards France, the return to the insistence on a strict conformity to treaty obligations becomes evidence of a hostile intent, and England is supposed to be preparing to drive France into war. But there is no serious French statesman who does not know that England does not desire war, and who does not equally well know that France is not prepared for it. It is no secret that the War Office knew a year ago that France was in a condition which gave England advantages for carrying on a war with her which would probably never occur again, and that if war was intended it would have been made then, for every day that passed carried away with it something of that predominance.

The indispensable precaution, then, against a conflict between England and France is patent: close the book of undue concessions, make a precise statement of treaty obligations which will be insisted on, and leave France responsible for the rupture if there be one. If it should come—which I do not believe—it will have been decided on, not in the interest of the nation, but because the internal condition of the country makes a foreign diversion necessary. In this case, more yielding makes more danger. The firm tone of the speech of Sir Edward Monson before the English Chamber of Commerce was a symptom of the healthy change in English policy; and I believe that there is no doubt that it was intended as the declaration of that change, kind to France and necessary for England.

The question of Alsace-Lorraine is one the solution of which, otherwise than by acquiescence in the actual state of things, is remote, and is every day becoming more hopeless for France. A conflict on this ground can only be a signal for, or the result of, a general European war. For this war to offer a reasonable chance of victory to either party the forces of Europe must be nearly equally divided, and the interests of peace demand that the Powers be so grouped that the preponderance of those who accept the present order of things shall be beyond the shadow of doubt. The Powers which have the highest interests in peace are, in the order of those interests, Austria-Hungary, Italy, England, and Germany, with the minor Powers—Belgium,



Holland, Denmark—and those of the Iberian Peninsula, out of the range of the complications. It is a commonplace remark on the actual situation of affairs that the accession of England to the Central Powers would so determine the preponderance of the conservative and pacific league that not a shot could be fired in Europe without its assent. There are above the political horizon only three reasons why England should not accede to the Central Powers. These are: commercial jealousy on the colonial questions; the antipathy to fixed alliances, and the difficulty of securing the imperial interests in the Far East under an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany.\* All the real difficulties with Germany are due to the first of these reasons, and are discreditable to England, as contrary to her avowed liberal policy of the "open door," and are analogous to those difficulties which a similar illiberality provoked with the United States half a century ago. They only need to be understood to make liberal Englishmen ashamed of the policy which caused them. Those who care to know the true history of this question will find it in an article in Volume XLIX. of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, entitled "The Parting of the Ways," which is substantially the official German view of the Angra Pequena difficulty, the origin of the animosity against England ever since 1883 on the part of the German commercial world.

The aversion to fixed alliances is a modern motive for England, and is one of the chief causes of her being regarded by all the world as the exponent *par excellence* of national egotism. As a precautionary rule of diplomatic intercourse it is of the highest prudence; as a rule of national conduct it is idiotic. It permits difficulties to arise which will make an alliance imperative when it may not be possible to contract it to the best advantage—*i.e.*, when it is absolutely necessary to England; while a larger policy would prevent the difficulty from arising at all, avoiding it by the ounce of prevention which is worth a pound of cure. England cannot reap the advantages of isolation and of association at the same time; some day she will find she has made a mistake in believing she can, and she cannot afford to make a serious mistake in European politics. Once down for an instant only, she goes under such Caudine Forks as were never yet invented for any nation, and the only friend she could count on without a treaty is three thousand miles away and helpless against Europe. Her independence in that case would have cost her her existence. No doubt the sturdy self-reliance which refuses to recognise the possibility of defeat, even when most imminent, has often turned defeat into victory; but it is a long lane that has no turning, and the vital question for human progress is not to win victories, but to avoid war. A compact for purely defensive action between England and Germany, linking England, as it would do, with the Central Powers, would make the

\* I offer no suggestion as to meeting this third difficulty because it is one of which I have no direct knowledge. I leave it to competent critics.

question of Alsace-Lorraine a *chose jugée*. Here, again, the determination of England is vital, and the obstacles in the way of such a compact are, so far as the best-informed people outside of the English Ministry are concerned, comparatively trivial, and spring from the aversion of England to a fair adjustment of outlying questions with Germany. The Emperor of Germany gave the highest proof that he desired the co-operation of England in European politics when, on the occasion of Lord Salisbury's Armenian campaign, he approved the convention between England, Austria, and Italy, and pledged himself to support his associates in the Triple Alliance *coût que coût*, knowing as he did that against the combination there was no opposition of any weight possible. And I know enough of the matter to assert that, in spite of all the Emperor William's personal peculiarities and the difficulties of his position, he has always desired a cordial understanding with England in the interests of European peace. His Krüger telegram is constantly held up as a proof to the contrary, but I happen to know from the most competent authority that in this most natural expression of a personal feeling, with which thousands of good friends of England sympathised, he had no thought of hostility against England, and that he saw with surprise that it excited indignation in that country. And let us not forget that Germany has had, since 1883, a list of grievances against England as to which, if the Emperor had yielded to the feeling of powerful classes of the German public, he would have been justified in a much less friendly attitude than that he has taken. Everything considered, an impartial critic, even of the most friendly to England, must place the responsibility of the want of cordiality between the two great European nations of the same blood, on England.

The antagonism of interests in the Balkan Peninsula is a graver and more complicated question. It has been a superstition with the English public for many years that the conflict arose from the competing land-hunger of Russia and Austria-Hungary, and that it must be settled some day or other by a compromise and division of the territories between them. Nothing could be further from the truth. Whatever may have been the case when Austria-Hungary was a despotic and purely military power, at present there is not only no desire on its part to annex any of the petty nationalities of the Balkans, but there is a determined policy to oppose any attempts on the part of another Power to deprive them of their virtual independence, and to favour the establishment of a line of independent States between the Austrian Empire and the Russian, a buffer confederation, indispensable to Austria's future tranquillity. Not only is Constantinople, but even Salonica, out of the range of acquisition. Bosnia and Herzegovina were taken under the custody of the Empire in order to forestall a movement for their union with other Slavonic States whose consolidation under the control of Russia might have

been dangerous to the tranquillity of Austria, which is obliged to exercise all her influence to counteract the campaign of intrigue directed by Russian agents through the entire peninsula, and the ultimate success of which would mean the revolt of the Slavonic provinces of Austria-Hungary and the dissolution of the Empire.\* The recent understanding between the two Emperors is only for the temporary maintenance of the *status quo*, and means the deferring of the Russian campaign for the conquest, diplomatic or other, of Constantinople. What that would mean to Austria and Europe may be judged (1) from the general policy of Russia to Russify all the petty nationalities which fall under her rule; and (2) from the enormous network of agencies, semi-diplomatic, which she maintains all over the Balkans, and the final success of which means that with a solid foothold at Constantinople, her progress to Trieste would be inevitable, through the chain of petty Slavonic tribes which occupy the greater part of the territory. The ultimate solution (and Russia can afford to be patient) will be the Russification of everything up to the eastern shore of the Adriatic, a danger finally for Germany, and the sowing of the dragon's teeth for many wars in the future. The triumph of Austria in this policy means the triumph of constitutional government in a relatively near future in all the Balkan States; that of Russia, the prolongation of all the dangers of the present condition for indeterminate years. If the Tsar means peace in Europe, he can contribute to it most influentially by withdrawing the agents who are working in Montenegro, Bulgaria, and other provinces, to organise the Slavonic tendencies against Austria-Hungary. If these be continued, the suspension of European armaments has but one significance—that this organisation and the undisturbed construction of all her military railways may put Russia into the position of being able at a moment, perhaps not very remote, to defy all the plans and calculations of the Western Powers for the maintenance of peace. When we hear of 10,000 new guns being sent to Montenegro, we may see 10,000 arguments against a peace jubilee; for no one proposes to attack that little State, and Russia has never been as much concerned for Montenegrin aggrandisement as for the maintenance of her own influence there. When, after the war of 1878, Montenegro received some enlargement of her territory, and the Dulcigno question arose, it was not the Tsar, but England, which insisted on the fulfilment of the compact and the final cession of the territory to the Principality. It would have better suited Russia that the discontent should have been bottled up for a future explosion, as in Crete in 1868. If England and Germany would compromise with Russia to give her all Northern China, and obtain her withdrawal from all propaganda in the Balkans, it would be a bargain in the interest of the peace of the world for

\* I have campaigned with some of the most prominent of these agents and I know their work *de visu*.

half a century, in which time Europe may have definitely crystallised. If the Tsar refuses to withdraw from that propaganda, the Peace Congress is a mockery and a mask for Russian plans.

The question of the Balkans runs, in some particulars, along with the fourth and final of the questions I have stated—the condition of the Triple Alliance. It was originally a Dual Alliance, into which Italy entered as a passive third, its import in the early phase being the protection of Austria from an attack from the South, if engaged in a war on the North. On its renewal, Italy entered as an equal partner in the Alliance, assuming obligations on behalf of Austria in regard to the dangers from Russia, in return for the defence of her legitimate interests on the Mediterranean, from which, however, the Abyssinian affair derived no protection, not being accepted as a legitimate interest. This exclusion is an additional proof, had it been necessary, that the Alliance was purely defensive and pacific. But it was made known at an early period that it was such, and that it implied no obligation on either of the allies to assist another in a war in which it had taken the offensive. It might be supposed, then, that the entrance of Italy into such an agreement would have been hailed by all the friends of peace, at least in England, as a very important accession to the forces of pacific Europe, and that the Government of England recognised it as such was clear from its advice to Italy to enter the Alliance; but there has been hardly a single English journal which in any judgment it may have passed on Italy has not condemned the adhesion. This is only another proof of the inadequate study of foreign policy made by English journalism. Italy lost nothing but the liberty to attack Austria when the latter Power should find itself in difficulties; she gained these advantages: freedom to reduce her standing army by at least a hundred thousand men, having only to provide for the defence of the western frontier; dispensation from the necessity of fortifying the north-eastern provinces; the security of her interests in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, as well as security from an attack by France, and finally an economy of at least fifty millions of francs a year. No one who has closely watched the drift of European affairs for the time covered by the treaty will dispute that it has been the most powerful influence in the preservation of peace on the continent of Europe which diplomacy has invented, and if this were not sufficient, the animosity it excited in France on account of its being *pro tanto* a prohibition of the war for the *révanche* ought to satisfy the most sceptical critic that the Treaty of the Triple Alliance was the most beneficent measure of the generation, and one that ought to receive the enthusiastic approbation of every friend of peace.

Every influence or agency which is directed against this Alliance must, therefore, be considered as exerted in favour of a European



war, and, if English, a blunder making for disaster—if Continental, a complicity in the conspiracy against the peace of Europe. Now these agencies are: (1) the Vatican, which in the insanity of an ambition which has debauched the Church and is driving Italy into scepticism and anarchy, with all its diminishing influence; (2) France, which rebels against any defence of the pacific position as against the *rèvanche*, as well as any support given to Italy in its Mediterranean interests; and (3) Russia, which equally antagonises any combination tending to strengthen the position of Austria in the Balkans and hinder an ultimate Russian domination—a domination which, though I have no feeling of hostility to Russia, seems to me the prelude, if it should obtain, to interminable wars and difficulties for all Europe in the future.

The dominant influence at the Vatican is, for the present, the Society of Jesus, which, possessed by an insane and irreligious ambition for political power, is attacking Italy through the Clericals of Austria-Hungary, through the already hostile France, and through journalistic channels wherever they are open to its inspiration. I am not one of those who make of the Society a bugbear; I consider the apprehension of its endangering the religious liberties of any modern nation to be an idle scare, and I consider its power as continually decreasing, perhaps with sporadic outbreaks of energy due to favourable political combinations, as in the case in which it is able to join in the war on Italy made by France for other interests, and in which the Republic makes use of the Society's aims at the temporal power, to gain her own ends. It is substantially a secret association, a conspiracy animated by a fervent fanaticism; but human progress cannot be endangered by a secret conspiracy of any kind. Every step it may gain by its own peculiar methods is certain to be followed by ultimate re-action, and its aggregate result is only to breed revolt in the Church itself—a result which Liberalism has no reason to regret. The friends of human progress have no reason to apprehend retrogression; but it may well be that the influence of the Vatican, under the pressure of the Society of Jesus, and aided by the dissident faction in Italian politics, may paralyse the power of Italy in the Triple Alliance, which would be substantially a contribution to the forces of the enemies of peace. That the Society should be able to feed on such a delusion as the restoration of the temporal power of the Popes at the end of the nineteenth century should banish any illusion as to its wisdom and its ultimate influence in political affairs; but, in estimating the forces for and against present peace, we must be content to rank the Society of Jesus as amongst its enemies. I have been accused by a credulous English Catholic writer of finding a mare's nest in the Society of Jesus. Maybe, but out of the mare's nest I look for no eggs but those of schism in the Roman Church, for



I have lived for years in the shadow of its working, and I know its work. It is the most virulent enemy of peace in the civilised world.

The Triple Alliance is, in effect, the nucleus, already formed, of the League of Peace for all Europe, and thus substantially, for the civilised world, nothing more is needed than the adhesion of the other Powers to its pact. The resolutions and agitations in England of the advocates of universal peace are, so far as England is concerned, hammering at an open door—there are no conversions needed here. England has shown by submitting to everything less than humiliation that she does want peace even at the sacrifice of not a little dignity—a sacrifice wearily made futile in the face of new exactions following each one. Let the Peace Congress address itself to the Czar, praying him to foster the independence of the Balkan States, in conjunction with Austria-Hungary; to the Republic of France, praying it not to keep Europe in alarm for the hopeless revindication of provinces lost by the folly of France alone; and to the professed successor of the Prince of Peace, praying him to disavow the provocations to war in the hostilities waged on the kingdom of Italy, which are, in fact, so far as the Vatican has the appliances of war at its command, a state of hostility perpetually prolonged and disastrous to both combatants. The only hope of the temporalist is in the destruction of the unity of Italy or the subjection of Italy by a foreign Power, and to this the Vatican is looking with ardent desire, forlorn hope as it is, and as the past would convince it if it were capable of learning anything new. A practical advance towards the object aimed at by the new movement would be the declaration of the Pope that he lays down his arms and accepts the *fait accompli*, and to this end let the crusaders and the Congress address themselves to his Holiness, if perchance he will hear and be persuaded. *Hic labor, hoc opus est*. As first fruits we should have the cessation of the civil discords in the Catholic countries, the Jew-baiting in Austria and France, and a return to normal conditions in Italy, France, and Austria, with Christian charity to all, and peace at home, without which peace abroad is in chronic peril. When the Pope accepts peace with Italy, the crusaders may then ask the Czar to leave the Balkan tribes to themselves, and no longer to feed discord with rifles and ammunition; and when this is granted, they may ask France to forego her vengeance, and then the lamb may lie down with the lion everywhere within the bounds of the civilised world. But to begin with England, who accepts in advance, and petition Queen and Parliament to take any initiative in the face of the experience of the three years gone by, is to invite aggression and humiliation.

W. J. STILLMAN.

## THE REVOLT OF THE CLERGY.

**F**EW agitations of recent years have been so assiduously conducted through the Press as that of the tithe-owning clergy who demand relief from rates. The discovery, at one period, that the myriads of letters on the subject were written at the inspiration of a central body was somewhat damaging to the movement; but of the spontaneity of the outcry in the main there can be no question. The unpopularity of rates and taxes is a phenomenon by no means confined to the clergy; it is specially strong among those who combine a limited income with what one of the aggrieved awkwardly admitted was an aggravation of his lot—"the usual clergyman's quiver-full." But it is only fair to say, at the outset, that the clergy persistently assert that they claim ordinary justice, not exceptional relief. According to a manifesto of the "Federation to Free Clerical Incomes from Rates"—a letter addressed to Lord Salisbury—the clergy are the victims of "unfair treatment," of "exceptionally unjust treatment." Whether this is the case or not I propose briefly to discuss.

The first consideration to occur to one is that this is a new grievance. When tithe rent-charge was at par or above, it was subject to rates as it is now. If this is *per se* an injustice now, it was an injustice then. And yet this outcry has only arisen since the value of tithe rent-charge has at last fallen heavily. The obvious conclusion from these facts is that the "injustice" is a new discovery, and that the real cause of the clergy's growing poverty is the fall in the value of the tithe. As this cannot be remedied, they turn to the Government for relief from rates, at the cost of the taxes, as a small set-off to the fall in their income. It must be remembered that the working of the "seven years' average," which is little understood by the general public, has hitherto broken the fall for the clergy, by postponing the

effect on the tithe of agricultural depression at the cost of the landowner and the farmer.

Logic, it is said, has never occupied a leading place in the clerical mind. In the persistent cry for "simple justice" several distinct questions are, as a rule, confused, and some very important considerations are, with curious unanimity, ignored. The grievances, when analysed, prove to be these: (1) That tithe rent-charge, when payable to clergy, should not be rated at all; (2) that, if rated, it should have been given the same relief as agricultural land under the Agricultural Rating Act; (3) that, if the liability to poor rate be conceded, yet the increase in the number of rates of late years is an injustice; (4) that the Agricultural Rating Act has thrown an additional burden on the tithe-owners. These are four distinct questions which we will examine in succession.

The first claim is the platform of the Federation spoken of above, and its honorary secretary appears to think it a conclusive argument that nearly "half the tithe-owning clergy" have signed a memorial in its favour. One can only express surprise that an even larger proportion does not support so attractive a proposal. The "injustice" in this case consists, we learn, in rating "professional incomes." According to the supporters of this claim, "that our income from tithe proceeds from land, and that land is rated, is neither answer nor argument." Unfortunately for this contention, a deputation from the "Tithe Rent-Charge Owners' Union" has recently been told by the Archbishop of Canterbury (although he sympathised with their trouble) that he "did not think they could stand on that; looking on it as a tax, they must make the incidence of the tax depend on the nature of the property."\* The fact is that this grievance opens up a wide question. The tithe-owning clergyman very naturally complains that his lay neighbours escape the burden which is his. For instance, a wealthy stockbroker, or shipowner, or the *rentier* who derives his income from stocks, may live in a great country house and pay nothing to the rates from his income. But a few, a very few, of the clergy are clear-headed enough to see that this raises the whole question of the exemption of personalty from rates, and that they are in the same boat with the landowner, whose home, in these days, is probably occupied by the City magnate, but who has to pay on the source of his income the rates from which the latter is exempt. It is personalty, as a matter of history and of law, which has successfully evaded its original liability to rates. As an illustration of the existing problem, I may quote the case known to me of a Radical member of Parliament, a hunting man, with a carriage and pair. He was foremost in opposing the principle that those who use the roads should pay for them, and succeeded in leaving the burden of their maintenance to

\* *Morning Post*, January 3, 1899.

the struggling agriculturist and parson, while his own income escaped rates. The clergy, it is true, urge that their income is the only "professional" one which bears the burden of local taxation; but the Master and Fellows of many a college dependent for its revenue on land could tell them how sorely they feel the pinch of a straitened income, from which rates—ay, and tithe—must be paid before the wretched balance can reach them.

Lastly, it must be remembered that this is no new liability. The tithe has been rated since the days of Elizabeth, and when a clergyman accepts a living he does so with the full knowledge that the tithe is, as it has been, subject to rates. In the same way, if a man inherits property in land he knows that he will have to pay rates on it, which he would not have to do if it consisted of stocks. When it is a question of disestablishment, the clergy are always quick to remind us that their tithe rent-charge is a freehold as good as that of the squire. But when it is a question of rates, it is only "professional income."

From this grievance I pass to the next, the exclusion of tithe rent-charge from the relief afforded to agriculture by the Agricultural Rating Act. Sheaves of letters have appeared in the Press denouncing the abominable injustice of this exclusion, and even a carefully-written journal like the *St. James's Gazette* has recently declared in a leader on the subject that "there is assuredly no reason, in common sense or in equity, why the clergy should be discriminated against in this unfair way." Now, the first point I would make here is that the tithe-paid clergy are not, as alleged by the *St. James's Gazette*, "in exactly the same situation" as struggling agriculturists. It is a vital fact, and one that I must press, for the clergy keep it most carefully out of sight, that the landowners have suffered in proportion far more severely than themselves where the depression is acute. It is notorious, indeed, that, in the Eastern counties, farms have been offered rent free if the tenant will pay the tithe. For as the tithe has been made a first charge, it must be paid to the uttermost farthing before the landowner can claim a penny for himself. I have myself known cruelly hard cases due to this system. In one, indeed, a maiden lady had to expend capital on a farm before she could let it even rent free, and further to pay the tithe out of her own pocket! This is law, no doubt; but, remembering the theory of "tithe," it can hardly be described as equity. Indeed, though landowners may not fill columns of the papers with indignant letters, I have heard them speak plainly enough of a system by which an estate may be cultivated for the benefit of the tithe-owners alone.

Again, Sir William Harcourt's Finance Act, by placing an entirely new national tax on the land under the plea of "equalisation," gave it an equitable claim to at least some "equalisation" with personalty

in respect of exemption from rates. And here I would venture to point out that taxpayers and ratepayers are often, in practice, spoken of as if they were distinct bodies. As the ratepayer is also a taxpayer, it should not be forgotten that relief to his rates is not given at the expense of others only, but comes partly out of his own pocket. It is, however, my immediate purpose to show that the clergy's tithe, being unaffected by Sir William Harcourt's new tax, has no such equitable claim for reduction of its rates as had the land.

Lastly, apart from the argument of equity, the Agricultural Rating Act, as is well known, was based on the recommendation of a Royal Commission, and was intended to encourage the growing of wheat, which was diminishing to an extent that is now recognised as a national danger. It was avowedly, therefore, drawn to benefit actual agriculture alone, and, of necessity, excluded tithe rent-charge, together with houses, gardens, railways, and much other real property. It is certain that the tithe-owning clergy here have not a leg to stand on, in spite of all their clamour. They are not producers of wheat, but, on the contrary, a charge on its production. Reduction of their rates at the cost of the nation would, in principle, be simply an endowment of their livings at the national expense.

But when we pass to the two grievances I have placed last on the list, the case alters. It is notorious that not only local taxation but local indebtedness is ever increasing in England, while the tendency to throw upon the land the cost of sanitation, education, police, roads, and so forth, as they are rapidly developed in these days, undoubtedly constitutes a genuine grievance for all those whose income is derived from real property, tithe included. It would take me far too wide afield to discuss the whole question, but the growing danger of the day is the existence of large "free incomes," divorced from territorial responsibility, tending to the spread of luxury and extravagance, and not contributing their fair quota to national and local burdens.

The truth as to the fourth grievance is very difficult to discover. It is alleged that in practice the Agricultural Rating Act has, in some cases at least, resulted in the parson's assessment being raised. Even the clergy appear to be by no means agreed as to the facts, which differ, no doubt, locally. Many, moreover, are too angry to distinguish clearly between an increase in the rates and a rise in their assessment. But if such a rise has, in some cases, been the unintentional result of the Act, it constitutes a most real grievance, and one that calls for the fullest investigation.

We have now examined *seriatim* the grievances of the tithe-owning clergy, and it has been shown, I hope, that, of the two first and chief ones, the one is not admitted even by the Archbishop of Canterbury, while the other, though apparently recognised by his Grace, proves, when really investigated, to be wholly devoid of foundation. Here



and there a clergyman is found fair and fearless enough to tell his fellows the truth, namely, that the real source of their trouble is the agricultural depression, involving now a heavy fall in the value of tithe rent-charge. Of the consequent poverty of many clergymen dependent on the tithe for their income there is no question whatever. But the obvious remedy for that poverty is a sustentation fund raised by the Church itself. There are those who hold that far too much is spent on bricks and mortar, and especially on the gauds of modern churches, and too little on "living agents." That is a matter for Church people themselves. But even Conservatives ought to admit that a great principle is at stake when the Government is called on to relieve "the poverty of the clergy" by doing something for them out of the taxes. Nor should they express surprise if any attempt to do so is met by Nonconformists with the most strenuous opposition. I am not a Nonconformist myself, and am a staunch opponent of Disendowment. But precisely because I deny that the clergy are "State paid," I am anxious to protest against a step which would justify Nonconformists in alleging that certain of the clergy were receiving a grant from the State.

A CONSERVATIVE.

## THE VACCINATION ACT OF 1898.

MY purpose in this article is not to say anything either for or against vaccination, but to discuss *compulsory* vaccination, and to give reasons for thinking that the Government was right last session in relaxing the compulsory clauses of the previous Vaccination Acts.

When compulsory vaccination was adopted in this country in 1853 it was justified mainly on two grounds:

1. "That thorough vaccination in infancy was an almost complete\* protection against small-pox," and therefore that vaccination of the entire infant population would prevent epidemics.
2. That universal infant vaccination involves no risk to life or health of the infants vaccinated.

The worst epidemic of this century took place in 1871-72, after several years' actual carrying out of compulsory vaccination of infants. This epidemic cost the lives of nearly 8000 children under five in England and Wales (article, *Vaccination*, "Encyclopædia Brit." 9th edition), and the total number of deaths caused by the epidemic in the United Kingdom in the years 1871 and 1872 was 50,011 (Report of Royal Commission), or nearly twice and a half the number of deaths among our troops in the Crimean War. It is, therefore, evident that whatever may be the merits of vaccination, it does not protect for life, and that infant vaccination does not give absolute protection even during infancy. One very weak point in the case for vaccination is the uncertainty as to the duration of the protection it affords. I shall return to this by-and-by, and will now only point out that in every small-pox hospital and in every small-pox epidemic an immensely large proportion of the cases are those of vaccinated persons. The Royal Commission, which has lately

\* See placard issued about six years ago by the National Health Society.

reported, has stated that in six English towns in which there have been epidemics in recent years, out of 11,065 cases, 8744 were vaccinated persons, and only 2321 unvaccinated. Up to 1887, out of 53,000 cases treated at the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals, 41,061 were vaccinated ("Chambers' Ency.," article, *Vaccination*). I will give two more examples on this point, selecting for one case a thoroughly well vaccinated place, Sheffield, where the vaccination laws had never been resisted, and one, Gloucester, in which during recent years infant vaccination had been largely neglected :

	Date.	Number of cases.	Vaccinated.
Sheffield . . .	1888 ...	6088 ...	5035 *
Gloucester . . .	1896 ...	2035 ...	1208 †

These figures conclusively falsify the first of the propositions on which compulsion was founded, but I should like to supplement them by a brief account of a personal investigation. It is notorious that very curious tricks can be played with figures. The *Times*, a few days ago, commenting on some criminal statistics, said that they had produced

"an impression which is useful, but which might advantageously be supplemented by occasional microscopic examination. The greatest improvement in modern statistics, that which has done most to take away from them the reproach of proving anything or nothing, is not so much the application of the calculus of probabilities and the law of error as the constant testing of the general by the particular—descending from figures for a whole country or county to those of a single parish or even a smaller area."—*Times*, Feb. 6, 1899.

This descent from the general to the particular, from the thousands dealt with in big epidemics to the score or less within my own personal knowledge, is what I now submit for consideration. I have asked every one without exception among my personal acquaintance who has survived an attack of small-pox, and the surviving members of the family in those cases where the attack was fatal, to give me the history of their condition as to vaccination previous to the attack. I find that I know eighteen persons who have had small-pox; they belong to all classes of society. Of these, two had had two attacks of small-pox; in one case this second attack was very severe and the patient died. In the other the second attack was mild. Of the remaining sixteen only two were unvaccinated at the time of the attack; both were severe cases: one, the child of a well-to-do "conscientious objector," made a complete recovery; the other, the son of an engine-driver who had (in his own opinion, at least) lost a child as the result of vaccination, was nursed at home in London and lost his sight. The other fourteen were all vaccinated, and seven of these had been re-vaccinated, in some instances repeatedly. Of the seven who had been vaccinated in infancy, but not re-vaccinated, two died;

\* Royal Commission. † Dr. Bond's Pamphlet, "Story of the Gloucester Epidemic."

two had the disease severely but recovered; and three had it mildly. Of the seven who had been vaccinated and re-vaccinated, four were re-vaccinated only one year before they had small-pox; this re-vaccination "took," they had "beautiful arms"; and one lady writes that she was quite ill from the vaccination—it was the worst illness she had ever had till she had small-pox a year later. All these four were mild attacks. All four are firmly convinced that they would have had the disease severely but for vaccination. Their doctor told them so. The little rift within the lute appears in the letter of only one of them. She ventures to ask: "How did he know?" Of the other three, one was vaccinated in infancy, again at twenty years of age, and again at thirty-five, and had small-pox very severely indeed when he was about forty-five. He escaped with his life, but is deeply pitted. The second was vaccinated in infancy, again in 1882, and had small-pox very severely in 1892. The third and last was vaccinated in infancy, again at eleven years of age, and had small-pox mildly when she was seventeen.

I told the experience which I have just stated to a very able doctor, a warm advocate of vaccination, and he told me that my experience was altogether exceptional. I am, however, inclined to doubt this, because it tallies in the main with the larger masses of figures brought together in the statistical tables which have been published in the Report of the Royal Commission and in other places. Again, I say, I do not bring forward these facts as proof that vaccination is of no value; but that infant vaccination as insisted on by law in this country from 1853 up to last year is not a protection for life against small-pox and is absolutely powerless to prevent epidemics.

I now pass to the second of the two propositions on the strength of which compulsory vaccination in infancy was adopted in England—namely, that universal infant vaccination involves no risk to the life or health of the infants vaccinated. It is a matter of common knowledge that this proposition has for many years been entirely abandoned. In the early days of compulsory vaccination the habit of arm-to-arm vaccination prevailed. There was at first no widespread objection to vaccination, but the objections gradually grew up, and they were founded mainly on a belief that a very loathsome human disease, the result of human vice, could in this way be communicated to innocent and helpless children. It was long and strenuously asserted by the heads of the medical profession that these fears were entirely baseless. In 1856 the leading doctors sanctioned the statement that "of the various alleged drawbacks to such great advantages" (as those conferred by vaccination) "the present state of medical knowledge recognises no single trace" (p. 192 Royal Commission). The advance of knowledge has caused this position also

to be abandoned; and the Royal Commissioners (Final Report, p. 102) are now compelled to put the matter thus: "Even if it can be shown that in some instances syphilis has been inoculated by vaccination, the conclusion still remains that this cannot have been so to any substantial extent." The late Sir Thomas Watson, F.R.S., President of the College of Physicians, wrote on this subject in 1878: "I can readily sympathise with, and even applaud, a father who, with the presumed dread or misgiving in his mind, is willing to submit to multiplied judicial penalties rather than expose his child to the risk of an infection so ghastly." \* Eleven years after this it was conclusively established, after most careful investigation by a committee, consisting of Dr. Bristowe, Professor Humphry, and Mr. Hutchinson, that, "it is possible for syphilis to be communicated by vaccination from a vaccine vesicle on a syphilitic person, notwithstanding that the operation be performed with the utmost care to avoid the admixture with blood" (Royal Commission Report, p. 200). The recognition that the danger referred to was not an imaginary one justified parents in the eyes of the Government and of the public generally in offering a stubborn resistance to arm-to-arm vaccination, and the use of calf-lymph was accordingly substituted for that of human lymph. Still, there were other diseases which followed vaccination with calf-lymph, erysipelas being the most important of these. The Royal Commissioners give details of many cases, and remark, "the immediate occurrence of erysipelas in several co-vaccinees makes it practically certain that some virus was conveyed at the time of the operation" (p. 106). A case of a different kind is quoted two pages farther on. All the details are supplied by two doctors; it does not therefore rest on the imagination or unscientific observation of the parent. The instance given is that of "a child, previously in good health, and vaccinated with calf-lymph by means of a needle which had never been used before. This child died six weeks afterwards with severely ulcerated arms and ulcers in several parts of the body and limbs" (p. 108). Those who have read anything of Jenner's early experiments will be reminded here of the inveterate tendency to ulceration with which he had to contend before the introduction of the Woodville lymph.

The Royal Commissioners, summing up the evidence which came before them as to the dangers attending infant vaccination, state that they are "undoubtedly real and not inconsiderable in gross amount." These dangers led them to recommend the discontinuance of the public vaccination stations, the vaccination of children in their own homes, the postponement of vaccination from three months to six months (following in these particulars the Scottish practice), and the use of glycerinated lymph, on the ground that the glycerine tends to

\* *Nineteenth Century*, June 1878, and Royal Commission, Dissent Report, p. 199.



destroy all organisms but the organism of vaccine. I see that the disintegrating inquiry "How do they know?" has begun operations even here; and among the keenest advocates of compulsory infant vaccination it has been suggested that a medium which kills all other organisms may also be fatal to the organism of vaccine. However, it is not to my purpose to enter upon that, but rather to draw attention to the fact that the Commissioners, following the Returns published quarterly and annually by the Registrar-General, attribute the death of about fifty children every year to the effects of vaccination. It works out at about one fatal case to every 14,000 children vaccinated. There are reasons for thinking that the number of actual deaths caused by vaccination is under-estimated in the Registrar-General's returns, for "at an inquiry by . . . the Local Government Board, into certain deaths alleged to have been caused by vaccination in Norwich . . . eight children suffered from erysipelas due to some abnormal peculiarity or contamination of the lymph. Four of these died, but in only one was vaccination mentioned on the certificate of death" (Dissent Report, p. 196). I mention this as one of several instances of the same kind to show that the risk has been under-estimated; I will not, however, labour the point, but will accept, for the sake of argument, what all the Commissioners admit—namely, that one child out of 14,000 dies as the result of vaccination: if this be so there are, of course, a considerably larger number of non-fatal injuries, and the second position on which compulsory vaccination was founded, that it involved no risk to life or health, falls to the ground.

It appears to me no adequate reply to this, to say that there are many occupations and amusements in which men voluntarily engage which involve risk to life and health. The whole difference lies in the word "voluntarily." The use of anæsthetics in surgery involves some risk to the patient, though no doubt in the vast majority of cases the patient benefits from their use; but we do not hear of surgeons administering anæsthetics against the will of the patient, or, in the case of children, against the will of their parents. At the present moment, and for at least a year past, there has been practically no small-pox in London.\* There were only four deaths from small-pox in the whole of England and Wales in the thirteen weeks ending December 31, 1898; and only one of these occurred in London. The risk of death from small-pox in London now is about one in four millions; what right has a Government to force parents to accept the larger risk of one in 14,000 to avoid the smaller risk of one in 4,000,000? I do not blame any parent who thinks it her duty to accept the larger risk in view of advantages she believes that it will afford, but I am very

\* *Times* article, December 26, 1898, "Legal Poor of London": "London has been practically free from this disease (small-pox) during the whole year, and for many weeks there was not a single patient."

strongly convinced that it is a matter which the parent and not the Government should decide.

I venture to submit that it is fully established that the two propositions on which compulsory vaccination was founded have been proved by experience to be erroneous, and I now pass to the special circumstances which governed the legislation of last year.

What was the general situation? A Royal Commission had been sitting for seven years: it consisted of men of the highest repute in medicine, surgery, law and science. The large majority reported favourably to the protective effect of vaccination, though admitting that it was impossible to fix with precision the length of time during which this protection lasted. Before they issued their final report they published an interim report, in which they recommended the exemption from compulsion of the "conscientious objector." This recommendation was repeated and strengthened in the final report. They also recommended that this degree of exemption should be tried for a limited period—five years—during which its effects both on the amount of vaccination and small-pox could be watched. They further recommended various steps for the more efficient carrying out of notification and isolation, which are of the utmost importance, but which do not seem to interest the general public as much as they should.

When the question came up in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the medical experts in Parliament strongly supported Sir Walter Foster's clause, which went further than the clause for the mitigation of penalties as originally introduced by Mr. Chaplin. This clause of Sir Walter Foster's is in principle that which was accepted by the Government—the exemption from penalties of the conscientious objector. Sir Walter Foster, who is a distinguished doctor, and the Liberal member for the Ilkeston division of Derby, spoke, as a strong believer in the benefits of vaccination, in favour of exemption. He was followed on his own side of the House by Dr. Farquharson, who said that a large proportion of medical men were in favour of the amendment. "He was chairman of the Parliamentary Bills Committee of the British Medical Association, comprising 17,000 medical practitioners, and the sympathy of that committee, which represented the boiled-down Parliamentary wisdom of the profession, had been aroused in favour of it" (*Times*, July 20, 1898). Dr. Clark, Liberal member for Caithness, also supported the clause, and it was accepted by the Government. In the House of Lords, Lord Lister, Honorary Vice-President of the Jenner Society, supported the clause exempting the conscientious objector, and mainly through his influence and that of Lord Salisbury it was carried by just two votes. Lord Harris had charge of the Bill in the Lords, and he pointed out that the amendment would have been the law of the land ever since 1871 if a very similar clause in Mr. W. E.

Forster's Bill of that year had not been struck out in their Lordships' House on a vote of eight to seven. The House of Commons, therefore, ever since the experience of the great small-pox epidemic of that year, had recognised the practical impossibility of forcing English people to have their children vaccinated against their will. Lord Harris added that the Bill was founded on the Report of the Royal Commission, and that the whole system of Royal Commissions would be discredited if the Government legislated in disregard of their conclusions. Lord Lister followed, and hit the nail on the head when he said, "It is not as if the present compulsory system were working well . . . at the present time about one-third of all the infants born in England and Wales are not vaccinated. It is also true that about one quarter of all the guardians throughout the country fail to put the vaccination laws into operation." Adverting to the dangers of arm-to-arm vaccination he admitted that though very rare it was possible for it to introduce into a child's system "the terrible contamination of syphilis." Lord Salisbury also spoke of the "dangerous practice" of arm-to-arm vaccination, and said, "It is idle to tell me that the people are wrong or that they are deceived; as long as they have feelings they will resist. They are Englishmen, and it is no use to quote to me the precedents of India and Ceylon to show the way in which their prejudices can be overcome" (*Times*, August 5, 1898). The clause was carried in the Lords by forty to thirty-eight, and I venture to think not only that the Government was right to press it through the House of Lords, but that none but an exceptionally strong Government could have done so.

Under the old series of compulsory Vaccination Acts, when a man was fined or sent to prison for resisting compulsory vaccination, he suffered the penalty but his child remained unvaccinated. The time has never come in England, and I hope it never will come, when medical police can seize a child and vaccinate it by main force against the consent of its parents. This is probably what Lord Salisbury was referring to in his speech. Not long ago I asked a Royal Commissioner by what means compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination were carried out in Germany on those who objected, and he replied that any one who objected was held down by four men and vaccinated by force. Personally I would rather die of small-pox than that that should be possible in England. I am one of those who sympathise with the bishop who would rather see England free than sober; and how much more, therefore, do I feel that I would rather see England pock-marked than without the personal independence which is the basis of everything worth having in our national character.

But let us look at the facts which brought Sir Walter Foster, Lord Lister, and Lord Salisbury, all strong believers in the value of vaccination, to concur in the recommendations of the Royal Commission

for the remission of penalties in the case of the conscientious objector.

Socrates has said, "Do you think that a State can exist and not be overthrown in which the decisions of law are of no force, and are disregarded and set at naught by private individuals?" Now, before the law was altered we had a condition of things that was worse than this: we had a large number of publicly elected bodies, deliberately chosen with the express mandate that they were to disregard and set at naught the law of the land. After either thirty-two or forty-six\* years of "compulsory vaccination," certainly 122, and possibly 150, Boards of Guardians were declining to put the Act into operation, and a very large proportion of these were elected on the express ground that they had pledged themselves not to put the Act into operation. Every effort had been made by the Local Government Board to force the Boards of Guardians to put the vaccination laws into operation. One Board, that of Keighley, in Yorkshire, had been sent to prison, but all to no avail. They had to be let out, and things went on the same as before. That is a sufficiently serious state of things for any body of men responsible for the good government of the country to take into consideration. What is the remedy proposed by those who object to the action of the Government? "Supersede the guardians and put the business into the hands of the central authority," it is said. I wish to be as respectful as possible to those from whom I differ, but the proposed remedy is an absurdity. From whom does the central authority derive its power? Ultimately, of course, from the will, expressed at the ballot-box, of the mass of the electors. To take the matter of vaccination from the hands of the local authority and place it in those of the central authority would not settle the dispute; it would merely change the field upon which it is fought. Parliamentary elections would then turn on compulsory vaccination, to the deterioration of the dignity of Imperial concerns, but not, I fancy, to the disadvantage of those who resist compulsion.

The fact that a large and rapidly increasing number of Boards of Guardians were refusing to carry out the compulsory Vaccination Acts was not the only one which Parliament was bound to consider in legislating on this subject. There was also the corresponding fact, depending upon it, that compulsory vaccination existed on paper, and was not a working reality, and that after thirty-two or forty-six years of nominal compulsion a very much smaller proportion of the infants born every year were actually vaccinated than was the case before the compulsory law was in the Statute-book. We cannot obtain exact data of the number of children vaccinated until 1871. But between

\* The first compulsory Vaccination Act was passed without opposition or division, in 1853; but it is sometimes argued that compulsion was not actually vigorously enforced until after the Act of 1867.

1844 and 1851, of all the recruits joining the army only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. were found to be "unprotected either by small-pox or vaccination."\* It is therefore fair to conclude that vaccination had become very general. It was believed at the time of the first introduction of compulsion in 1853 that nearly all children were vaccinated except those born of quite the lowest and most careless parents. When exact figures are available (in 1872-3, &c.) we find that vaccinal default—that is, the number of children finally unaccounted for in the vaccination returns—was only from 4 to 5 per cent. of the total annual number of births. Thus, to compare the two years 1873 and 1897, we find that in England and Wales in 1873, 826,000 children were born and only 36,000, or 4 per cent., escaped vaccination; in 1897 the number of children born was 922,000, and † 370,000 escaped vaccination, or considerably more than a third of the whole. The facts may be put in another way: with a compulsory vaccination law inscribed on the Statute-book in due form, the number of unvaccinated children had multiplied by 10 in twenty-four years. This increase in vaccination default set in rapidly about the year 1886. It hung about 4 and 5 per cent. up to that year, and then increased by leaps and bounds. What the House of Commons had to consider was whether this large increase in vaccinal default had been accompanied by a large increase in small-pox deaths. I will give the figures taken from the Registrar-General's returns, and the Report of the Royal Commission:

Deaths from Small-pox per million living in England and Wales.			Deaths from Small-pox per million living in England and Wales.		
		Vaccinal default per cent. of total annual births.			Vaccinal default per cent. of total annual births.
1860	136	—	1880	25	4.9
1861	64	—	1881	119	4.5
1862	78	—	1882	50	4.8
1863	286	—	1883	36	5.1
1864	364	—	1884	83	5.5
1865	301	—	1885	104	5.8
1866	139	—	1886‡	10	6.4
1867	114	—	1887	18	7.1
1868	91	—	1888	36	8.5
1869	67	—	1889	0.8	9.9
1870	113	—	1890	0.6	11.3
1871	1012	—	1891	1.7	13.4
1872	821	5.1	1892	15	14.9
1873	98	4.8	1893	46	16.1
1874	88	4.8	1894	27	20
1875	35	4.7	1895	7	22.4
1876	99	4.3	1896	18	—
1877	173	4.5	1897	0.8	—
1878	74	4.7	1898	8	33
1879	21	5			

Can any dispassionate person look at these figures and say that they would justify the House of Commons and the Government in

\* See article in old edition (1860) of "Encyclopædia Britannica."

† Mr. Chaplin's speech, *Times*, February 10, 1899.

‡ Small-pox hospital ships started in London.



risking a violent conflict with the local authorities in order to force unwilling parents to vaccinate their children? An enormous increase in vaccinal default had been accompanied by a very large and satisfactory decrease in the number of small-pox deaths. And the House of Commons had also to bear in mind that where there had been local outbreaks of small-pox in recent years, the disease had broken out indiscriminately in well vaccinated and in badly vaccinated places. Badly vaccinated Gloucester supplied nearly all the small-pox cases in England and Wales in 1896, and well vaccinated Middlesborough in the first quarter of 1898. It is as clear as anything can be that increased vaccination has not caused the great decrease in small-pox which is a leading characteristic of the health returns since 1885, because there has been a very large decrease in vaccination since that date. Then the question arises, if vaccination has not caused it, what has? It is beyond the province of this article to attempt to deal with this question; but I can hardly avoid giving a brief consideration to it, and I believe the true answer is,\* "Improved sanitation and an intelligent application of the isolation of infectious diseases." Compare for a moment the condition of London before and after the establishment of the hospital ships for the isolation of small-pox in 1886. London stands in a peculiarly unfavourable position as regards the importation of small-pox: it is a great port with an immense trade with the East, and it is the focus and centre of attraction of the huge army of degraded poverty to which we give the name of tramps.† Before the establishment of the hospital ships the mortality from small-pox in London compared most unfavourably with that of the rest of the country, being at the rate of 27 small-pox deaths per 100,000 living, whereas the rest of England and Wales had only 3 deaths per 100,000 living. In the seven years 1887 to 1894, the proportion was entirely changed, and the small-pox deaths in London fell from 27 per 100,000 living to 1 per 100,000 living; the country at the same time falling from 3 to 2 (pp. 127-8). Thus, whereas London had been nine times worse than the rest of the country, intelligent isolation rendered her twice as good in respect of small-pox mortality. The same beneficent influence is still at work. I will quote only one sentence from the Registrar-

\* The immunity of Leicester from small-pox and the insignificance of the single outbreak that has taken place there since the adoption of the isolation system are so well known that I forbear to dwell upon them. It is undeniable that, in the words of Mr. Paul, "Of all recent epidemics, that town has come off best which has devoted its attention to other means" than vaccination "of coping with the disease."—"A Royal Commission's Figures," by Alex. Paul, pp. 28-29.

† Local authorities are beginning to be fully aware of the part played by tramps in spreading small-pox. There was a local outbreak of small-pox in London in 1895. Commenting on it the next Report of the Metropolitan Asylums' Board stated, "Of the thirty-six patients admitted in June only six possessed a fixed home." Other places have had similar experiences.—Royal Commission, Dissent Report, p. 211.

General's quarterly return (England and Wales), published in the *Times* last August :

"Of the 66 deaths from small-pox during last quarter 45 occurred at Middlesborough, and 10 in a group of 5 registration districts situated at the mouth of the Tyne. Only 6 deaths from this disease occurred in the southern part of the country, and 4 of these were of persons who had been removed from a steamship to the Floating Hospital at Southampton."

"Upon the whole," write the Royal Commissioners, after a very interesting series of paragraphs, "we think the experience of London affords cogent evidence of the value of a sound system of isolation in checking the spread of small-pox." The evidence is the same from all places where isolation has been intelligently worked. New South Wales is practically an unvaccinated community, and it is also one where small-pox has been literally stamped out by vigorous measures of isolation. The President of the Board of Health at Sydney, Dr. McLaurin, a strong believer in the value of vaccination, is able to boast that, without vaccination, the absolute extinction of small-pox has been accomplished in the colony. He states that, although he favours vaccination, and "respects it highly," he does not consider it "a sufficiently absolute protection against small-pox to bring about the absolute extinction of the disease," and he adds that in his opinion the only way in which you can absolutely control an epidemic of small-pox is by notification and isolation. In the Commissioners' Report, from p.120 and onwards, we find many very interesting examples of the extraordinary value of isolation. Sir Richard Thorne-Thorne, who, I need hardly say, is a strong believer in the value of vaccination, said : "The evidence is so abundant that I could keep you for hours in telling you of cases in which epidemics have evidently been prevented by the isolation of the first cases."\* He cites cases at Cheltenham, where they had attacks of small-pox in 1858, 1861, and 1865 ; after that they had an isolation hospital, and although small-pox was imported into Cheltenham on twelve different occasions, in no single instance did the disease spread beyond the house originally attacked. There are many other instances of the same kind from Birkdale, Glasgow, Maidstone, Leicester, Halifax, Leeds, and London.

People sometimes say: Why should isolation be submitted to when vaccination is resisted? Perhaps it is not necessary to go beyond the fact that patients and their friends do not as a rule object to isolation : they believe, and the belief is corroborated by experience, that the chances of recovery are greater and the chances of injury to others are less in hospital than at home ; and notwithstanding all the phials of wrath and scorn which are poured upon those who resist vaccination, I believe that these are the chief motives which appeal to ordinary men and women in the presence of dangerous illness in themselves or their relatives.

\* Report Royal Commission, p. 120.

Isolation in this country, too, has never been put at the disadvantage of being made universally compulsory. A town or a registration district has to apply voluntarily to be put under the Notification Act. Therefore, in carrying out the Act, there is some security for the willing co-operation of the inhabitants of the locality. The officers who have to carry out the actual process of isolating the patients know that they cannot march into a house where a child or a wife lies sick and pack her off against the wishes of her relatives; the consent and therefore the intelligent co-operation of the patient and the head of the family have to be obtained. In the opening of a recent report of the Metropolitan Asylums' Board it is stated that a large degree of the success of the work has depended upon "the increased and increasing desire of the inhabitants of London to obtain isolation and hospital treatment for persons suffering from infectious diseases."\*

During this controversy it has been stated that the epidemic at Gloucester in 1896 offers an example of the breakdown of the isolation system. But I never heard any one say this who knew Gloucester and what really happened there. Let Dr. Bond, the honorary secretary of the Jenner Society, and the chief representative of the medical advocates of vaccination in Gloucester, bear testimony. In his pamphlet, "The Story of the Gloucester Epidemic," he describes the situation of the hospital. A glance, he says, would be sufficient to convince even the passing stranger of the character of the site chosen for the hospital. It was "embowered," to use his own expression, in streets of new houses and semi-detached villas. Into this building, which had "three large public elementary schools" and a population "teeming with children" in its immediate neighbourhood, 700 cases of small-pox were deported during the course of the epidemic. "That the hospital," says Dr. Bond, "was in more ways than one a potent cause of the increase of the epidemic is unquestionable." The breakdown of isolation in Gloucester is like the breakdown of, say, hansom cabs in Venice, or the breakdown of snakes in Iceland. If putting small-pox patients in a thickly populated neighbourhood teeming with children, and packing them two, three, and four in a bed, and not washing them nor removing their dirty linen for weeks—if allowing partially recovered convalescents to mix with the general population, is isolation, then isolation broke down in Gloucester, but not otherwise. It is obvious, of course, that the practical difficulties attending isolation may become insurmountable when you have to deal with forty or fifty cases a day. These numbers were reached in March and April 1896, but the seeds of the disease were really sown at a much earlier period. There was one case in June, three in August, three in October, seven in November, twelve in December 1895; and it was to these earlier cases that the

\* Metropolitan Asylums' Board Report, 1895.

stamping-out process ought to have been vigorously applied ; but, as Dr. Coupland remarks, "in the first six months of its course" the small-pox in Gloucester "created little anxiety" (p. 77, Dr. Coupland's Report on the Gloucester Epidemic).

I am aware that I have only touched the fringe of a most interesting subject. The view of the Commissioners and of the majority of the speakers who supported the action of the Government in both Houses of Parliament was that there would be more vaccination if there were less compulsion ; and that every time a parent who conscientiously objected to the vaccination of his children was imprisoned, bullied by magistrates, or fined, a new group of persons became interested in the subject and joined the ranks of those who ceased to make an Athanasian creed of the value of vaccination. I think there is much to show that they were right in their anticipations. Mr. Chaplin said, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, on February 9, that 239,000 children had been exempted from vaccination under the new Act ; but that before the Act came into operation the estimated number who were withheld from vaccination in the same year was 370,000 ; that at the moment when he was speaking the vaccination trade was very brisk, and the demands for the glycerinated calf-lymph strained the resources of the Department to keep pace with them. There is, however, one way in which the administration of the law has been out of harmony with the good sense of the Commissioners, the Department, and the House of Commons. All of these have shown a praiseworthy desire not to make martyrs of the parents who object to the vaccination of their children ; but their excellent intentions have been to a certain extent thwarted by the magistrates who have had to administer the new Act. Many of these have thought it not inconsistent with the dignity of their position as representing the just administration of the law, to gird and gibe at the parents who came before them to ask for the exemption certificate which the law authorises them to demand. I am not an anti-vaccinator, that is I believe that vaccination generally gives protection long enough at any rate to carry one safely through an epidemic ; but I have been nearer to being an anti-vaccinator than I ever was before since I have seen that the cause of vaccination appears to require magistrates in the course of the discharge of their duties to insult and endeavour to perplex the poor and ignorant who appear before them to claim exemption. In a northern town a scene of the kind I have referred to was one day enacted before the magistrates. A working-man who was applying for a certificate of exemption from vaccination for his children was roughly handled by the magistrates, held up to ridicule, and finally discharged without his certificate. The next applicant for exemption was a barrister, whose tongue was as agile as that of the previous applicant had been clumsy. The magistrates began operations upon

him, but he at once remarked, "If you think you are going to bully me as you have bullied that working-man you are mistaken. I have a conscientious objection to inject the germs of disease into the blood of my child. I claim a certificate. Will you grant it or will you not?" They granted it at once without another word. But the respect for law and its official representatives was not increased, and the belief in the craziness of the objectors to, and of the omniscience of the defenders of, vaccination was not strengthened.

If I might venture to give advice to those friends of vaccination whose zeal outdoes their discretion, I would say, "Use your influence to induce the magistrates to administer the law in a manner not calculated to frustrate one of its intentions, which was to stop the manufacture of martyrs." And I would also say, "Do not go on using figures and statistical tables the fallacy of which has been again and again demonstrated, and is fully acknowledged by candid and well-informed advocates of vaccination." The fallacy I refer to is the comparison of attack rate among the vaccinated and unvaccinated after an epidemic, during which there has been a considerable transfer from the ranks of the unvaccinated to those of the vaccinated. It is always the case, during an epidemic, that there is a rush for vaccination among the unvaccinated. This is universally admitted; what is not generally recognised is the manner in which this affects the statistics as to attack rate among the vaccinated and unvaccinated. But it can be demonstrated by an easy example. Suppose a community of 200 persons, 100 vaccinated and 100 unvaccinated, and that small-pox breaks out, and that the attack rate is 10 per cent. in each class.

Vaccinated.	Unvaccinated.
100	100
10 s.p.	10 s.p.
—	—
90	90
+ 80	- 80 (vaccinated.)
—	—
170	10

(Attack rate 10 out of 180, or 5½ per cent.) (Attack rate 10 out of 20, or 50 per cent.)

Eighty of the unvaccinated persons are vaccinated, thus reducing the unvaccinated to 20 and increasing the vaccinated to 180. An inspector comes down from the Local Government Board and inquires into the vaccinal condition of those who have had small-pox and those who have not, and he reports quite truly that there are 20 unvaccinated persons, 10 of whom have had small-pox, an attack rate of 50 per cent.; and 180 vaccinated persons, 10 of whom have had small-pox, or an attack rate of less than 6 per cent. Could the enormous advantages of vaccination be more clearly demonstrated? But yet all the while the attack rate among the vaccinated and the unvaccinated has been precisely the same! This fallacy has been demonstrated again and again; but only here and there do the partisans of vaccination beware of it.



On the point concerning the length of time during which the protection conferred by vaccination lasts no positive information seems to be obtainable. Every one admits now that Jenner and his successors, for more than half a century, were in error in claiming that one vaccination gave protection for life. The writer of the article "Vaccination," in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* (last edition), says that infant vaccination with one re-vaccination gives immunity for life. The writer of the revised article in Quain's *Dictionary of Medicine* says that in times of epidemic the best vaccinated persons become liable to small-pox. But the article in the old (8th) edition, 1860, of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* maintains that it is quite an error to suppose that the protective powers of vaccination wear out of the system as life advances. The writer deplores the movement for re-vaccination, as "nothing is more likely to prove hurtful to the cause of vaccination and render the public careless of securing themselves its benefits than the belief that they require to submit to re-vaccination every ten or fifteen years." The article "Small-pox," in the ninth edition of the same *Encyclopædia*, says that the protection of vaccination, "although for a time most effectual, tends to become exhausted unless renewed." And the article "Vaccination," in the same *Encyclopædia*, and the same edition, gives up the case for vaccination altogether. Bewildered by these contradictory voices, I sought the guidance of six members of the medical profession on the question, "How often should vaccination be renewed in order to make the protection it affords continuous?" They were eminent in various ways. Several were officially connected with the Jenner Society; two had had very extensive experience of small-pox. I have to thank them all for very courteous replies; but they all gave me different answers. One, a Scotchman, declined to name any time; the others were less cautious, and the times they named varied from two to fifteen years. Pursuing this object further, I found in conversation with a lady who nursed through the Gloucester epidemic that she was re-vaccinated in January 1896; she had a "beautiful arm," and was re-vaccinated again, on the advice of her doctor, in May of the same year. In the opinion, therefore, of one doctor re-vaccination every four months is not too often in the immediate presence of contagion.

Let me repeat that all this does not destroy the case for vaccination, but it does destroy the case for compulsory infant vaccination. The demand for vaccination in the presence of epidemic is so great that it needs no law to enforce it; the resistance to compulsory infant vaccination when there is no epidemic is so strong, and has so greatly increased in strength with increasing knowledge of the subject, that compulsory legislation becomes a dead letter and brings the law into disrepute and contempt.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

## MOTHS AND TULIPS:

### MODULATIONS UPON A VERY ANCIENT THEME.

WE had been looking at the Chrysalis: it was May. "The Pupa," the Naturalist called it; "for, you see," he said, "Mousie, there's no gilding about this little gingerbread-coloured mummy."

But for Mousie it had been The Chrysalis all the winter, ever since the enormous green caterpillar from the privet arbour had burrowed in the mould of his box. He had stripes on him of lilac and white, like very slender petals of the Tulip now blowing in Mousie's garden—pale rosy-lilac petals edged with white, over smooth clean leaves of delicate waxy green.

"That is his flag," she explained. "I planted it when he burrowed, and I wondered which would come out first."

But the Chrysalis had been dug up out of his earth (and not planted again like the Tulip). He had been wintered in moss in a matchbox, and pinched now and then to make him wag his tail. How often this visible sign of life had been sought for as an aid to Mousie's faith, she alone knew. It thrilled her strangely. The doubt that he might possibly be dead would overpower the fear of killing him: the slow remonstrant wriggle under pressure sent a shudder of exultation through all her nerves: an ecstasy of assurance uplifted her: it was for her as the miracle of the Liquefaction.

Just lately the Chrysalis had been losing his glossy brown brightness. His complexion had grown dry and dull and blackish. The miracle was withheld. Was he dead? Mousie's uncle, the Naturalist, had been invited to inspect him and advise: he knew everything about all living creatures. Miss Bryant (B.Sc.), Mousie's governess, and I were admitted as sympathetic onlookers. We sat in the gallery window. The tenant of the matchbox was disclosed. The Naturalist examined him with grave consideration.

"No, Mousie, he's not dead: I think he's just preparing to be born: he's a moth now, and this old skin of his isn't *his* skin any longer: it doesn't grow on him as it did when he first appeared in it; it's died and dried away from him, and you can touch it without his much feeling it. He'll come out of it in a day or two altogether."

"He looks something like a moth now, doesn't he, Uncle Ted? you can see his wings and legs and eyes and horns, and his trunk in a pocket outside. But his wings look so very, very small. Does he have them folded up somewhere inside there?"

"The wings and the feathers and all their colours are there, but he'll have to make them grow when he comes out. They'll spread out in an hour or two, like a leaf or a flower in spring when the sap is rising. He forces the sap of his body to fill and expand them: they must hang straight down and dry in their proper shape, and then the veins grow stiff and horny and hard, like the quills of a bird or the wooden frame of a kite. You must give him plenty of room to hang his wings in, and leave him very quiet indeed until that's done, for if you disturb his attention or fidget his wings just now he won't be able to get them nicely spread, and they'll be crumpled or deformed when they dry."

"He's looked just the same as this, like a mummy of a moth, you know, all the winter, ever since I dug him up out of his burrow. Was he really a moth when he left off being a caterpillar?"

"Well, Mousie, that's just a question that no one can answer for you. If any one could, he would be the wisest man in the world."

I looked up then at the Naturalist. I like a man of science who acknowledges definition and classification to be impossible. I was conscious of increasing interest in him, and I studied his face for a few moments. He struck me as a somewhat uncommon-looking person, and yet very real and familiar; any age, by his appearance, between thirty-five and fifty; but I remembered that he had taken his degree just before I had matriculated in our common University. His thick arched eyebrows were drawn up into his forehead, the left rather higher than the other, under lines almost painfully expressive of a weariness and mental tension of which his general manner gave no sign. When the eyebrows relaxed, the little radiant web of wrinkles that spread outwards from the corners of his eyes explained his acceptance with children: the wide-set, clear, dark eyes, the short high-bridged nose and low forehead were hawklike. The chin was broad and straight and the jaw square; and these, with the thick flat moustache above, suggested curiously the aspect of a tortoise. This fancy of resemblance was reinforced by the patience of the liquid wide-set eyes, and their shining assertion of vitality amid the wrinkles of his sun-baked skin, by the lean dried neck with its ridges of vein and sinew, the broad bowed shoulders and strong sluggish frame. He

must have been a very powerful man, but he seemed, I thought, to have neglected or overdriven his body, and now to inhabit it as a kind of carapace, hardly more a part of himself than his clothes. My fancy was overdriven a little here, perhaps, for his handgrip was very living and sympathetic; and I have noticed reason to think that to women the suggestion would seem unmeaning.

"But what do you *think*, Uncle Ted?"

Mousie's eyes were wide—big, round, black eyes like her uncle's—and their brows had a harmonic reminiscence of his in their arch of half-remonstrant inquiringness. (They ran up into a little tiny downy tuft where their curves intersected above the nose.)

"I think you may pretend he was a moth even before he left off being a caterpillar, Mousie. But that would be a difficult thing to prove, or even to make sound like good sense. Anyhow, he's not done very much, you see, all the winter, except make himself a new skin and some feathers under this old one."

"He made himself a new skin once before, when he was a caterpillar, when he was much smaller. He got very sickly and ugly before he did that, and afterwards he grew tremendously, just like his wings will now, I suppose. I should think he must hate this old shell of his just now, shouldn't you? I think I'd rather be a caterpillar than a chrysalis, wouldn't you, Uncle Ted?"

"I sometimes think so, Mousie. It must feel splendid to have such a lot of appetite, and plenty to serve for food to all of it. But even the caterpillar couldn't help getting sickly at times, when he was growing to be too big for his skins; and at last, you see, he must have begun to find out that he wasn't really only a caterpillar, after all, and that must have made him more uncomfortable than ever. You see, he must have found that fine appetite going away from him, and felt that he could never take pleasure in privet-leaves any more, and he could not imagine what there could be left then to make life worth living, but knew only that he was changing willy-nilly into something else; something else that still was somehow more really himself than his great jaws and his fine lilac stripes, and his ten imitation legs along his belly, and that silly swaggering horn on his tail. He must have felt that all his prestige would be gone if ever he should lose that horn, mustn't he?"

"I suspect it was that," I suggested, "that used to trouble his mind at times before, when he used to have those fits of saying his prayers: he used to say his prayers, didn't he?"

Mousie looked at me for a moment at a loss, and perhaps a little dubious of my humour. Then, quickening:

"Oh, yes! so he did! I remember! How did you know? He used to lie out on a twig and stay quite quiet just as if he were kneeling, with his front end up in the air and his face bent down over

his little black foreclaws. He folded them all together under his chin, just like one's fingers. My Drinker moth cattles that I had last summer never used to do like that."

"No; the Drinkers have, no doubt, got less conscience."

"Do you know," went on her uncle, "that this catty that was, and all his relations, are nicknamed the family of Sphinxes, because they have all this habit of lying with heads upraised like the Sphinx in the sand in Egypt? And you see they have a secret, too, like that Sphinx: they don't know themselves what it is, and they sit thinking, thinking, thinking to find it out, and no doubt, as Mr. Olivier says, they pray."

"What do they pray for, uncle?"

"Well, Mousie, perhaps they pray for their daily bread; but I think most likely not, as it has not been made needful for them to work for it. I think they must pray that a kingdom they dream of may come: a wonderful kingdom under the Evening Star; and perhaps they have just understanding enough to pray that they may some day be moths in it, not knowing how much they are really moths already. And doubtless it is after those times of prayer and fasting that the Sphinx does know best what he is."

"But, uncle, he *isn't* a moth, then, yet—not really?"

"I don't know, Mousie, that he is not, when you say *really*. I know he isn't one that you can see. It makes one light-headed to be always trying to find out exactly what things are, and perhaps I'm a little light-headed about this pupa. But you could have seen even with your eyes, if you'd known how to, that he was much more of a moth than he seemed to be whilst you were still calling him a caterpillar: if you'd looked at him closely, for instance, when he was throwing off his last caterpillar skin."

"But he'd burrowed then, Uncle Ted; I couldn't see him."

"Ah! when I was a boy I used to dig my Sphinxes up—I kept scores of all sorts of these creatures—or leave them to make their change without any earth to burrow in, poor beasties; and, indeed, I was even more unkind to them than that: I used to kill a good many of them and pull them to pieces to see how they were made and how they grew."

"Oh, Uncle Ted! but didn't it hurt them dreadfully?"

"I think it may have hurt them sometimes, Mousie; but at that time I didn't care much; I really did not consider their feelings at all any more than one considers the feelings of mutton. The knowledge I got that way was mutton and beef to me then. It did happen that the best way to kill them for my purpose was also very quick, and probably painless; though sometimes I didn't kill them at all when I wanted to find out just how far or in what sense they, or any particular part of them, were alive."



"And did you?"

"Well, I did find out some things that no one else seemed to have noticed before, or, at any rate, to have put into books; and so I put them into a book, which I am sure even Miss Bryant has never read, although it was a very good book of its kind in its own day."

"I have read it," said Miss Bryant. "I don't think there's been anything since to supersede it."

"Ah? I'm glad to hear that," he replied. "There must be books of that sort, if only to prevent others from being written and the work being gone through again, for a few years at least. It seems probably expedient that one man should die that kind of death for the people. In any other sense they appear to have been a waste of time. It's a good thing to get such work done thoroughly and comprehensively up to the limit of the resources within one's reach, so as to stand until some new method becomes available which shows that one's observations were defective and one's inferences ingeniously perverse. Of course, that does not matter in the least: it in no degree diminishes the value of one's work at the time it was done, nor if it did not happen would the work have seemed at all more valuable. I don't think I found out anything of what I really know about living creatures by the studies I embodied in that book. I believe I'd have found out more about them, and earlier, if I'd never—and yet I don't know—I, being I, couldn't learn things, I suppose, any other way—any more than I could grow without beef and mutton."

Miss Bryant seemed rather impatient at this strain. It was evident that she looked up to the Naturalist as a high scientific authority, and desired that he should take himself seriously. She protested that the scientific world would have lost a great deal if he had acted all his life on such sceptical and nebulous principles (epithets mine).

"I think very likely it would have," he answered, his left eyebrow lifting slowly into his forehead as he contemplated the Chrysalis in its matchbox between his fingers, "the scientific world and I being what we are. And perhaps it is only fair, too, to bear in mind that if the caterpillar had not killed and mangled privet, a very innocent and gracious form of life, full of delicacy and quiet refreshing distinction, had not littered the arbour table with ugly droppings, and done generally after the manner of his kind as a vulgar cankerworm, the world would have been the poorer by a hawk-moth—a romantic, dashing creature with crimson eyes, in soft grey fur and satiny pink and black, with a most poetic passion for twilight and dawn, and no appetite except for dew and nectar, and no business in life except to make love and be mated."

Mousie caught at the discourse as it swooped once more within the range of her understanding.

"Did you used to kill your moths for your collection when they came out? I didn't kill my Drinkers; I didn't like to. Some people kill their moths with laurel-leaves, and some in a vaseline-pot with a kind of poison. It's no use to pinch their chests like butterflies. Does that hurt them, do you think, Uncle Ted?"

"Well, of course it's better not to want to kill them, no matter whether it really hurts them or not. You see, it would have hurt you to kill your Drinkers, and I quite think with you that it's more enjoyable to be able to let them go, and to prefer that they should have their little flutter in the evenings, and touch, if only for a moment, some illusion of that heaven of which they dreamed, than to wish to possess their dead bodies stretched out and pinned and labelled in dusty boxes. But it is not everybody that feels like that, and no doubt there are good reasons why they should not. Very few little boys do, to begin with, a great many grown-up people only come to understand it partly, and some never understand it at all, all their lives."

The Naturalist's eyes were dwelling reflectively on the cases of stuffed rare birds and the series of antelope-heads on the gallery walls, early trophies of his own sporting exploits and those of Mousie's father, the Squire. He went on a little quickly:

"But if you were to watch one of these fellows when he is making his change to a pupa you would see that these horns of his, and that trunk, and those six long legs that are packed away so neatly between his wings, and the funny little stumpy wings themselves, had all been already prepared under the skin of the caterpillar, out of which you would see him work them very carefully. And at that time you can make out already that they are separate limbs and organs, distinct in their future shapes, but moulded out of uniform pale green substance, half transparent—just such limbs and organs as you might make out of wax if you were clever enough at modelling—quite pulpy and almost powerless. What happens during his winter rest is this: The pulpy, almost structureless green stuff of these limbs rearranges itself into muscles and joints and shells and claws and plumes, and eyes that can see and glow, and a proboscis that can probe into verbena-blossoms and suck up honey, and antennæ that can tell him wonderful things through senses that you and I know nothing about: just as alum or sugar-candy dissolved or melted will build themselves up again in beautiful crystal forms. But the green stuff of the chrysalis' limbs seems very much more clever and highly trained than the molecules of the alum or sugar, which can only go through a few little common tricks, and seem to have only geometrical notions of art. Well, the caterpillar, if you leave him undisturbed, will draw out all these soft organs side by side, neatly folded together, so as to leave one smooth surface over all, and the clammy, moist outsides of them cling together

and harden into this case of horny skin ; so that just before that happens, and before this hard smooth shell has disguised what is forming within it, he really looks more like a moth than he does at this moment—just as little children," he added, musingly, "seem sometimes more like real angels than grown-up people : which I hope, as a rule, they are not.

"Your tulip," he went on, "has a quicker and more magical-seeming way. The green stuff of the long pale bud looks very much like what the caterpillar was made of when he changed. But it only needs a few hours' sun like this for the tulip to call up the fire out of its heart and to glorify all its fibres till they shine like transparent pearl and living rubies. I love the crimson tulips best myself : they are so proud of the splendid free passion that transfigures them and fills them up for an hour to be their perfect selves. I think if ever I were to fall so ill as to be unhappy, and to forget altogether, just one of those red tulips in the sunlight would remind me and set me right again."

The Naturalist was talking to himself. He stopped, smiling, his eyes on Mousie's face.

"What would it remind you of, Uncle Ted ?"

"The Sphinx's kingdom, Mousie," he answered, "and what I saw there."

This ended our colloquy over the Chrysalis, for whom the consultation prescribed undisturbed repose in a good-sized deal-chip toybox, on the sides of which the emerging hawk-moth would be able to climb clear and hang his wings at ease.

And I hope he escaped the cats ; but I do not know.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

## THE LOST NOTION OF WAR.

TO three generations of Britons war has been unknown—war, that is, which touched themselves and involved risk to their own homes, lives, liberties, and fortunes. They have, indeed, seen wars; they have even made wars, and have paid out of their abundance the cost of wars; but never have they had any experience of such a war as put themselves and the British Islands, British laws and liberties, or even British trade in jeopardy. Since 1815 no inhabitant of these islands has felt the actual touch or stress of war, or so much as the apprehension of either. Consequently it has not seemed necessary so much as to consider the nature of war, still less to entertain the various problems to which actual war gives rise, or the necessary laws under which it must be waged, as practical matters, or any otherwise than in academical discussion. And so it would seem that the very notion of war has been lost.

This is the more remarkable because, so long as war was present with us as a matter of serious actual experience and serious actual risk, the national mind was strongly bent to consideration, discussion, and decision of all the moot points connected with it. Nowhere was more attention given than in England during the eighteenth century to the problems that arise from it; and it is hardly too much to say that, if the great principles of the Law of Nations were laid down and established by such great Continental thinkers as Grotius and Vattel, it was mainly the English jurists, Prize Courts, and text-writers who reduced those principles to systematised practice as regards maritime warfare, for which the decisions of Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) alone provide a principled and reasoned rule of conduct in almost every conceivable case. But when the great struggle with Napoleon was over, the British people seem to have flung away all

thoughts of war, and to have gradually been brought to the comfortable persuasion that there had at last opened for the world an era of universal peace, universal commerce, and universal great exhibitions. The frame of mind no longer existed which produced such masterpieces as the Duke of Newcastle's letter (inspired by Lord Mansfield, Sir George Lee, Dr. Paul, and Sir Dudley Ryder) in reply to the Prussian Memorial of 1752; Lord Liverpool's "Discourse" of 1759; and Ward's "Treatise" of 1801. British lawyers ceased to concern themselves with that Law of Nations which is to this day part of the Common Law of Great Britain, or limited their efforts to mere compilation and accounts of conventions; and if they have produced some respectable publications on this momentous subject, they have given to the world no great, nor even any remarkable work. Not one of them has even been found to this day to attempt to meet that crying need of the British Navy, which experience daily emphasises—a Manual of the Law of Nations for the especial use of British seamen. Such a manual has, indeed, been compiled for French seamen in Ortolan's excellent work, "*Règles et Diplomatie de la Mer*," originally published in 1844, and whereof there issued a second edition in 1864; but no such service as this has ever been rendered by the British lawyer to the British seaman, who needs it far more than his French compeer, nor has Ortolan ever been translated; and the British naval captain, often alone and far away from all counsel, is left, when confronted by a difficult case, to steer his way through the intricacies of the law without any other aid than he can derive from a few ill-chosen works on the Law of Nations in general, which he cannot find his way about, and which, if he could, often fail to meet the seaman's case in a way that a seaman can comprehend.

If, on the one hand, the study of the Law of Nations has in recent years suffered from the neglect of the capable, it has, on the other hand, suffered still more from the meddling of the incompetent and unauthorised, who from time to time get together, call themselves a Conference or an Institute, and promulgate "views" which are solemnly reproduced by the newspapers as though they meant something or had effected something. Thus, deserted by the competent, bemused and bemuddled by the incompetent, and left at last without light or guidance, the student of the Law of Nations has too often been reduced to despair, and has even been occasionally tempted to declare, as the sapient M. Staempfli, Swiss banker and *Alabama* arbitrator, declared at the Geneva tribunal, "there is no such thing as international law."

This, indeed, would seem now to be the prevailing view among people in general, whether on the Continent or in these islands; but in these islands most especially. The current impression is that law between nations lasts till war breaks out, and that it then stops; that



most especially in maritime warfare it is replaced by complete anarchy; that there is thenceforth no rule but that of Donnybrook—"wherever you see a head, hit it"—and that, as the lieutenant in charge of a British cruiser engaged on the coast of Crete is reported to have said, it was his business, and is that of every man of war during the existence of hostilities, to fire into "anything that comes along."

What is certain is that all these wild imaginings would disappear at the first touch of war; that there would thereupon immediately ensue the old unavoidable respect for, reliance upon and appeal to, the Law of Nations, the Rules of Warfare, and the authority of Prize Courts as expounders of both.

In fact, as the most superficial student of the Law of Nations knows, it is the very contrary of the popular and current notion that is the case—rather with war that that law begins and with peace that it stops. The major part of the Law of Nations is concerned with the laws of war, almost every conceivable incident whereof has been provided for by settled, agreed, recognised rules well established, universally admitted, and having for their guardians and expounders the Prize Courts, that construe, administer, and enforce them. For no relationship between nations has the Law of Nations laid down rules so precise, so clear, so sanctioned by practice as for the relationship of war. It may be added that for no relationship are such rules so necessary; and that were a war at sea ever to be begun in the belief that it could be subjected to no rules at all, the common necessities of both belligerents would immediately drive them both back to the law. Rules there must be, concerning blockade, concerning contraband, concerning visit, search and capture, prize good and bad, parole, and cartel, and even concerning the use of false colours and the affirming gun; nor has any war at sea ever yet been carried on without them. Prize Courts, too, there must still be, to construe and enforce the rules. And a Law of Nations there must still be, a body of law to which Prize Courts may appeal, and without which they would find themselves destitute of any guiding principles in the exercise of their most delicate and important functions.

The notion that there is no Law of Nations, and that there need be no rules of warfare, has led already to some strange conclusions; as, for instance, that there may be reasonably adopted and lawfully employed such a device as a "pacific blockade"—i.e., a blockade not arising out of a state of war, which state alone gives any ground for such interference with the rights of the place or coast in question, and of innocent traders therewith, as is involved in the forcible prevention by a foreign Power of peaceable access to it. A "pacific blockade" is as much a contradiction in terms as a "pacific war," nor could the very notion of such a contradiction be entertained except by those who have lost all idea of the difference between peace and war.

And, strangely enough, the notion that it is either right or lawful to attack or to prohibit the trade of a Power with which the attacking or prohibiting State is at peace is accompanied by the equally novel and strange notion that it is not right or lawful to attack or to prohibit the trade of a Power with which the attacking or prohibiting State is at war. The mere suggestion of the proposition that it is wrong to attack an enemy's trade in war would have been scouted by any of the generation of Englishmen who still remembered how England had, by this very means and no other, conquered Napoleon. The other proposition, that it is right to attack a friend's trade in peace, is one so monstrous and untenable that it can only be advanced by those who believe that peace is war and war is peace.

Another current notion is that "contraband of war" is anything that the Government of a belligerent State chooses to declare to be such, and nothing else—though those who hold this notion appear usually to believe that, in case England were at war, it is only the other belligerent that would have this power of declaring such and such things to be contraband, while England herself would have no voice in the matter. It is apparently altogether forgotten that the final and only fully adequate authority in such a matter is a Prize Court, judging according to the Law of Nations, and that no mere declaration by a belligerent of what is or what is not contraband is of any avail unless and until it is affirmed and confirmed by the reasoned decision of a duly constituted Prize Court. Thus the French contention that rice was contraband of war during the French operations in Tonkin in 1884 remains a contention only, for it was never brought to the test of a Prize Court decision.

A long peace has given rise to equally strange new ideas, not alone of the Law of Nations but also of the actual practice of warfare, such as had never before been conceived, and could hardly have been conceived now but for the long absence of experience in the effect of actual fighting upon actual men, coupled with an exaggerated belief in the power of the greatly perfected modern naval armaments and defences to change, not alone the conditions of naval warfare, which they certainly must do, but human nature itself, which they as certainly will not and cannot do.


Thus naval officers, serving in the very latest and finest battleships, are heard to profess the belief that from a modern naval action none of them will come out alive. Nevertheless, the teaching of all history is that the effect of improved armaments has always hitherto been not to increase but to diminish the loss of life in battle; and this for the very sufficient reason that, so long as men are men, their unconquerable tendency must and will be to fight at a greater distance from an enemy's gun the straighter that gun shoots and the more harm it does. Improvement in weapons has always hitherto meant increase

in fighting distances, and of two combatants one at least will, and the other must, observe the rule. Thus the first great naval action between England and France, fought by Edward III. in 1340 at Sluys, in which bows and arrows, swords and pikes, played the chief part, resulted, as contemporary chroniclers say, in the slaughter of 30,000 Frenchmen, and the land battle of Crecy, six years later, in a similar number of slain—a degree of loss which has never been equalled or even approached in single battles since firearms were used, and which has steadily diminished in proportion to the perfection attained therein, so that neither the battle of the Nile nor that of Trafalgar will at all compare with Sluys in the number of slain, any more than Blenheim or Waterloo will compare with Crecy.

Again, it is often assumed that, as a rule, all naval actions will in future be “fought to a finish,” that, generally speaking, all the vessels engaged will hold out to the very last, and that most of them will be sunk. Here again the experience of actual war leads to an opposite conclusion; and unless we are to believe that human nature has wholly changed, we must expect in the future what has always happened in the past—that, in the vast majority of cases, and apart from accident, ships will surrender before they sink; that there will still be, as there always has been, a point beyond which human endurance cannot go; that when this point has been reached and overpassed, the flag will be hauled down with no further resistance; and that when a certain amount of damage has been done to a ship and her armament, and a certain degree of loss inflicted on her crew, that ship will certainly rather surrender than sink in the attempt to prolong a struggle now become equally hopeless and useless.

As a corollary to this, the notion seems to be generally prevalent that the only object that should be or that need be entertained in naval warfare is to sink and destroy the enemy, whereas in real warfare it was always recognised that a preferable object was to defeat, preserve, and capture him, and that only when this was impracticable was it necessary to seek to sink and destroy him. The effect of capture is twofold that of destruction, for the latter only deprives the enemy of ship and crew, whereas the former both does that and brings them back into the victor’s possession for use, adds prize to victory, gives prisoners for exchange, effects a greater result with a less loss of life to the vanquished, produces a far greater moral effect to the advantage of the captor and the disadvantage of the captured, and so does far more to bring the war towards a conclusion by the submission of the enemy.

Another new notion of a still stranger nature has so taken possession of the naval mind, that whole flotillas have been built in the belief of its soundness, and elaborate systems of harbour-defence constructed to provide against these flotillas. This is the notion that





warlike operations of the deadliest kind may reasonably and advantageously be conducted by vessels of war without ever previously ascertaining, of a certainty, whether those against whom they are directed are friends or foes. It is upon this notion, and upon this alone, that the whole conception of torpedo-boats and of torpedo warfare, as conducted by those boats, can rest. The torpedo-boat claims to be a vessel of war, and her officers and crew would undoubtedly, in case of capture, expect and claim (what could hardly be denied to them) honourable treatment as prisoners of war. Yet the assumption upon which alone she can be expected to succeed, or even to come near to success, in her deadly work, is that she is to adopt a course of action wholly unlike that of a vessel of war—that she is to hoist no true colours, fire no affirming gun, nor even answer any hail, but is secretly to creep up unannounced, unheard, unseen, to discharge her torpedoes and then to fly for her life. Her methods are essentially those of the cloaked midnight assassin, not those of the man-of-war; and since, in the case of the assassin, it is essential that he should assure himself that the victim he dogs with his silent upraised dagger is really his enemy and not his friend, since it is even more essential in his case than in the case of the open fighter that before he strikes he should be sure, so is it equally essential in the case of the torpedo-boat, for a mistake once made cannot be rectified or remedied. Yet the notion obtains that the business of the torpedo-boat is, if she can, to sink any battleship she meets at sea and takes for a foe, without previously verifying of a certainty whether it is a friend or a foe. Verification, it is truly enough said, would involve the disclosure of herself and of her own character; and since, if she is once seen and recognised, she would in all probability be herself destroyed, her only chance is to destroy without sign or question: wherefore she must hoist no colours, make no disclosure of her presence, no affirmation of her character, and no attempt to exchange with the battleship that "private signal" which in real war has always played so important, so salutary, so safeguarding, so necessary a part. She is to torpedo the battleship and to bolt, trusting that it is an enemy she has sunk, but never sure that it is not a friend. The necessary corollary to this novel notion of warfare is the adoption of another new notion, namely, that as the torpedo-boat is to treat the battleship, so is the battleship to treat the torpedo-boat; that all torpedo-boats whatever are to be held as vermin, and that the business of a battleship is to sink, without private signal, parley, or question, every single torpedo-boat or torpedo-destroyer that unexpectedly approaches her, either at sea or in harbour. The experience of real war has, however, established beyond all doubt the supreme necessity for absolute verification of the true character of any vessel unexpectedly met at sea before proceeding to fight her; it has shown, moreover, that, even when this necessity has

been fully understood and every security to meet it, including the private signal, has been duly used, the most appalling mistakes have often occurred ; nevertheless, the notion is now entertained that, in the case in question, the necessity may be disregarded, and that all the securities bred of actual experience may be abandoned.

If, indeed, this new notion should be acted upon, mistakes more appalling than any that have hitherto occurred will be inevitable. It is to be expected, however, that the new notion will be so modified as to become identical with the old conviction, that verification is absolutely necessary before fighting ; in which case the private signal will recover all its uses and all its importance, and it will be recognised that the torpedo-boat can no more safely or prudently be used than any other vessel of war to sink a ship unless and until it has absolutely ascertained to a certainty the enemy character of that ship, either by use of the private signal, by undoubted surrounding circumstances, or by the fact that the ship is actually lying in an enemy's port as part of that enemy's forces—for the fact alone of her being in such a port would not of itself suffice, since she might be a neutral man-of-war. When the notion is brought back to this it will be reasonable enough ; but it will then have lost all that is novel in it, and the torpedo-boat will then also have lost many, if not most, of the uses expected from it, and many, if not most, of the exaggerated terrors that surround it.

Again, the belief in the advantage of missile weapons over all others, which originated in actual fighting experience, which began with the successful pitting of the English bowman with his cloth-yard shaft against sword, lance, and body armour combined in their greatest perfection, and which lasted from Sluys to Trafalgar, has in recent times been rudely assailed, and precisely there where it might have been expected to be most unassailable—in the case of the ship and the great gun. Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, a distinguished naval officer who, from 1893 up to 1898, was a sea lord of the Admiralty, recorded his own convictions in 1874 in an essay which, from among many others, was selected for the prize by such other distinguished officers as Admirals Milne, Ryder, and Cooper Key ; and they are as follows :

“In a general action I do not hold that the guns will be the principal weapon ; but should the ship's engines or steering-gear be disabled, temporarily or permanently, her guns will become all-important. *Then* let her show the enemy what gunners can do. . . . I am not myself of opinion that artillery is the most important weapon in a fleet. It is, I believe, very generally held by those officers who have studied the armament and manœuvring of fleets that the *ram* is fast supplanting the gun in importance.” \*

So, too, Captain (now Admiral) Colomb, in his “Lessons from Lissa,” says:

\* “The Gun, Ram, and Torpedo.” Prize Essay by Commander Gerard H. U. Noel R.N. London : J. Griffin & Co. 1874.



"The serious part of a future naval attack does not appear to be the guns, but the rams";

and so also Captain Pellew, in his lecture on "Fleet Manœuvring," says:

"Rams are the arm of naval warfare to which I attach the chief importance. In my opinion, the aim of all manœuvring and preliminary practice with the guns should be to get a fair opportunity for ramming." \*

The fact that British battleships are still fitted with rams suggests that disbelief in the superior importance of the missile weapon still obtains among naval officers and still prevails among the naval lords of the Admiralty. Yet nothing is more certain than that all history and all the experience of actual naval warfare show the great gun to be, of all others, the weapon of the ship, and, of all others, that by which all naval battles have been decided. It seems, therefore, not impossible that actual warfare may have, as one of its first effects, to restore the belief, which actual warfare first created, in the supreme importance of the gun, and not merely to establish its superiority over either the ram or the torpedo, but to relegate both ram and torpedo to the limbo of scrap-iron.

While an infinity of speculations have been indulged in as to the actual probable methods of modern naval warfare, and an infinity of theories thereon have been successively adopted—some to be abandoned almost as soon as suggested, others to be embodied in new vessels, new weapons, and new harbour works—yet little attention seems to have been paid or thought given by the propounders of these speculations and theories to the fact that all these operations are but means to an end. The final object and end of all warfare is to reduce the enemy to submission; and unless the operations of naval warfare can be made so to act upon the enemy as to diminish his material resources for the continuance of the war, so to injure him as to produce weakness and weariness, and so to increase that weakness and weariness as to bring him nearer to submission—unless this effect be caused, the operations themselves, however brilliant or glorious, must be held to have failed in their object. To kill, burn, destroy, capture, and proclaim victory is but to have caused the submission of the enemy's naval forces immediately affected, and, unless it has so considerable an effect on the enemy's Government as to bring the latter appreciably nearer to submission, is less a proper occasion for joy and triumph than for sadness and shame. It is to be remembered that it is not with the defeated commanders, but with the enemy's Government, that the decision rests; and that the loss of a ship, of a fleet, or even of a whole navy may conceivably leave that Government so uninjured in its

\* "The Gun, Ram, and Torpedo." Prize Essay by Commander Gerard H. U. Noel, R.N. London: J. Griffin & Co. 1874.

material resources, so unimpaired in its power to levy men and money, as to be of no present effect in inducing it to seek peace. This was so with Trafalgar, which, although the most complete naval victory of modern times, so little availed to bring Napoleon to submission that it was immediately followed, only six weeks later, by his victory of Austerlitz, which, in Pitt's words, "rolled up the map of Europe," was succeeded by his victory of Friedland in June 1807, and his alliance with the Russian Emperor at Tilsit, and was followed, not by peace, but by precisely eight years of incessant war, ending only in Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig in 1813. That which did affect and effect the final end and object of the war was the incessant sap of the enemy's trade which followed Trafalgar; the denial and almost complete prevention of all international intercourse by sea, brought about by the unobtrusive yet constant action of British cruisers and privateers; the consequent enormous raising of prices on the enemy's subjects, and the resulting distress and diminution of their taxable capacity. That it was which in 1810 and 1811 was felt so much by Russia that she rather chose to break with Napoleon than continue its endurance; that it was which really brought about Napoleon's disastrous Moscow campaign and the sixth coalition, which ruined him. In short, where Trafalgar had failed, capture of property and stoppage of trade succeeded; for while the former brought great glory yet had little effect, the latter had great effect though it brought little glory. The statesman who would shape means to ends must therefore value the latter far more than the former, though he will not forget that the former helped much to render the latter possible. The naval officer and the student theorists and prophets of naval warfare—whether professional or amateur—have, however, naturally enough (with the single exception of Captain Mahan), rather dwelt upon the former than the latter, and do still so dwell, as though to show the eternal truth of the Preacher's most touching and pathetic parable:

"There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."

Finally—and here, indeed, seems to be the root of the whole matter—there have arisen strange new conceptions of the very nature of war itself. Not alone in the popular mind, but also among certain politicians and certain students of the Law of Nations, animated by a desire to "humanise war," there has been revived the notion which constantly recurred during the Middle Ages, that war might be restricted in its operations to a selected few persons only of the nations involved. In the Middle Ages, indeed, the suggestion was that national disputes should be settled by single combat between the sovereigns, and solemn proposals of personal duels to this effect were

many times made by one sovereign to another. The modern form of the notion, however, does not push it so far, and, instead of suggesting that war may be reduced to a duel between two sovereigns, is limited to the suggestion that it may be reduced to a duel between Governments—including their whole military and naval forces, but no others—while the peoples are left aside at peace with each other, continuing relations of amity, carrying on their trade and fulfilling their contracts each with the other as though no war existed. Though the attempt at the Conference of Brussels of 1874 to make an advance towards this notion ended in foredoomed failure, the inherent contradictions and absurdities of the notion itself have not prevented it from gaining advocates, who apparently have never asked themselves whether, and if so, how, a Government can be dissociated from its people; how a Government can exist at all without a people; what a Government is, except the power of levying men and money from its people; whether it would or could suffice to vanquish one Government with its one army and navy, when (as, indeed, happened in France in 1870) it might be succeeded by another Government with another army and navy, and that by another until the people (to whom at last it must all come) were exhausted; or whether it is conceivable that out of every ten of the people one should be engaged in killing and injuring the enemy, while the other nine are engaged in keeping him alive and assisting him; that the people should be divided into two parts, and that each part should be invited to act, not with, but against the other; whether, in short, it is conceivable that civil war should always and of necessity be added to foreign war? “Why,” asks Dr. Macdonell (in a lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution in July 1898), “why, when you come to think of it, should the payment of debts due by the subjects of one belligerent to the subjects of another be either voided or suspended?” One might as reasonably ask why, when you come to think of it, the subjects of one belligerent should be sent to shoot the subjects of another, or why the subjects of the one should go on paying taxes to furnish means for the destruction of the subjects of the other. Is it reasonable, or humane, or consistent, or anything but absurd that there should be hatred and war between Governments and armies, and yet amity and peace between the subjects, who alone furnish the means of maintaining those Governments and armies? Can there be, in short, any war at all that does not amount to a contest between the whole nation on one side and the whole nation on the other? If there can, the conditions of that war have never yet been formulated, and the only attempts that have been made to approach their formulation, contemplate what is not war at all. Still less has any such war ever been waged as one involving an official war together with a popular peace. It has, indeed, occasionally

suited the purpose of an aggressor to profess the purpose, but the practice has as invariably falsified the profession. The "*Guerre aux palais, paix à la chaumière*" of the French Revolution destroyed ten thousand cottages for one palace, and killed a hundred thousand cottagers for one prince. The King of Prussia's proclamation on invading France in August 1870 was:

"Je fais la guerre aux soldats et non aux citoyens français," and added, "ceux-ci continueront, par conséquent, à jouir d'une complète sécurité pour leurs personnes et leurs biens aussi longtemps qu'ils ne me priveront eux-mêmes, par des entreprises hostiles contre les troupes allemandes, du droit de leur accorder ma protection."

Yet in November the Prussian Minister of War, then in Versailles, ordered that "all valuables found in houses deserted by their owners, if not reclaimed within a certain time, were to be confiscated for the benefit of the war-chest"; while Bismarck was asking, "Why do they continue to make prisoners? They should have shot down the whole twelve hundred one after the other."\* The American General Sheridan, then with the German armies, had previously, in conversation with Bismarck, put *his* view of war thus: "The proper strategy consists in the first place in inflicting as telling blows as possible upon the enemy's army, and then in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace and force their Government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war"—a frank yet hardly exaggerated statement of the sharpest and shortest way with war, which, as it recalled the devastation of the Shenandoah valley, so it was pursued by Germany in France whenever (as at Bazeilles) the German generals thought it expedient. And the final and crowning commentary on the Emperor's proclamation was the exaction from France of that war indemnity of £200,000,000, every penny of which was supplied by the citizens who had been promised "complete security for their persons and their property," and not one penny by the soldiers against whom alone the war was professed to be made!

The grounds, indeed, on which it can justly or reasonably be claimed that the citizen shall be exempted from the war so long as he is unofficial and un-uniformed, while the citizen official or uniformed is to remain subject thereto, appear upon inquiry to be slender indeed. For it is the former citizen who creates the latter, who pays him, uniforms him, and provides him with the implements of destruction, who renews those implements as they fail, who renews the men themselves as they are killed, and who reserves for those of them who fail or fly his severest blame, for those of them who succeed or conquer his greatest praise and his highest honours. The soldier or the sailor who fights is but the instrument of the citizen who pays; and if we

\* "Bismarck." By M. Busch. Vol. i. pp. 170, 280.

needs must apportion the guilt of war as between them, it is upon the citizen that the greater share of the guilt must rest, upon the citizen that the greater portion of any punishment for guilt should justly fall. Without the wealth of the citizen to supply that money which has been called the sinews of war, not a soldier could take the field nor a sailor leave port; nay, neither of them could so much as have come into existence as either soldier or sailor. The six successive coalitions against France formed during the twenty years from 1793 to 1813 were mainly supported by subventions from the wealth of England; it was these subsidies alone that enabled Russia, Austria, and Prussia to put troops into the field; and although not an English soldier was present at most of those battles, it was England who was always the principal and most terrible enemy by whom Napoleon found himself encountered at Austerlitz, at Eylau, at Friedland, at Wagram, and at Leipzig. None better than he knew, nor oftener said, that the true source of the resistance he encountered in Europe was the wealth of England; neither was any one of his purposes more frankly avowed than the purpose of destroying that wealth by striking at the trade which he well knew to be its origin, and of thereby stopping the apparently inexhaustible flow of guineas springing up into armed Russians, Austrians, and Prussians. Nor can it be denied that he saw clearly and judged aright, or that it was less the fighting soldiers or sailors than the tax-paying citizens of England who for so many years kept alive the resistance to his ambitious projects. Here, then, it is the citizen upon whom, not principally but exclusively, the guilt, if any, lay; upon him that the responsibility fell.

War at its best is so horrible, so lamentable, so loathsome, that every merciful and generous mind must eagerly welcome anything that is calculated to mitigate its severities and to alleviate its horrors. Whether, however, such a device as the Geneva Convention, which purports to relieve an army of the care of its own wounded, and thus to set it by so much the more free to continue its wounding and slaughtering work; or such a device as the St. Petersburg Convention, which prohibits the use of an explosive bullet weighing less than nine-tenths of a pound (400 grammes), but allows its use if of any greater weight—whether these are real alleviations of war, or are not rather astute contrivances for other ends, has been doubted and may be doubtful. On the other hand, the military usages, which allow some methods of injury in war and forbid others, and which, so far as they forbid, are held to be merciful alleviations of warfare—these have always been shifting and variable, differing with the different spirit of different ages, but tending always to condemn the new devices of mechanical ingenuity and so to deprive of its advantages the nation most excelling in that ingenuity. Thus in the twelfth century the new crossbow was condemned by the Church as an arm odious to



God, while in the fifteenth century the musket was equally condemned for an unlawful weapon, so that even Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, ordered all musketeers who fell into his hands to be slain without mercy. In their modern form, these usages forbid the use of poison or of poisoned weapons, the mutilation of the dead, the maiming or killing of unarmed prisoners, and the slaughter of the wounded on the field of battle. But it must always be remembered that they forbid these acts only when they are unnecessary, and when they are consequently merely wanton barbarities; that the acts themselves are not prohibited when they are requisite for self-preservation; and that the only judge whether they are requisite or not is the soldier who commits them. Thus the slaughter of the wounded—probably the most cruel of all—is permitted, and, indeed, dictated, when the security of the victor is held by that victor to require it, and it was carried out probably to a greater extent than was ever before known in modern times, no longer ago than at the battle of Omdurman in September 1898. It appears, indeed, to be held that in war all acts are lawful, though all are not expedient; that the expediency of them depends mainly on the probability of retaliation in kind; and that of this expediency there can be no other judge than the perpetrator of the act himself. These attempts, therefore, to alleviate the horrors of war are as casual and uncertain as they are incomplete and unsatisfying.

It would rather seem that any attempts to seek a mitigation of the horrors of war should be made in quite other directions than in those hitherto so lamely followed. Rather should ingenuity in the invention of new and more awful methods of destruction be encouraged than discouraged, rather should the use of all weapons be allowed without stint, and new and more deadly weapons added thereto. If, as may possibly be, we at last arrive at a point when a chemist, innocent of gold lace and cock's feathers, but armed with formulæ, shall be capable of destroying armies off the face of the earth by simply mixing powders against them, that chemist should rather be encouraged than discouraged, for war and the soldier's trade could hardly survive him, and the horrors of both would then, indeed, be mitigated to some purpose.

And meantime it would also seem that within the notions now current and the rules now agreed to, the most effectual methods of alleviating the horrors of war will be such methods as will render the war most effective and therefore most short; such methods as are most effectually directed, not so much at the soldier and sailor, who are but instruments, but at the citizen, who is their creator, supporter, paymaster, inciter, and rewarder—not, indeed, at the citizen's life, but at what touches him more nearly, his pocket; that war, in fine, should be directed at the material resources of the so-called non-combatant, that his prosperity

should be impaired, his power of paying taxes diminished, and his patience and endurance so exhausted that he is driven to hate the war and to sigh for peace. If this can be effected with the citizen, the soldier and the sailor cannot and will not long survive as combatants in the war; and if there are means whereby the citizen—who is the real villain of the piece—can be reached in his pocket, without the soldier or sailor—who is the deluded victim of the piece—being necessarily touched at all, then these means are, of all others, those that should be, those that must be, preferentially adopted by the just, merciful, and business-like warrior who would seek to reach the real supporters of the war, to injure them in the most effectual and least cruel manner, and thus to obtain that submission of the enemy which—which alone, and not slaughter, nor even glory—is the final end to be sought.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

## THE GROWTH OF MONOPOLY IN BRITISH INDUSTRY.

THE theoretic economists have justified competition in industry and commerce by the social advantage arising from the elimination of the unfit by competitors more able to cope with difficulties and more responsive to the needs of consumers. These successful individuals in their turn must yield to more able and better equipped *entrepreneurs*, and in this way the progressive improvement of industry is ensured to the satisfaction of all concerned except those employers who go down in the struggle. In practice it has turned out that in most industries victory has been with the large establishments, for in the "beneficent private war" of trade economic law is on the side of the big battalions and the long purse. In the lowering of prices through competition and the steady fall in the rate of interest the income of the manufacturer or trader could only be kept up by a large turnover at a low rate of profit taking the place of a small turnover at a high rate. The costliness of improved machinery and the expense of initiating new processes alike necessitated the larger outlays of capital which the development of the joint-stock system made possible by permitting the aggregation of small savings. The ruin of the small industry was completed by the greater efficiency of the large system (*der Grossbetrieb*)—the saving in management, superintendence, and advertising, the better division of labour, and the application of a higher grade of brain-power than could find scope in mere huckstering. So long as competition continues there is theoretically no limit to the growth of the business unit and the concomitant diminution of the number of directors of industry, except the limit of the amount of trade which can be efficiently controlled by one head. Even this limit is put far off by the evolution of a complex division of management, such as is shown in any large railway. As Bagehot pointed out,

the commercial man whose time is taken up with the details of his business is doomed to failure. Not the smallest advantage of a gigantic business is that it requires an organisation which sets free the finest brain to devise the large movements of trade. The experience of the United States, with its immense trusts controlling whole industries in America and even extending their operations to Europe, appears to justify this prospect of the emergence of gigantic private monopolies; but nevertheless its truth as regards England has been vehemently denied. Trusts are notoriously fostered by the protective system of taxation in America, and it has consequently been supposed that the free-trade system of this country with its full admission of foreign competition would prevent the development of great restrictive combinations. Moreover, the law-abiding instincts of our people, which have formed themselves side by side with the slow growth of industry, would render impossible the lawless practices by which American trusts often crushed their trade rivals, and the greed for money has never reached in this country the height to which it has attained across the Atlantic. These considerations, backed by the practical example of the failure of the Salt Union, have seemed to justify the contention of those who maintain that trusts will not flourish on English soil.

A closer examination of the facts of English industry of to-day gives a check to such complacent conclusions. Traders are not in business for philanthropic purposes or to make manifest the efficiency of competition. As long as they find that incomes can be made and wealth accumulated at the expense of their rivals so long will they wage war against them, but when the cutting of prices has reduced profits to the vanishing point a truce will be called, especially if in the progress of trade the number of competitors has been brought down to a figure which makes agreement possible. The tendency then will be, not to increase the virulence of competition, but to deprive the consumer of its benefits by interposing a barrier to the fall of prices. This is the characteristic feature of the trading world to-day.

In the retail trade competition appears to rule supreme. There the small man still retains a footing, though with a desperate struggle and at the cost of all efficiency. The cutting of prices is made plain to every man and woman, for everything is marked down to something three-farthings in order to tempt buyers. Quality is sacrificed in the desire to snatch a profit, and the customer ignorant of technical differences is driven to seek cheapness only and chance the rest. In London alone 40 per cent. of general shopkeepers live in that condition which Mr. Charles Booth grades as "crowded," and yet in retail businesses almost fabulous fortunes are made. The retail trade is to-day passing through an industrial revolution similar to that which manufacture experienced in the early years of this century, and the small shopkeeper is the analogue of the hand-loom weaver. Large-

businesses like Marshall & Snelgrove's, Peter Robinson's, Lipton's obtain an ever-increasing share of trade, for, among other reasons, a well-known or well-advertised name is taken as a guarantee of quality. Establishments like the various "Stores," Whiteley's, Spiers & Ponds', and other "universal providers," where a number of different but co-ordinate businesses are congregated under the same roof, like so many markets, are a never-ceasing source of wonderment to visitors to London, especially to continental socialists, to whom they appear to realise some of Mr. Bellamy's dreams. The growing trade done by such houses is shown by the rise of Lipton's profits from £68,000 in 1890 to £176,900 in 1897. The joint-stock company system has spread to distributive businesses. To the boom in breweries has succeeded a boom in groceries, and the capitalisation of stores and trading companies in the grocery, provision, meat, oil, and drug trades in the two years 1896-7 was over £18,000,000. One well-known company has a capital of a million, and another of two and a half millions. These large firms spread by setting up branches in both town and country, so that nowhere is the private shopkeeper secure from their competition, and modern facilities for transport further increase the scope of their activity. The prospectus of Lipton's, Limited, for instance, shows seventy-two branches in London and 181 in the provinces. The number of establishments run by half-a-dozen grocery companies would in themselves supply a large community, and the cheap restaurants of London are in the hands of four or five firms. The London milk trade is in the same condition, and chemists and tobacconists also have to face the same form of competition. One tobacco company alone has over a hundred branches.

The tendency towards monopoly is thus sufficiently evident, but in dealing with the cutting of prices we come face to face with some interesting arrangements. Retailers have awakened to the fact that competition has reached the point where it is no longer profitable, and that combination is a more effective way of obtaining a steady income. In the grocery, tobacconist, chemist, and baking branches of the shop trades the traders are grouped into local trade associations of more or less strength, and these, again, are federated nationally. These bodies put pressure on railway companies to obtain reductions of rates, and on Governments to avert threatened legislation; they seek to remove trade abuses, and frequently look after the common interests in the law courts. In Scotland, for the last two years, the Traders' Defence Association has carried on a vehement campaign against co-operative stores, and tried to exclude their agents from the local supply markets. The grocers' associations rely mainly on moral suasion to prevent cutting, but in various places local price-lists have been agreed on, a method which prevails extensively in the better organised baking trade. The daily press shows how the price of



bread goes up uniformly over a district—"it has been agreed to raise," the notice usually runs; but the public rarely suspects the organisation behind the innocent-looking lines. Should any baker break away from the list price, he is speedily starved out by the combination of the other bakers to reduce prices still lower. In the tobacco trade cutting has not been satisfactorily dealt with, owing to the strength of the large firms which indulge in the practice.

Chemists and druggists, with their quasi-professional status, have a more efficient organisation than any of the other retail trades, and their habit of association into local pharmaceutical associations and compulsory membership of the Pharmaceutical Society has made them readier to face their trade problems. In addition to being the poor relations of the medical profession, they are ordinary shopkeepers in relation to their trade in patent medicines and proprietary articles. How far this once lucrative business has suffered from the competition of "drug stores," grocers, &c., is evident to any one having experience of town and country prices. "The Proprietary Articles Trade Association," consisting of both wholesale and retail chemists, has been formed "to take such steps as the association may be advised are legal to deal with extreme cutting of prices, and to give advice and render assistance to its members in preventing substitution"—i.e., the pushing of some other article in place of that asked for. The members bind themselves not to sell below fixed wholesale and retail prices:

"The plan by which prices are secured is simple. . . . The proprietors of the articles upon our list undertake to withhold supplies of their articles from any firm selling any one of them below the minimum prices, or from any firm who after due notice supplies such a cutter with any of the goods."\*

After a year's work the association, in the beginning of 1897, included over 1700 out of 8000 retailers, and every wholesale patent medicine house in London with one exception. It also runs a paper, *The Anti-Cutting Record*. Here is a typical advertisement of a firm belonging to the association:

"Limit of Cutting. The proprietors hereby give notice to the trade that the limit of 'cutting' prices of —'s — has been fixed as under: 6d. packets to be sold at not less than 5½d. . . . Full prices to be obtained wherever possible. Furthermore, any chemist, grocer, or stores cutting below these prices will be refused supplies direct from ourselves."

Another article is advertised that it "shows a protected profit of 33½ per cent." And a third firm, while not joining the association, announce their intention of meeting the difficulty

"by revising our terms of supply to the trade as from January 1st next,

\* *Pharmaceutical Journal*, Jan. 9, 1897.

and by making an appeal to all retailers not to sell our 1s. articles below 10½d., and to endeavour by mutual agreement to make the minimum price 11d. . . . asking them at the same time to get full prices when possible, and certainly for bookings."

The local chemists' associations also utilise their organisation for purposes of co-operative purchasing; thus the Plymouth and District Association, in 1897, bought over £1000 worth of goods in this way. Another co-operative undertaking is the Chemists' Aerated Mineral Waters Association, Limited, which has 4000 members, all chemists, and eliminates the outside manufacturer by making mineral waters for disposal to members only.

The retail dealer has two sources of profit—one is to sell dear, the other is to buy cheap. The greater the stress of competition, the greater is the pressure they put on the wholesale dealer, who, at the same time, has to compete for custom with other wholesale dealers, and sees his whole livelihood increasingly cut away by large firms dealing directly with the manufacturer. The wholesale dealer in turn tries to put off the burden of loss on the manufacturer, and there it tends to stay. The fixing of retail prices in no way diminishes the inducements to the retailer to make an extra profit out of his suppliers. Not that the manufacturer submits tamely to the reduction of his gains; quite the contrary. Before his customer he is economically weak, being in the position of a man who must sell at once to a man who is under no necessity to buy at any given time, or from any particular person. His first resort is usually to make a cut off wages, but an obstacle is met in the trade-unions with their standard rates. His next effort is to attempt to oust the middleman altogether, and he fills the commercial press with complaints about the iniquitous sucking-up of profits indulged in by that individual. In certain new commodities, notably in the cycle and sewing-machine trades, the middleman has been eliminated, and the manufacturer deals directly with the retailer or the customer; the same is mainly true where the distributive business is in the hands of large firms. The large breweries, again, have almost wiped out the private publican, by taking over licences through their nominees and converting public-houses into "tied houses," bound to sell only particular kinds of liquor. Some of the large millers are getting a similar control over the baking trade by setting up employees of their own in "tied" shops, or by granting credit on condition of exclusive dealing. But where and in so far as retailers are small men, middlemen perform a useful function by obviating the need for an army of travellers, and cannot be abolished. The aggregation of subordinate industries is another method which every manufacturer now adopts in order to save profits. A shipbuilding firm, for example, now engages men of several hundred different trades, from upholstery to engineering.

These are collective methods of unifying business by eliminating unnecessary classes of *entrepreneurs*, but the manufacturer, in an individualist manner, also seeks to protect himself by patents and trade marks, by making his goods proprietary articles, by skilful advertising, and by seeking new markets. He has succeeded so far that in the grocery trade the shopkeeper is in most instances no longer an expert tradesman, but an unskilled labourer, who hands across the counter So-and-so's tea, or such-and-such a brand of soap, as requested by the customer. Patent and proprietary articles are the most, in fact almost the only, profitable branch of manufacture; but a patent is only a source of extra profit while it is private, and a proprietary article may at any time be driven out by some new favourite. The search for fresh markets ungoverned by competition is no easy matter and often involves questions of high politics. The manufacturer, therefore, finds himself forced to use against the retailer the same weapon which the retailer has taken up against the consumer—namely, combination.

This new phase of trade has not yet been submitted to sufficient economic investigation, and as the various arrangements are not always proclaimed from the housetops precise information is lacking. Single amalgamations, while not entirely excluding competition, control the screw, cotton, thread, salt, alkali, and india-rubber tyre industries. In other cases a formal or informal agreement of masters fixes prices; thus in the hollow-ware trade (metal utensils) prices are arranged by an informal ring of a dozen Birmingham firms. Similarly there is no open market in antimony, nickel, mercury, lead pipes, fish supply, and petroleum. Steel and iron rails are controlled by an English rail ring, which so manages matters that it is undersold by American, Belgian, and German competitors. All the largest firms in the newspaper making industry have just consolidated their interests into one large combination. In the engineering trade twenty-four firms have a subscribed capital of £14,245,000. In 1897 Armstrong & Co. absorbed Whitworth & Co., raising their capital to £4,210,000 in the process. Vickers & Co., the armour-plate manufacturers, are another example of a very large amalgamation. In the spring of 1897 they bought up the Naval Construction and Armaments Co., and later they acquired the Maxim-Nordenfelt Guns and Ammunition Co. Now they boast of being the only firm capable of turning out a battleship complete in every respect. The most noteworthy examples of combination, however, are to be found in the Birmingham staple trades and in the textile industries.

Mr. E. J. Smith, the author of the Birmingham scheme of trade combination, said in January 1898:

"In these combined trades there are about 500 employers and about  
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20,000 workpeople. It was first adopted seven years ago in the metallic bedstead trade, and has been so successful in that industry that the trade is to-day one of the most envied in the country. Since then it has been tried by the makers of spring mattresses, cased tubes, spun mounts, rolled metal, brass wire, metal tubes, iron, iron and brass, and brass fenders, china furniture, electrical fittings, marl for pottery ware, common building bricks, and iron, brass, and electroplated coffin handle plates and ornaments. Amongst other manufacturers who are taking it up are the makers of jet and Rockingham ware (potteries), galvanised hollow-ware, and brass and iron pins. It cannot, therefore, be said that it is suitable for any particular trade only, while the fact that it has never failed in any trade in which its principles and methods have been fully adopted is a sufficient testimony to its claim for full consideration."

The scheme is based on the necessity for combination among both employers and employed, and on the recognition of the truth about competition.

"The real cause of small profits, and, in most cases, inadequate wages, has been the insane and altogether unnecessary competition at home. The manufacturers who are chiefly to blame do not make in Germany—they are named Smith and Jones, and they are our next-door neighbours. This is not a mere expression of opinion. It comes as the result of experience gained by means which may fairly be called exceptional, if not absolutely unique. The secrets of many trades have been laid bare, the circumstances thoroughly examined, and the common delusions dispelled, before this conclusion has been gradually accepted. Before we trouble ourselves about undue competition abroad it is necessary to control suicidal competition at home. In the carrying out of the plan to which these conclusions lead it is necessary to establish a good trade union on either side. The next step is to carefully ascertain the real cost of production of every article the selling price of which is to be controlled, and to fix the right proportion of profit which must at least be obtained. This is done on a system which does not stereotype selling prices or prevent the manufacture of cheaper articles: it only insists upon the cost, whatever it may be, being taken out on prescribed lines and the right proportion of profit being added to the cost, whatever it may be."

These legitimate prices are fixed by committees which examine all the conditions of manufacture.

"Having arrived at selling prices an alliance between the two associations or unions is brought about. Actual wages are left where they are, with an arrangement that while the alliance continues they shall never be reduced, excepting at the workers' own request, for some special purpose. And a bonus on these wages is paid, such bonus to be regulated in the future on a sliding scale as profits increase or decrease, the first bonus never to be removed unless by the consent of the workpeople, for a special purpose."

Disputes between employers and workmen are dealt with by conciliation boards, which have managed to compose all differences without requiring the aid of outside arbitration. Usually an immediate bonus on wages of 10 per cent. has been given. It is an essential part of the agreement that the members of the employers' association

contract to employ only members of the trade union, and that the latter bind themselves not to work for "any manufacturer who is not a member of the Manufacturers' Association or is selling his goods at lower prices than those which from time to time are decided upon"—to quote the words of the Cased Tube Agreement. Manufacturers who refused to enter the combination are only allowed to join afterwards on payment of a heavy fine. Mr. Smith continues:

"A special committee is appointed in each trade, whose duty it is to obtain returns from the members as to the condition of foreign trading, and to recommend from time to time such measures as may be necessary unitedly to meet foreign competition. This is done sometimes by reducing selling prices in some particular market only, by trading as an association instead of as individuals, or even by manufacturing in some country when nothing else is possible. . . . Some of these associations have strengthened their position by forming alliances with those trades which supply them with materials."

Outside the metal trades an alliance exactly on the Birmingham model was entered into between the Master Dyers' Association in the West Riding of Yorkshire and the Amalgamated Society of Dyers and the Gasworkers' and General Labourers' Union in October 1894. This combination immediately included 60 per cent. of the employers and over 90 per cent. of the operatives, and soon proceeded to force the other dyers to join by calling out their men. After eighteen months' working a system of fining was established for breaches of the decisions of the wages board, and for employers starting men or men leaving work contrary to the terms of the agreement. A rise in wages can only be obtained if a firm has been making over 5 per cent. profit and 75 per cent. of the trade in the same classification of wage districts are paying the amount demanded. At the present moment the "alliance" system is being extended to the pottery trades, but the movement is quite in its infancy and correspondingly weak.

In addition to securing industrial peace in their trades these alliances have the great social advantage of shifting competition from cheapness to processes; a manufacturer can only reduce prices by an improvement in the manufacture. But they also contain a great social danger by fixing profits solely from the standpoint of the manufacturer, and at the same time under a sliding scale and minimum wage enlisting the interests of the operatives against the consumer. So far this danger has not been seriously realised owing to the astute management of Mr. Smith, who takes care not to fix profits too high, but it is latent and may at any time emerge into actuality.

The cotton trade is an "open" industry in which profits have been reduced to the minimum by foreign competition, by the intrusion of fresh capital equipped with the latest inventions, and by the aggression



of powerful trade unions. For years the factory owners have sought to perfect their organisation so that they might meet their operatives on equal terms, but to no purpose, and only in the winter of 1897 the last attempted reduction of wages had to be abandoned owing to the failure of the masters to combine. Since then various sets of masters have formed for themselves little oases of co-operation in the waste of individual competition, and a perfect mania for trusts has set in. The impulse to this movement was given by the success of combination in the sewing-thread industry. The firm of J. & P. Coats, of Paisley, had been formed into a limited liability company in 1890, with a capital of £5,750,000, of which £2,000,000 were in debentures. After absorbing Kerr & Co., of Paisley, in 1895, an amalgamation was negotiated in 1896 with three of their chief rivals—Clarke & Co., of Paisley, Chadwick & Co., of Bolton, and Jonas Brook & Co., of Meltham. For this purpose £4,000,000 of fresh capital was raised, and since that date the dividend on ordinary stock has been 20 per cent. Messrs. Coats instructively remarked in their circular announcing the fusion :

“These aggregate profits will be largely increased by the benefits which must necessarily result from the amalgamation of the four concerns. It is not intended to sell at higher prices than those charged by the various companies when they were separate ; but a marked improvement in values will necessarily take place in markets where they have been unduly depressed by unhealthy and excessive competition. Quite apart, however, from such readjustment of selling prices, large savings will result, not only in the cost of manufacturing, but also in the cost of distributing.”

In December 1897 the English Sewing-Cotton Company, consisting of an amalgamation of fifteen firms, was floated with a share capital of £2,000,000 and £750,000 debentures. It is significant of the state of the trade that the prospectus stated that “the average profits of the last few years have been comparatively small,” and “the difficulty of arriving at reliable figures on a common basis is so great, and the fluctuations, owing to the excessive undercutting, are so considerable that the directors decline the responsibility of putting forward a detailed statement.” However, they expected that this permanent union would “tend to maintain a steady and reasonable range of prices.” Most important of all, the way to further amalgamation was prepared by an arrangement by which Messrs. Coats took £200,000 of the ordinary shares. Since the formation of the company the large Glasgow firm of R. F. & J. Alexander, with a capital of £475,000, has been absorbed. Latest of all, a huge combination of American sewing-thread manufacturers is announced, with a capital of £3,720,000, and agreements have been entered into with Messrs. Coats & Co. and the English Sewing-Cotton Company to avoid undue competition in output and prices, the former company taking up

£108,000 in shares and the latter £744,000. It must be only a matter of a short time before the few remaining independent thread manufacturers in this country are brought into one or other of the great combinations.

Profiting by these lessons and driven to action by the imperious necessity of staving off the ruinous consequences of severe competition at home and abroad, the cotton-spinners have been the next to turn their minds to combination. The Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association, Limited, was registered on March 31, 1898, with a share capital of £4,000,000 and £2,000,000 additional in debentures. Seventeen firms of spinners, mostly in Manchester and Bolton, and fifteen other firms of doublers are in the "combine," and Sir W. H. Houldsworth, M.P., is the chairman of the new company. This amalgamation has been facilitated by the fact that the bulk of the manufacture of these yarns has been in the hands of comparatively few firms, long established and with good connections. Further combinations, spoken of but not yet completed, are—the coarse yarn spinners in Oldham with a capital of £3,000,000, the linen yarn spinners in Belfast and the neighbourhood with a capital of £4,000,000, and the jute manufacturers of Dundee with an estimated capital of £2,000,000. The total capitalisation of the various bodies in the textile industry which have either combined or whose union is in immediate prospect is £28,000,000, and the limit is still far from being reached. The pressure of competition is felt everywhere, and there are many centres where the manufacturers of cotton and woollen goods are sufficiently few in number to make fusion of interests a matter of easy realisation.

Combination in the cotton industry is taking other forms besides federation against the operatives and fusion of business interests, forms which are not less characteristic of the way in which the old individualist spirit is disappearing from among Lancashire manufacturers. The organisation of information for the benefit of firms otherwise independent was undertaken last spring on the initiative of Mr. G. P. Holden. His plan was to substitute an accurate ascertainment of the state of the market for the present "vague and nebulous" reports, and firms controlling 80,000 looms agreed to make daily reports of the amounts of their sales, to be published on the Manchester Exchange the following day. Although the support given him was not enough to make his plan permanent, his arguments are worth noting.

"The advantage," he wrote, "to every manufacturer of knowing the actual average daily sales will immediately strengthen quotations and prevent the present feeling of panic. I regard it as certain to strengthen prices by at least 1 per cent. . . . The days' sales must average £230,000" (i.e., a total annual trade of £70,000,000 divided by 300 selling days); "but it is quite possible that the first return, if of a market-day, will show double

this amount. Does the effect of the publication of this fact to our customers throughout the world need any emphasis? . . . Without unity of spirit, without official knowledge, with garbled market reports, with the suppression of the amount of business done, is it to be wondered that the cotton trade is landed in a quagmire? . . . We have been fighting this battle with the devil's shield of subterfuge and concealment."

Simultaneously with the starting of Mr. Holden's scheme came the union of the different master cotton spinners' associations to form a parliamentary and legal defence committee for the purpose of dealing with all proposals brought before the House of Commons affecting the cotton trade, and of prosecuting appeals in important legal actions. This committee represents owners of over 38,000,000 spindles. In fact, it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that individualism no longer exists in Lancashire.

Before passing from the textile industry mention must be made of the latest and completest English trust, the Bradford Dyers' Association, Limited, formed in December 1898—an interesting and natural development of the "alliance" idea already ruling in the piece-dyeing trade. It embraces twenty-two firms with a capital of £4,500,000. The businesses concerned cover 90 per cent. of the trade, employ 7500 men, and earn a present profit of £225,000. As the prospectus claims, the new organisation has "practically a monopoly," and increased earnings are expected from the avoidance of competition, the combination of ability, the centralisation of management, and the specialisation of operations. An amalgamation of Scottish floorcloth manufacturers has also taken place, and it is reported that a similar fusion will be attempted in the bleaching industry, the capital to be about £6,000,000.

Since Sir George Eliot in 1893 proposed a coal trust to include the whole production of coal except that consumed in the working of ironstone and the manufacture of iron and steel, many attempts have been unsuccessfully made to bring his idea within the range of business politics. He showed that immense savings could be made by treating the coal areas scientifically according to their physical peculiarities, without regard to arbitrary divisions.

"Briefly," he said, "the effect of amalgamation would be to remove all the artificial factors which now stand for so much in the sum of the coal-mining industry. . . . Beyond this, it is anticipated that there would be an additional and important saving in the cost of distribution, as each group of collieries, having no longer an interest in seeking distant custom, would naturally supply that part of the country in which its coal can be most easily delivered."

Keeping pithead selling prices at 7s. 3d. per ton, he estimated that increased wages on a "liberal basis" could be paid to the miners, and a minimum dividend of 10 per cent. earned on the ordinary stock of the trust. Dividends were not to rise above 15 per cent. without the

consent of the Board of Trade. Such a consolidation with its capital of £120,000,000 (one-third in 5 per cent. debentures) would probably be too large a mouthful even for Lancashire in its present mood. But the smaller scheme of Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., to stiffen prices in the South Wales coal trade—which has a separate trade-area by itself—by limiting the output and allocating business among the different collieries has also failed to get itself realised, though apparently on several occasions success was within a hair's-breadth, the assent of all the miners and most of the coalowners having been secured. Mr. Ratcliffe Ellis, the secretary of the Federated Coalowners of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midlands, has proposed that the present coalowners should form themselves into a limited company for the purchase and re-sale, at prices to be arranged partly by district boards and partly by the central board of the company, of all the coal produced by its members. This ingenious scheme shows the state of mind to which low profits have brought coalowners. Pease & Partners, lately floated as a public company with a capital of £1,400,000, is merely one of many large firms in the coal and iron trade, and the only important recent amalgamation in the coal-mining industry which can be reported is the purchase of Lord Durham's collieries in 1896 by Sir J. Joicey & Co. The new firm now controls an output of four and a half million tons, and employs 12,000 persons. In the distributive coal trade, however, the same year saw the sea-borne coal trade of London pass under the control of one company, W. Cory & Sons, Limited, formed by the union of eight large firms handling 5,000,000 out of the 8,000,000 tons of coal which come to London by sea. Its share capital was £2,000,000, and its debenture stock £800,000. Philanthropic instincts might be discerned in the prospectus where it said :

"The working of the several businesses together as one undertaking should secure the fullest possible advantage from the special facilities which the individual firms possess for the economic handling of coal, and the efforts of the management will be directed to the cheapening of coal to the consumer, the past experience of the firms proving that cheap coal and large tonnage are more profitable than high prices."

But the private consumer probably felt more confidence in the competition of railway-borne coal to keep down prices.

The transport trades afford familiar forms of monopoly in the omnibus, parcel delivery, and railway companies. The shipping industry is not only strongly organised for general purposes into Chambers of Shipping in the different ports, but the Eastern trade, the Cape trade, the Australian trade, and, to an increasing extent, the American trade are dominated by special agreements. As the Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Company pointed out at the annual meeting in December 1897 :

"It was not possible profitably to carry on shipping business unless there was uniformity of tariffs settled by a 'conference' of the shipping companies. These conferences might be compared to the agreements which existed between the various railway companies of the United Kingdom. Railways charged identical rates when running between the same points, although they competed in speed, train accommodation, and general facilities. This was exactly what the steamship companies did."

Under free competition, rates from Europe to the Straits Settlements had been as low as 7s. 6d. or 5s. per ton—absurdly and unprofitably low—but by the German-English conference they were raised to 20s. Naturally the merchants take a different view of the matter, and charges of differential rates, private rebates, and preferential rates to foreign trade are as freely made as was the case in the war against railway rates of a few years back. In the Blue-book on Trade of the British Empire and Foreign Competition, compiled for Mr. Chamberlain in 1897, particulars are given showing how British trade to China and Australia was displaced by foreign manufacturers, who received a virtual subsidy in the shape of preferential rates. Thus, the freight of cotton goods in conference steamers was, from New York to Shanghai, 25s. to 26s. 6d. per ton, and from Liverpool to Shanghai 47s. 6d. In the South African trade a German-British ring maintains a system of rebates, 10 per cent. being charged above the market rates of freight and returned to the shippers and merchants on terms which give the shipowners complete control of the freight market. The Chairman of the South African Mercantile Association, an organisation embracing 442 firms, which has been dealing with the freights question since 1895, said at the last annual meeting that the object of the association was

"to secure the redress of freight grievances of British and colonial traders, which were due to the shipping-ring system, which largely dominated the freight markets of the world, but especially so in the South African trade. The reforms called for by the association had been (1) the withdrawal of the rebate circulars by British shipowners to ensure a free freight market, and (2) the readjustment of the rates of freight which should at least make them as low as, if not lower than, those ruling at foreign ports on merchandise in direct competition with British goods."

Similarly, at the annual meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce (March 1898) the preferential rates given to foreign goods by British shipowners were hotly denounced, and the Government was called upon by resolution to withdraw subsidies from shipping companies conferring on foreign sea-borne traffic advantages not enjoyed by British traders.

We thus see in British industry a steady movement towards combination and monopoly, a movement which is the natural outcome of competition, and therefore not capable of being prevented or undone by law. At one time it takes the form of the elimination of sub-



ordinate agents in production and distribution, at another of combinations or rings to regulate prices, at a third of the actual fusion of competing firms. The net result is a great improvement in productive organisation, which is balanced by the possibility that the new machinery may be turned against the consumer. On the formation of the English Sewing-Cotton Company the *Economist* said (December 4, 1897, p. 1700):

"The obvious intention of the amalgamation is that those taking part in it may do all they can towards creating a monopoly in sewing-cotton, and thus to force up prices and to earn large dividends for the shareholders. . . . What makes the attempt to establish a monopoly in sewing-cotton peculiarly objectionable is, that prices are kept up at a relatively high level at home, while lower prices are accepted in foreign markets, where there is more free competition. In other words, the British consumer is placed at a double disadvantage, in having to pay excessive amounts in order that foreign consumers may purchase what they require at low rates."

This is a type of what may be expected in the future, and if not much harm has been done, it must be remembered that the movement is only in its infancy. When combination approaches perfection the experience of the shipping companies, the railway companies, and the National Telephone Company show how little fit private individuals, moved solely by their private interests, are to have supreme control over national industries. A large combination can always buy up or starve out new rivals whose competition threatens its monopoly, and thereby promises to safeguard indirectly the interests of the public. Long ago the railway companies acquired the canals and virtually closed them to traffic, and at a later date the National Telephone Company bought up its local rivals in order to establish an extortionate monopoly. The shipping rings, too, have crushed all attempts at competition.

The real remedy was found in the course of the long struggle of the public against the strongest private monopoly we know—the railway companies. The efforts of private traders were useless; popular indignation was of no avail; the exhortations of the House of Commons were neglected. At last Parliament had to step in for the protection of the public and place both freightage rates and the hours of labour of railway servants under direct Government control. In view of Mr. Hanbury's Telephone Committee Report (August 1898), that the telephone service neither was nor was likely to become "of general benefit," the Post Office has had to break down the private monopoly of the National Telephone Company by allowing municipal competition with a view to ultimate municipalisation or nationalisation of the service. A far-reaching principle was expressed in the Committee's conclusion "that a service so essential to commercial men, and so well calculated under other conditions to benefit directly or indirectly all classes of the community, ought no longer to be treated

as the practical monopoly of a private company, a course for which no legal or moral necessity appears to exist." Obviously railways, mines, and several other industries come within this category. At present State intervention is urgently needed with the shipping companies, and other cases will arise in due course. It must also not be forgotten that State action, with its increased taxation and its more stringent factory regulations, is a powerful incentive to combination by increasing the expenses of manufacturers. The recent Workmen's Compensation Act is inducing employers of labour all over the country to combine in order to reduce insurance rates, and when combination is begun for one purpose it has a tendency to be extended to others. Again, the passing of a Miners' Eight Hours Act would probably lead to fresh attempts at combination among coalowners, through the difficulties it would impose on the smaller and less well-equipped pits. Nevertheless, with the weapon of State control in hand, combination may be welcomed, and if control prove insufficient, State purchase and public administration remain behind.

HENRY W. MACROSTY.

## THE JEWISH IMMIGRANT.

THE ever increasing number of Jewish immigrants settling in this country is becoming a factor so important as amply to repay the serious attention of every student of modern social problems. I, therefore, need offer no apology for attempting to describe the character of the newcomer in his capacity as an industrial agent, although I cannot complain that he has hitherto received little attention. The literature which has appeared on this subject within the last fifteen or twenty years would fill several octavo volumes. But, unfortunately, it is mainly the result of the activity of the political parasite, whose interest in public life is to get hold of something which he can exploit in the traditional manner of the politician, and out of which a more or less popular agitation can be set on foot. The sensational journalist who caters for the taste of readers who are never tired of gloating over the shortcomings of other people has also written profusely, if imaginatively, on the subject.

One of the main reasons why the opinion of the general public respecting the abilities and conditions of work of the Jewish immigrant is so far removed from the actual facts is that the outsider, in judging him, starts with *a priori* assumptions which, however correct they may be with regard to Englishmen and English workmen, do not in the least apply to the immigrant. To be apt to judge other people by one's own standard is a fault from which Englishmen are no more free than others. This ignorance of the character, manners, and ideas of the immigrant—so completely different from everything "English"—has not only misled the casual observer, but has also baffled the efforts of such conscientious students as Mrs. Sidney Webb and Mr. Llewellyn Smith. It is true that Mrs. Webb made a praiseworthy attempt to overcome the difficulties surrounding the question,

but her knowledge of the subject has proved itself inadequate, and she seems not to have thought it necessary to take into consideration the industrial condition of the countries from which the immigrants come.

Those who believe that the immigrants are docile and helpless are not in the least troubled by the constant complaints about the all-powerful influence of the Jewish capitalist. The reason is that these people are well aware that their own nominally democratic country in reality consists of a proud and obstinate governing class of capitalists and landlords, and a humble, submissive, and docile class of labourers and factory hands, who, in their ideas, character, object, and "station in life," have nothing in common with their rulers. With the Jews, however, this is not the case. There has never been among them a proud, governing aristocracy, or a humble, submissive democracy. Since the Jews lost their status as a nation, whatever their fate may have been, all have shared it alike. Nay, the persecution to which they have often been subjected has fallen more heavily on the rich and wealthy members of the community than on the poor and humble among them. If the Jew is disliked by his neighbour, he simply returns the compliment. In fact, the Jew, whatever the opinion of others about him may be, never doubts for a moment that he is the cream of humanity, the darling of creation. He is the axis, the centre around which the universe turns. Everything great or ingenious was either done or invented by a Jew or a man of Jewish descent, or "a Jewish head was at the bottom of it." For is there anything great or ingenious in this world which did not originate in a "Jewish head"? The superiority of his race is a subject he is never tired of dilating on. The respect and reverence with which the Britisher regards the "gentleman" is a subject of frequent comment among the immigrants. They cannot comprehend it. The Jew never tasted serfdom. He was always a freeman. The only difference which a dweller in Whitechapel will admit between himself and his co-religionist in Belgravia is that the latter has more money than he. His "station in life" is what his capacities or fortune may bring him. The only aristocracy known among the Jews is that of intellect. In the eyes of the orthodox Jew no man has a right to solicit the respect of his fellows who is not a *lamdon* (learned man). But his *lomdim* are often the poorest in the community, living, as a rule, on the charities of their neighbours. The orthodox Jew looks with suspicion and distrust on the well-fed and well-dressed modern "Jewish clergyman"; for his *lamdon* is often clad in tatters, with a face which shows the pinch of starvation. Not only have the Jews never tasted any form of political slavery; they have never been mentally enslaved. Since the destruction of the Temple the Jewish Rabbis or *lomdim* have concentrated all their energy on seeing that the "chosen people"

should not follow the example of their neighbours and establish a Church or clergy among them. They have insisted that the only place of worship is man's heart, and the only mediator between God and man is man's own conscience. There are no "spiritual guides" among a "nation of priests." Every man must settle his own account with his Maker. Though the Jew often comes to pray in the Synagogue—*Beth Hamidrash* (house of investigation, study)—it is not because his religion demands it, but because he must pray in a quorum of ten, which, of course, he can find there. The Rabbi, among others, often has a quorum in his own house, and seldom attends the Synagogue. He mostly comes there to give a dissertation on some knotty point of the Law. There the *lomdim* of the town will come to listen. Some will be there to learn, others simply to criticise, or to get to know how far the Rabbi's knowledge of the Law goes. His audience consists of all classes of people, from the wealthy merchant and proprietor to the small craftsman and street vendor. The greatest *lamdon* exercises the greatest authority, whether he holds the official position of Rabbi or not. In the Jewish ritual there is no place for the cleric; every able-bodied man can and does perform all religious ceremonies. It is only quite recently that the "modern Jew" has succeeded in converting his Rabbi into a clergyman and his *Beth Hamidrash* into a place of worship. To the orthodox Jew all this is paganism, and the "Jewish clergyman" in his uniform is often put down as a *galach* (priest). In his spiritual as well as in his material life the Jew has never known how to command or to obey—he has had to live on his wits.

From all this the reader can see that such a race is not likely to produce a wretched, docile, submissive class of workmen. Professor Cunningham, in his book on "Alien Immigrants in England," dismisses the Jewish immigrant by stating that "from the Polish Jew we can learn nothing." Had the Professor's information about the "Polish Jew" been derived first hand, and not from ephemeral literature, he would have known that Englishmen can learn a good deal even from the "Polish Jew." For although the Polish Jew in many respects differs from his co-religionists of other nationalities, he is in no way inferior to them in mental capacity. He undoubtedly lives a more altruistic and intellectual life, and is less contaminated with the vices of modern European civilisation than the "modern Jew" with his bastard form of Judaism, which is merely a form of religious opportunism specially prepared to meet the conveniences of a rich, materialistic, Mammon-worshipping class of people who no longer believe in the faith of their fathers, but have not the courage openly to avow it. Why, then, should we assume that the Jews, who have distinguished themselves in so many branches of human activity, should in the industrial sphere produce only helpless, docile, and



submissive workmen, and brutal and tyrannical sweaters? When we come down to the "sweater's den," and become acquainted with the character of the immigrant, the nature of the commodities he produces, the organisation of his workshop, the relation between the "sweater" and his victims, it will soon be evident that the Jew in his capacity as a producer possesses all the qualities which distinguish him in the world of commerce and finance, and that the "Polish Jew" can, after all, teach something.

The main point which must decide the question of the position of the Jewish immigrant is whether he finds employment because he is the possessor of a certain skill which the native workman lacks, or whether the British manufacturer prefers his labour to that of the native workman simply because he will accept a lower rate of wages.

Although the Jewish immigrants are largely engaged in branches of trade into which the British workman does not as a rule enter, in those instances where the former enters into successful competition with the latter, there the wages of the immigrant are generally higher than those of the native workman. In the neighbourhood of Soho, for instance, there are quite a number of Jewish coat-makers, working for "private" or "log" shops, and not infrequently replacing the English journeyman tailor. The West End rate of the "Amalgamated Society of Tailors" is 7*d.* per hour.\* The wages of a "baster" in a Jewish coat-shop vary from 6*d.* to 10*d.*, with an average of 8*d.*, per hour. The machinist is a piece-worker. The price for machining a coat is from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* The slowest machinist will not earn less than 8*d.* per hour; a quick workman earns 1*s.* 6*d.* and more per hour. His average rate is over 1*s.* per hour. For pressing off a jacket the tailor's "log" allows three-quarters of an hour (5*d.*), and for a frock-coat a full hour (7*d.*). The Jewish presser works as a rule in his own home. He has to provide his own fuel, light, and work-room. He gets from 10*d.* for pressing off a light tweed jacket to 1*s.* 6*d.* for frock and dress coats. On an average, he is paid 1*s.* 1*d.* for all kinds of coats. Allowing a maximum of 1½*d.* per garment for expenses, he receives 11½*d.* for pressing off a coat—a task which he accomplishes in less time than the tailor who does not make pressing a speciality.† In cabinet-making the minimum London rate is 9*d.* per hour. There are few immigrants working for this rate. As a rule they enter into a line of work where the rate goes up to 1*s.* 3*d.* When

\* It must be borne in mind that here, as in most other trades, the trade-union rate and the amount actually obtained by the majority of workpeople in the trade do not correspond. According to Mr. James Macdonald only one-fourth of the West End employers pay the full statement price.

† I once told a group of Jewish West End tailors that they were accused of underselling the British workman. A roar of laughter greeted my remark, followed by a flood of questions: "How is it possible?" "What does the English tailor earn?" The only reply I could make was that it is, perhaps, as difficult for the general public to believe the immigrant receives better pay as it is for the latter to understand how he could be accused of accepting lower wages.

last year in Manchester the Alliance Cabinet-Makers' Union struck against piecework, the executive had a good deal of trouble before the Hebrew branch agreed to accept the local minimum rate of 8*d.* per hour.

When the immigrants and the native workmen are in the same workshop, doing the same class of work, I have never yet known of a single case where the immigrant would accept a lower rate. I know, however, of many cases where the immigrant insists on and obtains better pay. There are quite a number of immigrants working as pressers in East End trousers-shops. The usual price for pressing off a pair of stock trousers is 2½*d.* The Jewish presser will seldom put up with this price. As a rule he insists on 2¾*d.* and 3*d.* per pair. In this instance the reason for this higher pay, as an employer explained to me, is that the immigrant knows no St. Monday; he is always in his place when wanted, while the native workman will be busy with his "can" (of beer) just when there is a special order to press off. The trade-union rate for wood-carving in the West End is 10*d.* per hour. There are few English carvers who get more than that. With few exceptions, the Jewish carver gets 11*d.* and 1*s.* per hour. Here the difference is due to the lighter touch of the Jewish carver. There are about an equal number of English and Jewish tailoresses in the West End Jewish coat-shops. A Jewish tailoress will seldom work for the same wages as her Christian competitor. She insists on a higher rate. It is true that in one or two industries—as, for instance, in the boot and shoe trade—the immigrant can often be found to be earning less than the native workman, but the number of immigrants in this industry is comparatively small, and their number stationary. The crowd of half-starved immigrants, consisting of street hawkers and *schnorrers*, who are the plague of the Jewish Board of Guardians, are incapable of competing either with the British or any other class of workman. The advantage, therefore, which the immigrant offers to the British employer cannot be that of a lower rate of pay. We are, therefore, driven to the alternative conclusion—namely, that he is endowed with certain qualities which the native workman lacks. If we dismiss the absurd idea that the "Polish Jew" is inferior to the rest of his co-religionists, we shall not have to go far for the explanation. It is that the Jewish workman possesses some forms of adaptability and skill which are peculiar to his race.

The characteristic which, in my opinion, has been the chief factor in determining the position he takes up in the industrial field in this country is his ability to produce simple yet artistic work. In this capacity he has perhaps no rival in Europe. The English workman is certainly far behind him. When you hear the immigrant speak of his work, specially when he is comparing it with that of the British workman, he uses the expression of "*shitter un glatt*"—literally,

"light and smooth": in plain English it means that his work is simple, inexpensive, neat, and artistic. I have taken pains to inquire into the origin of this phrase. It appears that it was coined by the immigrants in England to distinguish their work from what appears to them the heavy and cumbersome production of the native. It is his ability to make his work simple yet neat and good-looking which accounts for his singular success in the tailoring trades, where his area of employment is constantly expanding, in spite of his higher rate of wages. For elaborate designs, fancy decorations, and blending of colours we must go to France and Germany. But for neat, simple, yet elegant work, the ladies' costumes and capes turned out from the factories established by Jewish immigrants in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields throw into the shade all that Paris and Berlin can show. All that the Continental manufacturers can do is to follow closely the "English" manufacturers and copy their samples. Still, the trained eye will distinguish between the genuine and imitated articles.

With his constant striving after outside effect, "pleasing the eye," and producing a smart article, I doubt very much whether the immigrant will make as good a mechanic as the British workman. He decidedly makes a better tailor. Here his great principle of *schitter un glatt* tells. But, the reader may ask, how can this be? Has not Mrs. Sidney Webb, in an article on the "Tailoring Trade" in Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People," told us that the Jewish tailor is an inferior workman, capable only of producing—not coats—but "balloons," which are not sewn, but "bagged together"? The reply is that Mrs. Webb's knowledge of the trade was not sufficient to protect her from blunders. She found the immigrant producing the commoner class of garments, and jumped to the conclusion that he was an inferior workman. Now the reason why the immigrant is generally engaged in the commoner class of work, and is seldom to be found in the most expensive class of tailoring, is because in this country there is a strong prejudice in favour of hand-work, and "hand-work does not pay." In the most expensive work (which, of course, does not necessarily mean the best) the prices are not competitive, and where competition does not rule the trade prejudices have their full sway. Being a "Polish Jew," the immigrant had to take to a branch of the trade where competition is the keenest—namely, slop clothing. Still, it requires much more technical knowledge and skill to produce a coat for 9*d.* and still earn an average wage of 6*d.* per hour for both men and women, than to earn 7*d.* per hour at a garment whose making costs 30*s.* or £2.

Another and still greater advantage which the immigrant enjoys over his native competitor is the possession of an abundant store of restless mental energy. He is as fond of exercising his brains as the Englishman his muscles. Having been compelled for ages to use his



wits as his sole weapon against the brute force of his Christian persecutor, with an intellect which was never enslaved, but has been sharpened by the mental gymnastics of the Talmud, he cannot help keeping his mind on the rack. He is always up and doing something. The great inert mass of dull, torpid, unthinking industrial slaves, the despair of the reformer, is unknown among the immigrants, who possess any amount of initiative and go. The object in life of the British workman is to obtain a remuneration for his labour which shall be sufficient to cover his needs—to get a “living wage,” to sustain a “standard of comfort” suitable for a man in his “station in life.” From time to time he makes a move onwards, and, having gained his object, rests on his oars. Having no “station in life,” and holding a standard of comfort of infinite flexibility, the immigrant, with his restless, revolutionary, Southern temperament, does not know where to stop. He is always pushing his way forward. His “living wage” is what his capacities will bring him in the open labour market. In ability to strike a bargain with his employer he has no equal; in this art he is a perfect master. It is enough to watch the “greener” in his dogged determination to get to know the full market value of his labour, and the place where he can dispose of it to the best advantage, to become convinced how absurd it is to assume that, because he comes from a country where the standard of comfort is lower than in England, he will therefore be willing to work for lower wages. If you find him working for a nominal wage, it is because he sees no other way of improving his position than temporarily to accept poor pay; but a low wage does not in the least imply that he is satisfied. It is a matter of diplomacy with him. If he cannot go in through the “open door” he is content to creep in the best way he can. He is never obstinate, and knows when to submit. He has a number of sayings which all point to the wisdom of bowing to the inevitable. He has none of the blind obstinacy of the Englishman, who will run his head against a stone wall before he can be convinced that two objects cannot occupy the same space. The flexibility of the Jewish workman’s character, while it makes it possible for him to accept the inevitable, at the same time makes it all the more difficult for him to resign himself. He is always on the look-out to increase his earnings. He will never accept a rate of wages unless he is perfectly satisfied that it is the most he can get. Should he suspect that he can in another place obtain for his labour a shilling per week more, it will not take him long to get there. He never underestimates his capacities. Modesty is not one of his faults. He is generally under the impression that he is getting less than he is worth. An objectionable characteristic if you like! That is a matter of taste. But he belongs in every respect to the most progressive class of workmen that exists. He can fight his way in the world,

thrive, and win for himself good conditions (which are essentially different from those an Englishman will consider good, as I will presently show) under circumstances which would be fatal to the average Englishman.

The British workman often uses his organisation to build a wall round his trade, in which he feels he has a vested interest. He limits the number of apprentices, and protects himself against the intrusion of members of his own class as well as against the aggression of his employer. He guards against "overlapping," and too often resists any innovation in his trade, being under the impression that his work is a fixed quantity, and that it is his interest to see that it should take as long as possible to accomplish it. In this respect the immigrant presents a striking contrast. His revolutionary temperament, the excess of his mental energy, finds an outlet in constantly seeking for a *fortl*, or a "new way," as he sometimes calls it—that is, a new and more efficient method of working. He is never so happy as when he finds out a "new way" of accomplishing the same result with less labour. When he has no set work to do, you will often find him busy with his tools. If asked what he is up to, he will say: "Oh! I am looking for a *fortl*." He will then tell you that he has heard about some one who has found out a *fortl* of doing a certain thing with so much less labour, or found a new method of turning out his work which looks "glatter"—i.e., neater, simpler—and one may be sure that he will not rest content until he has found this new *fortl*. Mere physical labour has no attraction for him. He must do something which requires the exercise of his brains as well as his muscle. He generally works much harder, and his labour is more productive than that of the British workman.\* Although his rate per hour is generally more than that of the British workman, he is often getting less per unit of energy. The well-known earnestness of the Jew is not limited to the opinion he holds—it extends to the work he is engaged in. He is capable of putting his soul into it, so to say—making it a part of himself. His trade or calling takes up a much larger share of his attention than that of the native workman.

Apprenticeship, of which the British workman makes so much, is a subject of uncomplimentary remarks among the immigrants. A man who will not look for a *fortl* and readily adopt any "new way" he can come across, but simply adheres to the method he was taught, is a clumsy fellow, and will never make a good workman. The maxim of the immigrant is that "a man learns his trade all his life, and dies not knowing it." In short, the conservatism of the British workman tends to stereotype his method of production. The restless mental

\* This peculiarity has been noticed by Russian manufacturers employing Jewish labour.



energy of the immigrant, on the other hand, tends to revolutionise the trade he enters.\*

Mrs. Webb and others who have noticed the curious disposition of the immigrant, who often prefers the position of a small employer to that of a wage-earner, however little remuneration this new occupation may bring him, have ascribed it to the racial peculiarities of the Jew, who prefers to get his income from profits rather than wages. I must confess that I do not know enough about the Jew to be able to form an opinion whether his racial instincts are so keen as to perceive the subtle distinction between wages and profits, and to prefer the latter and reject the former. What I am certain of is this: the reason why the immigrant often prefers the position of an employer is not due to racial peculiarities, but to the hatred he feels to the factory system and its necessary discipline and loss of personal freedom. Without taking this important factor into consideration, it is impossible to understand the position he takes up in the industrial field, to explain the causes which influence the conditions and hours of his labour, the relation between employer and employé, or the functions of his trade organisation. To leave these important considerations out of sight is to lose the key to the whole situation.

In an industrially developed country like England, where the vast majority of the people are wage-earners, one can see nothing objectionable or degrading in being a servant or a hand. To a Russian, however, who has been brought up in a country of domestic industries and peasant proprietors, to him the necessity of being a "hand," depending for a livelihood on an employer, appears quite different. To a Russian peasant the word *batrak* (workman or wage-earner) carries as much social stigma as the word "pauper" does to an Englishman. The greatest misfortune that can happen to him is to cease to be a *khosyain* (proprietor) and be cast into the ranks of the *batraks*. The Jewish immigrant finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the idea of remaining an unfortunate "outworker," as distinguished from one who is working on his own account. He shudders at the very idea of having to remain all his life a "hand," to be "sold into slavery," and "to have a master over his head," who will "dictate," "interfere," and "rule over him." For the ability "to lift his head," "to be master over his own will," he will at times become a small employer and work harder than a negro for a wage which a "greener" will despise. But the flexibility of character of the immigrant, which enables him to accept the inevitable, makes it all the more difficult for him to reconcile himself to his new position. He simply works under protest. The special object of his wrath is, of course, the

\* With the nature and effects of some of these changes I intend to deal on a future occasion.

"Jewish sweater." When I first heard this constant denunciation of the "Jewish sweater's tyranny, nigger-driving, slavery, oppression," I naturally concluded that I was working under exceptionally bad conditions; but when I became acquainted with the "well-regulated" English factory, I found the conditions of work there to be decidedly worse. Later on I came to understand the meaning of all the howling and wailing. I once had a conversation with an immigrant about the theory of the racial peculiarities of the Jew. He was quite indignant. "These people," exclaimed he, "cannot see that our workpeople, in fleeing from an oppressive despotism at home, find themselves caught in an industrial net from which it takes them all their lives to extricate themselves." No, these people cannot see an industrial net in a state of things which is the inevitable result of our complicated and interdependent civilisation. But what seems natural to an Englishman may appear quite different to a Russian. If, in addition, you remember that one of the most striking characteristics of the immigrant is a strong individuality, a power of will which, though it bends, yet does not break, a restless temperament and any amount of initiative and energy, you will understand why he will keep all his life trying to extricate himself from the net. To execute the orders of his employer without asking questions or finding fault; not to keep constantly changing his employer, having a row with him each time he leaves him, is to be a "donkey," and, after the "Jewish sweater," the "donkey" is the object of his wrath. One can often see a trade-union official, or one of the rank and file, who has been for years engaged in denouncing the "Jewish sweater," all of a sudden become an employer. If you should ask him for an explanation of this inconsistency, he will tell you that he can no longer stand the tyranny of his employer; that life has become a burden to him; that he is not a "donkey." He does not intend to become a sweater. Oh no! He simply intends to work for himself, so that his head, his will, his self shall not belong to a master. But he soon becomes convinced that he cannot execute his orders in time by himself; that in order to keep out of the "sweater's prison," or the pawnshop, he must employ one or two more hands. He gradually loses his trade-union principles, his conscientious scruples against being a sweater, and lo! our irreconcilable enemy of the "Jewish sweater" has bloomed into a full-fledged employer, often of a worse type than the one he has been for years engaged in denouncing. For a small employer to get hands is quite an easy matter. He has no need to get "greeners"—unskilled hands are useless to him, and a good workman will insist upon his wages irrespective of the time he has spent in this country—there are always first-class workmen who will come to his rescue. Such small places are often the refuge of all those who are fleeing from the



discipline of the larger workshops, who are not "donkeys," but at the same time are unable or care not to become employers.

The Jewish workman is seldom lazy. I doubt whether there is a more hard-working class of people. When left to themselves they become fondly attached to their trade, their attachment to it at times amounting to a passion. I never came across workmen more proud of their craft than some of them who work on their own account or are petty employers. When such a man finishes a piece of work which comes up to his expectations, his eyes sparkle with delight. He never tires of looking at it. I have often been surprised at the outbursts of joy on such an occasion. "What a pity to have to send it away!" you will hear him say. You can see that he is sorry to part with it. But when he has to work for a "master" he not infrequently begins to hate his work and tries to get out of it. "When I get an order from a customer," I was once told, "I work, as the Bible says, with all my might, with all my soul; I seem never to get tired of working. But what pleasure can a man feel in his work when he has to do it for a master?" Such remarks can constantly be heard. It is useless to tell him that the native workman is often worse off than himself. The fact that the British workman is content to remain an "outworker," a "slave," simply shows that he is a "donkey" and a *batrak*, and is not to be counted. Possibly after a good dose of English factory discipline the immigrant may become as resigned as his British brother; though I must confess that my two years' dose of English factories, even if it has put an end to my agitation against the Jewish "sweater," has not in the least created in me a desire to remain a factory hand. I simply learned to hate it. There is a cold, almost inhuman air in these establishments. A man feels that he is there merely as a profit-making tool; and if he cannot so efface his individuality as to become perfectly docile he will be turned out at a moment's notice. I cannot bear the haughty stiff air of the "superior." I prefer the small workshop and the "Jewish sweater." It is true that my hours of work are irregular and the sanitary conditions sometimes defective. But there is no superior there whose orders I have implicitly to obey. I need not be afraid of being late and displeasing any one, and I can earn there a "living wage" to maintain a "standard of comfort" which a British manufacturer will not consent to give a man in my "station of life."

The British workman, as soon as he goes into the factory, leaves such individuality as he possesses behind him. Within the factory gates he is entirely at the disposal of his "superiors." He is an admirable, well-trained, well-disciplined tool, who knows not how to ask questions, but only to obey and execute quickly and earnestly the task imposed upon him—the conception of others. A splendid

automaton. It took generations of factory life to get him up to this pitch of perfection. The Jewish immigrant—this erratic, quarrelsome crank—takes with him to the workshop his idiosyncrasies, his restless, excitable, and nervous temperament, his strong individuality, his power of will, his dislike of being a subordinate. What he lacks in discipline he makes up in originality. If he insists upon doing things his own particular way it is because his mobile mind enables him to find his way by himself without having blindly to follow the dictates of others. For him your “well-regulated” factory is far from being an unmixed blessing. It can only destroy this independence and mobility of mind, this all-round individuality which contributes so much to his efficiency as a producer, and which makes him such a pleasant contrast to the average factory hand. I sometimes wonder how much the factory discipline is responsible for the excessive dullness of the British workman—for dull he is in spite of his School Board, popular Press, and Radical club.

It has been pointed out by several observers that the Jewish immigrant does not *send* his wife to work. Should any one ask the immigrant whether he sends his wife to work, he will experience some difficulty in making him understand the question, for the relations of husband and wife among them make such a practice inconceivable to one whose domestic servitude is of the most rigorous kind, and who is generally the victim of the despotic rule of his wife. The Englishman makes the first attempt in the art of government at home, the subject being his wife, sister, or even his mother, or the “old girl” as he calls her. He has succeeded in converting his womankind into beasts of burden, and they glory in the fact. The Englishwoman starts on her noble career by blacking her brother's boots. Her ideal is to get a husband who will be a good “master” to her. It is a source of constant pride to her that she is a dutiful and obedient wife. She is carefully trained to minister to the wants of her husband, and is perfectly happy when she succeeds in being an obedient servant. The Jews, who have never had the opportunity of acquiring the art of government, are compelled to arrange matters, not by commanding and obeying, but by arguing things out, and when a question is settled by argument, the woman is sure to have the best of it. Jewish girls are petted and spoiled from their very childhood, while the boys have generally to rough it; the opinion of the parents being that the latter are men and can take care of themselves. But for the respectability and good behaviour of their daughters they always feel themselves responsible. At the age of puberty the daughter becomes the pet of the house and nobody dares to say a wrong word to her. Her object in life is to get a husband who will implicitly obey her will and minister to her wants. Failing this, her whole life, not to say her marriage, is a failure. She constantly keeps reminding her husband

that she is a "daughter of Israel"—and keeps persuading him that a woman is a delicate creature and must be carefully handled. There is seldom peace in the house, for if the wife is not preaching her husband a sermon or taking account of his movements, she will be engaged in extending her sphere of influence. The immigrant, in common with most people of his class, does not entertain any great respect or admiration for women, but he knows the power of the "daughter of Israel's" tongue, and this is sufficient for all practical purposes. To his credit be it said, he considers that a woman who has to bear children and look after the house does as much as should be expected of her, and that it is the duty of the man to lighten her burden and put up with her caprices, seeing that nature has been so unkind to her. The Englishman, whose maxim is that "nothing succeeds like success," is always ready to bow before his superior and to worship the powerful and strong. To his equals he displays a strong sense of fair play and makes a delightful companion, but too often he turns into a tyrant and a brute when he has to deal with people whom he considers weaker and inferior (convertible terms with him). With the immigrant the case is just the reverse. He does not take kindly to his superior. He is often eaten up with envy and jealousy of people above him. To his equals he is never indifferent—he either fraternises or more often quarrels and finds fault with them. To those who happen to be weaker than himself he is, as a rule, gentle and considerate. There is often a childlike tender-heartedness about him which specially manifests itself in the presence of a woman or a child. His wife knows his weakness, and takes full advantage of it.

There is a prevalent idea among Englishmen that people who are not drunken must necessarily be thrifty, calculating, and close-fisted. The teetotaler is no doubt responsible for this idea. With regard to the Jewish immigrant, however, it is difficult to imagine how a class of people so capable of disposing of their labour to the best advantage and having their passions so well under control can at the same time be so thriftless and show so little capacity for making the best of their earnings. The vast majority of them live a hand-to-mouth existence, whatever their earnings may be. The fact that they practically possess no standard of comfort and no station in life is mainly responsible for their thriftlessness. The station in life of the British workman will never take him far from his corduroy and heavy boots by way of attire and "Lockhart's" as his dining-place. If his earnings leave him a surplus over his standard of comfort he will, if he is sober, invest it in cottage property; if he drinks he will "make a night—or whole week—of it." The station in life of the immigrant depends solely on the number of "golden buttons" (sovereigns) he draws at the week



end, and he therefore does not think it in any way remarkable if he spends it on cab fares and elaborate dinners. Frock-coats, silk hats, jewellery and expensive dresses for the wife, are almost a necessity for one who can earn enough to buy them.

If the immigrant is thriftless, his wife, to whom he has to hand over his earnings, is more so. The Jewess as a girl is generally engaged in the better-paid female occupations, is usually more skilled than her Christian sister, works harder, and earns considerably more. Yet she seldom saves anything from her earnings. It all goes to the milliner's and the draper's. She often goes to work in a silk blouse, with a veritable "Covent Garden" on her head. Such a customer is sure to make a thriftless wife. The wedding feasts and dresses of a "daughter of Israel" are always very expensive, and not only do they absorb all the savings of the young couple, but not infrequently loans are raised in order to avoid a "quiet marriage." The immigrant is rarely a glutton, but often an epicure. With the British workman the greater the festivity the larger the quantity of beef and beer consumed, but with the immigrant the difference consists in the number and variety of dishes. Poultry and fresh-water fish, cooked in a variety of ways, take the place of the joint of beef and leg of mutton. A "kosher" dinner is also an expensive one. Australian beef, Canadian mutton, Danish butter, lard or margarine cannot be used for it.

Besides thriftlessness, gambling is also not infrequently the cause of poverty. From this vice comparatively few immigrants are entirely free. They find in it an outlet for their restless mental activity. It is true that the British workman too often bets, but he is merely an amateur compared with the immigrant, who not infrequently puts into it the zeal and energy which characterise his race. With the orthodox and pious workman this activity finds an outlet in his *chevra* (religious society), where he is often engaged in the mental gymnastics of the Talmud. With the young generation of educated immigrants, who differ little from the average member of the Russian *intelligenzia*, it is exhibited in the long and hair-splitting discussions on religion and ethics in which they continually engage. The destiny of the human race, the regeneration of society, panaceas for all evils afflicting mankind, are debated until the small hours amid violent gesticulation and a noise so deafening as to make English neighbours believe that murder has been committed.\*

But the great majority, who are indifferent to the *chevra*, find it more congenial to spend their leisure and times of enforced idleness

\* The narrow and practical discussions which interest the British workman have no attraction for the educated immigrant, who is above all a sentimental enthusiast and a dreamer, and will not take a step without a *mirossozertzanie* (*Weltanschauung*) and a rigid conception of human progress of his own.

in playing cards or betting. Many of these, like the "modern Jew," have made the discovery of Charles Lamb's Chinaman and occasionally attend Synagogue. This will partly explain why the universal belief among them is that "a Jewish workman must have more to live on."

In the minds of the British public the "Jewish sweater" has been the incarnation of tyranny and merciless exploitation, just as the Jewish workman is that of abject submission and slavery. Both, however, are the creation of political parasites and sensational journalists, who thrive best in countries of free institutions. Having never ruled either waves or continents, and never having been engaged in spreading Christianity and civilisation in heathen lands, the Jew, whatever else may be said about him, is neither cruel nor despotic. Dr. Hertz and his friends may perhaps succeed in filling up this gap. Those who present to the public an awful picture of the "foreign middleman" and his submissive people are, like their great compatriot Shakespeare, unconsciously describing types with which they were better acquainted than with the "Polish Jew." If we conceive an aversion to a stranger we do not suspect that our dislike of him is the result of our own want of human sympathy, but we conclude that he must necessarily be a bad character. Knowing, however, nothing about him, we are apt to credit him with faults of which we have a closer knowledge. We throw at him the dirt that lies nearest to us. The Jewish immigrant has not the manly qualities of the Englishman, neither is he as truthful; but he possesses a much larger stock of human sympathy and kindness, and is generally refined, gentle, and tender-hearted. The only way to impose upon him is to appeal to his generosity and kindness. He is often the victim of impostors who are aware of this weakness. To attempt to defraud him in any other way is to catch a Tartar. This tender-heartedness does not leave him even when he becomes a "sweater." He has still a "Jewish heart" in him. (The immigrant is as proud of his "Jewish heart" as the English Christian of his fist.) As an employer he treats his female employees better than his men. In a "Jewish sweater's den" the women always enjoy exceptional privileges. The "Jewish sweater," like his victim, is hard to please, exacting, quarrelsome, noisy, and irritating. He is generally dissatisfied with his hands, who, he avers, make his life a burden and bring him to the verge of ruin; but I can hardly imagine an individual less despotic, tyrannical, or cruel than he. I was secretary to the United Ladies' Tailors' and Mantlemakers' Association for about a year. The members of this association are piece-workers, and the constant changes in the fashion of ladies' garments require frequent readjustment of prices. Although I was well acquainted with the temper of the "foreign middleman," I was

often surprised to find how easy it was to talk them over. "This is the 'Jewish sweater,'" was often crossing my mind after an interview. Their great weakness is their desire to air their grievances, and if one has sufficient patience to listen to their windy dissertations on the febleness and injustice of their men, and hear all they have to say about their own generosity, one is sure to obtain some amount of concession. I avoided many disputes by appealing to the sweater's kindness and generosity. (Contrary to the common assumption, there is no one more interested personally in avoiding disputes than the "paid agitator.") The Jewish "middleman" has none of the stiff, haughty obstinacy of the British employer, who will at times let his business go to wrack and ruin rather than make concessions to his men.

In an English factory or workshop the old hands often enjoy the privilege of forming the permanent staff. When the season begins, an additional set of hands are set on, to be sent away as soon as the slack time sets in. Even good employers do not shrink from this practice, which is considered in no way reprehensible. Good trade-unionists have not the slightest objection to remaining at work whilst their less fortunate brethren have to seek employment at a time when they are least likely to get it. Among the immigrants, however, the maxim is that "every man must make a living." So long as there is a stroke of work in the place, all share it alike. This, however, does not mean that all hands in the place are treated alike. Quite the contrary. The "top hands" enjoy privileges unknown in an English establishment. They are often the virtual rulers of the place. The employer then simply reigns; he does not govern. Here and there one may come across an employer who is Anglicised. He puts on a stiff air, and makes his people feel that he is their superior. There are no airs about the "Polish Jew," who in his workshop remains on a footing of perfect equality with his men. The immigrant is the most sociable animal in existence. As a rule he is refined and versatile. As an employer he cannot isolate himself from his men. After a few weeks' work in the place he gets to know his employé, and often makes friends with him. The immigrant, who is such an awkward customer to deal with when he has to obey orders, is often easily led by the nose by people in whom he places confidence. There will be a few favourites in the shop, who are his confidential advisers. Not unfrequently the "top hands" are responsible for the whole organisation of the workshop. They will even fix the hours of work. In the East London tailoring workshops, for instance, there are some places where the hours of work are from 8 A.M. to 8, 9, and 10 P.M., and in most cases it is the top hands who are responsible for this arrangement.

Through his old hands the employer gets to know all the goings

on in his competitors' workshops. Should a *forl* or a "new way" be introduced anywhere, it will not be long before its validity is tested. His maxim that "a man learns his trade all his life, and dies not knowing it," makes him desire to be taught by his men. Should one of his new hands be a good workman and a "greener," or one who has been working in another town, he will keep watching him until he is satisfied that he has learned from the newcomer all his ways and methods of working. In a week or two he will find out from an employé what classes of work he has done before, and what are his specialities. The result is that in a "sweater's" workshop one will find, as a rule, the work carried on by a selected staff of specialised workmen, each doing a portion of the work for which he feels himself most fitted. It is generally the employé who selects and specialises himself, but he is often helped by the employer, with whom he will engage in protracted discussions about the technicalities of the trade. The earnestness of the immigrant, his capacity of putting his soul into his work, and making it a part of himself, make him a first-class organiser of labour. This is the reason why the middleman, as he is often called by people who know absolutely nothing about the Jewish contractor, is in some trades indispensable. This is also the reason why "the clothing manufacturers find it convenient to abdicate their position of employers, and, instead of hiring workpeople themselves, make contracts with others who do." \* For, except in the most expensive class of garments, where the prices are not competitive, and the manufacture of the commonest class of goods, where cheap female labour can be used, the English merchant tailors and wholesale clothiers cannot compete with the Jewish contractors. In all those cases where coats are made on the manufacturers' premises, it will be found that either the manufacturer is willing to pay more for the making of his goods, or he screws down the wages of his employes. In some firms both conditions obtain. It is often said that the contractor does not understand his trade. This is downright absurdity. Where competition is keen and little capital is required the employer who is to exist must be possessed not only of brains, but also of an intimate knowledge of the trade, which can only be acquired by years of experience. Wherever assiduity, ability, and infinite painstaking are required, rather than capital, the "Polish Jew" is sure to make his appearance. In the ladies' mantle trade, for instance, where he has succeeded in establishing factories, and has shown the conservative British manufacturer how to dispense with the imported ladies' costumes and capes, we find him producing the best class of goods on his own premises. The English manufacturers, on the other hand, with very few exceptions, are compelled to resort to the contractor. The reason for this difference is that, while the former have risen from the ranks

\* Mr. Charles Booth in "Life and Labour."

of journeymen by reason of their superior ability as designers and artists in their trade, the latter come from the ranks of the lower middle class, and, having no technical knowledge of their trade, are unable to discharge the function of employer. Similar reasons can be found in other trades where the contractor has made himself prominent. The "Jewish sweater," far from being the mere middleman who possesses no knowledge of his trade (as was the case before the advent of the alien), in reality belongs to the most skilled and gifted class of immigrants, to whom most of the innovations are due. A closer examination of the "Jewish sweater's" position would show how he is often robbed and defrauded, how his brains, as well as his muscles, are mercilessly exploited by respectable British (Jewish as well as Christian) manufacturers, who possess in a very high degree the ability to take full advantage of the "sweater's" poverty and ignorance. The cry against the rapacity and dishonesty of the "foreign middleman" would prove a very interesting study for the cynical philosopher.

A study of the social and industrial position of the Jewish immigrant would not be complete if we did not take into consideration the deliberations of the Lords' Committee on the Sweating System. Thirty or forty years ago, when the ready-made and second-class made-to-order trade ("the dishonourable trade," as it was then called) was in the hands of British tailors and tailoresses—when stalwart Britishers were working for sub and even sub-sub contractors fifteen and sixteen hours a day, often for seven days in the week, for the munificent salary of 10s. and 12s. a week, under conditions which would make the "best" evidence before the Sweating Commission sink into insignificance—the "revelations" would have certainly "palpitated with actuality." How far they reflect the position of the sweating system of the Jewish tailoring trade of to-day the following facts will show. In 1888, while the Commission on Sweating was taking evidence, the Jewish tailors in Leeds struck against the contractors, ostensibly for a reduction of the hours of labour. The causes which led up to the strike were the widespread agitation against the sweating system and the "Jewish sweater." Many of us were of the opinion that nothing short of a complete abolition of the Jewish sweater could bring about any improvement in the trade. We had sent deputations to wait upon the clothing manufacturers with a view to inducing them to have their work done on their own premises. After a fortnight's starvation we returned to the sweater's den. Some of the manufacturers who suffered greatly through this strike, in order to secure themselves against a similar occurrence, arranged to have part of their work done indoors. Now, we thought, the millennium has come, our ideal is realised. Some of us made a rush there. Before very long, however,



these indoor factories were nicknamed "workhouses." \* For only those who could not get a Jewish sweater to employ them would apply for work there. The evils of indoor labour are a subject often discussed at the deliberations of the local trade society.

In December 1896 a conference of delegates of eight Jewish tailors' societies, representing London, Manchester, Leeds, and other towns, took place in London. The representative of one of the London tailors' societies moved a resolution in favour of indoor workshops and the abolition of the contractor. After a long discussion, in which most of the delegates spoke against it, it was unanimously rejected. The gist of the arguments was that experience had taught them that wages in the indoor workshops were lower—the Englishman not caring to pay at so high a rate as the Jewish contractor †—that the Jewish employer was not so obstinate as the British manufacturer, was easier to be talked over and induced to make concessions. Eight or ten years ago such a resolution would have been carried without discussion.

So far as London is concerned it is difficult to say what truth there is in the "revelations" of the Sweating Commission. The Jewish tailors' workshops are so many and spread over so large an area that one must be extremely cautious in making generalisations. There are still a good many workshops where the sanitary conditions are far from satisfactory. Places where in the height of the season work goes on all night are not unknown. Considering the state of the trade when the immigrants began to enter it, and taking into consideration the general sanitary conditions of East London at that time, one cannot wonder that there is still room for great improvement. But the statements made by the witnesses with regard to wages were simply atrocious. Though the rates of wages in the Jewish tailoring trade are now appreciably higher than they were ten years ago, still the evidence relating to wages was far below the mark. I know personally a good many of the witnesses. I know one witness, for instance, who was earning 9s. a day of thirteen hours, who stated in his evidence that he could earn only 10s. a week. This man I know to be an honest and conscientious workman, who, perhaps, never willingly told an untruth in ordinary life. Yet, as a witness giving evidence on oath, he made the wildest and most exaggerated statements. The reason for this was that our minds were so inflamed at that time against the Jewish contractor that nothing was too bad to say against him. Some of the witnesses, on the other hand, were

\* Jewish workmen give a nickname to everything and everybody at all out of the common.

† There is now a widespread belief among Jewish workmen that "an Englishman does not want to pay wages," that is, at the rate to which they are used.

mere impostors, who came to startle the public and get for themselves a cheap advertisement. As regards the evidence relating to Leeds, wild exaggeration is the mildest term that can be applied to most of it. In spite of Mr. Burnett's report on the "Sweating System in Leeds," the fact remains that there is nothing in the trade he describes to which the term sweating can be applied, unless all contract work is sweating. I have worked in Leeds for fully nine years. The trade is concentrated within a radius of less than half a square mile, and most of the workpeople are employed in some twenty or thirty workshops. There are few tailoring workshops which I have not seen. I have served for years on the executive committee of the local trade union, and have had all sorts of real and imaginary grievances brought under my notice, and have no hesitation in stating that if all the rest of the evidence given before the Commission is as correct as that which came from Leeds, including Mr. Burnett's report, it might be destroyed to-day without anything being lost by it. There the hours of work are sixty-one per week; overtime is seldom resorted to. The workshops are large, and there are as many as thirty and even forty machines in a workshop. The work is practically ready-made and slop work, at which overcrowding is impossible. Leeds being a place of slop tailoring is therefore free from the evils attributed to sweated industries.

That there was a good deal of the bogus element in the evidence the following instance will show. In order to demonstrate how these vile sweaters, not content with the constant influx of foreign paupers ready to work for any price the employer cared to offer them, were actually importing aliens from the Continent, a Hebrew newspaper was produced which the Commissioners were assured had a large circulation on the Continent, and an advertisement for "greeners" which appeared in the paper was read. Yet this newspaper had a very small circulation in England, and owing to the Russian Press laws could have none in Russia; while the advertisement itself could not have attracted any "greeners" for the simple reason that though it was written in Hebrew letters, yet the language employed was such as only a person with a good knowledge of English could understand. In fact, there would have been a good deal less of the sensational element in the evidence if certain people had not taken the trouble to carefully select the witnesses with the object of impressing upon the public mind the evil effects of alien immigration. The mere fact that the rate of wages in some of the industries which are most affected by the immigration has been continually increasing within this last thirty years or so, and that in some of them they have more than doubled, is the best proof of the hollowness of the "revelations" and the surest guide to the effect of the immigration on the sweated industries.

In conclusion let me add that I do not look upon the continual

influx of Russian immigrants into this country with unmixed feelings. My heart at times aches to think of the mediæval spirit of intolerance—so alien to the character of the Russian people, who are undoubtedly the most tolerant and amiable beings in Europe—which animates the rulers of my native land, and which deprives her of some of her most enterprising and gifted sons, who, compelled to seek shelter in foreign lands, whilst helping to build up the fortunes of other people become the butt of political parasites, sensational journalists, taproom orators, and “labour leaders.” There is no one more anxious than myself to see them stay in the land of their birth. In Russia’s present phase of industrial development, there are no subjects whom she can spare less. The agitation against the alien may, by putting difficulties in the way of political refugees, give the Russian Government a better grasp over their political opponents who had in this country the only safe asylum; it may also keep out others who have no “visible” means of subsistence; but it will certainly not diminish the immigration from Russia, neither will it induce the Russian Government to modify their stupid and barbarous method of dealing with the “Jewish question.”

J. A. DYCHE.

## “CUP AND RING.”

### AN OLD PROBLEM SOLVED?

MY problem has nothing in the world to do with the Woman question, the Labour question, Bimetallism, or Weismannism. You cannot take shares in it, or make political capital out of it, or adopt it as the central interest of a novel; and I much misdoubt that you would weary a lady if you tried to talk to her about my problem. Worldlings avaunt! *Procul, o, procul este, profani!* I write for people interested in a puzzle because it *is* a puzzle—a dateless enigma from the inscrutable past.

History and antiquity supply our curious minds with many such pleasant, profitless exercises. Even in these days of education there are still many persons who have heard of the Man in the Iron Mask, and would like to know who he was. Now that penny Society journals are so common and charming, nobody, of course, reads the “Letters of Junius,” but many would be glad to be certain as to who wrote them.

My riddle is infinitely more remote, but it has this merit, that I think I can unriddle it. If ever you roamed on that moor of the Cheviot Hills which is near Chatton Park (I think on my Lord Tankerville’s ground), you may have noticed, engraved on the boulders, central cup-like depressions, surrounded by incised concentric circles. Who hollowed out these devices, why, and in what age?

I remember putting these questions when I first saw the “scalps” of whinstone, just swelling out of the turf among the heather, on a beautiful day of September. It was a lonely spot, where victual never grew; about us were the blue heights of the Cheviots, below us the *fabulosus amnis* of Till, that drowns three men to one drowned by Tweed. My friend told me that some said the stones were places of



Druid human sacrifice, and others held that the herd-boys carved the circles out of sheer idleness.

But these answers will not pass. There were no herd-boys nor Druids in Central Australia, nor on the Rio Negro in Brazil, among the Waimara Indians, nor in Fiji, nor in Georgia of old, nor in Zululand, where these decorative markings occur with others of primeval character. In our own country they are found, not only on scalps of rock, but on the stones of "Druid circles," from Inverness-shire to Lancashire, Cumberland, and the Isle of Man. They also occur on great stones arranged in avenues; on cromlechs (one huge horizontal stone supported on others which are erect); on the stones of chambered *tumuli* (artificial mounds) in Yorkshire; on stone "kists," or coffins, in Scotland, Ireland, and in Dorset; on prehistoric obelisks, or solitary "standing stones," in Argyll; on walls in underground Picts' houses in the Orkneys and Forfarshire; in prehistoric Scottish forts; near old camps; as well as on isolated rocks, scalps, and stones. Analogous double spirals occur at New Grange, in Ireland, at the entrance of the great gallery leading to the domed chamber; in Scandinavia; in Asia Minor; in China and Zululand; in Australia, America, North and South, and in Fiji.

Now, who made these marks, when, and why? Sir James Simpson says "They are archaeological enigmas, which we have no present power of solving." He cites some guesses. The markings are "archaic maps or plans of old circular camps and cities." They are sun-dials—but they occur in dark chambers of sepulchres, or underground houses! They stand for sun, or moon, or for Lingam worship. They are Roman, or they are Phœnician—a theory on which much learning has been wasted.

To all these guesses Sir James Simpson opposed the solution that the markings are merely decorative. "From the very earliest historic periods in the architecture of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, &c., down to our own day, circles, single or double, and spirals have formed, under various modifications, perhaps the most common types of lapidary decoration." It appears in Polynesian tattooing, this love of spirals and volutes. But, added Sir James, "that they were emblems or symbols, connected in some way with the religious thoughts and doctrines of those that carved them, appears to me to be rendered probable, at least, by the position and circumstances in which we occasionally find them placed," as on the lids of stone coffins and mortuary urns. Their date must be "very remote." They preceded writing and tradition. They are found in company with polished neolithic stone weapons, as in Brittany, without any remains of the metals, save in one case, of gold. The markings are earlier than the use of metals, though prolonged into the age of bronze. Sir James found by experiment that the markings could be made even on



Aberdeen granite with a flint celt and a wooden mallet. He reckoned them earlier than the arrival of the Celtic race, and asked for evidence of their existence in Africa, America, or Polynesia. He did not know the Fijian example in Williams's work on the Fijians, nor the American and Australian examples.

Sir James did not live to hear much about these mysterious marks in remote and savage lands. But, in 1875, Professor Daniel Wilson discovered, or, rather, reported his discovery, of cups and rings on a granite boulder in Georgia. The designs are quite of the familiar orthodox sort, and rocks covered with deep cup-marks occur in Ohio.\* Now there are romantic antiquaries, all for Druids and Phœnicians; and there are sardonic antiquaries, who like to rub the gilt off the gingerbread. Dr. Wilson was of the latter class, and explained the cups as holes made by early men in grinding stone pestles. The concentric rings may have been drawn round the cups "for amusement." This is damping, but early man did not use stone kists and the inner walls of sepulchres as grindstones; yet on these the marks occur. Nor would he climb an almost inaccessible rock to find his grindstone; yet the summit of such a rock has the decorations, in the parish of Tannadyce (Forfarshire). We may, therefore, discard Dr. Wilson's theory as a general solution of the problem. Sir James Simpson left it with the answer that the marks are decorative, *plus* religious symbolism.† His guess, as I think I can prove, or, at least, cause to seem probable, was correct. The cups and circles, with other marks, were originally decorative, with a symbolical and religious meaning in certain cases. How I have reached this conclusion I go on to show.

When you want to understand an old meaningless custom or belief found in the middle of civilisation, you try to discover the belief or custom in some region where it possesses intelligible life. Then you may reckon that, where you now find it without meaning, it once meant what it now does where it is full of vitality, or meant something analogous.

The place where the concentric circles and other markings have a living and potent signification I discovered by pure accident. I had been reading the proofs of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's valuable book on the "Native Tribes of Central Australia" (Macmillan). There I had noted plenty of facts about the native *churinga*, or "sacred things," flat oval pieces of wood or stone, covered with concentric circles, cups, and other decorations, which are read, or deciphered, as records of the myths and legendary history of the native race. These *churinga* are of various sizes, down to a foot or less in length. I did not think of them in connection with our cups, circles, and so forth, on our boulders and standing stones. But a friend chanced to come into my

\* "Proceedings S.A.S.," June 1875. "Ohio Rock Markings."

† "Ancient Sculpturings of Cups, Circles, &c." Edinburgh. 1871.

study, who began to tell me about the singular old site, Dumbuck, discovered by Mr. W. A. Donnelly (July 1898), under high tide-mark, in the Clyde estuary, near Dumbarton. "The odd thing," said my friend, "is that they have found small portable stones, amulets marked in the same way as the cup and ring marked rocks," and he began to sketch a diagram. "Why, that's a churinga," said I, "a Central Australian churinga." My friend, after being enlightened as to churinga, informed me that other examples had been dug up, also by Mr. Donnelly, in an ancient fort near the other site, at a place called Danbuie. Here, then, I had things very like churinga, and of the same markings as our boulders, kists, and so on, in two Scottish sites, where I understand neither pottery nor metal has yet been detected. Next, I found that the marks which the Australians engrave on their small churinga, they also *paint* on boulders, rock-walls, and other fixtures in the landscape, on sacred ground, tabooed to women.

The startling analogy between Australian and old Scottish markings *saute aux yeux*.

On the cover of Sir James Simpson's book, stamped in gold, is a central set of six concentric circles, surrounding a cup. From the inmost circle a groove goes to the circumference of the outer circle (the circles often occur without this radial groove), and there the line gives a wriggle, suggesting that the circle was evolved out of a spiral. Above and below this figure are a similar one with three and another with four concentric circles; at each side are two-circled and one-circled specimens with the wriggled line, and two cups and circles with no wriggle. Now compare fig. 131, p. 631, of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen. Here we have the churinga *ilkinia*, or sacred rock-drawing, in red and white, of the honey ant totem in the Warramunga tribe. Here are, first, seven concentric circles, through the centre of which goes a straight line of the same breadth (only found among the Warramunga), while to each extremity are added two concentric circles of small dimensions, ending in a cross. Around, as on Sir James's cover, are smaller sets of less numerous concentric circles, exactly like Sir James's, except for the radial groove which ends in a wriggle. Again (fig. 124, p. 615), we have two sets of concentric circles with white dots answering to cups, and, where the third set of circles should be, is a volute, as at New Grange, in Ireland, and in many other examples in our islands.

Now, in Central Australia the decorative motives, or analogous motives, of the permanent rock-paintings are repeated on the small portable churinga, which are deciphered by the blacks in a religious or rather in a mythical sense. It is, therefore, arguable that the small portable Scottish cup and circle marked stones, only recently discovered, bore the same *rapport* to the engravings on permanent stones, scalps, and boulders as do the Australian churinga to the

Australian sacred rock-paintings. They may have been portable sacred things.

I have been unable to visit Dumbuck, now in course of excavation, and have only seen some casts and pen-and-ink sketches sent to me by Mr. Donnelly. But I have examined the similar objects from Dunbuie, in the museum at Edinburgh. The antiquaries look dubiously on them, because they have seen no such matters before (they might have done so in Ireland), because a shell, with a very modern scratched face, was among the finds, and because a few of the markings on one or two stones look recent and fresh. But I argue that a Dumbarton humorist wishing to hoax us Monkbarnses would hardly "salt" an old site with objects unknown to Scottish antiquaries, yet afterwards discovered in Central Australia. A forger would forge things known, such as flint weapons; he would not forge novelties, which, later, are found to tally with savage sacred things in actual use.

Many of the Dunbuie finds are engraved in Mr. Millar's paper on Dunbuie.\* But he has not engraved the most unmistakable churinga, a small oval slab of stone, with an ornament of little cups following its outline (much as in an Irish instance), and provided, like stone churinga in Australia, with a hole for suspension.

He does engrave certain hitherto unheard-of articles—spear-heads of slate, two supplied with suspension holes. One (p. 294) has a pattern of the simplest, like a child's drawing of a larch, which recurs in Australia.† That these slate spear-heads, pierced for suspension, were used in war I doubt, though some Australians do use spear-heads "of a flinty slate."‡ I rather regard them as amulets, or churinga, analogous to the very old and rare wooden boomerang-shaped churinga of the Arunta (Lizard totem) of Central Australia. Mr. Millar observes: "They have all been saturated with oil or fat, as water does not adhere to them, but runs off as from a greasy surface." Now, the Australian churinga are very frequently rubbed with red ochre, and made greasy with "hand-grease"—a singular coincidence. Footmarks are among the sacred Australian rock-paintings with a legendary sense. They also occur, engraved on rock, in Brittany, Ireland, on "The Fairy Stone" (ilkinia) in Glenesk, and on "The Witches' Stone" at Monzie, associated with cups and concentric circles.§ These close analogies point all in one direction.

Meaningless in Europe, what meaning have these designs in

\* "Proceedings S.A.S.," vol. xxx. 1896, pp. 291-316.

† Spencer and Gillen, p. 632. Nos. 14-23. "Ilkinia and Plum Tree Totem."

‡ The evidence for Australian slate spear-heads is not strong. Capt. King acquired a bundle of bark in a raid on natives. It contained "several spear-heads, most ingeniously and curiously made of stone . . . the stone was covered with red pigment, and appeared to be of a flinty slate."—See "The Picture of Australia," p. 243. London. 1829.

§ Simpson, pp. 182-184.

Australia? Though certainty is impossible, I take it that they were first purely decorative, before the mythical and symbolical meaning was read into them by the savages. They occur on the mystic "bull-roarers" of Central Queensland, but I do not learn that in Queensland the circles and so on are interpreted or deciphered as among the Arunta.\* Still, they occur here in a religious connection—the bull-roarer being swung at the mysteries—and they are carved on trees at mysteries held far south in New South Wales.† But even in Central Australia the markings sometimes occur as purely decorative, on one rock or other object, while on others they are sacred, and are interpreted as records of legends.‡ There are "ordinary rock-paintings," and "certain other drawings, in many cases not distinguishable from some of the first series, so far as their form is concerned, but belonging to a class all of which are spoken of as *churinga ilkinia*, and are regarded as sacred because they are associated with totems. Each local totemic group has certain of these specially belonging to the group, and in very many cases preserved on rock-surfaces in spots which are strictly *tabu* to the women, children, and uninitiated men." One of the commonest "represents a snake coming out of a hole in a rock," which the wriggle out of the cup in our circle-marked stones would stand for fairly well. Some designs are only "play-work"; others exactly similar, on another spot, have a definite meaning. The meaning is read, where the spot is sacred ground. The concentric circles are "believed, on good ground, to have been derived from an original spiral." "It is much more easy to imagine a series of concentric circles originating out of a spiral than to imagine a spiral originating out of a series of concentric circles." In this country the spiral seems to be later than the circle.

These devices not only occur on fixed rocks and portable *churinga*, they are also painted on the bodies of boys when initiated in the mysteries: "concentric circles with radiating lines preponderate."

In Mr. Haddon's "Decorative Art of British New Guinea" he describes designs of concentric circles and spirals which are clearly derivatives of drawings of the human face.§ Thus our concentric circles and spirals *may*, in the last resort, have been derived from drawings of the human face, though *diablement changés en route*.

What, then, however we interpret the origin, decorative or symbolic, of the sacred designs, is their significance as understood by the Arunta of Central Australia at the present time?

The Arunta are totemistic—that is, they believe in close relations which bind up the groups of their society with certain plants and

\* Roth, "Natives of N. W. Queensland" p. 129, pl. xvii.

† "Journal Anthropol. Institute," May 1895, p. 410, pl. 21, fig. 7.

‡ Some wooden *churinga* are engraved, as "Australian Magic Sticks," in Ratzel's popular "History of Mankind," i. 379. They exactly answer to the *churinga* of the Arunta.

§ Royal Irish Academy, "Cunningham Memoirs," No. x. 1894.

animals. But they differ vastly from other totemistic races all over the world, and even in Australia. So much do they differ that it may be doubted whether their totems can properly be called totems at all. Elsewhere a man of a given totem—say the emu—cannot marry a woman of that stock; it is incest. The children inherit their totem, either from the mother, or, less frequently, the father. Any local group in a given region contains persons of various totems. People may not kill, eat, or make any use of the plants and animals which, in each case, are their totems.

Among the Arunta all is otherwise. A child's totem may be that of his father, of his mother, or different from that of either parent. A man may marry a woman of his own totem, which elsewhere is incest, and capitally punished. Thus, father is a Grub, mother (*proh pudor!*) is a Grub, one child may be a Grub, another an Emu. Moreover, here totems are *local*; almost every one in a given place will be, for example, a Lizard or a Plum tree. Usually people do eat their own totems, though sparingly, and each totem-kin practises magical rites, intended to multiply the animal or plant with which it is associated, in the interests of the general food supply. The Grubs work a rite to cause plenty of grubs, and they give the other groups a lead by eating, sparingly, of the first fruits of the grubs. This bears, in my opinion, no kind of analogy to the so-called "totem-sacrament." Nor does it agree with the notion that a man's totem is the receptacle of his "life" or "soul"; if so, why should he encourage his neighbour to kill and eat it? Nay, he even helps them to destroy it.

Whether Arunta totemism is the most archaic kind, from which all other totemism has varied, or whether it is a private "sport" from the main stock, does not concern us here, and is matter of conjecture. The Arunta, and other Central Australian tribes, look back to a mythic past, when ancestors, closely connected with this or that plant or animal, perhaps transformations of such animal or plant, roamed the country in groups, each of the same totem name, each feeding freely on its own totem.

This was "the Alcheringa time," and existing rites are explained by "ætiological myths," stating how such or such a mummery, still practised, was originally practised in the Alcheringa. Nothing of the sort, of course, need have been the case, and such myths cannot tell us what the manners and customs of that dim age really were. Demeter was a woman of the Greek Alcheringa, and the Eleusinian rites were explained by the Greeks as originating in her Alcheringa adventures. But these, obviously, were invented purely to account for the rites themselves, not *vice versa*.

Now, among the Arunta the blacks of to-day are regarded as reincarnations of the Alcheringa fabulous ancestors. Each of these carried about (both men and women) churinga, the portable decorated



stones. When an Alcheringite died, a rock or tree rose to mark the place, but his or her spirit "remained in the churinga." Lots of churinga were dropped at different sites, and round these now hover the spirits associated with them. In one place is a crowd of wild-cat ghosts; at another, a mob of frog or lizard or emu ghosts. These want to be reincarnated. Consequently, a woman who desires to have a baby goes to one of them (in Argyll she would slide down a cup-marked rock!), a woman who does *not* want to have a baby keeps away. A child's totem is derived, not from father or mother, but from the totem of the ghosts at the place where the woman thinks she conceived it. When the baby is born, her relations hunt the spot, and find for it the churinga left by the spirit which is reincarnated in it.

Thus, first there is the fabulous Alcheringite, himself a transformation of an emu, lizard, water, fire, or what not. Then there is his spirit haunting, after his death, a spot where churinga of his totem were deposited. That spirit enters into and is born again from a passing woman, and the spirit's churinga is found and is henceforth the child's churinga—an oval plate of stone, with cup and ring or other decorations. (For cups, see Spencer and Gillen, p. 129; for concentric circles, see p. 131.) All these churinga are kept at sacred central stores, caves, or crevices. Each member of the tribe is represented by her or his "churinga nanja" in these repositories. Women may not go near these sacred stores, nor may they see a churinga.\* If they do, their eyes are burned out with a fire-stick. A man's churinga is *not*, to him, like the egg in which was the life of the giant in the fairy tale. If it comes to grief, he does not die, but expects bad luck, as we do if we break a mirror. Not till he has been through the mysteries and the most cruel mutilations, and just before he has been painted with the pattern on the sacred rock of his totem, can a man see the store-house of the churinga. Now, in the witchetty grub totem this sacred painting tallies with the lines incised, under concentric circles, on the covering of a stone kist at Tillicoultry.† There are circles above the lines in the Australian example, or rather circular dabs of paint, called "the decorated eyes," painted on the rocks; the corresponding patterns are incised on the portable churinga. In Scotland the patterns are incised both on fixed rocks and portable stones; the latter at Dumbuck and Dunbuie.

I observe many patterns common to both regions. There are the concentric circles, the spiral, the marks like horse-shoes, the tree pattern, the witchetty grub pattern, the volute, the long sinuous snake-like pattern, and a number of these recur in Brazil, on the banks of the

\* The tribal stores of churinga are *not* the same as the places where churinga were dropped in the Alcheringa.

† "Proceedings S. A. S.," vol. xxix. p. 193. Spencer and Gillen, fig. 132, No. 6.

Rio Negro.\* Now, though we have these patterns on rocks in Ohio, Brazil, Australia, in this country, in France, in Asia Minor, I only know the patterns on portable small stones in Australia, at Dunbuie, on the Dumbuck site, and, I think, in a cairn near Lough Crew, in County Meath. The curious, for this last case, may consult "Proceedings of Scottish Society of Antiquaries," 1893, p. 299, where in figs. 6 and 7 he will see what in Australia would be called two stone churinga, with any number of Scoto-Australian patterns on large stones. On one the pattern is like that of a stone from Dunbuie.

In Australia, members of each totem decipher the marks, purely conventional, as representative of the totem, and of adventures in the Alcheringa time. For example, a mark like two croquet hoops, or horse-shoes, is "an old woman gathering frogs." The concentric circles are frogs; the dots round them are tracks of women; dull, often dirty, stories are told about the adventures of the Alcheringites commemorated by the patterns. At the sacred pattern-painted rocks, magic ceremonies, extremely puerile, are performed to ensure a supply of the edible totem which the pattern represents. Some event occurred there in the Alcheringa; the rite repeats what, in myth, was then done, and the stomachs of the men are rubbed with the churinga "for luck." Such are the uses of the churinga. Did they once exist wherever the similarly decorated fixed rocks exist? Did the makers of the decorations in Scotland decipher the churinga as the Central Australians do now? Were the dwellers by Clyde (much more advanced in culture than the Australians) totemists, looking on their small decorated stones as associated with the spirits of Alcheringa ancestors? Do women in Argyll slide down a cup-marked rock, in hope of offspring, because totemistic ghosts once hovered round it, eager to be reincarnated? The fact of the sliding is attested by a chief of Clan Diarmid.

Nobody can answer! I have shown these decorated rocks and small stones to have a living significance, a vital legendary symbolism, in Central Australia. I cannot prove that they had the same significance in County Meath or Dumbartonshire. The Australians may have begun with mere decoration, and later added a symbolism suited to their amazing theory of life. In our country the decorations may have quite a different symbolical sense, but probably they had some sense. Otherwise, why engrave them, not only on rocks, but on small stones pierced for suspension? Perhaps men believed in an Alcheringa time on the Clyde; perhaps they multiplied salmon and deer by magical mummeries at the engraved rocks; perhaps these were sacred places, tabooed to women. Or quite a different set of fables and customs may have crystallised in Scotland round marked rocks and inscribed small stones. I cannot prove that, as in Australia,

\* "S.A.S.," 1884-5, vol. vii. pp. 388-394. Compare, for County Meath, the same work, 1892-93, pp. 297-338.

Clydesdale boys of old, when initiated in the mysteries, were painted with the pattern on their sacred totem rock and stone or wood churinga. But, if not these rites, other rites were, I conceive, connected with the decorative patterns found in so many still savage countries.

One piece of evidence rather points in this direction. The Australian stone churinga are shaped like the wooden churinga, and these are shaped like the *tundun*, or "bull-roarer." Now the bull-roarer (which occurs in Australia where stone churinga do not) is a sacred oval piece of wood, not to be seen by women, which is whirled at the mysteries, and makes a windy, roaring noise. The same object is used, for the same purpose, at the mysteries in America, Africa, and, of old, in Greece.\* The roaring noise is taken to be the voice of Tundun, son of Munganngaur, "Our Father" in the heavens, among the Kurnai, and of gods or culture heroes of other names in other tribes. Now, in Celtic Scotland (as also in England) this instrument, the *tundun*, occurs as a mere toy, in Gaelic named *strannam*. Does it descend from a sacred object of savage mysteries, and are the Australian stone churinga—in shape like the *tundun*, like the *tundun* tabooed to women—mere lapidary modifications of the wooden *tundun*? However this may be, the *strannam* looks like a link in the long chain which binds us to the prehistoric past.

While correcting the proof-sheets of this article I have read, in the *Glasgow Herald* (January 7), an article on Dumbuck and Dunbuie, by Dr. Munro, the eminent authority on crannogs, or pile-dwellings, and, generally, on prehistoric Scotland. Dr. Munro, as I understand him, does not regard Dumbuck as an older than mediæval site, nor as a true crannog. The incised stones he looks on either as of most singular character (if genuine) or as forgeries of to-day, the opinion which he seems to prefer. He is unacquainted with similar objects in any part of the world. I have here provided him with references to similar objects from Central Australia, and I suggest examination of the *apparently* similar Irish objects, figured in "Proceedings of Scottish Society of Antiquaries," 1893, p. 299, figs. 6 and 7. Not having seen these stones I can only offer the hint suggested by the illustrations in "Proceedings." Why a forger should forge such unknown objects, and place them at Dunbuie, in 1895, before the Central Australian stones had been described, I cannot guess. Nor can I enough deplore the stupidity of the same hypothetical forger in not "salting" Dunbuie and Dumbuck with neolithic implements, whether antique or made by some Flint Jack of to-day. Both his sins of omission and of commission *donnent furieusement à penser*.

ANDREW LANG.

\* See the author's "Custom and Myth: The Bull Roarer." Prof. Haddon has discovered many other instances.

## AN ITALIAN ARMY EVANGELIST.

**B**Y the death at Rome of Signor Cavalier Luigi Capellini, founder and pastor of the Military Evangelical Church of Italy, a glorious chapter in the spreading of the Gospel in Rome has been closed. Signor Capellini was born at Spezzia in 1841, and as he belonged to a most devoted Roman Catholic family he was educated and trained in the tenets of that Church. His parents would have made of him a priest. However, in 1860 the cry for independence and liberty reached Capellini's heart, and he enlisted in the army of King Victor Emmanuel. He fought for the deliverance of his country from foreign despotism and Papal tyranny. Yet young Capellini was spiritually still very much attached to the Church, and wore the all-powerful scapular of the Virgin.

After the battles of 1866 he went with his regiment to Perugia, where the present Pope resided as Archbishop. One day, in moving about the courtyard of the barracks, he picked up a few fragments of the New Testament, and out of curiosity glanced through them. The page he had in his hand contained the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and that page was, under the providence of God, the means of his salvation. His spirit was instantly touched, and to the right purpose. He at once started a kind of evangelical propaganda amongst his comrades, reading with them or to them Protestant literature, which he obtained from a Miss Burton. As soon as he could he left the army and devoted himself to the work of a missionary to his countrymen. He was a good sower, and though some of his seed fell by the wayside, some on stony ground, and some among thorns, much fell on good ground and yielded fruit that sprang up and increased.

Capellini started his missionary work at Naples, the most superstitious and priest-ridden city in Italy. He met, as was to be expected, with much scepticism and opposition. From Naples he went to Padua

to study theology under the Rev. H. J. Piggott, now for many years the head of the Wesleyan Mission in Italy. While there he divided his time between study and conversing with the soldiers on the faith of Christ, as he was fully convinced that the barracks were the most desirable field for the much-needed evangelisation of Italy. Soon after the fall of the temporal power of the Pope he entered the Eternal City, there to fulfil the mission God had entrusted to him, and there fearlessly he fought his way through, overcoming by endurance, perseverance, and tact the overwhelming obstacles which stood in his way. In 1873 he founded the Evangelical Military Church, which has since grown and prospered. Often we read in some paper that Rome no longer persecutes the man with a Bible. To be convinced of the contrary it is sufficient to know Signor Capellini's experience, which I am going to narrate as briefly as I can. He was not long in Rome before he was denounced by the organ of the Vatican as a corrupter of youth. The Italian Government never had a fixed ecclesiastical policy, and at that time the tendency was towards avoiding any possible complaint on the part of the Vatican as to spiritual matters. The Government must have wished Capellini hundreds of miles away, but he remained in Rome in spite of the authorities. In the streets he could not speak or preach, but he set aside a part of his house as a meeting-place. He was compelled to shift from house to house, as the landlords, instigated by the priests, gave him the choice either to stop his Protestant meetings or go.

In less than three years Capellini had spent all he possessed, as he would not then appeal for help to others. He had parted with almost his last penny when an American pastor came to his aid and helped him to carry out his preparatory work for another year, and properly establish the Evangelical Military Church of Italy. The first Lord's Supper was celebrated there at Easter, 1873, and Capellini lived long enough to keep the twenty-fifth anniversary, which was solemnised last Easter. Soon after the foundation of the Church the *Osservatore Romano*, the principal organ of the Vatican, published a denunciatory article which ran thus:

"Protestantism has opened in Rome many shops (*botteghe*) wherein youth is corrupted. In one of these shops many soldiers are to be seen. It is a matter which deeply interests the families of our soldiers. What a terrible shock for fathers and mothers to know that the moral life of their children is thus undermined and polluted!"

We shall see later on that many fathers and mothers have rejoiced instead over the change in their children. The next day this same paper published a paragraph as follows:

"Yesterday we called the attention of the public to the large number of soldiers who go to Protestant shops, and now we add that a very large distribution has been made amongst the soldiers. It seems to us that the



military authorities should think twice before allowing this proselytising in the barracks."

So we see that the Vatican, being deprived of secular power, appeals to the hated secular authorities to repress the spreading of the Gospel. In consequence of this appeal, all soldiers who had received a Bible or any evangelical books were deprived of the same and severely forbidden to enter the Evangelical Military Church again. A colonel of an infantry regiment asked two sergeants who were members of that Church this question: "Who made you forsake the Church in which you were born?" And they replied: "The very God in whom you believe, and in whom we all hope." The colonel was struck with this reply; he vainly tried to induce them to give up Evangelism. In his anger he did the best thing he could to foster Signor Capellini's work: he wrote a very strong report against it to Prince Humbert, the present King of Italy, then the commanding officer of the military division of Rome.

Prince Humbert, a few days after, addressing all the generals of his division, said: "Watch, if you have reason to suspect that under the cloak of religion some political plot is carried on; but by no means hinder the soldiers from fulfilling their religious duty according to their conscience." This noble reply ought to have put aside all opposition, at least from military quarters, but it did not. However, many soldiers who, fearing persecution, had abstained from going to the Evangelical Military Church, afterwards, little by little, succeeded in conquering their apprehensions and went back to Capellini.

The persecution of soldiers did not, however, end with King Humbert's noble address. Some zealot of an officer would every now and then interfere with the conscience of his soldiers. For instance, in 1875 the colonel of a regiment of Bersaglieri issued an order that all the bad books should be taken from the soldiers. Of course, by bad books he did not mean the obscene and pornographic literature, of which there was plenty, but the Bible and the Gospels. One of the majors under this benighted colonel drew up his battalion and made a speech to them in favour of freedom of conscience, and he concluded by saying: "Those amongst you who are Evangelicals please step forward." About fifty—many more than the major expected—stepped forward. On the morrow all these brave soldiers had their Bibles and books snatched from them, and each one was strictly cross-examined as to his creed. Signor Capellini, as soon as he was informed of this fact, paid a visit to General Cosenz—who had succeeded Prince Humbert—and the general subsequently warned the colonel against interfering again with the conscience of his soldiers. The *Voce della Verità*, another organ of the Vatican, published an article highly eulogising the military authorities for having stopped the circulation amongst soldiers of *libretacci protestanti* (dirty Protestant books), and it added this sentence: "The converted Evangelicals;

having lost their conscience, cannot be loyal to the flag." This was a little too much, coming from the same paper that only a few years before the fall of the temporal power had written "that the best government was that in which the executioner was Prime Minister."

This seizure of "bad books" has done some good. An officer of the Bersaglieri, who had taken part in the seizure, himself kept one of the Bibles and read it. It is wonderful to see how that book works once it is open. A few days after, this very officer met Signor Capellini and said to him: "You are henceforth at liberty to distribute as many books as you like to my soldiers; they will be free to read them, and I am sure that reading would do them good." Six years after a captain ordered all the Evangelical soldiers to appear before him with their books. He seized the books, and rebuked and insulted the men, threatening them with severe punishment if they did not stop going to the Evangelical Military Church. Three months after this very captain betook himself to Capellini's place of worship. The pastor, who knew what he had done, thought he was there to spy on the soldiers; but he had a much nobler object in view. The service over, he went to Capellini and told him he was sorry for what he had done, and said: "I seized the Bible when I did not know what it was. I have read it since, and it has convinced me I was wrong, and I am here to apologise to you and to your Church." In 1882 another captain, unknown to Capellini, attended the service, and afterwards came to Signor Capellini, and said: "I see all my soldiers are here, and I am very pleased, because I have noticed their moral improvement since they joined your Church. I have read some of the books you gave them, and I should like now to have a Bible for myself and one for my father." The latter was a general in the army.

Another instance. Private Giovannetti was kept in the barracks by a cruel captain. He used to pass his time reading the Bible, which he had concealed in the palliasse. One day he was reading rather loud from Jeremiah xvii. The captain entered stealthily and heard the eighteenth verse of the chapter: "Let them be confounded that persecute me." He seized the soldier to snatch the book from him. Giovannetti most respectfully but firmly replied: "This book is mine; none shall touch it." To make a long story short, the captain asked for a copy of the Bible; he read it, and became a new man—kind, gentle, affectionate with all soldiers, and particularly so with the Evangelicals.

I am tempted to give another instance, because it has its teaching in it. At Castel Santangelo there was a sergeant most ferocious in his anger against the Evangelicals. He was greatly feared by every one. One day he caught a soldier reading most attentively the New Testament. He snatched it from him, and took it to his room to burn it. It was a beautifully bound Testament, and for the sake of the

cover he did not burn it. Out of curiosity he opened it and read that part that speaks of justification by faith. He thought over his ways and became a changed man, betook himself to Capellini's, and in a very short time he became one of the pillars of the Evangelical Military Church.

Capellini's church was open to all soldiers. Some messenger of the priests would be there now and then. One of these creatures used to go there to steal all the books he could lay his hands on in order to destroy them. Once while crossing the Tiber he threw some Testaments into the river. A few soldiers who were walking leisurely on the banks of the river caught one of these Testaments that failed to reach the water. On the cover was printed the name of the church. This put into their heads to go and see the church, which they had never heard of before, and they became in due course sincere and faithful Christians. They would often say to Signor Capellini: "We are Christians through a Testament saved from the water."

In Italy all able-bodied men must serve in the army or in the navy. At one time those intended for the priesthood were exempted, but this is no longer the case. They too must pay their blood tribute to the land of their birth. Amongst the soldiers who for some time visited Capellini's church was a monk serving his time in the army. He went there as an informer, but learned to do better. The light he was there to try to extinguish entered against his will into his heart and conquered it. He asked to be admitted as a member, and after the usual trial he was received. Then he wrote to his father: "Sell my ecclesiastical robes. I have found here the true religion of Christ, to serve whom I shall no longer need those vestments."

I have given a few instances of persecution, which I am glad to add is now passing away. One must not suppose that all the officers were as bad as some of whom I have spoken. Often the inferior officers were worse than their superiors. A lieutenant used to torment one of his soldiers and to punish him for the slightest offence. At last the persecuted soldier went to his captain and said to him: "I have found in Rome Signor Capellini: I heard him explain the religion of Christ. I was a Roman Catholic; now I am a Christian." "Well," replied the captain, "you can act as you like in this matter." "Yes, I know," added the soldier, trembling; "but the lieutenant is persecuting me daily for this very reason." The captain thereupon inquired, found that all the soldier had told him was true, sent for the lieutenant, and in the presence of the soldier reprimanded him for his wicked persecution, and threatened him with punishment if he did not stop it.

This bit of justice did a lot of good to all the company, and many soldiers felt as if they must go to the Evangelical service. Amongst those was one Giovanni Bravin, who had an uncle a monk in the monastery of Montefiascone. He espoused the cause of Evangelisation



so warmly that he actually went to see his uncle and urge him to come out of the Church of Rome. "My son," replied the monk, when he heard what had brought his nephew to him, "thou art damned, and if thy mother, my beloved sister, were still alive she would die broken-hearted." The nephew, Bible in hand, preached another Gospel to his uncle before he went. "We shall not see each other any more, but pray do not tell any one that I am thy uncle." He told everybody he had an uncle at Montefiascone, and when his military service was over he went home to preach the Gospel amongst his friends. His own father, an aged man of seventy, was the first he converted.

In the same year—1881—an officer having found on the desk of a sergeant hundreds of tickets for the Easter meeting of the church, full of despair went to his chief. "Colonel," he said, "all the regiment are becoming Protestant; here is what I have found." "Put these tickets where you found them," was the reply; "it is better that our soldiers should go to Evangelical meetings than to taverns and brothels."

To all effects and purposes open opposition in the barracks has now ceased, and the Bible is to be found wherever there are soldiers. Some kind of opposition, however, still exists, especially in the military hospital, where monks and nuns look after the spiritual welfare of the inmates. As long as the Church of Rome thinks she is the true Church and the only depository of Christian truth she has a right to oppose those who preach the contrary, but it is horrible to see some vile instruments of that Church, in their impotence to openly gainsay the adversary, torturing the poor soldiers on their death-bed, and using the confessional—as I will show by a few instances before I have done—to set the father against the son, the sister against her brother, the young woman against her intended husband.

These people will not leave the patients in peace until they submit to confession, and they try by hook or crook to rob them of their Bibles. This kind of persecution was carried on unchecked till one of the sergeants, disgusted with what was going on, became himself a member of the Evangelical Military Church, and was able to afford much protection to his co-religionists in the hospital. For some time Capellini was not allowed to enter the hospital except on visiting days, but he later obtained permission to visit at any time the Evangelical inmates, though he was forbidden to approach the beds of others—a condition with which he faithfully complied. A very singular case was that of Corporal Massi. Nuns and monks would torment him day and night. At last he wrote to his mother, a most devoted Catholic, to come and protect him. The good woman stayed at the hospital all the time her son was there, and forbade the nuns and monks to speak to him—and often joined with Capellini in the reading of the Holy Scriptures. It is strange to see how slow the Roman

Church is to perceive that persecution nowadays begets sympathy with the oppressed and hatred for the oppressor.

Capellini's work little by little has brought forth its fruit. The king knighted him in 1884, and in 1890 promoted him. Many officers went to him to tell him of the good he was doing. What he appreciated most was the approval of the parents of his converts. I must limit myself to mentioning a few cases only. The parents of Cino Ferruccio, noticing from his letters a wonderful change for the better, inquired about it, and the son wrote that his change was due to his having come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ through the teaching of Signor Capellini. The father went to Rome to thank Capellini for what he had done, and so strong was the impression he received that he brought back with him a Bible for family reading. In many cases the son has been the means of the conversion of the father.

And now a few words as to the other form of persecution. Italy now is a free country, but the spirit of persecution, although very much diminished, still dwells there. The written law is much more liberal than the unwritten law which is in the mind and in the habits of the people. In the cities the priest is powerless, but in the small places he is the principal authority in the land, and he exercises his power to the detriment of liberty of conscience, and carries on his persecution to the bitter end. His principal weapon is the confessional, and this is how it works. All the soldiers who go to confess are asked if they know any one who belongs to the Protestant sect, and who they are? Then the priest of the place to which the convert belongs is communicated with, and he carries on the second part of the business. He approaches the parents or the friends of the soldier and describes to them the infernal life their dear one is leading in Rome, and, of course, most of them believe the priest, and, without any cause or justification, become hard and unjust towards the absent ones. Many soldiers, a few months after joining the Evangelical Church, have received from their friends at home terrible letters of cursing; others have had the little help they were accustomed to receive stopped; others have been dismissed by their intended wives, and so on. When an explanation was asked, the reply was somewhat in these terms: You have given up the Church for the devil; we give you up for our own salvation; you have to choose between your devilish books and practices and us.

The experience of Sergeant Adolfo Lerma of Sassari was as follows: The priest, through the confessional, turned his *fiancée* against him. He journeyed from Rome to Sassari to see her. She said to him: "I love you, I would marry you, but you must first reconcile yourself with God through my father confessor." He loved her very much, but he loved Jesus and truth more, and he left her to her father confessor.



A soldier of Campobello had a similar experience, but with a different result. He succeeded in convincing the girl to whom he was engaged, and he married her and went to live with his father-in-law, by whom he was employed. They had a child, which was christened in the Protestant church of Caltanissetta. This was more than the local priest could endure. He induced the father to turn out of the house the daughter with her husband and child. They were penniless, and had to support themselves as best they could.

One Rocco Lamagna, of Basilicata, when he returned home to resume his work as a shoemaker, met with great opposition from the priests. First they instigated the parents, who were weak-minded, to take the part of the priests against the son. Then they tried the same thing with the wife, but she gave up the confessional for her husband. Then from the pulpit they warned every one against having anything to do with Lamagna. A few boycotted him, others took his part, with the result that the little workshop once a week was transformed into a meeting-place wherein people gathered to render thanks to God. Examples of this kind could be narrated by hundreds, and they are on the increase. Of course a few yield, and, under strain of circumstances, give up the Bible to live in peace with their friends, but greater is the number of those that keep faithful to the new spirit that is in them.

And now, to show how this spirit of persecution can sometimes assume a very ridiculous form, I will narrate the experience of Sergeant Alfarone, one of the deacons. He used to send home regularly Evangelical papers. His father, who had a boot shop, one day sent a pair of shoes home to a canon wrapped up in one of these papers. The canon opened the parcel, and then refused the shoes, saying that, although sprinkled with holy water, he was sure the shoes would hurt him, as they had been wrapped up in the devil's paper.

In conclusion, it is most encouraging to be able to state that this spirit of persecution is dying out, and that the Bible is now read in the remotest parts of Italy. In 1879 I visited for the first time the island of Sardinia, whose dialect was unknown to me. I could not understand the country people, nor make myself understood by them. At last I met a peasant who could speak Italian. I could not help asking him, "Have you been a soldier?" "Yes," was the reply. Colporteurs, moving about in the far-away places of Italy, meet now and then some one who speaks of Christianity and the Bible. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is one who has been a soldier and belonged to the Evangelical Military Church of Italy.

GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA.

## THE SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN.\*

### II.—THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.†

ABOUT the time of Beethoven's death a remarkable artist arose among our westerly neighbours in France, whose greatness and far-reaching importance in music have been recognised only for a comparatively short time past—Hector Berlioz. The first of his works which fully reveals his special gift is the "*Symphonie Fantastique*," the fourteenth of his compositions in order of time. It contains so much which is original that, considering the general inclination of people rather to deny the new than carefully to investigate it, we must not be astonished that even eminent men—Cherubini, for example—looked upon it as monstrous. The public absolutely failed to understand it, nay, the impression it made was like a violent fright. Berlioz obtained much the same result with his later compositions, as long as he lived, in spite of the fact that Liszt's indefatigable efforts aroused at least some attention for the works in Germany. It is only long after his death that by means of excellent performances, first conducted by Bülow, and later on by others, the high value of this music has gradually come to be appreciated, in spite of its many external peculiarities—the sweet kernel discovered within the rough shell.

If we, who are more conversant with Berlioz, ask how it was possible that his works, which now receive so much admiration, could be looked upon for whole decades as the products of a half-diseased mind, we find three points that may serve as an explanation. At a first acquaintance, Berlioz's musical invention appears reserved and not very accessible. Not a single one of his melodic phrases

\* See "The Symphony since Beethoven; The New Classical School."—THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, February 1899, p. 271.

† Kindly prepared for English publication by Carl Armbruster, Esq.



bears a character like, *e.g.*, the celebrated clarinet-melody in the "Freischütz" Overture or like themes of Schubert, which irresistibly bewitch the ear and heart of the listener. Indeed, at first we find coldness, or even harshness, in the very strains which, in reality, the artist has used to express consuming fire and passion. Berlioz's music reminds one of those rare human physiognomies, which at the first moment appear unsympathetic, until upon closer observation we begin to discern the mental storms and struggles to which those angular features, those deep scar-like furrows, those sad weird eyes give testimony. Let the reader contemplate the portraits of Berlioz, and he will understand what I mean. A second reason for his having remained misunderstood for so long a time is his abnormal and grotesque boldness in instrumentation. Not only does he often bring into play far more orchestral means than are usual, but his manner of using them, his demands upon the separate instruments, his mixture and combination of their tones, all give to his treatment of the orchestra a peculiar colouring, which did not exist before him and has not been imitated after him, and which has induced malicious or ignorant critics to say that he first invented the instrumental effect and then added the music. And yet his instrumentation does not show that sensuous element which seems to carry us along upon the waves of sound, as it appears in Weber's orchestra, also built up with wonderful boldness as regards the varied utilisation of the instruments, and as it finally appears in the hitherto most perfect orchestra, that of Wagner. We are dazzled by Berlioz's orchestration, but not intoxicated; it is bright sunshine upon light green leaves round which a clear and pure air is playing; but the deep breath in the odorous shade of the pine forest is wanting. The third cause which impeded the general recognition of Berlioz must be looked for in the materials and poetical subjects which he chose for his works, as well as in the relation in which his music stands to those subjects and the manner in which it illustrates them.

Let us first consider the "Symphonie Fantastique." Berlioz has headed it by a programme, which describes each one of the movements separately; it is an indication of the poetical tenor which the listener is to remember the while. There was nothing extraordinary in this proceeding. It would be very gratifying if a musical historian would thoroughly establish the fact, once for all, that what is lightly called "programme music" nowadays, is by no means an invention of modern composers, but that the endeavour to express definite thoughts, nay, even events, by music is evidently as old as music itself, in our sense. We find compositions with titles and explanations in the old Dutch and Italian composers quite as frequently as in German masters before Bach. Thayer, in his excellent biography of Beethoven, mentions a number of long-forgotten compositions, dating from the commence-

ment of the century, which either bore titles as a whole or had special names for the separate movements; *e.g.*, general title, "The naval battle"; first movement, the beating of the drums; second movement, warlike music and marches; third movement, motion of the ships; fourth movement, cruising among the waves; fifth movement, cannon firing; sixth movement, cries of the wounded; seventh movement, shouts of victory of the triumphant fleet.

Great battles and events of political importance have always greatly excited the fancy of musicians. Even Beethoven condescended to compose a piece in honour of Wellington's victory, and in Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" we hear the artistic echo of the successful war. Every good operatic overture, indeed, has its programme. Spohr has not hesitated to add to his "Faust" Overture, by way of an introduction, a detailed description of the subjects he wishes his listener to imagine when he hears it. Indeed, it is not the programme which is to be condemned, but only that in some cases the music places itself in a false relation to the programme, so that it seems to revolt against its own nature, and, so to speak, resolves itself into non-music. Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" is intended to represent the feverish dreams of a young artist who, in despair at having been refused by his beloved, has poisoned himself with opium. The dose, too small to kill him, produces at first pleasant images in his mind, but terrible ones later on. The separate movements, definitely explained by the programme, are named: "Dreams and passions," "A ball," "Scene in the country," "March to the scaffold," "Witches' Sabbath." (Afterwards Berlioz added a second part to the work; it is the melodrama "Lelio," which is incomparably less valuable than the Symphony. In this he lets the artist speak, after having wakened from his sleep; turning again to his occupations, he makes him recover from the pangs of love.) Imagine how baffled the public of the time must have been at this attempt to express in music so unheard-of a subject. And yet how grandly has Berlioz succeeded in doing the apparently impossible, without in the least violating the form of the symphony or falling into empty tone-painting. All the five movements are perfect pieces of music, complete in themselves, ingenious and powerful in invention, construction, and instrumentation, and they require no further explanation in order to gain the right to exist. In the certain conviction of the purely musical perfection of his work, Berlioz says that the programme may be omitted; he asks only that the titles of the separate movements may remain. Any listener endowed with a little imagination and knowing that the third movement is named "A scene in the country," will easily find out that at the close, where a cantilena of the English horn is accompanied by a soft roll on the drums, the composer intends to imitate a tune played upon a shep-



herd's pipe, interrupted by distant thunder; this is similar to the close of Beethoven's "Scene by the brook," where the song of birds is imitated. In both cases this imitation of Nature is by no means inartistic, a reproach which was levelled at Berlioz and even at Beethoven at the time. In both it is musically connected with what precedes in a perfectly logical manner; and is therefore intelligible from the music alone, without any programme. In Berlioz's case the imitation of natural sound even gives the opportunity for a particularly beautiful rounding off of the whole. The opening of the movement, before the real theme appears, is already formed by a duet of two shepherds' pipes (oboe and English horn), and the close seems to be only a varied repetition of the opening. For the last movement the title "Witches' Sabbath" would have amply sufficed; it consists of an introduction, which prepares one for the weird character of the piece, of a chorale executed by deep wind instruments (a sort of parody of the "Dies Iræ"), and a splendid fugato, culminating in a combination of the chorale with the theme of the fugue. The only question remaining is whether the public, knowing only the titles of the five movements, would be able to discover the internal relation between the first three and the two last. The programme, which explains that the whole work is only intended to be the representation of an ecstatic dream, may be freely used at performances, because the thoroughly musical character of the symphony sufficiently guards the listener from falling into inartistic interpretations; it will only stimulate his fancy; and that, on the whole, is the object of the title.\*

If we examine the musical contents of the work more closely, we find that one theme pervades the whole five movements—a distinct innovation when compared with earlier symphonies. The image of his beloved has incessantly haunted the young artist in his dreams, and it appears to him in the most varied forms and surroundings. It assumes the character of a melody, which Berlioz calls an "idée fixe"; and this melody, while retaining its structure as regards the mutual relation of intervals, is changed in rhythm and in expression according to the situation to be depicted. In the first movement the "idée fixe" occurs in noble simplicity. In the second (which bears the title "A ball") it is presented in valse-time, yet without losing its stateliness. In conformity with the nature of the "Scene in the country," it is transformed into a pastoral melody, given out by the wood-wind. In the fourth movement it appears only as a transient thought of the man on his way to the scaffold, and, finally, in the

\* Liszt, in his pianoforte arrangement of the "Symphonie Fantastique," has altered the programme, stating that the first movements represent actual events and only the two last are dreams. I do not think this alteration a good one, as it unnecessarily divides the work into two parts.



"Witches' Sabbath," it becomes a distorted and grotesque dance-tune. The beloved has turned into a she-devil, who joins in the spectral uproar of witches and other fabulous beings.

There is nothing new in the changing and transforming of a theme. The older masters, Beethoven and Schubert above all, have written some of their greatest masterpieces in the form of *variations*. In our own day Brahms had the most perfect command over this form. But in this symphony Berlioz has for the first time treated the variation of a theme as arising from a perceptible reason—I might call it the dramatic-psychological variation—and this is absolutely his own creation. It is the same kind of variation which Liszt enlarges and perfects in his symphonic poems, and which Wagner eventually uses as an intense means of expression in his dramas. The Wagnerian themes, varied psychologically in the service of the drama, have been named "leading motives." This is the place to point out that the name is as wide of the mark and as devoid of taste as are most of the names of the so-called leading motives themselves. A motive, which is to "lead" us on the right way, as it were, in musical labyrinths (in which sense Wagner's scores were understood at first), and which is to guard us against losing the thread, should, indeed, be unalterable in order to be recognised by us beyond all doubt. But Wagner's themes change incessantly, entering into the most varied relations with each other, as do the emotions of will in our own mental life. Their Protean character would, therefore, make them but little adapted to serve as guides to the ignorant in a dark field. But, by their variations and by their combinations (which are only possible in polyphonic music), they become the true images of the *dramatis personæ*, and it is through this kind of thematic work that Wagner's drama obtains its impressive force and clearness. The "leading motives," with their strange names and their retinue, the "guide-books," have produced much more confusion than instruction concerning Wagner's art; because very often the student believes he has sufficiently studied the work when he has found out the largest possible number of leading motives (in the same way in which one finds out the hidden figures in puzzle-pictures), or when he has simply learned by heart the themes enumerated by the guide-book; thus he loses himself in subtleties or delights in thoughtless memory-work, instead of gaining a deeper insight. For all that, the guide-books may have furnished the means of study for intelligent readers who have known how to go farther. Nowadays, however, the leading-motive system is applied to all kinds of music, even to classical symphonies, and the latest products of this application are the "programme-books," which are customary in certain cities at every orchestral concert. The intellectual harm they do to the listener is even greater than the material gain they bring to the publisher. Nothing could be said against an introduction, if written by an

excellent musician and provided with music-examples (such as those by A. Heintz and H. Reimann), particularly in the case of a new work, if we could induce the public to read it before the performance. At home there is scarcely an opportunity of doing so. The time before the beginning of the concert and the intervals are, as a rule, devoted to conversation. Therefore the reading begins after the performance of the music has commenced. Observe a group of listeners provided with programme-books; two or three, of course, look into the same book for reasons of economy. Is it not amusing to see them put their heads together and point with their fingers to the music-example printed in the book, when the particular passage is being played! Immediately afterwards the continuation of the text is read as hastily as possible, so that the entry of the next music-example may not be missed. What can be the value of such absent-minded listening and insufficient reading? The answer which is usually given is: "The programme-books make it so easy." This "making it easy" will eventually bring this about—that the conductor need only "fetch out" very pointedly the passages printed in the programme-books in order to be sure of being praised for "clearness in elaborating the performance of the orchestra"; and that the listener need only know those passages in order to be able to talk about and criticise the work, to have a quotation from it always ready at hand, and, indeed, to assume the character of a *connoisseur* without hindrance. What may the image of a Beethoven symphony be like, which the younger generation obtains in this way?

There is yet another bad habit, which we owe to the "leading motives"; it is that reminiscence-hunting which nowadays has become so obtrusive. Now that it is the custom, owing to the programmes and guide-books, not to listen to the whole work but only to fragments of it, very few listeners try to obtain a general impression before turning to details, which after all are only intelligible in their relation to the entire composition. The themes, the "leading motives," out of which the piece is supposed to be built up, are at once looked for; when these are found, or after they have been nicely extracted by some guide-book (like the eyes from the head of a carp) they are compared with already known themes—*i.e.*, with those printed as examples in other programme-books—first of all with those by Wagner, of course, because he is nearest to us in time and is the most powerful figure of the recent past—and the younger composers must therefore be his disciples before they are allowed to be followers of other masters. Woe to them if there occurs some slight similarity of notes, say C, G, for instance, in some phrase, when there is also C, G, in a theme of Wagner's! Woe, if an upward chromatic progression can be discovered! The new theme is then at once from Tristan and Isolde's "longing love motive";

two consecutive fourths at once become Beckmesser's "thrilling thrashing motive," and a dotted rhythm in 6-8 time is Alberich's "furious forging motive"; finally, the whole work is said to be "woven from wonderful Wagner." It is quite surprising how quickly a new work may be "disposed of" in this manner before it has come to be known at all. If in Wagner's works nothing or too little has been found which could serve to render the victim suspected, then the works of Liszt, Berlioz, or older masters—nay, even those of Meyerbeer, or the operettas and street ditties—are searched. It would be a fine task for some musician of great experience to collect and criticise all the nonsense which has been found in these "researches."\*

What the reminiscence-hunters forget in their half-puerile and half-spiteful joy is to observe the character of the theme itself, the position it occupies, the manner of its elaboration; finally the aspect, the quality, and physiognomy of the entire work. They hear with their eyes and not their ears. They also forget that, on the other hand, the whole mood of a given passage may recall another without the least similarity in the succession of notes being discernible. These mood-reminiscences are curiously overlooked, and yet they are the really serious ones, because they prove the composer's want of independence far more forcibly than accidental similarities. Similarities occur everywhere and frequently in the greatest masterpieces, from Bach to Wagner, but they have ever remained unnoticed until the era of programmes. Who, for instance, would previously have dreamt of saying that Beethoven's "Eroica" was not original merely because the first theme has the same notes as the beginning of Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne"? The entire work was misunderstood; critics complained of want of form, of bombast, of too glaring effects, &c. But Beethoven should have been one of our own contemporaries in order to be called a plagiarist for the similarity just mentioned. If a composition bears the unmistakable features of its author and is otherwise perfect as a whole and in its parts, then an accidental coincidence of notes with a passage of some other work is absolutely unimportant. I state this as clearly and definitely as possible; on the one hand, I do so for the protection of such composers as may be in danger of losing confidence in their powers through the judgments which the reminiscence-hunters pass upon them; on the other hand, I do it as a warning to those who, from fear of these judgments,

\* An "ingenious" person, for instance, has pointed out that the theme to which in the closing scene of the "Götterdämmerung" Brünnhilde sings the words "Fühl meine Brust auch, wie sie entbrennt" has been taken from the vulgar ditty "Du hast ja die schönsten Augen." A certain similarity of notes indeed there is; but how long must the ears of its happy discoverer have been! On the other hand, a short tremolo of the strings on A E or D A has sufficed to connect Brahms's Tragic Overture with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.



nervously and violently eradicate every innocent similarity or coincidence from their ideas, which perhaps are quite natural and good; and so they give to their work the stamp of designed originality, and that is the worst thing they can do. For the results of this are those stilted, far-fetched, and tormented conglomerations of sound, with their superficial profoundness and over-refined banalities, which nowadays we encounter in song as well as in symphony and opera. Hence the morbid and nervous music-lovers of the present day, who require the strongest stimulants to awaken them from their dreamy languor for a few moments, and who close their glassy eyes in lazy slumber immediately afterwards. Indeed, I believe I am right in designating the fear of not being thought original as the wicked demon who deprives many of our young composers of their sense and feeling for what is healthy, strong, and true. Therefore I do not in the least fear the reproach of encouraging plagiarism if I freely and openly say: It is true that we may console ourselves with the thought that reminiscence-hunting is only a fashionable ailment, which, like all fashions, will vanish as time goes on, even if sometimes quite clever minds are attacked by it.

Meanwhile, there is no doubt that the prize due to the first inventor of what I have called dramatic-psychological variations belongs to Hector Berlioz, who in this sense may be called a predecessor of Wagner.

Besides the pioneer-work, "*Symphonie Fantastique*," Berlioz, later on, wrote another symphony in four movements, entitled, "*Harold in Italy*"; he was incited to it by Byron's poem and also by Paganini's wish for a piece for viola and orchestra from his pen. In spite of many beautiful passages the work does not quite attain the level of his first symphony, although in Germany it is the more popular of the two. Of his other works, and apart from the important overtures—"Le Corsaire," "*King Lear*," "*Benvenuto Cellini*," and "*Carnaval Romain*," we have yet to consider the dramatic symphony, "*Romeo et Juliette*," and the legend, "*La Damnation de Faust*," which almost belongs to the domain of opera. In both of these works the ingenious musician is seen rather than the artist. His inner being evidently drew him towards opera; but this daring symphony writer and master of orchestration was not yet capable of taking that grand step, which was reserved for Richard Wagner—namely, to let the music of his drama grow out of the spirit of the poetry without troubling about the opera form. Berlioz selected and composed for himself operatic texts according to the ancient pattern, and then adorned them with enchanting and ingenious pieces of music, which are among the very best that we possess of operatic music, after the classical masterpieces. He also took hold of great existing dramas, such as Shakespeare's "*Romeo and Juliet*" and Goethe's "*Faust*,"



and arranged them so as to serve his purpose. And his purpose was to find opportunities at all costs to open out new ways of expression for his energetic musical mind. The question whether the form he chose was artistically justified did not trouble him. As a matter of fact, it has no justification—just as little in Berlioz's case as in that of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri." It is but a style-less mixture of different forms of not quite oratorio, not quite opera, not quite symphony—fragments of all three and nothing complete. In "Romeo et Juliette" a fugato depicts the strife between the two hostile houses, a long recitative for orchestra points the arrival, interference, and threats of the prince. Little choruses and solos speak of the unhappy fate of the loving couple, of the power of love, of Queen Mab; great orchestral pieces depict the ball in the house of Capulet, the love scene, and again Queen Mab. Thus this little episode, so unimportant in the drama, is brought in twice, but the tragic conflict is omitted altogether. A choral piece illustrates the lament of the women over Juliet's supposed death; an orchestral piece, without a vocal part, paints the awakening and the tragic end of the lovers; finally, a thoroughly operatic *finale* describes the gathering of the crowd, Father Laurence's sermon, and the reconciliation of the rival families. Berlioz selected those situations which seemed to him to be best adapted for musical composition, without any regard to the organic connection of the whole. In "La Damnation de Faust" he transplants the beginning to Hungary. Why? Upon a journey through Austria he had heard the Rakoczi March; he had scored it brilliantly, and was looking for an opportunity of utilising it in a larger work; he found the opportunity, curiously enough, in "Faust," and changed the scene to Hungary, in order to give some kind of justification for the March. In the preface he readily admits this. In order to be able to write a "ride to hell," a real "Pandæmonium," he lets Faust perish in that place, quite in opposition to Goethe's drama, to which otherwise he mostly adheres, and in which Faust is saved. But this "ride to hell" is so ingenious a piece of music that we can scarcely regret the violence Berlioz has done to Goethe's work. The excrescence—if I may so designate it—in "Romeo et Juliette," the episode of Queen Mab, has given us a wonderful orchestral scherzo, which is absolutely unique of its kind. In both these works the other orchestral pieces also are marvels of ingenious and remarkable music, with the exception of one, about which I will speak later on. I may mention the brilliant "feast at Capulet's house," the magnificent and passionate love scene, and the dance of will-o'-the-wisps and of sylphs in "La Damnation de Faust." On the whole, I think the latter work the most important of his creations, apart from the Fantastic Symphony. Berlioz's work, though he does not reach the highest style, has exerted very considerable influence upon musical art. He was the real



founder of the modern school, which takes the lead nowadays, and his advent will ever be a landmark, however that school may yet develop. He does not attain by a long way that ethical depth, that ideal perfection and purity, which surround Beethoven's name with such unspeakable glory; but no composer after Beethoven—except Wagner—has enriched music with so many new means of expression, has pointed to so many new paths, as did the great Frenchman.

Berlioz, like Schumann, did not like Wagner. In both cases we see the incapacity or the aversion of a great man to recognise a greater one—by no means a rare thing. It shows how liable are highly gifted natures to human weakness. If any artist be troubled by such feelings, let him look to one sublime example, to a man who soared high above all modern musicians in this respect—to the venerable figure of Franz Liszt. How this great man incessantly strove to advance other artists whose natures were mentally related to his own, and to spread the fame of their works; how he assisted and supported young artists with word and deed, and always without the smallest advantage to himself; how often he absolutely neglected his own creations for the sake of others—all this is matter of history. As a man, Liszt was the king of artists.

As a composer he passes beyond Berlioz in this, that while Berlioz in his symphonic works retains the old form, and his pieces, with all freedom of fancy, are yet perfectly rounded off, Liszt discards that form completely, and often makes his work sound like an improvisation. He starts directly from the poetical subject, from the programme, and takes it alone for his guide. Sometimes he goes so far as to express certain events or conditions of mind in musical phrases, and places them side by side in the order which the programme prescribes. It is true that in this method he found an example in Berlioz; I refer to the last orchestral piece but one in "*Romeo et Juliette*," which bears the title: "*Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets; Invocation, Awakening of Juliet; The height of joy broken by the first signs of the poison; Agony and death of the lovers.*" Here Berlioz has tried to depict the details of the dramatic action by fragments of melody, by accents, by combinations of chords and expressive figurations, and all with such clearness that one can almost follow the scene bar by bar. But this piece is generally omitted in performance, because the impression it makes, even with the most perfect rendering, is absolutely confusing—sometimes (my veneration for Berlioz does not prevent my saying this) downright ridiculous. The reason is that a task is here set to music which it is unable to perform. If the title did not give us an indication of the subject of the drama, we certainly should not know what we were listening to, we should only receive the impression of a senseless confusion of sounds. But the feeling of senselessness is not removed even when we do know

what images we are to bear in mind ; indeed, we are astonished to notice how clear and distinct the bare word of the title is, compared with the music, which at other times is able to impress us so much more powerfully than even an excellent word-poem. Something similar also is felt when we listen to the great orchestral recitative at the beginning of "Romeo et Juliette," which is meant to describe the arrival and interference of the prince.

Here we have reached the point where the true essence of music is revealed in all its magnificence ; here we see that it is an art which can never convey conceptions to us, because it shows us the most inward reality of the world in the most subtle image, far beyond all concepts ; here we see that it is robbed of all its majesty if the artist tries to make it convey concepts, as language does ; that it is degraded by the attempt to bind it slavishly to a programme from bar to bar, or from episode to episode. Music is able to render the mood, the mental disposition, which an event produces in us (hence its enormous importance in drama), but it cannot describe the event itself. That is the province of poetry, or, in another way, of painting or sculpture : and if music undertakes such a task it becomes unintelligible and ceases to be music.

Although the orchestral piece from Berlioz's "Romeo et Juliette," which I have mentioned, to a certain extent prepares the way for Liszt's creations, yet the latter has given us works of incomparably greater value than that of this piece. He has succeeded in finding an artistic form for many of his compositions which presents them well rounded off in themselves and not contradictory to the essence of music, yet following a programme set for each particular work. But this form is fitted exclusively to its own poetical programme, and would be meaningless if applied to another. Take "Mazeppa," for instance, one of the most renowned and ingenious of Liszt's creations. A wild movement, almost rising to frenzy, depicts the death-ride of the hero ; a short *andante* paints his downfall ; the succeeding march, introduced by flourishes of trumpets, and ascending to the highest note of triumph, describes his elevation and coronation.

Take, on the other hand, the symphonic poem "Orpheus," the form of which really consists only of a great *crescendo* followed by a great *diminuendo*. Orpheus strikes the golden strings of his lyre, the whole of nature listens in devotion to the wondrous sounds. With majestic strides the god passes us by, delighting the world by his presence and his playing. The sounds of his lyre grow weaker, the divine form recedes farther and farther. At last it disappears entirely. The disposition of this piece of music, beginning in the softest *pianissimo*, growing to the most powerful volume of sound, and then gradually dying away again, is surely quite justified both by itself and in its connection with the programme ; but a similar piece



with the title "Mazeppa" would be absolutely impossible. Yet I feel certain that were we to hear "Mazeppa" and "Orpheus" without any titles we should, in the former case, recognise a painfully stormy element, which breaks down and immediately afterwards rises again victoriously, and in the latter, a gentle and majestic being, who first approaches and then recedes; all this without necessarily being obliged to think of either Mazeppa or Orpheus. Our fancy will be powerfully stimulated by the title, but will not be uncomfortably fettered. Musical feeling will always be the main subject, and not the anxious interpretation of this or that passage. I must strongly defend this kind of programme-music, and just as strongly condemn its contrary—viz., formless extemporisation on supposed underlying conceptions. When Liszt, for instance, in his symphonic poem, "Die Ideale," attempts to interpret musically certain fragments of Schiller's poem in due succession, and then tries to weld together these renderings into one movement—nay, when he even goes so far as to use as headings the different parts of the poem, which during the different pieces of music he wishes the listener to imagine (so that only he who is armed with the score can know what he is to imagine at any particular moment), the result is that the music only produces a lame effect, because it cannot freely develop according to its nature, but is *a priori* bound to the successive fragments of the poem—that is, to a series of conceptions. Compare with this the overture to the first version of "Fidelio." Its musical value does not attain to that of the great "Leonora" Overture, but it is a true operatic overture, because certain important moments of the coming drama are clearly represented in it—Florestan's captivity, Leonora's courageous endeavour to liberate her husband, her searching and inquiring, her meeting and her fight with Pizarro, her victory, a short retrospect of horrors overcome, with feelings of gratitude towards God, and, finally, the exultation of the happily reunited pair. But look how Beethoven guarded the symphonic character, with all his dramatic clearness, in this piece, and with what musical means he knew how to depict the scenes. I would point out the grand and sudden entrance of C minor, in the place where the usual repeat of the first part in C major is expected; it is intended to describe the moment of the greatest danger, Leonora's meeting with Pizarro. Notice how naturally and without any violent effort the reminiscences from the opera—the passage where Pizarro falls back before Leonora's pistol—are introduced. I should like to point to this overture as a pattern, to demonstrate how far a certain programme is compatible with music, without injuring the latter in its very nature. Other works that have resulted from poetical images and events are Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, and Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound." At one time the endeavour

to express such things in music led to a coincidence of the new-classical and modern schools; indeed, at first, composers seemed not even to be aware that there really were two different schools to be represented, as we may see from Schumann's relations with Berlioz and Liszt. It was only the advent of the totally abstract Brahms and the rising of Wagner, who soared above all others, that brought it home to composers that there were two camps. When the consciousness of Wagner's power dawned upon them, the new classical school, feeling that their days were numbered, played the trump-card: Brahms, and the "schools" were well defined again.

Here I must warn composers of a capital mistake which is still found in many modern compositions: I mean the mixing-up of the dramatic with the symphonic style. Pointing once more to Wagner's words, in his treatise "On the application of Music to the Drama," I would add that, with but few exceptions, a characteristic mark of all symphonic themes is their breadth and their specially melodic character, while, on the other hand, the themes of the musical drama are distinguished by their pregnancy, and thus often by their significant brevity. No symphony movement could be built up with any of Wagner's themes, not even with those which are the simplest in an harmonic sense. On the other hand, the first theme of the "Eroica," for instance, consisting of twelve bars (not of four, as many seem to think), the melodies of Beethoven's slow movements, and, indeed, the themes of all genuine symphonies, would be useless in opera. The inventive gifts of the dramatic and the symphonic musician are excited to production by quite different factors. Persons and events which are to be represented bodily upon the stage suggest to him those pregnant and plastic motives which reveal the significance of the events often like lightning, and far more impressively than words could do. The symphony writer, however, will be inspired to his creations by moods of an inward and contemplative nature, by the mental reaction of great events, real or fictitious, which do not call for realisation by the drama. His work will be an expansion of his nature in music, as it were; hence the breadth of the themes and the true instrumental melody, which is but rarely possible in the drama. If it is admissible to designate the orchestral part of the musical drama as "symphonic"—i.e., as built up in ingenious polyphony—then a symphony movement may in turn perhaps be called "dramatic," if the underlying moods are very violent and variable. The whole world is a great drama, and music shows us its inner essence. In this sense music itself, too, is "dramatic." But the "symphonic" quality of the musical drama must be taken in a concrete sense, and the "dramatic" nature of a symphony movement in a metaphysical sense, and let composers guard against mistaking the one for the other. It is well worth taking to heart also that Wagner points to the necessity



of strictly keeping to the same key, as long as there is no imperative reason for leaving it; also that he explains that this necessity affects in a higher degree the symphony, because daring modulations, which in the drama are absolutely indicated by the action, would be unintelligible in the symphony. There is hardly another principle against which so many sins are committed nowadays as against this, which lay in the very nature of all great masters, Wagner included. Most of Bruckner's symphonies, for instance, suffer from incessant and senseless modulations, so that often one really cannot tell why one is called "in E flat major" and another "in C minor," since only the final bars of a movement coincide with the key of the beginning, while all the other parts wander without rule through the remaining keys. But I do not think Wagner is right when he altogether rejects the variation of a theme in a symphony and calls it a "far-fetched effect." Is not the sudden entrance of the minor key, to which I pointed in Beethoven's first "Leonora" Overture, a variation of this kind? If in Liszt's "Mazeppa" the fearfully increasing rapidity of the death-ride is expressed by gradual, rhythmical—let us say breathless—shortenings or condensations of the main theme, from 6-4 time through 4-4 and 3-4 to 2-4; if at the close of the march this main theme is introduced in a triumphant manner, surely these variations are not the result of far-fetched effects, but of a very genuine power of expression. In the musical drama these variations are determined by the action; in the symphony they must obey the laws of the symphonic form, be it the old one or some new one, which a composer, incited by some poetical idea, has discovered. Should I be asked for the rule of a new form of this kind, I should reply in Hans Sachs's words: "First make your rule, then follow it." Indeed, this following, this relentless and consistent keeping of the rule one has made, this working in the sweat of one's brow until the work gradually produced corresponds to one's inspiration, without the labour and sweat being noticeable—this, after all, is what constitutes a work of art. There is no merit in departing from the usual form if no definite object is attained; it is absolute nonsense to call those who keep to the old forms "reactionaries." The "Neo-Germans," the revolutionists, forget that their outcry against form makes them Philistines quite as much as the pseudo-classicists, with their rage against innovation. The main point, after all, is what the entire work says to us.

Liszt's "Mountain Symphony" suffers from the same defect as the "Ideale," and so does his "Tasso," which otherwise is rich in beautiful passages. Some others of his orchestral works, such as "Hamlet," "Prometheus," "Héroïde Funèbre," are not of the first rank, owing to a lower power of invention. Most compositions by Liszt show a certain extemporaneous quality, often approaching to raggedness. I might say that, just as in Brahms a meditative element



predominates, so a rhapsodic feature gains the upper hand with Liszt, and becomes a disturbing element in his weaker works. Masterpieces, besides those I have already named, are "Hungaria," "Fest-Klänge," "Die Hunnenschlacht" (a fantastic piece of weird and elemental power), "Les Préludes," but, above all, the two great symphonies on "Faust" and on Dante's "Divina Commedia." The "Faust Symphony" is not meant to embody Goethe's poem musically, but, as the title promises, it gives three character pictures—"Faust," "Gretchen," and "Mephistopheles." This third movement shows us with what consummate art and fancy Liszt has here used the dramatic-psychological variation of a theme (as the inventor of which I pointed to Berlioz), and how he has further developed it. Mephistopheles is "the spirit who evermore denies"; the principle of his actions is "for whatsoe'er has birth deserves to be reduced to nought again." Hence, Liszt could not give him a theme of his own, but constructed the whole movement from caricatures of previous themes, particularly from those belonging to "Faust." Ignorant critics have for this reason blamed Liszt, and reproached him with want of invention even more eagerly than they did Berlioz. Now I ask, if our great masters have built up long movements by manifold variations of themes of a few bars, why should not a composer do the same if a perceptible poetical thought is his guiding principle? It is this very movement which reveals to us Liszt's deep insight into the true essence of music. When the diabolical spirit has risen to his most thrilling power, there appears the principal theme of the Gretchen movement in its virgin beauty, as if borne aloft by radiant clouds. The power of the demon is shattered by it, and sinks back into nothingness. The poet could let Gretchen perish, and even become a criminal; the musician, in accordance with the ideal, subtle character of his art, preserved her glorious, heavenly form. Mighty trombone sounds are heard through the demon's music as it dies away; a chorus of men's voices softly intones Goethe's sublime words of the "Chorus Mysticus," "All that is fleeting is but allegory," and a voice continues, "The Ever-feminine draweth us on," in the distinctly discernible notes of the Gretchen theme. One might identify this tenor voice with Goethe's Doctor Marianus, and imagine Gretchen transfigured into the Mater Gloriosa; one might also remember Faust's words, when he beholds Gretchen's image in the receding cloud:

"Like a pure soul, still ever fairer grows the form,  
Dissolves not, but to highest realms of air ascends,  
And bears with it my nobler self, my heart, away."

The tone poem to Dante's "Divina Commedia," with its thrilling representation of the torments of hell and its "Purgatorio,"\* which

\* By desire of the hyper-Catholic Princess Wittgenstein Liszt added a second close, indicating the triumphant Church. It is very weak, and I recommend its omission forever.

gradually ascends to the higher spheres of sentiment, is perhaps even more uniform and powerful than the "Faust Symphony." In both these works Liszt has given the highest art he was capable of giving. They mark the climax of his work, as well as the most mature fruit (after Berlioz) of artistic programme-music. Apart from these two symphonies, consisting of several movements each, Liszt's orchestral works as a rule have but one movement—his "Symphonic Poems." The name is a very happy one, and expresses in two words the law, perhaps the only law, which a piece of music must obey if it is to have a right to exist. Let it be a "poem," *i.e.*, let it spring from a poetical idea, from some mental impulse which the author may either convey to the public by title and programme, or be silent about; but let it also be "symphonic," which here is synonymous with "musical," generally speaking. Let it have a definite form, whether new or old. Want of form in art is ever indefensible, and in music it can never be excused, not even if there be a programme, or the composer have "imagined something." Liszt's symphonic works mark a great step in a new direction. Any writer who proposes to go further on this path must take good care not to imitate Liszt's weakness, that raggedness of conception which he often displays, but to compose pieces which are more than mere tonic illustrations of programmes.

I hope that I have made it quite clear what advantages and what disadvantages we owe to the so-called "modern" school hitherto. It has taught us that there are other forms of composition than those of the sonata, rondo, and variation, which seemed so inevitable; it has thus opened to our fancy a rich, although dangerous, field of action, upon which we may yet reap excellent fruit. But some writers have overshot the mark, and music has sometimes been degraded from its sacred height to be the slave of words and concepts. The boundary, which music must not overstep at the risk of becoming unmusical, is very delicate, it is true, and often difficult to see; we want a larger number of new and important works, in order that it may be more clearly drawn. If the younger generation of our composers come to know that music is not a language of conceptions, if it recognises the demand for form in composition, and if it learns strictly to separate the symphonic from the dramatic style, then we need not give up the hope of hearing symphonies about which—to use Wagner's words—something may be said, always supposing that one will come who knows all this without being told.

So far we have followed the course of production after Beethoven's time in two directions. The one, the neo-classical, remained true to the formal traditions of the old masters; it has produced works of similar form, but of far smaller value than the symphonies of Beethoven. It ends with Johannes Brahms, beside whom, as a

counterpart, stands Anton Bruckner. The other, the modern direction, has led us to Liszt's symphonic poems. This school also has produced no work approaching to a Beethoven symphony; yet it has proved to be far more fertile than the neo-classical school. It has become the yeast in the bread of the Philistines, and its fermentation becomes more and more apparent both in Germany and abroad. Thus I believe that some remarkable modern symphonies, written in the old form, and therefore belonging to the neo-classical school, would not have been composed exactly as they were if Berlioz and Liszt had not lived. I refer, amongst others, to the symphonies of Sinding and Borodin, which I have already mentioned. In our days we also see desertions from the old school to the new. It is reported that Dvorák, who is no longer a young man, and who may be looked upon as a pupil of Brahms, has suddenly turned to programme-music, and is composing symphonic poems. Some years ago we witnessed a similar conversion in the case of Richard Strauss, who was then very young. As a pupil of Hans von Bülow, who had fallen off from Wagner, he swore by Brahms and wrote an excellent symphony, of which the model is evident. Later on he went over to the modern school—nay, he became one of the "most modern"—and composed a series of symphonic poems, which has by no means come to an end. I consider "Tod und Verklärung" to be the most valuable of them; more so than "Don Juan," which is, perhaps, better known and liked. The former is a piece of consuming passion, powerful both in invention and construction, and very sincere in sentiment, except the close, which seems to me rather pompous than glorious. An equally valuable piece is the *scherzo* for orchestra, "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche," which is most brilliant both thematically and instrumentally, indeed truly witty, if I may apply this word to music. In his latest piece, "Also sprach Zarathustra," Strauss falls into the same error into which Liszt fell before him with the "Ideale." Liszt intended to depict a succession of moments during which man rose from his every-day life to a higher sphere; and so in Strauss's piece we see a series of world-conceptions passing before us, each of which attempts to solve the great secret of life, represented by the succession of notes C, G, C. None of them succeeds: at the end the C, G, C stand there quite as obstinately as at the beginning, and doubt—the "father of truth," according to Nietzsche—the chord C, E, F sharp, according to Strauss—may go on for ever assailing it. No doubt different moods, such as religious feeling, passion, pleasure, and "superhuman," dionysiac serenity—(remember the last movement of Beethoven's "A major Symphony")—may be rendered musically; I will even admit that a fugue might symbolise science, which is barren in the solution of the highest questions of life; yet the musical representation of these very different moods is naturally stunted by



their having to be crammed into one movement. I regret this particularly in the case of the A flat major part ("Von den Hinterweltlern"). Then again, the welding together of these separate fragments of music makes it necessary to invent transitions, so as not to dissolve the whole into several movements. But in order to understand these transitions we have to find out the secret of the thoughts—no doubt ingenious—which guided the composer, and also their final relation to the subject; indeed, we must do this bar by bar, or else we get the impression of trifling and lose that of true music. Apart from these considerations, which even the exquisite treatment of the orchestra does not dispel from my mind, and apart from the fact that I consider Nietzsche's "Also sprach Zarathustra" to be the most unmusical book in the world, the positive power of invention seems to me to be weaker in this piece than in other works by Strauss, and I think this is because the composer's way from impulse to execution lay in the domain of conceptions. I am surprised at hearing "Zarathustra" praised as a climax in Strauss's work and even as a climax in the musical development, while "Eulenspiegel" has been called a farce which transgresses the boundary of music. To me "Zarathustra" is rather a landmark to show how far music may deviate from its proper path; indeed, the composer seems to have been guided by a similar feeling when he felt compelled not only to give the piece a programme by way of heading, but to provide the different parts with references to certain chapters of Nietzsche's book, whereas "Eulenspiegel" had and needed no programme.

Here I should like to record a curious experience which I have had several times, but which I have not heard confirmed by others. When I am listening to a piece which reveals to me the weakness of modern programme-music, then, after a short time of attentive listening, and in spite of the very great external difference, I experience exactly the same sensation as if I were hearing a weak work of Brahms: the same insipid, empty, and heavy feeling of torment. Does this similarity of impression rest upon the fact that Brahms's music then appears to me as the conception of music—as opposed to its essence, while in the programme-pieces conceptions—as opposed to the essence of things—are intended to be expressed? May it be that the erroneous and artificial products of both schools are nearly related after all, as is undoubtedly the case with their great productions? Perhaps, from a very high point of view, there are not really two schools, but only one.

As I have just spoken of an older and a younger composer, I may mention two other artists in the same purely external connection. Under the immediate influence of Liszt, the Bohemian Friedrich Smetana wrote a series of six symphonic poems. He gave them the collective title, "Mein Vaterland," since he had found his poetical

impulse in Bohemian folk-lore. I would point to "Vltava," and then to "Vysehrad," and to "Aus Böhmen's Hain und Flur," as particularly valuable.

Another important figure of our days, far too little esteemed as a composer, is Gustav Mahler. His works are of colossal dimensions, and they require an unusually large number of executants, and this stands in the way of their performance and reputation. But if we pass by these considerations, which after all are secondary, we find in the composer himself profound feeling, which has its own mode of expression, and which says just what it has got to say, without caring about the possibilities of performance or the chances of success. Mahler's characteristic is the remarkable breadth of his themes. I am sure that those, for instance, who at the performance of his second symphony at Berlin called the first movement a monstrosity, did not understand the enormous dimensions of the principal theme, and so failed to follow its developments. Another very favourable characteristic of Mahler is the thoroughly musical character of his compositions, in spite of the programmes which he gives. He is a musician through and through. In many points he is like his teacher Bruckner; but he knows better how to work with his themes and build up his movements. There may be *bizarre* passages, there may be needless difficulties in his works; we may notice a certain prolixity, and, perhaps, a want of severe self-criticism in the choice of his themes; but everything that Mahler writes bears the stamp of a rich fancy and of a passionate and almost fanatic enthusiasm. Fair hopes may be built upon such qualities; it is also a promising sign that the performances of his works have frequently met with undisguised opposition. Musical history might have taught us long ago that the measure of recognition on the part of contemporaries stands in inverse proportion to the value of the works. I specially point to Mahler's third symphony, of which as yet only fragments have been performed.

In sublime elevation—far above all who have come after Beethoven, and whom I have here spoken of—stands the gigantic figure of Richard Wagner. No "school" touches him. He stands hand in hand with Beethoven. Who is there that will take *him* by the hand and so continue the brilliant line of the heroes of music: Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Weber, Beethoven, Wagner? No one can yet say.

But we need not forbid our fancy to imagine the portrait of such a master, as he probably would appear in our days. First of all I would imagine him lifted far above all party spirit. I see him neither narrow-mindedly German, nor international and shallow, but with a strong purely human feeling, because music is a universal art; I imagine him inspired by a glowing enthusiasm for what the great minds of all times and all nations have produced, and an unconquer-



able aversion to mediocrity. I think of him as free from envy, because conscious of and trusting in his own worth, far above any mean ways of advertising his own works, profoundly sincere, and, where needful, even indifferent—hence not a great favourite in many places. I imagine him not anxiously avoiding social intercourse, but with a tendency to seclusion—not hating men in exaggerated world-grief, but despising their meanness and narrow-mindedness, and so choosing only special persons for his daily intercourse. I conceive of him as not indifferent to success or failure, but refusing to allow either to alter his course by a hair's-breadth; very indifferent to so-called public opinion, and politically a republican in Beethoven's sense. He will wander, as it were, in a high Alpine region, where the clear white summits greet us kindly, yet are awe-inspiring; with his gaze constantly fixed on the highest object, towards which he constantly advances. He will feel related only to the greatest men of genius; but will know that he is but one link in the chain, and that other men of genius will succeed him.

If we come down to reality after this flight of our imagination, we recognise that we live in an interregnum, in a period of transition. Everywhere we notice a vivid, bustling activity, an uncertain groping after dim objects, a striving after success and celebrity at all costs and by any means. "Progress," "neo-germanism," "hitherto unheard-of originality," "precursor," "epigone," "eclectic," "founder of a new school," "superseded standpoint"; these are some of the many catch-words which strike our confused ear. Now we hear of a new tone-poem, compared with which Wagner's, Liszt's, and Berlioz's works are but the productions of pigmies; there the true popular vein is said to have been rediscovered. As in a *Fata Morgana*, the new phenomena pass us by, fade, and die away. An almost frivolous admiration of the wilful, the ill-regulated, and the ugly has manifested itself in many places. Where formerly Philistines crossed themselves before every "tritonus," and eagerly searched for "inharmonic relations," nowadays they sanction every harmonic absurdity, calling it a "bold act," if only it occurs absolutely without reason; and he who excels in this kind of work is styled a "reformer"! No doubt, in the midst of all this confusion, the great, the truly new and original, is silently preparing, but far away from the art-market. Meanwhile, we may reach firm standing ground in the conviction that true progress will not come from the outside, but from the inner man. If an artistic creation is the result of speculation only, and not of an impulse, then it may dazzle, but can never truly interest or permanently fascinate us. Those who share this conviction of mine will say to gifted and ambitious composers: Let your feelings, your thoughts, your ideas be great and noble, as great and noble as those of our great masters; then you will produce the right kind of works, and just as you

produce them, they will be right. And if you cannot, then mount Pelion upon Ossa, write for a thousand trombones and for two hundred thousand kettledrums; nothing will result but a bogey. Brilliant technicality is not enough. What we want is natural music, straightforward and powerful sincerity and truth. Write down without fear what your mind impels you to write, and express what must be expressed. Then it will be an image of your own self, an expression of your own nature, and in any case something right and complete. But have the courage to remain what you are, even if you are misjudged or "condemned." Only do not think that the result must always be a "Ninth Symphony" or a "Nibelungen tetralogy." The world will be very grateful to you for an opera in the style of Lortzing, or for a symphony such as Hermann Goetz has written, provided that what you have produced is genuine and does not smack of the varnish-pot. Do not imagine that every one of you must be "superhuman," if the misunderstood teachings of Zarathustra ring in your ears or set your brain morbidly on fire. It is given to few to attain the highest summit of humanity, and this "superhuman" state cannot be constructed, learned, or acquired. That endowment comes only as a transcendent gift from the regions above. You eagerly ask "from which?" Well—from that region which only he would deny who has never felt its breath wafted across to him! Be it a little song or a great symphony which you compose, it will be a masterpiece only if it deserves the same motto which the great Beethoven wrote upon the score of his "Missa Solemnis":

"From the heart—may it go to the heart."

FELIX WEINGARTNER.

## THE TRADE IN GREAT MEN'S SPEECHES.

SINCE the retirement of Mr. Gladstone the market value of Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary oratory has diminished to what for those engaged in the trade must be little short of appalling. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that, two or three exceptions allowed, oratory has become a drug in the market. Mr. Gladstone, whether as Prime Minister or whether as seated in the cold shade of Opposition, kept up values by inspiring platform and recessional discussion. He was a potentiality to be calculated with by the leaders of the party opposite, who really framed their own speeches by those of the great Liberal chieftain, and found in them indeed a challenge that levied the heaviest tribute upon their own powers. Mr. Gladstone's speeches, in short, constituted text-books for his own followers, and putting his colleagues in the severest competition with himself aroused the keenest spirit of rejoinder in his political opponents. A speech by Mr. Gladstone in the recess was the incident of its day. Pens awaited it with "an intelligent anticipation of events," and the importance of promptly replying to it was as promptly recognised by the party leaders of the other side. Mr. Gladstone's speeches laid themselves open to rejoinder more than the speeches of any of his contemporaries, Mr. Disraeli himself not excepted; hence the reply was delivered with a care and preceded by a preparation both implying a feeling on the part of the speaker that his own reputation depended upon making his retort equal if possible to the original attack. Again, no party paper worthy of the name felt it could possibly be without a report, more or less full, of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, and obviously none certainly which espoused the creed of his opponents could be without the reply. The replies themselves were as long as, if not longer than, the address which they aimed at smashing. Hence,

Mr. Gladstone insensibly kept up a demand for high level oratory, and, so to speak, made a remunerative market for it. In fact, in his day the highest standard of debate was maintained both in Parliament and in the country. Now, with the vanished witchery of the great orator's presence, there has passed away also the witchery of the reply. The days, indeed, of five and six column speeches are gone, and there exists, seemingly, neither the taste nor the capacity to revive them.

The market in great men's oratory is worked on sound commercial lines. It is a wholesale market. There is no retail business. Speeches are offered in bulk. Every morning paper in the United Kingdom will on Saturday receive a circular containing a list of "fixtures" for the ensuing week, and requesting to be favoured with "your early orders." Say, Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour is to speak at Manchester or Birmingham, as the exchange of mutual aid may be. Each morning paper is offered a choice of measures. There will be a "verbatim report," a "full report," and a "summary" of one column in length. Here the manager may take his report according to his space, his party politics, or the position of his paper in the hierarchy of journalism. A verbatim report means every word that falls from the lips of sense and authority, even to the pauses. The "full" report is a judiciously trimmed variant of the verbatim, but both are given in the "first person." The summary is given in the third person. The merchants for these are two firms engaged in the sale of speeches, and having their head offices in London, where they are known as News Agencies. They keep reporters, and make up and despatch corps of stenographers to the scene of the speech to execute the orders which may have been received for it. These orders are duly classified; the Central Telegraph Office is advised of the report, as well as of the list of papers to which it is to be sent, and also of the proportions as between the "verbatim," the "full," and the "summary." The Post Office authorities on their part provide an adequate transmitting staff at the centre of despatch, and a superintendent arranges his "circuits"—that is, classifies the papers which may be conveniently grouped upon one set of wires.

The charge made to the newspapers receiving "Chamberlain" or "Balfour," or any other statesman's speech, is fixed at a uniform rate of 10s. a column, inclusive of the cost of telegraphing. It is the number of the papers taking the report that pays the merchant in London. The Post Office, say, receives a list of 40 addresses for "Chamberlain"; and we will say the report of the verbatim runs to four columns. Each paper receives four columns and pays £2 to the dealer in oratory. The Post Office receives full press rates for the first of the 40 addresses, £1 per column; but for the remaining 39 addresses it accepts a minimum charge of 3s. 4d. per column per address. This



is arrived at upon the scale of 2*d.* for every 100 words, and there are 2000 words nominally in a column. The merchant in London takes the balance of 6*s.* 8*d.* per column per paper, pays the expenses of his reporting corps, and puts the rest, whatever it may be, into his own pocket. A simple rule of three sum will show that 40 papers at 10*s.* per column of four columns will yield £80. It is unnecessary to pursue this branch of the subject further.

Unfortunately for the merchants in oratory there are now very few four-column speeches, or rather reports. Mr. Gladstone, by his retirement from public life, ruined the trade by withdrawing from it that stimulus we have already indicated as the very life of the market. There is, in fact, what is known in the locution of the share market as a "slump" in great men's speeches. The newspapers regulate the trade by fixing the demand. They fix the demand on their part by testing the sale of the papers when these contain a speech by Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Balfour, or by any other attractive speaker. The newspaper expert finds that the extra sale is not sufficient to justify the outlay upon the report. So he reconsiders his position, and instead of ordering a verbatim report instructs his London agent to send him a summary. But the process of diminution has been carried much further. The newspaper proprietor has gone so far as to protect himself by a process of wholesale exclusion. Certain great men are no longer specially reported. Of course, as I have said, there are papers which, run on lordly lines, do not consider the question of demand as regulating the supply, and these will order the verbatims. But here, again, a new force has come into play; the merchant dealing in great men's speeches, warned by the revolt of the majority, seeks to protect himself from an unremunerative staff outlay by discontinuing the supply of verbatims. He falls back upon his more marketable "full report," and this he will offer only in a limited number of instances. The statesmen coming within this category are the Prime Minister, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain. The London party papers requiring a verbatim report of Sir William Harcourt would have to make special arrangements of their own to obtain it. Sir William is also one of the "fulls," and by a little jerrymandering known to the trade, a full report may be made to serve for the summary as well. For some of the newspapers ordering a column of Harcourt, or Chamberlain, or Balfour find that they receive and are charged for a column and a half. This comes of "uniting the lists," and it is the London merchant's method of avenging himself upon the smaller buyers.

Let us look for a few moments at the character of the speeches by Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir W. Harcourt. As a platform speaker Lord Salisbury is a compressionist. He seldom turns three columns, and his "City"



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The fact is that the speech of the Prime Minister at the meeting of the House of Commons on the 10th inst. was one of the most important speeches ever delivered in England. It was a speech which dealt with the most vital questions of the day, and it was delivered by a man whose name and position were known to all. The speech was so long and so full of matter that it was impossible to report it fully in the ordinary way. But the Times, in its usual manner, has done what it can. It has given us a summary of the speech, and it has also given us a verbatim report of the speech. This is a very good thing to do, and it is well to have both. The summary gives us the main points of the speech, and the verbatim report gives us the exact words of the speaker. Both are valuable, and they are both well done. The summary is clear and concise, and it covers all the important points of the speech. The verbatim report is complete and accurate, and it gives us the exact words of the speaker. Both are well worth reading, and they are both well done.

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For years the present Chancellor of the Exchequer had absolutely no market value, but since his speech in which "the open door" and "at the risk of war" occurred he is taken in "full" by the leading party papers, and in single column by the others. The Duke of Devonshire comes within the sphere of full reports in such papers as the *Times* and the *Standard*, but for the rest he is what is called "a one-column man" not, perhaps, a very becoming way to speak of a duke, but there is more lucidity than intentional disrespect in the phrase. Mr. Asquith is done fully in the town where he may speak, but is disposed of summarily almost everywhere else. So with Mr. John Morley. Verbatim of Mr. Morley were at a discount even before he quitted

the Irish Office. Mr. Goschen on a naval crisis would be good for a full report, but the circumstances must be extreme to justify the despatch of a verbatim corps to report the Secretary for War sixty miles from London.

One of the news agencies, taking grave note of the difficulty experienced in obtaining a paying list of column summary orders, recently invented a half-column report. It was received as a proposal with acclamation from Land's End to John o' Groat's wherever a daily paper existed. Into this half-column radius Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, the Attorney-General, Mr. Chaplin (excepting upon a great departmental question of paramount importance), Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Walter Long (even in speaking upon the muzzle), Sir Henry Fowler, the Chief Secretary, Lord George Hamilton—abnormal exceptions provided for—have been placed. I doubt if any agency offering half a column of the Lord Chancellor would obtain a paying list. Sir Edward Grey sprang upon the Fashoda crisis into "a column man," otherwise he is a 200-word speaker. And experience has shown that Lord Kimberley and Mr. Leonard Courtney will sell slowly and unremuneratively at the higher measure, "crisis" exceptions, of course, reserved.

But there is a lower depth still of decline in the market values of great men's speeches. This is the point or stage at which there are neither offers nor acceptances. In other, and perhaps brutal, phrase, there are speeches that will not sell at all. The statement in relation to certain distinguished noblemen and commoners who have served the Crown must be necessarily restricted by considerations of courtesy and good feeling. The writer, therefore, reserves their names for the private knowledge of the editor.

So far we have dealt with the official or ex-official members of Parliament. Let us look briefly, for the sake of impartiality, at the benches of those whom Mr. James Lowther (Thanet) calls "the unofficial members of this House." It is possible that Mr. Lowther himself would sell at the half-column measure. It is, however, doubtful if Mr. Labouchere or Sir Wilfrid Lawson, if offered at the column rate, would be good for that measure. No agency would risk the offer without serious consideration, especially in regard to the scene of the speech. But Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles belongs to the class of members of the House who, with Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, Mr. Channing, Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Caldwell, Sir John W. Maclure, have no selling quotation in the market-place of great men's oratory. The Irish members are looked after by their own papers—a remark which applies equally to Colonel Saunderson, the Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. T. W. Russell.

No doubt noble and right hon. gentlemen are themselves partly responsible for the fall in the market value of their oratory. A

remarkable languor appears to possess the majority of them, and there is an absence of what may be called serious deliberation or set purpose in their speeches. This probably would be explained in the reply that there is no stimulus "on the other side" for great efforts. Lord Salisbury is always good; Lord Rosebery is invariably interesting; Mr. Chamberlain is, perhaps, the best debating follower of Mr. Gladstone. But neither he nor Mr. Balfour finds anything in the speeches of Sir William Harcourt\* or his colleagues to call upon them to rise to supreme exertion. Under these conditions of self-negation—the result of mutual indifference on the part of our rulers and their opponents—it is not astonishing that the public should receive their speeches with passive respect rather than with enthusiasm.

The days of the oratorical gladiators passed apparently with Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. That the news agency may also make the statesman his own hero is shown in the single case of Lord Randolph Churchill, who, finding people ready to "boom" his early '80 speeches, laboriously worked them up for the market. Had he lived, or had he remained, better still, a virile potential force in political warfare, Lord Randolph's influence would have taken up and continued Mr. Gladstone's. Money was made out of Lord Randolph Churchill. Originally the charge for special reporting was 15s. per column. It was reduced to 10s., but still the newspaper proprietors were shy, and the market in oratory has continued to fall steadily and hopelessly. It is saddening, no doubt, but the Divorce Court is now, in a sense, mightier than Parliament. An improvement in public taste cannot be hoped for until our great men's speeches contain more of the reality of the spirit of political warfare.

ALFRED KINNEAR.

\* Since the above article was written Sir William Harcourt has resigned the Liberal Leadership, and Mr. John Morley has joined him in retirement. This incident will double the value of Sir William's speeches, and it has already doubled the value of Mr. Morley's to the trade.

## MR. BALFOUR'S PLEA FOR A ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

HOME Rule being as dead as Lazarus, the only Parliamentary project still capable of moving people to the nethermost depths of their souls is that of an Irish State-endowed Catholic University. And Mr. A. J. Balfour, in his recent "Letter to a Supporter," deserves all the credit of having drawn it within the pale of practical politics. But his merits in the matter go no farther. And the Catholics who belaud his "rare moral courage," as well as the Protestants who bewail his "subversive political rashness," are offering an insult to his heart and head while reflecting a painfully strong light upon their own.

As a matter of fact, the enlightened statesman has, with characteristic caution, merely given vent, as a private individual, to views which he might readily realise as a political leader. He has condescended to draw up a petition to Irish Protestants, instead of laying a Bill before the British House of Commons. In this admirable memorial he makes it very clear that Irish Catholics have a genuine grievance which no good Government can conscientiously ignore, but he trusts that Irish Protestants will magnanimously remedy it, because the Cabinet of which he is a distinguished member will not. Now, thus to urge upon others the propriety of righting a grievous wrong can strike only an exceptional class of people as moral heroism on the part of a thoughtful statesman; and to be resolved to allow that injustice to live indefinitely on, rather than incur a trivial risk by removing it, cannot reasonably be deemed the acme of political Quixotism on the part of a philosopher in power. Yet this is a not unfair description of what the Leader of the House of Commons has done and shrunk from doing. He has shown himself, as Lyly puts it, possibly "valyaunt, but not too venturous," and, like Ariel, he has undertaken to do his spiriting gently.

The "Letter to a Supporter" is a most instructive document. It deals exclusively with the religious difficulty, the only one, Mr. Balfour tells his correspondent, "which at present blocks the way." Therefore the contents of the epistle, written to smooth down that difficulty, partake equally of the nature of what religious writers term apologetics and homiletics, both of which are pressed into the service of Catholics, and deftly brought to bear upon fanatical Protestants. The view incidentally taken of the Reformation is particularly interesting, because not yet fully acquired to history. "We claim, and justly, that the Reformation scarce did more for the purification of religion than for the advancement of learning. Let us not show zeal for one half of the work by frustrating the other." It might embarrass Mr. Balfour if earnest Protestants were to reply that one of the so-called halves was of the essence of the Reformation, whereas the other was but an accidental accompaniment introduced by the Reformers, and harmful rather than beneficial; that all genuine religion is by its nature exclusive and intolerant; that if it be a force, and not a mere theory, it must thoroughly permeate life, and stamp its impress upon every one of man's relations to persons and things. Consequently, one cannot well be a thoroughgoing Protestant on Sundays, and a humanist, indifferent to the weal of Protestantism, on weekdays.

But when he quits the religious for the political arena—his own peculiar element—Mr. Balfour works wonders. Naturally his arguments in favour of an Irish Catholic University are not precisely new, but they are strongly worded and effectively put. It will probably occur to the calm spectator that they would have come with greater force and fitness from a Leader of the Opposition in a vigorous attack delivered against a Cabinet which should publicly proclaim the need of an Irish Catholic University and yet obstinately refuse to pull the measure through. It may further suggest itself that political considerations must necessarily lose much of their weight before being assimilated by a body which, like the Irish Protestant Church, is not political but religious. But two things must have especially puzzled the silent "Supporter" when he came to the end of this masterpiece of political word-weaving—the extent to which the writer himself shares the most mischievous of the prejudices which he seems so concerned to uproot, and the much-ado-about-nothing in which, if words stand for things, the whole discussion ends. For, having, so to say, strained every nerve to make out a strong case for a Catholic University, the gifted statesman winds up by offering his *protégés* an institution which, on his own showing, shall be neither a complete University nor strictly Roman Catholic. And, unfortunately, this is far from all: warming to the work, Mr. Balfour audaciously adds insult to injury by showing that the projected temple of learning will prove, like the Greek wooden horse within the walls of Troy, a fatal possession. For, to a very



large extent, it seems this coming institution will act as an anti-Catholic specific, "mitigating whatsoever of evil priestly influence carries in its train." The evil which priestly influence carries in its train, Mr. Balfour's Belfast friends will tell him, is virtually infinite, so that the projected University, if it ever obtains a local habitation and a name, and justifies its author's forecast, will commend itself as the most powerful anti-Catholic engine ever yet invented.\*

All this is magnificent, but it is not logical nor even plausible, and it suggests a long series of awkward queries. Why, for instance, be at the pains of showing that an Irish Catholic University is indispensable as an act of elementary justice to Ireland, if the upshot of the argument is that the Government ought not to take the matter up? Why make it as clear as a sum in addition that no University but a Roman Catholic one will satisfy or should be offered to the majority of Irishmen if the practical conclusion is that they must make the best they can of a non-Catholic institution? What need of laboriously calming the fears of zealous and jealous Orangemen if the plan suggested be calculated to realise their most sanguine hopes? And why should Mr. Balfour hesitate a moment to adopt such an anti-clerical scheme as a party measure and carry it through in a Parliamentary twinkling? The Catholics already accept it; Protestants have, as Mr. Balfour justly points out, especial reason to welcome it; where, then, does the risk of Parliamentary defeat come in? In a document which irreverent critics may hereafter refer to as the Catholic Epistle, one is disappointed that most of the cardinal points should be shrouded in obscurity and sadly in need of the help of exegetics.

The hinge on which turn all Mr. Balfour's arguments in favour of a Roman Catholic University is the doctrine that a British Parliament can and will "do for Ireland all, and more than all, that Ireland could do for herself." It was mainly on this ground that Home Rule was refused by Unionists as superfluous and mischievous. And now, it seems, the time has come to prove the statement and fulfil the promise. The path, too, lies near and clear, if somewhat narrow and winding. As most of the Irish people are Roman Catholics, it is not doubtful that Home Rule would have placed University Education well within their reach. Therefore it beseems the British Parliament not to leave undone what autonomous Ireland would have done for herself.

The syllogism is decidedly cogent, and many of Mr. Balfour's supporters on both sides of the Irish Sea might reasonably be expected to yield to its force. Unfortunately, the illustrious dialectician himself recoils from doing so, and his friends may claim the right respectfully to follow his example. He hopes the argument will be strong enough to move zealous Irish Protestants to pluck from their hearts inherited prejudices, which are deeper and dearer than acquired convictions, are,

\* It is also warranted to work so smoothly that the guileless victims, the Irish clergy, will not perceive its disastrous effects until it is too late.

in fact, part of their very selves; but he announces that it is not quite strong enough to dispose him to run any political risks, however shadowy. He will not make the scheme a party question, even though Irish Catholics should never come by their University, but he trusts Protestants will vote for it, even though they should be cutting a stick for their own backs. Now if the faith of the Leader be not even as a grain of mustard seed, is it not flying in the face of Providence for him to say to the prejudices of his Irish followers, "Be ye plucked up by the root," hoping they will obey him?

Under these circumstances one is not surprised that arguments should have to be propped up with appeals, and appeals flavoured with concessions to the secular likes and dislikes of the minority in Ireland. Means to be efficacious must be adjusted to ends, however dangerous the process. Still, even in the matter of concessions, one looks for measure. As the homely Germans put it, it is well to make sure before emptying the bath that the child is not being thrown out along with the suds. And it is here that Mr. Balfour's characteristic caution seems to have forsaken him. His very first concession embodies a principle which, once accepted, renders his whole case utterly untenable. True, he applies it exclusively to all former Catholic University schemes, but no fair-minded man can fail to note that it holds equally good of his own. He enshrines the axiom in the following words addressed approvingly to his Irish and English supporters: "It is not likely that the people of this country will accept any plan which would have the effect of strengthening a form of religion to which they are, in the main, strongly opposed, at the expense of one to which, in the main, they are no less strongly attached."

Why, one may inquire, is this not likely? Because Ireland, instead of being governed by Great Britain in the interests of all, is to be administered by Protestants for the benefit of the Protestants, and to the detriment of the Roman Catholic Church? This is precisely what Mr. Balfour implies, nay, what he expressly proclaims to be "practically unanswerable." And yet the answer is not so very far to seek. If it be just in the abstract that Catholics should receive a University to themselves, it is unjust in the concrete to withhold it on the ground that Catholicism would be strengthened thereby at the cost of Protestantism. The circumstance that Irish Catholics persistently demand an institution of the kind described is clear proof of their rooted and reasonable belief that their Church will benefit, and benefit largely, by it. And that the growth of Roman Catholic influence in Ireland must necessarily mean a corresponding weakening of the moral hold of Protestants on the people is self-evident.

It follows, therefore, that every University scheme which satisfies Roman Catholics is *ipso facto* open to the fatal objection which Mr. Balfour characterises as "practically unanswerable," and zealous Protestants must, in conscience, set their faces against it because, if



carried out, it would strengthen a form of religion to which they are, in the main, strongly opposed. And this is but one of the practical conclusions which flow from that fertile principle. There are many others much more embarrassing. In fact, once admit that elementary justice may be legitimately denied whenever to grant it would be to further the interests of a body whose beliefs about God, Jesus, hell, and heaven you deem erroneous, and at one fell stroke you have shattered the groundwork of ethics, upset the basis of good government, and shaken the very foundations of belief. Yet Mr. Balfour cannot find it in his heart to reject that principle. How it can be got to harmonise with any sound system of philosophy it is needless to discuss. The important point is this: those Irish and English Protestants who agree with Mr. Balfour in this respect would be guilty of the inexpressible sin were they to vote for the project unfolded in his "Letter to a Supporter," or for any other form of University which Roman Catholics are eager to welcome or willing to accept. They, one and all, have the mark of the beast.

But whatever one may think about the rights and wrongs of this attitude, Mr. Balfour's surmise may be correct as to the fact. It may, as he says, be very unlikely that the people of Great Britain—as at present represented—will countenance any legislative measure for Ireland the effect of which would be to strengthen a form of religion to which they are, in the main, strongly opposed. If so, more is the pity. If the State is to govern in the interests of all, it cannot also govern for the behoof of a single sect. The trend of a good deal of recent legislation has been to loosen the ties that bind Church and State together. In Ireland this tendency was raised almost to the level of a principle when the Protestant Church was disestablished and the Parliamentary grant to Maynooth College commuted thirty years ago. It is not easy for the Government to set up the opposite principle to-day without losing itself in a Serbonian bog of hopeless contradictions and sorry shifts, some glimpses of which are revealed by Mr. Balfour's "Letter to a Supporter." But it is temptingly easy to try, and the successful statesman has yielded to the temptation.

One cannot well blame him for making the experiment in his purely individual capacity. This was one of the conditions of the problem. No Cabinet professing, on the one hand, to pursue legislative aims desired by, and beneficial to, all, and claiming, on the other hand, to shape legislation according to the wishes of one religious community, could lay a Catholic University Bill before Parliament as a party measure. The line of cleavage among Liberals and Conservatives would be so irregular as to defy calculation, and possibly so dangerous as to ensure defeat. Influential members of the party might turn a deaf ear to logical reasoning on the ground

that it clashed with religious bias; and the Government which undertakes to treat both as current coin, and even to pay a small premium on the latter, would be forced to remain mournfully silent. All this is plain and clear.

But it is equally plain and clear that so long as these conditions endure, legislation on such a vital matter as education must be either suspended or else rendered dependent upon the success of vulgar prestidigitation. The Government, if well disposed, may second private initiative, but it will be debarred from leading the way. And even in this subordinate rôle its attitude will be Janus-like. It is bound to give or seem to give with one hand what it takes away or feigns to take away with the other—a method which may benefit religion, but is hardly helpful to morality. Instead of commanding its followers it will appeal to them and set itself to prove to one sect in public that a given scheme is conducive to their special religious interests, and make clear to the rival sect in private that the self-same scheme can be dexterously manipulated so as to realise all their peculiar ends. And the strong Government of a great Empire ought not to descend to such sorry shifts.

Thus Mr. Balfour is alternately stimulated by praiseworthy aims and hampered by contradictory conditions. He has to find his followers in motives for action, which are powerless unless he find them in appreciations of the motives as well. He boldly encourages Protestants to thwart every proposal tending to strengthen a form of religion to which they are, in the main, strongly opposed, and then timidly coaxes them not only to help to pass just such a measure, but also partly to pay the cost of working it, over and above. These seeming contradictions are cleverly bridged over by the assurance that the University in question being neither complete nor Catholic will take such a shape as Protestants could and should heartily welcome. Such is the description of it given in public and to Protestants. It is not on record in what colours it was painted for the delectation of Catholics in private, but it is permissible to conjecture that they were considerably warmer; for Mr. Balfour is enabled to add: "A University so constituted would, I believe, meet the needs of Roman Catholics." Certainly no one else would have believed it without some such authoritative assurance. Anyhow, for this very reason all those Protestants will bestir themselves to wreck it, who, like their distinguished and unbigoted leader, honestly hold that no educational establishment should be created in Ireland the effect of which would be to strengthen a form of religion to which the people of this country are in the main strongly opposed.

The illustrious author of the project is thus at one with his Irish supporters on the question of principle; it is only in applying it that a difference of opinion is apprehended. He holds very strongly and declares very emphatically that the plan which he has sketched in his

letter "is not open to the objections I have endeavoured to formulate"—i.e., that it would strengthen Catholicism. This view being an individual forecast of future contingencies does not lend itself to demonstration or disproof. That it is an erroneous estimate is highly probable, because, in order that Mr. Balfour—who, after all, "has an axe to grind"—should be right, too many people who are disinterested and unbiassed must be assumed to be wrong. And even the two hostile bodies whose prospects such a measure might *a priori* be expected to touch unite in joining issue with the Conservative statesman while disagreeing on everything else. Catholics hail it with joy, and their approval is rightly grounded on a careful assessment of its value to their Church as an instrument for the spread of influence. Their desire for a University was not that of a number of mere individuals zealous for the diffusion of higher education, but the claim of an organised religious community solely intent on upholding the interests of their Church. They would therefore accept no offer which does not fulfil the conditions laid down by their communion, and Mr. Balfour lauds their resolve. If they express satisfaction with his proposal, it is because athwart its heretical garb they descry in it the sure means of compassing their ends. It would be grossly unfair to them to ascribe their satisfaction to any less obvious source, and it would be equally unfair to a shrewd and experienced statesman like Mr. Balfour to suppose him capable when drawing up a measure for the express purpose of righting a wrong to adjust it to any other end than the radical removal of that wrong.

None the less the apparently neutral form given to the scheme is an eloquent, if superfluous, testimony to the resourceful genius of its author. It enables him to keep his wolves well fed and his lambs unhurt, to make the Papist lend a hand in carrying out the second half of the Reformation programme, and to charge the gallant Irish Orangeman with the duty of offering his arm to the Roman Scarlet Lady and taking her in to the Feast of Reason. To Protestants he virtually says: "As Unionists it is your duty to do for Ireland all, and more than all, that Ireland could do for herself. As Protestants you are morally bound to withstand tooth and nail every legislative measure calculated to give a fillip to Roman Catholicism, which is the faith of the bulk of the Irish people. Now my scheme, dealing only with University Extension, takes no account of religion as such, and if it affect the rival Churches in any way, it can only be by curtailing the influence of the Catholic clergy, which you rightly abhor. Therefore, it behoves you, as Unionists and Protestants, to stand by me in piloting the measure through the House."

Then turning to Roman Catholics, Mr. Balfour to all intents and purposes says: "I offer you an educational establishment which I am describing to those of my supporters who are your enemies as something less than a University, because it will lack several important



chairs, as non-Catholic or mixed in virtue of its constitution, and as somewhat anti-clerical in its tendencies. But look well into it for yourselves, and you will soon see that it is just the kind of institution you have been yearning for. Therefore, I have no hesitation in calling on you all, clergy as well as laity, to accept it, and to strike that item off the list of Irish grievances for ever." And Catholics, responding to the call, cry "Allelujah," and "Amen." Mr. Balfour then exhorts Protestants, in the interests of *their* Church, which are diametrically opposed to those of the Catholics, to support the Bill until it has become law, and to go on contributing to the cost of working it ever afterwards. And, although they, too, are expected to say "Yea," one would not be much astonished if they answered in a reverential whisper:

"Fistula dulces canit volucres dum decipit aucupus."

All of the three groups of actors in this picturesque little drama rightly consider it their sacred duty throughout the business to display their full share of the wisdom of serpents. Which of them will be finally found to have silently obeyed the Evangelical precept and tempered it with the simplicity of doves?

The mere spectator will doubtless consider the question from a point of view which is much simpler than that of the *dramatis personæ*, and perhaps more becoming. If, he will argue, it be just and no more than just, that University Education should be provided out of the public funds for Irish Catholics and on conditions laid down by themselves, it is also meet and proper that the fact should be set forth plainly and frankly, without humble apologies for the innovation or puerile attempts to whittle away its obvious and intended effects, *in usum Delphini*. Whatever legitimate use Catholics may see fit to make of the boon later on—and they will hardly employ it to realise the second half of the Reformation programme—is their own concern, and nobody has the slightest warrant to exclaim, "Thus far and no farther." If, on the other hand, their demand can be shown to be unreasonable or even detrimental to the interests of any Church with which the Government for the time being has chosen to identify itself, let the claim be sternly refused. But in any and every case, British self-respect—of which Ministers of State are credited with possessing a double dose—should prompt them to see that, so far as they are concerned, the discussion is confined to serious arguments and not lowered by servile bowing to political prejudice or seeming sacrifices to religious passion.

It will be cheerfully admitted that Mr. Balfour was well advised in broadening his scheme and even in basing it, "*in the first place*," on the necessity of satisfying "the wants of Ulster, and especially of the great Presbyterian bodies in the North," provided always that he can show the reality of the wants upon which he thus lays stress. It is impossible, of course, not to admire the artistic neatness with which

the Belfast "teaching University properly equipped" is welded on to the non-Catholic Dublin University with its anti-Clerical bent, and a harmless and harmonious whole constructed. But the concession itself stands out clumsily enough as a sop to sated Cerberus. "The great Presbyterian bodies in the North" stoutly declare that they will none of it. Indeed, the first inkling they had of their imperative cultural wants was Mr. Balfour's sudden suggestion to satisfy them. They seem to hold that learning can no more be spread by multiplying the number of academical degrees annually conferred upon well-intentioned lads looking out for situations than a given stock of silver or gold can be increased by trebling the hall-marks, and that if the Government has indeed the interests of knowledge and culture at heart, it has not yet hit upon the right method of promoting them.

Other members of the great Presbyterian bodies in the North are persuaded that the Belfast wing of the University structure merely serves to enable the genial architect to do two very different things while assuming responsibility for only one of them: to take credit for an act of enlightenment while committing the crime of sacrilege, or something perilously akin to it. The educational establishment in the Irish capital would become Roman Catholic and that of Belfast Presbyterian automatically as it were, or say accidentally, as a result of the birth and death rate of religious communities in those cities, the inference being that, if the majority of the inhabitants turned Baptists or Methodists overnight, the two Universities would *ipso facto* become centres of dissent, Mr. Balfour not dissenting. Nobody, it is needless to remark, draws any such inference, for everybody is convinced that the Roman Catholic University of Dublin is—perhaps even in a manifold sense—the *pièce de résistance*, while the Belfast institution is but the sauce with which it is served up.

The second object attained by the choice of a University Extension (Ireland) Bill instead of a Roman Catholic University (Ireland) Bill is that it gives its genial author the right to close the protesting lips of his supporters with the conclusive remark: "There will thus be in Ireland two Protestant Universities to one Roman Catholic, which, as there are nearly three Roman Catholics in that country to one Protestant, *seems not unfair* \* to the Protestants." And to the Catholics?

As a piece of dialectic fencing this home-thrust is brilliant and effective, but as a specimen of the fruits of the union between Church and State it is less easy to qualify. On what principle of good government can it be justified that Roman Catholics are to possess but one University as against two held by Protestants, seeing that there are nearly three members of the former Church to one of the latter? Is it by way of showing that a British Parliament is able and willing to "do for Ireland all, and more than all, that Ireland could do for herself"? And if an apology be needed for a state of things so

\* The italics are mine.

unfair in appearance, is it to Irish Protestants that it should be humbly tendered? It seems not unfair to Mr. Balfour and his Unionist supporters to suggest that this particular argument against Home Rule (if, perchance, like Lazarus, the Home Rule question should rise again from the dead) be consigned to the museum of archaeological weapons. Nothing damages even a good cause like a bad argument.

Another feature of the scheme in which we miss the colour of sincerity is the clause providing for the application of the Test Acts to the future University of Dublin. It is hardly too much to say that neither friend nor foe will take the safeguard seriously. If it be efficient as a check upon Catholic advance, why restrict the number of Catholic Universities to one, and why mutilate that one by depriving it of several chairs of importance? Rightly or wrongly, people will continue to think and to say that its main object was to enable its author to assure his supporters: "A University so constituted would, I believe, meet the needs of Roman Catholics, *but it would not be a Roman Catholic University.*"\* This is a reassuring statement to be able to make all round, but it is weakened by containing something akin to what schoolmen were wont to term a *contradictio in adjecto*. Certes, every one who possesses any knowledge of the subject knows that any University which meets the needs of Roman Catholics will be a Roman Catholic University in the fullest and most emphatic sense of that expression, in a sense in which neither Trinity College nor Belfast could be called a Protestant University. And this is a circumstance of which Catholics are rightly proud. To assume the contrary, as the Conservative Leader gratuitously does, is to avow that the obstinate refusal of Irish Catholics to avail themselves of the facilities offered by Trinity College, instead of emanating from conscientious scruples, was but part of an ingenious but disingenuous *modus operandi* for the purpose of unfairly scoring a point against their rivals.

But, assuming for a moment that Mr. Balfour is right, and that the Dublin University would not, in fact, be a Roman Catholic institution, what sort of University would it be? Clearly it would be mixed. But the grievance which it is destined to remove is precisely this—that, whereas Catholics cannot conscientiously avail themselves of mixed Universities, there are none other. Mr. Balfour's scheme would therefore be a political casting out of devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils—a method which is not without its drawbacks when religious interests are at stake.

If the Test Acts clause were the outcome of a velleity to keep the door open for a return to the principles of undenominationalism, all could understand, and many would sympathise with the object. But it is nothing of the kind. Other outspoken passages of the "Letter to a Supporter" dispel all doubt on that score. It will be difficult, therefore, to change public opinion that it is but the coating of sugar

\* The italics are mine.

to a bitter pill compounded for the great Presbyterian bodies in the North. And healthy public opinion on both sides of the water regrets that we should be reduced to do good by stealth, and disguise right in the uncouth garb of injustice.

And these objections to the Test Acts apply with equal force to Mr. Balfour's refusal to endow chairs of philosophy, theology, or modern history at the future University of Dublin. The grounds for this restriction are not clear. The Test Acts, if seriously applied, would render this mutilation superfluous, and, if not strictly enforced, will make it vain. Moreover, the new high school is to be in all essential respects just such a centre of Catholic teaching as Trinity College is for Protestant learning. That appears to be Mr. Balfour's intention. But Trinity College possesses several chairs for these important subjects. No University worthy of the name can dispense with them. On what recognised principle can this handicapping of Catholics be justified? Before being discussed it must be clearly stated, for it cannot be even approximately guessed. One thing, however, is certain even now: the clause can only be justified by a confession that the application of the Test Acts is a delusion and a snare. And an avowal of this nature would be not only humiliating, but disastrous. Further, if all these difficulties were satisfactorily disposed of, there would still be this to urge against the policy of paring and clipping—that no consideration can be put forward against the wisdom of endowing chairs of theology, philosophy, and modern history which would not tell with the self-same force against the creation of some of the other chairs concerning which the State or its spokesman has no misgivings.

To sum up: despite the profound respect with which people of all parties are wont to listen to any suggestion emanating from Mr. Balfour, and notwithstanding the general desire to ease the situation in Ireland by lessening religious friction there, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the radical defects of the present scheme. Religious education is always at best a tough problem to tackle, and in Ireland it is beset with more numerous difficulties than elsewhere. All the greater need for circumspection when dealing with it. The brilliant Conservative statesman, however, commands the sympathy of every fair-minded man in the United Kingdom when he comes forward to establish the right of Irish Catholics to a University, and he provokes their astonishment by adding in the same breath that he will not officially help them to it. His noble appeal to Protestants to fling secular religious prejudices to the winds is worthy a statesman of the twenty-first century; and his confession that he himself shares the only prejudice which absolutely forbids the grant of a Catholic high school is a woful anachronism at the end of the nineteenth. The case he makes out for closing the chapter of religious injustice to Ireland will move the most stagnant intellects to healthy reflection;

but even the most liberal-minded will rightly pause to inquire why the plea should be addressed to Irish Protestants instead of to the Government, which, if it really possess the will, is entrusted with the duty and invested with the power to turn over a new leaf. Half-converted Orangemen will shrewdly argue that if the occasion does not demand even a slight sacrifice from the Cabinet which alone is responsible, it can hardly call for an act of unwonted heroism on the part of the great Presbyterian bodies in the North, who are struggling to hold what they deem their own.

And analysing the scheme itself as a means to the end proposed, enlightened public opinion will see nothing to provoke enthusiasm and little to ensure support. If mixed Universities are useless to conscientious Catholics, it seems absurd to offer them a University which the Test Acts would render mixed. If it be right and fair to found an institution which shall be to Catholics all that Trinity College has been to Protestants, it cannot be either fair or right to eliminate from it two of the most important faculties out of the four. If the scheme be adapted to the wants of Catholics who refuse to accept any but a Catholic University, is it not a sorry juggle with words to speak of the projected institution as non-Catholic and even anti-Clerical?

The present arrangement in Ireland is manifestly to the advantage of Protestants. Hence their resolve to uphold it. If, therefore, it be sound policy to reopen the question with a view to settling it definitively, the arduous task, which must of course be undertaken by the Government, can be achieved in only one of two ways. From the point of view of the members of the Church of Rome, whereby the new University will be as complete as Trinity College and as Catholic as Maynooth. In this case it is barely conceivable that Irish Unionists might reluctantly assent to such a measure, but they could be invited to give it their support only as Unionists and on political grounds, and certainly not as Protestants, by way of carrying out the second half of the programme of the Reformation. The other method is the undenominational. In all matters of religion the Government should proclaim its perfect neutrality as between the two rival Churches, and should draw all the practical consequence from this new start.

No plan can prove satisfactory and definitive which is not worked out on one or other of these lines. A *tertium quid*, however specious and plausible, will inevitably be open to the main objection attaching to Mr. Balfour's scheme: that if it were in fact what it claims to be in theory, it would be a wanton insult to Catholics, while if it professed to be what it was not, it would be a dangerous snare laid for Protestants, and in any case must amount to a humiliating confession of weakness on the part of one of the strongest British Cabinets on record.

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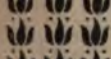

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## THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION DECLARATION.

**T**HERE is unfortunately no doubt that many of the best Englishmen have recently been shocked and alienated by what has appeared to them to be wilfulness, extravagance, and lawlessness on the part of a section of the clergy of the Church of England. Nor when the accusation is sifted can it be altogether repudiated. If what is generally called the High Church movement is at present to some extent in social disgrace, it has in great measure itself to blame. In the paralysis of Church legislation and Church Courts, groups of individuals have moved along their own lines of development to extravagant lengths, doing their own work, as they conceived it should be done, with wonderful effectiveness and self-sacrifice, but, as it has seemed to most of us, in forgetfulness of corporate allegiance and of the principle that all work done in and for a society must be tested in part by its effect on the whole society. Newman some five-and-twenty years ago wrote thus of "the chronic extravagances of knots of Catholics" (*i.e.*, Roman Catholics) in England:

"There are those among us, as it must be confessed, who for years past have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds; who have stated truths in the most paradoxical form, and stretched principles till they came close upon snapping; and who at length, having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of putting out the flames.\*

Words not very unlike these might perhaps not unjustly be used of the behaviour of similar "knots of Catholics" amongst ourselves. But if men are wise and sane, still more if they have any measure of historical knowledge, they will be distressed, indeed, yet not over-

\* "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" (1873), p. 4.

much surprised or alienated, by such intemperate zeal. It has characterised every wide religious movement, popular or intellectual. "The kingdom of heaven" in every generation has "suffered violence, and violent men"—men not only enthusiastic and eager, but also with the faults of intemperate and undisciplined zeal—"have taken it by force." The earliest Christian Churches were truly temples of God, and the spirit of God was truly alive and at work in them, but the Church of Corinth, to judge from St. Paul's letters, as it numbered among its members "not many wise, not many noble," so undoubtedly exhibited all the phenomena of undisciplined and disorderly enthusiasm and party spirit, such as would naturally be associated with half-educated zeal. Sober and prudent Corinthians might not unreasonably have been scandalised by what they heard of their proceedings. Again, the witness of "the noble army of martyrs" was marred, and its glory tarnished, by the defiant fanaticism and obstinate insolence of a good many who were resolved, at all costs, to win their martyr's crown. It has always been so. The extravagance and fanaticism of Catholics has been matched by the extravagance and fanaticism of Protestants. In England the Methodist revival had its elements of lawlessness as conspicuously at least as the Catholic revival. Intellectual movements, like that of biblical criticism, as much as more enthusiastic and popular movements, have their "violent men." The fact must be universally deplored and acknowledged; and the wise man, while he tries to hinder extravagance, will expect and reckon with it. "Woe unto the world because of offences—woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh;" but also, "it must needs be that offences come."

Meanwhile, what the wise man seeks is the legitimate inspiring principle of any seemingly permanent religious movement, which is what gives it its hold and force, and accounts for, while it does not excuse, its extravagances. He recognises that the only chance of combating the extravagances is to seek to give free scope to the legitimate principle.

What then is the inspiring principle and motive of the High Church movement or Catholic revival?

The answer is an easy one. It is the idea of the visible Church. After a period when religious zeal had shown itself mostly in individual conversions or in the formation of voluntary associations and groups—"the Church" being regarded as a sort of institution in the background to provide religious ministrations as established by law—the idea of the Catholic Church, as represented in this country by the Church of England, awakened again. The Divine Founder of our religion, it again plainly appeared, instituted a visible society, and not only bountifully enriched it with spiritual gifts, but also endowed it with a spiritual authority over its members—a legislative power to



determine spiritual questions—*i.e.*, to “bind” and “loose,” with a divine sanction, and a judicial or disciplinary power over individuals: “Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted, whose sins ye retain, they are retained.” There has been a good deal of discussion in the Church as to the relation of clergy and laity in the exercise of these legislative and judicial powers, but there can be hardly any dispute as to their fundamental meaning. Christ intended His society to be endowed with legislative and judicial functions over its members, and gave to the exercise of those functions a divine sanction. Every one knows what a vital difference it makes to any vigorous community, from the moral and political point of view, whether they are allowed to govern themselves or no; and accordingly it can surprise no one that Christ should have made it so important a matter for His religious community. A Christian Church, therefore, which exists with the legislative and judicial functions in abeyance must be living a maimed and truncated life, and cannot be said to be doing its work at all fully in the name of Christ.

These may appear to be very formidable statements, yet, I believe, they are deeply rooted in history and Scripture. They are the property in somewhat different senses of both Catholicism and Protestantism. That they have come to the fore again with us to-day is only one indication of the wider movement of thought which is everywhere putting social in the place of individualist conceptions of the basis of society. And they have come to the fore among Nonconformists as well as in the more immediate sphere of the “Catholic revival.” The “Evangelical Free Church Catechism” is an extraordinarily important document—the outcome of tendencies which we have recently had the opportunity of seeing at work in the life of Dr. R. W. Dale. It is important partly because it represents so wide an agreement among all the chief Nonconformist bodies in England. It is a real response to the challenge to say what in fact “undenominational Christianity” does stand for. It is important, also, for what is not there—for its entire silence on the characteristic doctrines of Calvinism and many of those most associated with popular Protestantism. It is important, once more and for our present purpose, for the prominence restored to the idea of the One Visible Catholic Church. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who introduces this excellent catechism to the public, throws overboard with contumely “the metaphysical abstraction” so deeply associated with English Protestantism in the past, “entitled the invisible Church, which was invented in the sixteenth century.” The questions and answers bearing on the subject of the Church are as follows:

“33. Q. *What is the Holy Catholic Church?*

“A. It is that Holy Society of believers in Christ Jesus which He founded, of which He is the only Head, and in which He dwells by His



Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organised in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet one in Him.

"34. *Q. For what ends did our Lord found His Church?*

"*A.* He united His people into this visible brotherhood for the worship of God and the ministry of the Word and the Sacraments; for mutual edification, the administration of discipline, and the advancement of His Kingdom.

"35. *Q. What is the essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church?*

"*A.* The essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church is the presence of Christ, through His indwelling Spirit, manifested in holy life and fellowship.

"36. *Q. What is a Free Church?*

"*A.* A Church which acknowledges none but Jesus Christ as Head, and, therefore, exercises its right to interpret and administer His laws without restraint or control by the State."

Now these statements would be modified in one or two respects by an Anglican Churchman; but the essential idea, as far as the idea goes, is that which it has been the function of the Oxford movement to revive—the idea of the Church as possessing by divine commission an essential and necessary freedom of self-government and self-judgment in spiritual matters. No doubt the "Free Churches" would deny to us "State-enslaved" Anglicans the right to hold this doctrine; and Anglicans would deny to the Free Churches the right to claim the idea of the Catholic Church as theirs while they repudiate its Catholic constitution. But at least the idea is alive again in full force in both these portions of the religious world, while among Romanists it has never been obscured. And the idea has come to stay. It is luminously clear in Scripture and in Church history. Like many other ideas, it has suffered temporary obscurity—like the idea of religious toleration from the period of the Byzantine Empire down to the seventeenth century, or like the true idea of the function of Scripture in the mediæval and Romanist theology. But once revived and brought clearly into view again, it claims the obedience of all loyal disciples of Christ and of us Churchmen in particular. It will not be dislodged again out of our consciences. Its frank recognition is the only basis upon which we can reasonably hope for any real restoration of permanent and fundamental order and peace in our Church. History, indeed, is full of warnings as to the dangerous result of refusing to recognise the real force and meaning of religious ideas—full of warnings as to their inevitably explosive character if legitimate scope is not given them.

Now for Churchmen who accept the episcopal principle in Church government, the right of which the Catechism of the Free Churches speaks, "to interpret and administer Christ's law," is a right that must be exercised through the bishops. The bishops are, indeed, according to the best ideal of the Catholic Church, by the method of

their election *representative* officers, and in the exercise of their powers *constitutional* officers. They ought to be surrounded and in a measure controlled by their presbyters and their laity. On this something shall be said later. But when the function in question is that of exercising the final legislative or judicial power on matters of theological or moral doctrine or worship, the general mind of the Church of all ages ascribes this to the bishops. And it is in the New Testament the special function of the chief Church officers to "maintain the traditions" in their purity, as divinely commissioned "stewards of the mysteries of God." It is essential, therefore, to the real spiritual liberty of the Church that in matters which touch vitally the doctrine and worship of the Church, the final judgment—not the *mere legal* interpretation of a stereotyped formula, but the real spiritual judgment—should lie with the bishops, in the free exercise of their spiritual responsibility as pastors of the Church. If it does not lie with them, the Church is not being governed in the name of Christ.

Now the actual facts of Church government in the Established Church of England are at present, and have for a long period been, in marked and lamentable contrast to this ideal. Take the important moral matter of Christian marriage. Parliament some years ago, in the exercise of its natural and legitimate functions, altered the English law of marriage so as to allow of re-marriage after divorce for adultery. The point of view of Parliament as a whole was, of course, the only point of view which such a body can be expected to entertain or can rightly entertain—the general social well-being in view of the general moral conscience of the community. From this point of view the relaxation of the law may have been nothing less than necessary—we need not discuss the question. But in the existing relation of Church and State the change of law involved the Church. The clergy of the Church were legally required to lend their churches for the religious administration of the newly allowed marriages with the forms of the Book of Common Prayer. But the law of the Church—the law of the Western Church accepted by the English Church—has not allowed these marriages. It has treated marriage as strictly indissoluble. And this Church law has never been altered. The Church has, in fact, not been consulted on the subject. Many Churchmen think that it would be competent for the Church to relax the old law down to a certain point, though certainly not down to the level of the present statute law. But the Church has not done so. It has "bound," and never "loosed." And to the apprehension of a very large number of Churchmen, it amounts to conduct treasonable to our Lord's methods and intentions to accept from a civil Parliament an alteration of the moral law which is meant to bind the members of Christ's society with a religious obedience. To be satisfied with this is in very truth to make the commandment of God—not

only the marriage law, but the whole principle of the legislative power of the Church, of none effect by our tradition. It is to let the political arrangements into which we have carelessly drifted dull our conscience to His intentions, and that on a matter vitally affecting the morals of the Christian society. Who can deny that it would have made a great difference to the idea of a Church, as held in ordinary society, if, quite independently of what the State might think it right to do in view of general social interests, the English Church had formally and freely considered and declared for her own members what the marriage law of Christ admits or does not admit, and had acted accordingly in the use of its services? This exercise, then, of moral authority is a function which she had no right to abandon.

To take another instance. Within the last fifty years a great number of decisions have been made on matters of doctrine and ritual by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Now, of course the professed intention of the Privy Council is only to declare or interpret the law. But for this purpose it must assume that the existing formulas are so far complete and distinct as to afford material for deciding the questions involved, as a mere matter of interpretation, with tolerable security. Now, in some cases, it is the opinion of a great many of us that the formulas were for all purposes sufficiently clear and distinct, but that the Privy Council unconsciously allowed general considerations as to what the Church of England must mean to outweigh the exact interpretation of words. But whether this was so or not, in other cases the rubrics, or formulas, were not explicit or complete. The judgment given must in these cases have involved a going back on the general principles of the Reformation settlement—*i.e.*, a real act of spiritual judgment, and not a mere legal interpretation of a formula. In fact, rubrics and ecclesiastical formulas generally do not admit of this merely legal interpretation. Rubrics, for example, are directions to clergymen how to perform their ministry. Thus at every period they have entered into certain details, such as were required at a particular moment, but assumed a background of existing habit and principles. The question in the case of many Anglican rubrics is, What was the previous habit? or what were the principles of reformation in doctrine and ritual which the Church of England was maintaining at the various periods which have left their deposits in the Prayer-Book? What, therefore, would she have been likely to intend? In all such cases interpretation involves a real judgment on principles, and requires, therefore, the exercise of the spiritual at least as much as the legal, or even historical, judgment. Thus, for the lawyers trained for quite other purposes to be exercising the Church's right of spiritual judgment on matters of Christian doctrine and worship seems to many of us an intolerable instance of misplaced authority, which it is our sacred duty not to admit. If we



are taunted with disturbing the peace on mere details, or about "clergymen's clothes," we reply that this is not a true description of the case. What is at stake is a vitally important question as to the intention of Christ about His Church. It makes an enormous difference whether it is a self-governing society or no. St. Paul knew well enough how important it was to draw a distinction between things essential and things unessential. "Circumcision is nothing," he cries, "and uncircumcision is nothing." But as soon as the use of this "unessential" rite became the symbol of allegiance to the wrong law, his cry is different. "If ye be circumcised Christ shall profit you nothing." It matters little what colour or shape ecclesiastical vestments are, but it matters very much that the essential liberty of the Church to apply and interpret the law of Christ in doctrine and worship should be asserted.

And again if we are taunted with the apostolic exhortation to "obey the law," our answer is equally obvious. The idea of the Roman State controlling or legislating upon matters of religion did not occur to the apostle. If the idea had suggested itself to him we cannot doubt that his reply would have been in the spirit of Christ's words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." It is really as much out of place to quote "the powers that be are ordained of God" with reference to State control of Christian doctrine or worship, as it would be to quote "we ought to obey God rather than man" as a justification for refusing the reasonable obedience of a citizen to the ordinary law. No doubt our present confusions are due to the survival of phrases or forms from the period of which Richard Hooker is one of the greatest representatives, the period when the conception prevailed of a Christian nation in the strict sense—*i.e.*, of a body politic which should be, in its whole bulk, in one aspect a Church and in another a State. In such a society confusion might easily arise between the functions of Church and State. This idea was always, no doubt, fraught with the moral perils to which Dr. Dale used so admirably to give expression; but it was at least a noble ideal. It has, however, confessedly vanished from the possibilities of modern politics. It involved the corollary that only Churchmen, real communicant Churchmen, could exercise full civil rights and hold civil offices. The possibilities of maintaining such a system vanished before the rise in the seventeenth century of the new idea of religious toleration. That idea was a permanent force and it has become a commonplace of politics. It antiquated Hooker's conception of the Church-State. Every Act which gave civil emancipation to religious dissenters from the Anglican Church carried with it a logical necessity for a counter-enactment declaring that, as in future the Established Church would be only one denomination among many in the country, as

Parliaments would be henceforth made up of men of all sorts of religious allegiance or of none, as magistrates and judges would be chosen purely for civil purposes, it was henceforth unreasonable to expect the Church to regard the Assemblies and Courts of the nation as representing herself and her own activities, and she must be allowed liberty—within certain restrictions—to manage her own affairs and pass her own judgments on spiritual cases; that is to say, exactly that liberty which has always been guaranteed and is still guaranteed to the Established Presbyterian Church in Scotland.

The logic of history works slowly, but it works exceedingly surely. After all sorts of relations between Church and State have been tried all through the Christian ages it becomes increasingly apparent, from the point of view alike of Church and State, that "a free Church in a free State" is in some real sense the only possible political ideal, at least for a democratically governed country like England.

Now the recent Declaration of the English Church Union which has caused so much excitement may have been inopportune. But in the main it is an assertion of the continuity of the Church of England and of the principle which I have been endeavouring to state in this paper; or rather it is a reassertion of them, for they have constituted the stock-in-trade of the English Church Union since its formation. I have lately seen a number of assertions such as this, which I cull from a sermon of Mr. Voysey's, preached at the Theistic Church on March 5. "The Oxford movement, after sixty years of stealthy growth, has resulted in the open defiance of our English Law Courts by a number of clergy and laity bound together, as by an oath, to set the Church above the State."\* Or Sir William Harcourt: "At last we have the *confitentes reos*. The rebellion has been formally announced," &c. Why! on the subject at least of Ecclesiastical Courts, the Union has been "confessing" and professing in every Town Hall in England so far back as my memory goes. It is, from an English Church Union point of view, the "chorus as before." The letter of the "Hon. Charles L. Wood," on the Report of the Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, written in 1884, and containing the ordinary sentiments of the Union, is, so far as affects this question, identical in substance with the recent Declaration attributed to the same remarkable President. It is this principle, in fact, that the English Church Union stands for. It is this that holds it together.

If we get beyond this principle there is much in the Declaration which, in common with very many members of the Union, I should be disposed to criticise. In view of the fact that it is the extravagances of our own members which are so largely responsible for the present disturbances, the tone of injured innocence which the Declaration adopts is a little overdone. Again, the Declaration minimises excessively the amount of ritual and doctrinal change involved in our

\* He should have said, "to set the Church side by side with the State."



Reformation settlement. It is not true that the famous canon of 1571 addressed to preachers "declared that nothing was to be taught except what could be collected from the Catholic Fathers and ancient bishops." It declared that nothing was to be taught "which they should require to be devoutly held and believed by the people except *what is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testament, and what the ancient Fathers and Catholic bishops have collected out of the said doctrine.*" In virtue of their appeal to Scripture, as well as primitive tradition, the reformers purged and simplified our services. It is quite true that our rubrics are not complete—that "omission is not prohibition"; but, on the other hand, omission to prohibit is not permission. The Ornaments rubric no doubt justifies our using the ancient ritual to set forth the Prayer-Book services, but it does not justify us in introducing additional ceremonies and rites without proper authority, merely because they were not prohibited in so many words. To make one more criticism, the priesthood was retained, but not exactly "as it has hitherto been understood." A central feature in the Reformation, as Dr. Moberly has recently so admirably taught us, was a recovery and reassertion of the primitive and Scriptural idea of ministerial priesthood, which in the Middle Ages had been distorted and overlaid. Doubtless, when once the essential spiritual liberty of the Church has been successfully vindicated, the English Church Union will be found to contain different "schools." Meanwhile, while the question of our spiritual liberties is the primary question, we are all consolidated upon one platform. And it cannot be too much impressed upon Church people in general, that so long as this question is unsolved the advantage must continually be given to exaggerated views; and they must "bulk" much larger in common idea than the real facts of the case would warrant. The English Church in its main mass of opinion is, I feel convinced, much more united than some men dare to hope, or other men wish to believe. But this will not appear so long as any extremist can fall back upon a conscientious grievance which is very much more widely sympathised with than his particular opinions or practices. The English Church appeals to Scripture; and it is surely somewhat ridiculous to make this appeal as against the Invocation of Saints, and refuse to make it on behalf of the legislative and judicial claim of Christ's Church, which is so plainly affirmed in the New Testament.

But, if all this be granted, does it mean anything else but Disestablishment? To this I should reply that whether Disestablishment be a good thing or a bad thing, we are assuredly moving on the way to that Niagara, unless some reform is possible which will allow to the Church her legitimate liberties. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why such reform should not be compatible with retaining the Establishment. I know that our Nonconformist brethren indignantly deny our right to hold the very Church principles which they

themselves affirm. They and others seem to imply that we clergy have pledged ourselves to accept—not certain principles of doctrine and discipline “as this Church and realm hath received the same,” but the existing system, into which, largely by neglect of those principles, we happen to have drifted. But this is, of course, quite unjust. Rather, we are bound by our appeal to Scripture, as by very much else, to seek continually and indefatigably to reform what is corrupt and restore what is lacking in our present arrangements. It is the strong conviction of many of the best Englishmen that Establishment involves great advantages for the country and even civilisation. Before we endanger it, then, let us see what it really means and of what it may admit. What, for example, is the meaning of the Royal Supremacy? Does it mean that Parliament is the only or natural legislative body for the Church? Listen to “his Majesty’s declaration,” prefixed to the XXXIX. Articles:

“We are the supreme governor of the Church of England: and if any difference arise about the external policy, concerning the injunctions, canons, and other constitutions whatsoever thereto belonging, *the clergy in their convocation* is to order and settle them, having first obtained leave under our broad seal so to do; and we approving their said ordinances and constitutions; providing that none be made contrary to the laws and customs of the land.”

And such leave to meet and act is to be given to the clergy as is necessary for “the settled continuance of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England.” Again, does the royal supremacy mean that civil courts should try spiritual causes? No, says Richard Hooker:

“If the cause be spiritual, secular courts do not meddle with it; we need not excuse ourselves with Ambrose, but boldly and lawfully we may refuse to answer before any civil judge in a matter which is not civil, so that we do not mistake the nature either of the cause or of the court.”\*

It is, in fact, a principle of the English constitution that civil questions should be determined by civil tribunals and ecclesiastical questions by ecclesiastical tribunals, both alike drawing their coercive authority from the Sovereign. The fact, of course, is—though it is not generally known or remembered—that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has come to take rank as the final *spiritual* court. But let us listen to Dr. Stubbs,† than whom there is no greater authority on constitutional history. He states the “conclusion”:

“That the appellate jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council having been brought about by no conscious act of the Legislature, and by no conscious acquiescence of the Church, but rather by a series of overlookings, and takings for granted, by the assumption of successive generations of lawyers, and the laches or want of foresight on the part of the

\* “Eccles. Polit.” viii. 8, 9.

† In the “conclusions” appended to Historical Appendix I. to the Report of the Eccles. Courts Commission, 1883.



clergy, the maintenance of the existing jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, as a final tribunal of appeal in matters of doctrine and ritual, is not to be regarded as an essential part, or necessary historical consequence, of the Reformation settlement."

Supposing, then, the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee in spiritual cases were abolished, and the courts of the diocesan bishop and the province restored, with an appeal to a final court of bishops, representing the authority of both provinces, assisted, let us suppose, by legal assessors, nothing would have been done inconsistent with the Reformation settlement or the supremacy of the Crown. If the Crown gave to these really spiritual courts of the Established Church a coercive jurisdiction, it would still remain the right of the Crown to set the temporal courts to work, by *mandamus*, prohibition, or the like, to restrain the ecclesiastical courts from excess of jurisdiction, or to insist on their exercising their jurisdiction by due processes of law. And, of course, if the final spiritual court were to give a decision which appeared to the authorities of the State subversive of the Reformation settlement—if it allowed the performance of the services in a language not understood of the people, or sanctioned some doctrine abolished in the existing formularies, or re-established an obligation to go to confession—it would be always possible for the State, by any machinery it thought fit, to require the re-hearing of the case, and to intimate that persistence in the decision arrived at would constitute, in the opinion of the legal authorities, a breach of the fundamental compact between Church and State, and imperil the Establishment.

I am far from supposing that any such a settlement as has been suggested is near at hand. For the present, those who are justly jealous for the spiritual authority of the Church must make the best of what really spiritually authoritative decisions they can obtain. We should be in a better position to-day if more deference had been shown to the decisions of the Lambeth judgment given by the late Archbishop in the Bishop of Lincoln's case—annoying as some of them seemed in some details of ritual. It is, indeed, to be hoped that a readier spirit of obedience will be shown to the decisions of the two archbishops in the immediate future. Such decisions as they now offer to give, short of having final authority, may have the strongest possible claim upon obedience as *ad interim* regulations freely given by the archbishops in the exercise of their spiritual responsibility. But of course the weakness of any court which lacks *coercive* authority is that one or two unreasonable men—or men with those hypercritical consciences which form one of the troubles of modern life, and result in conduct closely akin to wilfulness—may destroy their influence and prestige. And, as has been already pointed out, the evil of the present confused condition is that the element of unreasonableness in the Church attains a prominence which, under any tolerable system of

spiritual government, would be denied it. It is certainly not extremists of any kind who would be the gainers from a proper reconstitution of spiritual authority. There is a general idea that the Church of England is made up of contending parties kept together by the Establishment. In the deepest sense I believe the opposite of this is true. There might be a falling off to right or left if the restraint of Establishment were removed. There would certainly be some hot and difficult moments. But the silent moderate majority would assume their proper position of importance and hold the Church together. For in the main, as I do most profoundly believe, the paralysis of proper spiritual authority pushes into prominence all extravagances, and conceals the vast amount of agreement in essentials, and legitimate agreement to differ on minor points, which is, or ought to be, the characteristic spirit of the Church of England.

In this paper I have been confining my attention to judicial authority. And yet it is impossible to close without a word on legislative authority also. The principles of the Reformation settlement are, I indeed trust, to be permanent. The details cannot be. No society can live vigorously without requiring to readjust its regulations in detail. The Church of England drags on its way with rubrics dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when practices, conditions, and needs were utterly unlike what they are now. Authority is claimed, and in my opinion legitimately, for a rubric requiring a certain number of communicants at every celebration of Holy Communion. But not very far off it is another rubric to which nobody even professes to give heed—a rubric requiring every one to give notice the day before he comes to Communion. Yet the confessed fact that so many of our rubrics are out of date goes some way to invalidate the force of others which it is desired to enforce. We must surely have some practical measure of self-government—of legislative as well as judicial authority, allowed to the Church. Yet if this power is to be allowed us, we must not be content with its revival under the forms with which imperialist and feudal and Tudor days have incrustated the government of the Church. The true spirit of our age directs our attention back to the primitive constitutional and representative idea of Church government. We hardly realise how sadly we all lose—bishops and presbyters and laity—from not taking our share in the government of the Church on some truly representative and constitutional method. We are weary of debating societies—Church congresses and Diocesan conferences. We miss the healthy discipline of co-operative government. We must not rest till in our parishes, our dioceses, our provinces, and our national Church as a whole, bishops and presbyters and laity—truly so called, not merely residents or ratepayers—are duly co-ordinated in a system of really representative government. We must not rest till to Church synods thus duly reconstituted some real measure of govern-



mental authority has been granted. Here, again, the supremacy of the Crown could be guarded, under Establishment, by an application of the system of devolution which Parliament has already largely adopted. Let the decisions of the Church legislature lie on the tables of the Houses of Parliament, and if anything revolutionary of the established order be supposed to be involved in them, let Parliament petition the Queen to withhold her assent.

But this reconstitution of legislative bodies is a district of reform not touched upon in the Declaration of the English Church Union, a district, moreover, in support of which it would perhaps be found necessary to appeal in different quarters. I must content myself with having barely alluded to it. I know that the reforms in our present ecclesiastical methods here suggested are deep and difficult of execution. But I am sure that, if carried into effect, they would not be found to work in the exclusive interest of any one party, or for the abolition of anything so much as of eccentricity and lawlessness of every kind. It is surely true that the best statesmanship has very often the holdest aim. We Englishmen must have the courage to look steadily at ideals and principles. "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is our mother"—so wrote St. Paul, and it was with a true instinct that second-century texts of the New Testament glossed his utterance with the added words, "that is Holy Church which we have confessed." The spiritual and heavenly freedom of the Holy Church means many things, but in part it means the liberty of the Church to exercise those legislative and judicial functions over her members with which Christ endowed her. If the English Church will be true to her "liberty," and will correspond to the purpose of God in the living present, surely she has an inspiring prospect—a future as glorious as that of the English race. She maintains the Catholic structure, and creed, and sacramental system, and discipline of the ancient Church, and at the same time she continually claims the right to purify and recall and simplify the development which time has brought with it on the basis of an appeal to Scripture; she retains the traditional priesthood and episcopate, yet she severely limits their authority by a wide and generous recognition of individual liberty. This sort of ideal—the ideal which cannot be so well described as by the phrase Liberal Catholicism—corresponds, as nothing else could correspond, to the moral needs of our great race and of the larger world. But if the English Church is to realise her vocation, she must regain in some adequate measure the normal functions of government and discipline, without which no society can prosper or subsist healthily, and it is, I believe, quite impossible that these should be regained on any other basis than a frank recognition of those inalienable spiritual powers with which Christ endowed the Church and the episcopate as a whole and in every part.

CHARLES GORE.



## TRADE PROSPERITY AND GOVERNMENT WASTE.

UPON nothing do we congratulate ourselves so much at present as on the extraordinary prosperity of the country. Business was never better, we are told on all hands, until we are bound to believe the statement true. Yet when we come to examine such indications and facts as are available, it is not easy to discover why the United Kingdom should be flourishing in its commerce or augmenting its realised wealth. There are two principal sources of new wealth, the foreign trade and the mineral, agricultural, and pastoral domestic industries. A country's wealth, taking it as a whole, is not increased by an enlargement of its purely domestic expenditure—the expenditure of the people as distinct from that of the Government. Individuals or corporations may be enriched by the freer spending of the nation, but the sum of its wealth is not necessarily augmented by the fact that its women wear three gowns a season instead of two and its men five suits in the year instead of four.

Tested by such statistics as the Board of Trade supplies us with the nation does not appear to be better off in essential wealth now than it was some five-and-twenty years ago. Our foreign commerce is larger on the import side alone. There have been nine years since 1874 when the value of the British and Irish produce exported was larger than it was last year, and ten years wherein the export of domestic and foreign or colonial produce taken together exceeded last year's. We sent a higher value of our own productions out of the Kingdom in 1881, 1882, and 1883, and again in 1888 to 1891 inclusive than we did last year or in 1897. Surely this can scarcely be called progress of a kind to leave us scope for boasting. It is usual to say that prices account for the stagnation thus disclosed, but that is not quite the case. Prices have shrunk, but not to the extent, in

recent years at least, some people would have us believe. There has been a decline in the export prices of beer, butter, cheese, coals, cotton piece goods, linen manufactures, iron of various sorts, steel, copper, lead, zinc, tin, and in woollen fabrics over the longer period, but on the past five years the reduction has neither been great nor universal, and in most instances it has been compensated for by the lower prices given for materials imported. Imports, however, have not declined or stagnated in value in anything like the same proportion or to the same degree as exports, and last year they reached the unprecedented total of £470,604,000. Measured by our capacity to import, indeed, the prosperity of the country was never equal to what it is now, and that is all right and proper provided we export with equal energy. But we have not been doing this of late, and it will be necessary to examine presently the sources from which our power to pay for these large imports are drawn.

Meanwhile, let us look at agriculture. Do the statistics in regard to it prove that the wealth of the nation must be on the increase? I am afraid not. Looking back over the same period of time, 1875 to 1897 inclusive, I find that the area under cereal crops has fallen from 11,399,000 acres in the former year to 8,890,000 in the latter for the three whole kingdoms, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands taken together. "That is all right though," the optimist asserts, "competition of American, Indian and Colonial grain growers has obliged our home farmers to turn their attention to grazing, and some at least of what has been lost in wheat growing and other arable land will be found under pasture." Well, in that case we ought to see a great increase in the nation's flocks and herds, but it is not so. Apparently the number of horses has risen 250,000 in the period, and in cattle the increase has been about 850,000—both classes of animals increasingly dependent on foreign food products—but the decrease in the number of sheep has been about 3,000,000. Some of the land abandoned for wheat and other cereals, but not much, has been devoted to root crops—turnips, potatoes, mangolds, &c.—but the greater part has been allowed to fall into the condition of permanent pastures, and the result has not been any important increase in the agricultural wealth of the country. This view is confirmed by the annual valuations for income tax under schedule "B," "occupation of land, &c.," which have not made any progress in the past quarter of a century. Here, in short, is nearly complete stagnation if not something of decay.

If neither our exports of British or Irish produce nor any increase in our agricultural wealth form the basis of the existing remarkable and extraordinary prosperity of the country's industries, whence can it come? Perhaps minerals furnish it. Unfortunately they do not. We mine and export, as well as consume, much more of our coal than

we did, are, in fact, getting quit of this part of our stored riches as fast as we possibly can; but our export of native copper, tin, lead, and silver has seriously declined, and so has our output of iron ore. The nation makes, on the average, fully as much pig-iron as ever, and has recently been making rather more than usual, but much of it is the product of foreign ores. Our imports of iron ore, for example, amounted to only 459,000 tons in 1875, but they rose to 4,031,000 tons in 1881, and averaged 5,623,000 tons in the three years ended December 31 last. It follows that our native minerals—apart from coal—are not now a substantial agent in creating the prosperity in which the nation rejoices, and we may as well give up the search in this direction; it lands us always in disappointment.

“But the country is very prosperous.” Yes, that is to say it has now no more paupers than formerly to feed, though they cost much more, and its banks are bursting with deposits, represented *per contra* by loans and advances, and it is spending right royally on all hands; but I cannot help feeling that part, at least, of this spending consists in the unconscious dissipation of wealth amassed in former years by true prosperity and thrift. If our export business is stagnant, or merely faintly and fitfully progressive; if neither our own dependencies nor our foreign customers are increasing their demand for our goods, while we order from them more and more lavishly every year, how is the account to be squared except by a loss of part of our accumulations? Sir Robert Giffen, in an able and interesting paper read before the Statistical Society last January, estimated that we received every year from our investments abroad about £90,000,000; from our shipping about £70,000,000; and from commissions on foreign business about £18,000,000; or a total of £178,000,000. Were this estimate approximately true we might spend away comfortably enough; but I find no evidence anywhere to support the assumption that our investments and services rendered abroad are of anything like this annual value. Or, rather, our investments may be worth nearly £90,000,000 a year to us, but the earnings of our shipping and commission businesses are certainly not together equal to £88,000,000 a year. The total tonnage of British vessels entered and cleared with cargoes in 1897 was only 53,440,000 tons. Assume, as is the fact, that we earn much money in the carrying trade done by our ships for other countries between ports outside the Kingdom, and that we possess important pecuniary interests in the shipping of other nations, as we likewise do—notably in that of Norway—still we must estimate that the earnings would have to be all over £1 per ton net per annum for the entire mercantile marine which we own or in which we have an interest, before the annual income of £70,000,000 could be drawn from it. Our average annual profit cannot be half that amount from this source, judging by the poor returns made by all our great unsub-



sidised steamship lines. In the same way the amount of the commissions earned by us appears to be exaggerated by Sir Robert, and the whole of this portion of his estimate is so much a matter of pure guesswork that it is not worth while to analyse it further.

We may, however, grant at once that the spending resources of this country are augmented to an important degree every year by the interest, &c., we receive from abroad. A competent Australian statistician, Mr. R. L. Nash, has computed that £15,000,000 per annum comes to us from that quarter, including payments to colonial absentees. In my opinion at least £30,000,000 per annum more is drawn from India, on one head or another, and probably another £5,000,000 comes to us from the further East, including China and Japan. The United States, when most in debt to us, may have sent us on all counts as much as £30,000,000 per annum, and now, perhaps, remit £20,000,000, including payments to their citizens living abroad; while the utmost Canada can be put down for is £4,000,000. We also receive, perhaps, £7,000,000 all told from South Africa, or may do so this year, and have, of course, innumerable smaller interests in all parts of the world, balanced, however, to some extent by our own important tourist and absentee payments.

Sir R. Giffen's estimate under this head is therefore much nearer the truth than the others he makes, although still an exaggerated one; but it will be noted that I have spoken of our dividend and interest receipts from the United States as being smaller now than they formerly were. There can be no doubt at all of that fact, and in this reduction lies the key to part of the mystery of our apparent prosperity. For at least nine months past the people of this country have been selling back to the American people the securities they have held, often for many years. At first the selling did not much touch the national income from foreign investments, because what was sold generally paid no dividend or interest. All that happened in the case of these sales was a release and return of part of the capital originally sunk by investors here in trans-Atlantic securities. The American people took home discredited or depreciated bonds or shares in payment for the wheat they had sold to us and other European nations at high prices, and the sellers of these securities on this side found themselves possessed of money to reinvest or spend. They were momentarily better off as to cash or the command over bankers' credits than they had been before the transaction. But latterly the selling has extended to all sorts of interest and dividend bearing securities, some of which, it is reported, have been held here since the Civil War. These sales have equally placed those who effected them in funds, but have also docked them of income; or, to put it another way, have reduced the liabilities of the American nation for interest and dividends payable in London. Adding the reduction thus effected

to the large amounts lost by the British public in American brewery, land-jobbing, and industrial investments within the past decade, I compute that the nation is altogether poorer in income to-day in this one direction than it was even eight years ago by some £10,000,000 sterling.

But, and in consequence of these realisations, there is just now much more of what I may call detached and unemployed wealth in circulation; and accordingly the banks and many private individuals are in a position to lend increased assistance to all descriptions of new enterprises, while those with a taste for gambling may frequently have the means with which to gratify it to a greater extent than usual. In the mass this returned money looks like new wealth, and it promotes a certain recklessness of mood, even in the highest financial quarters, which may end in considerable mischief if not checked in time. As a whole the nation is really poorer than it was a year ago, poorer both in income and available resources, but individuals have more to play with and have been vigorously amusing themselves on the Stock Exchange, or by throwing the loaded dice of the company promoter.

Some portion of this released capital is unquestionably getting spent—in new houses, in new machinery, in little extravagances and indulgences of all sorts, and thus it contributes to the movement and increased production of commodities, now delighting the hearts of traders and manufacturers in most parts of the country. So far as that is the case our present industrial prosperity is a fleeting, and perhaps dangerous, incident in the nation's history, unless it is supplemented and followed up by a general revival of our foreign business, of which there is as yet no distinct promise. Clearly, however, the whole of our manufacturing bustle is not caused by this incidental return of capital to England from the United States or anywhere else. It is too extensive and sustained to be so fortuitously produced, and the question is still, whence comes the real and abiding impulse?

Mainly, in my opinion, from the extravagant expenditure, and especially the extravagant naval expenditure, of the Government. Other minor influences there may be, such as the high prices of public securities, which cause banks to possess enlarged power to grant credit to their customers, and the increased capital outlay of our railways, all of which have more or less caught the general fever; but the main source of the steady expansion in our industrial activity, and of the apparently remarkable progress of the nation's prosperity, is to be found in the naval and general armaments programme of the present Administration.

Many of those who dissent from this view may think to entrench themselves by pointing to the remarkable increase in the world's supply of gold, and ascribe to that the extraordinary flush of pros-



perity exhibited by the country's industries. I do not for a moment wish to deny the potency of gold as a stimulant of speculation. It has been this in the present instance, but nothing more. At no point has it sensibly broadened our trade or increased foreign demand for our productions, still less has it strengthened the cash reserves upon which our stupendous system of banking credit rests. The statistics of the metal's movements, so far as regards England, support the argument for extravagance, and point to the loss of capital with which we have been dealing, rather than back up those who would ascribe our present prosperity to an abundance of gold. In the past five years the total imports of this metal in excess of exports have been, according to the Board of Trade returns, about £28,000,000, yet within this period the bullion reserve of the Bank of England has shrunk about £20,000,000 from its highest point in June 1896. Perhaps the Custom House statistics of bullion are not strictly accurate. They are not, however, nowadays very far wrong, and if these two sums added together imply that something like £50,000,000 of gold has been used up in sustaining our prosperity, where has it gone? Some of it has doubtless passed into circulation, in answer to the increased industrial demand for cash to pay wages and to meet the consequent enlarged expenditure of the working classes. But probably the excess imports of the metal have mostly disappeared in our arts and manufactures. How much these absorb each year cannot be exactly estimated, but the amount is probably above rather than below £5,000,000, and it has lately been a rapidly expanding amount. All the excess imports of bullion may, therefore, very well have gone in this direction, and over and above the country has lost, or the Bank of England has lost, upwards of £20,000,000 by export and absorption in the circulation. Whatever views we take, it is clear that the new supplies of gold have done nothing more than is implied in this increased circulation to enlarge the base on which our credit system rests. They have benefited the world, perhaps, and have enabled us to meet our extravagant bills abroad with greater ease than we otherwise could have done, but in no other sense have they as yet contributed appreciably to stimulate our commerce except on the import side. We have bought so much that not merely foreign securities owned by us have been sold and exported to pay our bills, but an increasing foreign demand has been created for the gold reaching our shores from the mines. Last year the enormous sum of almost £44,000,000 was imported, and we exported again nearly £37,000,000. Nor was that the whole tale. About £6,500,000 of Australian gold, on its way here to pay the interest due to us on the Australian debt, was intercepted and sent direct to San Francisco to help to pay our corn bills.

All over the world, probably enough, the gold fever and the enlarged

supplies of the metal it brings have swollen out speculation and to a certain extent augmented genuine business. But the effects at home are not visible in either increased banking resources or in a much enlarged supply of floating capital. It is not from gold or other imports that we have obtained the most substantial part of the prosperity of which we now boast. I seek elsewhere for the real source, and find it mainly and primarily in the Government spendings. To realise how enormous these are we must go back a little and look at the figures of fifteen to twenty years ago. In the five years ended March 31, 1883, the total naval and military expenditure of the Government aggregated rather less than £132,000,000, excluding the cost of South African and Egyptian campaigns, and sundry other unusual items like the dole to India on account of Lord Lytton's Afghan war. In the next quinquennium the total rose to £149,000,000, again exclusive of the £9,500,000 spent under the alarmist "vote of credit" in 1886, and other items outside the regular expenditure. I believe, by the way, this vote of credit to have been the starting-point in the present system of demented extravagance. When our spendthrifts found that the nation acquiesced so readily in the most outrageous demands, enlarged ideas took possession of their minds, and a systematic agitation was commenced of which we now see the consequences in a naval and military expenditure approaching £45,000,000 per annum.

Coming to the next five years ending with March 31, 1893, we find that the total outlay for military and naval purposes had come to exceed £169,000,000, and in the five years ended March 31, 1898, it rose to £193,500,000. The difference between the total for the period 1889 to 1893 inclusive and that for the five years ended with March 31, 1898, was £24,000,000, but between the period 1879 and 1883 and the last five years dealt with it was upwards of £60,000,000. That is to say, an average of at least £12,000,000 per annum more is now being paid away by the Government, principally for naval construction and armament purposes, than was the case fifteen years ago; nay, it is much more than that, if we take the most recent year, for the total cost of the army and navy as recently as 1880 was only £25,000,000, whereas in the last financial year for which we have completed accounts it was £42,000,000; in the year now closed it, as I have just said, approaches £45,000,000, supplementary estimates included. In other words, we are now spending nearly £20,000,000 a year more, mainly on armaments, than we did as recently as 1880, we might say as recently as 1883, and the prospect is of a larger outlay still, for in the game of beggar my neighbour now being played by nation against nation the stakes mount without limit, and extravagance swells with feeding.

All this excess money, except perhaps a million or two going in



additional pay and pensions,\* is used to stimulate the iron, steel, and allied industries of the country. Steel makers flourish upon it, the shipbuilding yards are kept prosperous by it, carpenters, workers in brass, sail makers, founders of guns, all industries connected with the building and furnishing out of ships of war and with the equipping of those who man them, have had these millions poured into them, and the consequence is an appearance of prosperity throughout the country which the foreign trade of the nation gives no clue to. The working classes have much more to spend. Railway earnings are eloquent of abundant trade and a population wealthy enough to be able to travel more. Butcher, baker, spinner, weaver, all feel the flow of so much "wealth" from the Exchequer fountain whose supply seems exhaustless.

What, perhaps, makes the extravagance of the Government all the more remarkable in its stimulating results is the fact that a considerable proportion of this outpour of money is supplied from capital, just as is the case with the railways themselves. I have said that the nation has been living on its capital, selling its securities in order to pay for bread, and the Government is doing the same thing, only in another way. Look at the death duties. The Imperial portion of them amounts to about £11,000,000 a year, and all this money represents levies upon capital. Estates of deceased persons are shorn of certain percentages before they are handed over to the heirs, such percentages lessening the capital they receive. The money thus obtained helps the Government on its riotous way, and makes life easy for it amid its waste. Not only is it capital the Government thus receives to spend, but frequently capital represented by percentages upon excessive market values. In other words, the Exchequer receives a larger sum from a deceased estate consisting of Consols valued at 110 than it would do if the stock had been only at 100. Multiply this example by the thousands of instances in which securities must now be taken as worth 10, 20, and sometimes 50 per cent. more than they were before the stimulating effects of Government extravagance were felt, and one can at once comprehend how exceedingly flimsy the basis may be on which the national prosperity and Government abundance now alike stand. It is money easy come by and easy gone, and this portion of the public wealth affords a curious example of the

\* How little of the money can have legitimately gone in pay and clothing for additional troops is disclosed by the following question and answer in the House of Commons on March 2 :

"Sir C. Dilke asked the Under Secretary for War what was the strength of the Regular Army, Army Reserve, and Militia together, on the 1st day of January 1899 as compared with the numbers on the 1st day of January 1895.

"Mr. P. Williams said that on the 1st of January 1895 the strength of the Regular Army was 213,555, and on the 1st of January 1899 it was 222,373. On the same date in 1895 the Army Reserve was 82,804, and in 1899 it was 78,798. The Militia was 112,541 in 1895 and 107,753 in 1899. The total in 1895 was 408,900, and in 1899 408,924."

way in which "good credit" and "favourable markets" may sometimes help credit-users to eat up capital.

But put on one side the sources whence the present Government draws its supplies of money, and try to imagine what the steady outpouring of from twelve to fifteen millions of additional money, the product of taxation, every year must mean in the way of a stimulus to industrial production. We talk of the waste of the foreign "bounty system" as applied to sugar, shipping, and other petted industries, but what are all of these doles compared to this grandly Imperial extravagance of ours? We build ships one year that are out of fashion next, "like a lady's bonnet," Sir William Harcourt once said.

These ships and their equipment cost from £400,000 to £1,000,000 each, and the more of them we build the more we want, until our harbours may be said to be getting choked by the number of unemployed and rusting hulks they have to provide berths for. But their production gives a splendid and lasting fillip to our "heavy" industries and to the bulky goods traffic of our railways, and the millions disbursed in salaries, wages, dividends, railway freights, commissions, &c., flow abroad over the land like a fertilising river, waking trade up from one end of it to the other. No wonder "business was never better," no wonder that Lancashire operatives want to strike for more wages, and that brewers cannot get money fast enough to extend their businesses.

But let anything happen to give a bad shock to credit, and where would this fertilising river be? Some of the strongest sources of revenue we have must, in that event, decline at once in fruitfulness. Then the Government must either borrow to maintain its present scale of expenditure, or cease to give out orders. In the latter event an industrial crisis must ensue, and the probability is that rather than face this, intimidated by the consequences of its own folly, the Government of the day would prefer to rush to the usurer in order to keep things going and prevent a collapse. Thus our present merry mood may end in dismay and more debt. It is the more probable that this will be the case, because expenditure of the kind now bewildering the nation must be rather augmented than decreased in order to maintain the illusion year after year. Cut two millions off the estimates and trade must at once betray symptoms of stagnation. The more capital, in short, is drawn upon to sustain business profits, whether by the private company or by the public authorities, the more it has to be applied to and leant upon. There can be no drawing back, no economising once the broad path of the spendthrift is well entered upon. Were Lord Salisbury's Government to go so far as to reduce the estimates for next year to the scale of even ten years back, we should be plunged at once into the midst of a tremendous industrial



collapse—a collapse severe enough to shake the foundations of our new empire. Ordnance factories would have to be closed, armour-plate-making companies would be obliged to blow out their furnaces, steel-makers would find no outlet for their ingots—all would be stagnation and discontent, more pauperism; industrial conflicts would be the order of the day. The Government has entered upon a course from which there is no turning back until circumstances compel the nation to revert to economy through suffering. When this suffering will come I shall not try to foretell. My humbler duty is to try to indicate to the thoughtful citizen the dangers that lie ahead. They are appalling dangers, not only because of the unrestrainable lavishness of the present Administration, but because this profusion without conscience and without forethought is concurrent with a period when the community is losing its wealth in other directions, and finding its industrial monopoly invaded at many points abroad. For the present the national expenditure, aided by the imitative heavy outlays of borrowed money by local spending authorities, by railway companies, by industrial companies and enterprises of every description, disguises the extent to which poverty is stealing over the country through other causes. With the Government money, above all, it has been and is the spending of a people's substance without a thought of the morrow, and we rush merrily on, heedless of the future, caring not if the next generation should starve because we have been criminally profuse. Warnings in plenty there have been, but they are wasted upon us. To spend and be "prosperous" in the spending is the fashion, and we shall probably follow it now until pulled up by a catastrophe.

But before this catastrophe can come it seems probable that the country must pass through a period of reactionary fiscal legislation appalling to think of. In sanctioning the stupendous increases in our warlike expenditure, the Government has created a position from which it dare not recede if it would, and in so doing has used up all the reserves of an expanding revenue. Indeed its extravagance in no small degree fed the revenue and helped for a time to conceal the ravages made by it upon the reserves of the nation's wealth. A time, however, has arrived when expansiveness in the public income can no longer be reckoned upon. The financial year now closing probably marks the turning-point. Revenue has been stagnant nearly throughout the twelve months. The Chancellor of the Exchequer can no longer "trust to luck" to give him an income some millions beyond his estimates, and he therefore finds himself in the position of a man who has entered upon enormous business commitments in imprudent reliance upon future resources which, when the time comes, are found not to answer expectations. There are bills to pay and no money to pay them with. What, in these circumstances, is a finance Minister to do? He must,



in my opinion, fall back upon indirect taxation. To further increase the income-tax is well-nigh impossible; to raise the scale of death duties equally so. A small addition to the Treasury might be found by changes in and extensions of the stamp duties, and perhaps as much as three millions might ultimately come from an additional shilling per barrel on beer, together with the restored sixpence per pound unwisely taken off tobacco last year. But the opposition to both these imposts will be bitter, and the brewers especially cannot be expected to submit to additional taxation without a fight.

What then can the Chancellor of the Exchequer do to make good his deficit? I shall not attempt to forecast details, but from the sympathies of the Government and his own with the "rural party"—the landed interest—it is not unreasonable to infer that, sooner or later, if not now, next year, an effort will be made to impose taxation calculated to put money into the pockets of the landlords. An open agitation in favour of "modified protectionism" is now active, and along with a corn duty and a sugar duty some easing down of the death duties is clamoured for. As Mr. Carruthers Gould's *Westminster Gazette* cartoon admirably expressed it, the bloated financier declares himself to be overtaxed and suggests duties on "bread and treacle." We are travelling towards these, and perhaps worse things than these, and unless our present dangerous administrative extravagance can be checked they are bound to come. Not even the suspension of the terminable annuities, also loudly demanded, would long gratify the unaccountable passion for squandering now dominant in our great spending departments. Our present Chancellor of the Exchequer is an honest man but narrow-minded and full of the prejudices of his class, prone to cry "Firm as a rock I stand" and forthwith to give way. Therefore we may expect him to protest for appearance's sake, and then to do as he is told. A stronger man than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is required to beat down this all-devouring militarism by which we are cursed, and turn the policy of the nation back towards economy and that husbanding of its resources which alone creates true strength.

A. J. WILSON.

P.S.—Since the above was written both the Army and the Navy Estimates have made their appearance and indicate a total exceeding £47,000,000 for the coming financial year. This means a probable deficit of £4,000,000, perhaps more, on the basis of existing taxation.

## ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM:

### ITS PAST AND ITS FUTURE.

THE century will close in a year or two, and we shall no doubt be made weary by the various contrasts between its beginning and its end. The abundance of pictures illustrative of news that marks the termination of the century, as compared with their paucity at its commencement, will assuredly not be lost sight of. Pictorial journalism, indeed, has this in common with many inventions, that in its history ten years is a lifetime, and to write in detail the story of the last decade would be to make a book.

When the present writer entered the editorial department of the *Illustrated London News* nine years ago, there were but five weekly journals, exclusive of the fashion papers, devoted to the illustration of news—the *Illustrated*, the *Graphic*, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, and the *Pall Mall Budget*. Although the *Pall Mall Budget* is now dead, there are at this moment in London no less than thirteen illustrated journals competing week by week for the favour of the public. The fact may be tabulated thus:

#### 1890.

The Illustrated London News.  
The Graphic.  
The Pall Mall Budget.  
The Sporting and Dramatic News.  
The Penny Illustrated Paper.

#### 1899.

The Illustrated London News.  
The Graphic.  
The Sporting and Dramatic News.  
The Penny Illustrated Paper.  
Black and White.  
The Sketch.  
The Westminster Budget.  
The St. James's Budget.  
St. Paul's.  
Country Life Illustrated.  
Army and Navy Illustrated.  
Lords and Commons.  
The West-End.

Many factors have contributed to this result. Not only has there been a remarkable cheapening of all the materials of production, but there has been an increased appetite for the purchase of newspapers, and an increased faith on the part of the commercial classes in the newspaper as a medium for advertisements. The extraordinary profits that have been revealed to the world by the flotation as companies of the newspapers belonging to Sir George Newnes, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, Mr. Arthur Pearson, and the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, have tempted, and will continue to tempt, many speculators, although a record of the money lost upon newspapers that have failed would also prove a startling revelation. It may, however, be admitted that these losses have arisen where capitalists have been misled into supposing that newspapers are founded by money alone, and not by a particular order of intelligence as well. £20,000 has been known, in the hands of an incompetent manager and editor, to melt in a few months, while £500, under the control of a man of capacity, has laid the foundation of a magnificent fortune. I can recall one case of a still young man, the proprietor and editor of one weekly newspaper and three monthly magazines, having started one of these publications with only £100, and built up his fortune from this modest beginning. The life-stories of Sir George Newnes, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and Mr. Arthur Pearson, again, are absolute fairy-tales of success from small beginnings. They denote the skill with which the possessor of a certain journalistic faculty may achieve success by adapting himself to the taste of a particular reading public.

All this is scarcely concerned with the past of illustrated journalism, although the sequel will prove that it has an important bearing upon the future. Illustrated journalism had a more remote past than is usually assumed by those who have not read Mr. Mason Jackson's entertaining book, "*The Pictorial Press*." There we are able to trace the zest for pictures illustrating topics of the day through countless broadsheets, broadsides, and even newspapers. One broadside of 1587 illustrated the "valiant exploits" of Sir Francis Drake, another a great flood in Monmouthshire in 1607, and yet another a great storm of 1613. These pictures belong to the quaint, eccentric art cultivated to-day in the more up-to-date toy-books. A famous murder case of 1613 was illustrated in a broadside, as was another tragedy of three years later. A tract in the British Museum, dated 1627, is illustrated with a sketch of the knife intended for the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham—a prior attempt, or supposed attempt, to that of Felton.

The *Swedish Intelligencer*, published in London in 1632, not only gave copious accounts of the doings of the Protestant hero Gustavus Adolphus, but also illustrated these accounts with his portrait, a

bird's-eye view of the siege of Magdeburg, and a plan showing how the King of Sweden and his army crossed the river Lech. The *Weekly News*, begun in 1622, gave one engraving sixteen years later, that of a volcanic island off the coast of France—the first topical illustration in a newspaper. The execution of Strafford, in 1641, was illustrated in pamphlets, as was also an assault on Lambeth Palace a year later. The first journal to give illustrations with any frequency was the *Mercurius Civicus*, which came out during the Civil War with portraits of Charles I. and his Queen, Cromwell and his officers, and Prince Rupert. More elaborate pictures dealing with the war were, however, left to the pamphlets of the time. The Frost Fair on the Thames, in 1683, was made the subject of an interesting broadside, and so also was the funeral of Queen Mary II. in 1695.

With the eighteenth century the art of illustrating actualities grew apace. Caricatures abounded, now of the Jacobites, now of the South Sea Bubble, or similar excitements. The *Daily Post* of 1740 afforded an example of a daily paper attempting to illustrate a current event. On March 29 of that year it published a detailed diagram of Admiral Vernon's attack on Porto Bello. The *St. James's Chronicle* of 1765 presented its readers with an illustration of a strange wild animal that had excited much attention in France, but this illustration was obviously imaginary. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1751 gave a portrait of Edward Bright, a fat man, weighing  $42\frac{1}{2}$  stone. In the *Town and County Magazine* for 1773 there were portraits of the heroes and heroines of many a famous scandal, as, for example, of Byron's father and the Countess of Carmarthen, of a certain Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and "the celebrated Miss P——m." In the *Thespian Magazine* for 1793 I find an illustration of the new theatre at Birmingham. Then there were the *English Magazine*, the *Macaroni Magazine*, the *Monstrous Magazine*, and the *Political Magazine*—all containing illustrations on copper more or less topical, although closing the eighteenth century with but little premonition of what the nineteenth was to bring forth in the matter of news illustration.

The first hero of illustrated journalism, whose name must always be coupled with that of Herbert Ingram as a founder of the pictorial press, was William Clement, the proprietor of the *Observer*, the oldest of existing weekly newspapers, the first number of which was published in 1791. Clement seems to have been prepared to face the illustration of news not systematically, but only when a crisis in public affairs called for it. Even now, when illustrated papers are so numerous, it is that preparedness for a crisis which must always differentiate the capably from the incapably conducted journal. The *Observer*, for example, published a picture of the island of St. Helena, when it was selected as a place of residence for Napoleon Bonaparte after Waterloo. In 1818 a certain Abraham Thornton,



who was tried for murder, appealed to the wager of battle, which, after long arguments before the Judges, was proved to be still in accordance with statute law. Thornton's portrait appeared in the *Observer*. Clement owned for a time *Bell's Life* and the *Morning Chronicle*. All his journals contained occasional topical illustrations, but the *Observer* took the lead. Its illustration of the house where the Cato Street conspirators met in 1820 is really sufficiently elaborate for a journal of to-day, and in 1820 it gave its readers "*A Faithful Reproduction of the Interior of the House of Lords as prepared for the Trial of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Caroline.*" In 1821 it published an interior of the House of Commons with the Members in their places. The *Observer* of July 22, 1821—the Coronation number—contained four engravings, not one of which exceeded a half-page of the present *Illustrated London News*. The price of the number was fourteenpence. Of this George IV. Coronation number of the *Observer* Mr. Clement sold 60,000 copies, but even that was nothing to the popularity that the *Observer* secured by its illustrations of the once famous murder of Mr. Weare, and the trial of the murderer Thurtell; while the Corder murder in 1828 attracted yet more attention. In 1831 the *Observer* illustrated the coronation of William IV., and in 1837 his funeral. The same journal published a double number on the coronation of Queen Victoria. Its last illustration, in 1847, treated of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Meanwhile, the illustrations in the *Times* and the *Weekly Chronicle* deserve a moment's notice in this brief summary. The *Times* more than once broke out into illustrations at the beginning of this century, and it is perfectly safe to predict that it will do so again in the beginning of the next. In 1806 it gave an interesting illustration of Nelson's funeral car, and in 1817 it published a large woodcut of Robert Owen's agricultural and manufacturing villages. The *Weekly Chronicle*, first published in 1836, started with the idea of illustrating the news of the day, and its issues containing the details of the Greenacre murder, in 1837, had an enormous sale. Mr. Mason Jackson, in his "Pictorial Press," gives a list of the pictures that appeared from week to week during the duration of the excitement. It is said that the *Weekly Chronicle* sold 130,000 copies of each successive issue while this murder was agitating the public.

From all this it will be seen that illustrated journalism has an indefinitely far-away ancestry, and that hundreds of topical pictures had been published in the newspapers prior to the appearance of the first illustrated journal. It would, indeed, take much space to enumerate all the other journals—the *Sunday Times* one of them that is still in existence—that illustrated news at the opening of the present century. The illustration of news by the journals in question

was, however, of a spasmodic character. An illustration was, as it were, an accident, a profitable accident sometimes, sometimes a costly and unproductive one, in the career of the paper. The *Illustrated London News* was the first systematic attempt to illustrate news, subordinating in a manner its letterpress to its pictures.

This remarkable venture, which opened on May 14, 1842, owed its origin to Mr. Herbert Ingram. The history of journalism has suffered a loss in that the life of this extraordinary man has never been written.\* A chapter of Charles Mackay's "Forty Years' Recollections" and a chapter of Henry Vizetelly's "Glance Back Through Seventy Years" make up well-nigh all the information that we have in print at first hand of his striking personality, although many men still living knew him well. Of the accounts by Mackay and Vizetelly, that of the former may be accepted as the more accurate. Mackay describes Herbert Ingram as a man of external bluntness, but of good heart, "the soul of honour in monetary transactions." The child of poor parents, he was born in Boston, Lincolnshire—which town he came afterwards to represent in Parliament—and it was as a Nottingham news-agent, when selling the *Observer*, the *Weekly Chronicle*, and the other journals to which I have referred, that he first learned the efficacy of pictures as a means of accelerating sale. He must have had a peculiar genius for "knowing a man." No combination of art and literary talent could have been more imposing than that which he brought together. Sir John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Ebenezer Landells, George Thomas, George Dodgson, Samuel Read, and John Leech were on the staff of artists well-nigh from the first, and the writers included Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Horace Mayhew, Howard Staunton, Albert Smith, and Shirley Brooks. Mark Lemon combined with his duties as editor of *Punch* the position of Herbert Ingram's private secretary, and at one of the elections at Boston, Lemon, Jerrold, Albert Smith, and Shirley Brooks appeared on the hustings in support of their friend. It has been hinted that the founder of the *Illustrated* was, to put it bluntly, considerably fleeced by his talented and, doubtless, somewhat Bohemian associates. But it can scarcely be doubted that Herbert Ingram gathered a fund of helpful ideas, not only socially but in his journalistic enterprise, from this companionship with artists and men of letters, whose brilliant work is still remembered, and has still about it, indeed, some flavour of the romantic period which produced their king—Charles Dickens.

An enlivening controversy has sprung up over the suggestion of Henry Vizetelly that Ingram was at first disposed to make his new journal merely a record of crime, inspired thereto by the success of journals dealing with the Thurtell and Greenacre murders. This view has the support of an old friend of Ingram's residing at Notting-

\* His multifarious papers and correspondence are believed to have been destroyed.

ham, who declared that as a Nottingham newsagent Ingram had himself published an illustrated broadsheet of the Greenacre murder. In an article on the story of the *Illustrated London News*, which I contributed to the Jubilee number (May 14, 1892) of that journal, I accepted Henry Vizetelly's statement, and it is accepted by the writer of the article on Herbert Ingram in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Herbert Ingram's widow, however, vehemently protested against the suggestion, and her view is endorsed by Dr. Jabez Hogg—an old friend of Mr. Ingram's, still, happily, living—and by others. I am satisfied now that Mr. Vizetelly's memory failed him in looking back for fifty years, and that, although the question of illustrating crime was doubtless discussed, there, pretty well, the matter ended. I no longer believe that Mr. Ingram even published a pamphlet concerning the Greenacre murder at all. No trace of one, at any rate, has been discovered. That murders were not to be excluded from the new paper may be readily assumed—a murderer or two is illustrated in the first volume. Even to-day murders, if not of too vulgar an order, are not ignored.\*

But it may be stated now with certainty that Mr. Herbert Ingram, without necessarily having any extravagant ideals, did from the first desire to produce a high-class illustrated paper—and he succeeded. His monument is not alone that he founded the *Illustrated London News*, and that he assisted in the repeal of the newspaper tax and the paper duty—it is that he founded the illustrated paper, now of so world-wide a popularity. *L'Illustration* of Paris and the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig appeared the year following that of the *Illustrated London News*.

It is not, of course, possible for me within the limits at my disposal to trace year by year the development of the *Illustrated London News*, or to record the rise of rival journals. In any case, there has been but one rival to the *Illustrated* that needs to be taken into account, for *Black and White* is at present too young a journal, and in too tentative a stage, for us to be quite sure of its future. It stands, as it were, midway between what I call the illustrated newspapers and the photographic journals. At the commencement of this article I gave a list of thirteen illustrated papers at present existing in England, but of these only two, or at most three, are seriously devoted to illustrating news. The others, of which the *Sketch* is a type, are restricted in their presentation of news by the limitations of the camera. To such journals there may come success or failure, as there may be "ideas" in the editorial department, or lack of "ideas,"

\* Two journals, indeed, are proud of their pictorial assistance to the detection of crime. When Lefroy, who committed a murder in a railway carriage, was in hiding, his whereabouts was made known by his landlady having seen his portrait in the *Daily Telegraph*. When Jabez Balfour, of the *Liberator* frauds, was in the Argentine, his identity was revealed through his portrait in the *Penny Illustrated Paper*.



capacity in the business department or lack of capacity. But in a higher sense I am disinclined to call them illustrated newspapers. So large a part of life, and particularly of public life, cannot be depicted by the camera. It has, it is true, been seen in the battlefield, and now and again in the church; but I am inclined to believe that there will always be a place for the artist in illustrated journalism, for the war-artist who makes rough sketches at the seat of war, and for the elaborate black-and-white draughtsman who works at home. Not only on the battlefield is the artist indispensable, but the royal wedding, the royal christening, the public funeral in the Abbey, and a thousand other functions dear to the heart of the public, belong to him alone. Now, in my judgment, the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* are the only two journals that adequately recognise this at present. The *Illustrated London News* has had at one moment its Mr. Melton Prior in South Africa, its Mr. Seppings Wright in China, and a third artist sketching in another distant part of the globe. And side by side with this expenditure it has had to face an equally great expenditure for artists at home, some of them men taking the highest rank in the Academy as painters, and in other cases well in the running for the honours of the Academy when that body throws open its ranks to black-and-white artists, as Lord Leighton advocated. The public would be startled, indeed, were they aware of the enormous sums spent by the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* on genuinely artistic illustration. They would then more clearly recognise the great gulf which separates the mere photographic journal from the journal of the order to which the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* belong.

I have said something of the rise of the *Illustrated*; the rise of the *Graphic* was less romantic. It was founded by Mr. William Thomas in December 1869. Mr. Thomas's name often occurs in the early volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, along with Linton and others, as one of the most artistic of wood-engravers; in fact his association with the *Illustrated London News* continued almost to the time of the starting of the *Graphic*. At that date Mrs. Herbert Ingram, the widow of the founder of the *Illustrated*, reigned over the destinies of the only pictorial journal; its manager was a Mr. Parry. One of the most notable of the contributors to the *Illustrated* was Mr. George Thomas, who was a most capable artist of naval and military scenes. His death in 1868 left a blank in the ranks of the black-and-white artists of that period. His brother proposed to issue some memorials of his life, but upon Mr. William Thomas applying to Mr. Parry for permission to use certain illustrations from the *Illustrated London News*, he was refused. It was only natural that this should have rankled in Mr. Thomas's mind, and that he should have seized an early opportunity of establishing a rival



journal to the *Illustrated*—a rivalry which has long since passed into the regions of absolute friendliness, and a recognition on the part of the respective proprietors that there is plenty of room for both journals in friendly competition. The artistic talent in the first two volumes of the *Graphic* is very impressive; but perhaps, after all, it is only time which gives a certain sanctity to the names of many of the men who served the illustrated papers some thirty or forty years ago. The two great illustrated papers of to-day have brilliant men associated with them still. Mr. Caton Woodville and Mr. W. B. Wollen have depicted scenes on the battlefield for the *Illustrated*, and Mr. Frank Dadd and Mr. John Charlton for the *Graphic*. Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. Holland Tringham, M. A. Forestier, M. Georges Montbard, Mr. Walter Wilson, Mr. Samuel Begg—these are but a few names taken at random from the list of regular contributors to the *Illustrated London News*, while the *Graphic* takes pride in such brilliant artists as Mr. William Small, Mr. H. M. Paget, Mr. W. Hatherell, and M. Paul Renouard.

As an example of the potency of the artist as against the photographer, I recall an incident in the career of Mr. William Simpson, who, with Mr. Fred. Villiers, Mr. Sydney Hall, and Mr. Melton Prior, takes rank as one of the four great newspaper war-artists. Mr. Simpson was sent down to Sandringham at the death of the Duke of Clarence. While illustrious brother-artists were knocking fruitlessly at the door for entrance, Mr. Simpson, held in high esteem by the Prince of Wales, who had met him in India and at many an important State function, was admitted, and was permitted to sketch the late Duke in the Chamber of Death. I do not hesitate to say that the publication of this illustration represented many hundreds of pounds to the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*. The number sold in thousands.

Death, even during the past year or so, has made sad gaps in the ranks of illustrating journalists by the removal of Mr. Charles Green and Mr. John Gullich from the *Graphic*, and Mr. W. H. Overend from the rival journal; but young men are constantly coming forward, among the latest arrivals being two brothers, one of whom, Reginald Cleaver, is associated with the *Graphic*, while his brother Ralph is on the staff of the *News*. I purposely say nothing here concerning the story of *Punch*, founded in 1841, and of the vast army of humorous artists, some of them of extreme brilliancy—Mr. Phil May, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Raven Hill, and so on—who have adorned the new era of illustration. I am treating here solely of illustrated journalism in its literal sense—as it applies to the actual presentation of current news.

Both of the two great journals have their art and literary departments—each under separate control. Mr. William Thomas, the

Chairman of the *Graphic* Company, is his own Art Director, and the same post is occupied at the *Illustrated London News* by Sir William Ingram, Chairman of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch* Company, jointly with his brother, Mr. Charles Ingram. With the photographic journals one editor is an absolute condition of success, so essential is it that the photograph and its accompanying letterpress should be interwoven under the direction of a single mind. When there are a number of drawings, however, produced at a rapid rate, it has so far been held essential that some one with a strong artistic faculty should be constantly on the watch, as a protection against the carelessness or forgetfulness of the artist, and, it may be, to suggest alterations in his drawings. Mr. Mason Jackson, who won golden opinions from the artists and engravers during the years that he conducted the art department of the *Illustrated London News*, was an ideal man for this position. He had himself in his younger days been a practical engraver, among his achievements being the famous cover of the parts of "Pickwick." He was at that time apprenticed to his brother, Mr. John Jackson, the author with Andrew Chatto of a well-known work on wood-engraving. The apprentice never put his name to his work. His master signed it; and so we have "J. Jackson," instead of "M. Jackson," on the cover of "Pickwick." Mr. William Thomas has gone, as we have seen, through similar experiences. He is an artist to his finger-tips, and if a student of that art-journalism where Mr. Thomas is an acknowledged and universally honoured master might venture to criticise, it would be to express the belief that Mr. Thomas has often sacrificed a merely vulgar popularity in pictorial art to a genuine devotion to artistic merit, regardless of mercenary considerations.

A circumstance that must rapidly break down the old barrier between the art and literary department of an illustrated newspaper is the death of wood-engraving in journalism. The great changes that have come over illustrated journalism are the arrival of the photograph, and the substitution of mechanical processes for wood-engraving. The place now taken by the photograph, some half-dozen journals being entirely run by it, I have already hinted at. An analysis of the contents of a few of the journals of more ambitious character gives interesting results. I have taken one week in March of this year:

	Photographs.	Drawings.
The Illustrated London News . . . . .	28	19
The Graphic . . . . .	17	29
Black and White . . . . .	60	13
Harper's Weekly (New York) . . . . .	35	8
Leslie's Weekly (New York) . . . . .	44	3
L'Illustrazione Italiana (Rome) . . . . .	6	9
Ueber Land und Meer (Stuttgart) . . . . .	5	8
Illustrierte Zeitung (Leipzig) . . . . .	8	14
L'Illustration (Paris) . . . . .	10	12

The same week's issue of the *Sketch* contained eighty-five photographs and four drawings, three of these last being fashion-plates. The corresponding papers of twelve years ago had only two or three photographs apiece.

Even more remarkable has been the revolution as to wood-engraving. It seems only the other day that engraving reigned without a rival in the offices of the illustrated papers. To-day it is all but extinguished in the journalism of this country, although there is plenty of it in the illustrated papers of the Continent. The process engraving is, it is perhaps hardly necessary to state, of two kinds. Line-drawings are produced by line-process engraving, and wash drawings and photographs by what is called half-tone process. The first line-process block, I am informed by Mr. William Thomas, appeared in the *Graphic* on September 13, 1879, and the first half-tone process block on September 6, 1884. These changes crept into the *Illustrated London News* a year or so earlier.

It is not within the limits of my space to treat at length of the invention of the various processes of automatic engraving, as they are best called to distinguish them from hand engraving. The line work was the invention of M. Gillot, of Paris, who, in 1856, submitted his new process, which he then styled "Gravure Panticonographique," to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale. The work afterwards obtained the title of *Gillotage*, and the name *Gilloteurs* was applied to the people who worked at the process. M. Gillot and his son were engaged for many years upon their process, and other hands have assisted at certain modifications, but substantially it may be counted as Gillot's invention. One of his apprentices is even now in the employment of the leading firm engaged in line-process work in this country—Carl Hentschel & Co. Mr. Hentschel informs me that the first line work, as far as existing newspapers of importance are concerned, appeared in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The first half-tone blocks, apart from books and magazines, appeared in the *Lady's Pictorial*. They were made by Meissenbach, who brought his process from Munich. Half-tone blocks were often called Meissenbach blocks even up to a quite recent date, that firm being for many years the principal manufacturer of them in this country.

How momentous these changes from wood to zinc and copper were was not, perhaps, entirely recognised at the time, nor the extraordinary shifting of a very skilled labour that they implied. The *Illustrated London News* of fifteen years ago was a paper of twenty-four pages, whereas it now consists of at least forty pages. Now, as the drawings come into the office they are sent out again to be processed, and, without any other manipulation than the interposition of a specially prepared screen and the use of photography, they are returned, always absolutely unsoiled, to the office of the paper, and with them solid



blocks with a zinc or copper reproduction of the drawing, ready for the printer, if need be, although electros of the original block are constantly being made. Fifteen years ago, however, a double-page drawing, when sent in by the artist, was first photographed on a solid slab of boxwood, the wood alone costing as much as the whole process block does now. That was but the beginning of the task. The slab of boxwood had, to the uninitiated, unexpected bolts in the back of it. These bolts unscrewed, and twenty-four separate pieces of wood were the result—one containing nothing but sky, another sea, another a piece of a ship, another a sailor's head. Each piece went to a separate engraver, who worked all night upon it. One engraver had a special faculty for sky, another for the human face, another for house-work, and so on. In any case, some twelve hours later the pieces were brought together, screwed up once more, and behold a wood-engraving—a double-page of the *Illustrated London News*.

An innovation of twenty years ago may be mentioned here. Sir John Gilbert and his contemporaries drew their illustrations on the wood and sent the blocks direct to the engraver. Thus it happens that, as Sir John Gilbert on one occasion told me with regret, not a single one of his beautiful drawings for the *Illustrated London News* is in existence. The innovation of photographing the drawing on the wood left the drawing intact for artist or newspaper-proprietor—a valuable asset in the case of a great artist.

Now, instead of the twenty-four men taking twelve hours apiece, the whole block is forthcoming by mechanical process in eight hours or so, and at one-sixth the cost of the engraving. Small wonder that as far as illustrated journalism is concerned wood-engraving is all but dead—never to revive. It still has a field with the advertiser, to whom it is important that his blocks shall last a great many years, for process blocks are, alas! sadly ephemeral. And engraving may yet for many years command the magazines, when leisure is given to the engravers to turn out something really artistic. But in the hurried work that journalism compels the skilled handicraft can never again hold its own with mechanical processes, and among those who have seen it die without regret are many artists in black-and-white, who have always considered that their work was falsified by the intervention of another mind. Fortunately for those engaged in it, it died slowly, thus giving the engravers the opportunity to quit the occupation gradually. Mr. G. F. Hammond, of the *Illustrated London News*—who, with his father before him, has guided the engraving department of the *Illustrated* for many years—informs me that he has known sixty men engaged at one time on the wood-blocks for the *Illustrated*. Now there is not a single wood-engraver employed in the production of the paper. Yet it may be presumed that this change has come without what is known as the



"general public" having in the least recognised that machinery here, as elsewhere, has dethroned hand labour. Here and there a correspondent will write to an editor making his plaint as to the destruction of the art in his favourite journal. One such complaint is before me as I write. But an analysis of two or three illustrated papers which formerly used the wood-engraving brings to light much the same result. I take up copies of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and *Black and White* for a given week (March 4, 1899). I find that the *Illustrated London News* contains forty-seven process blocks and one page engraving—evidently a block made some time ago. I find that the *Graphic* has forty-four process blocks and two small engravings—obviously portraits that had been used before in the pre-process days. *Black and White* also has but one engraving—obviously an electro purchased from a foreign source. Nor can the advocate for engraving have the consolation of a possible return to the old state of things. It is absolutely certain that a general return to wood-engraving would mean ruin to the journal that attempted it. As a matter of fact not one man in five hundred knows the difference between a wood-engraving and a process block. And the finer printing of to-day has far more than made up for any superiority that the old engraving enjoyed.

The future of illustrated journalism it is not easy to forecast. Will the public get tired of photographs? I think not—while they are able to convey with such intense reality many of the incidents of the hour. At the same time, however, the future of the black-and-white artist who illustrates current topics is absolutely assured. The thoroughly competent artist will always command even the somewhat high prices that in many people's eyes he now receives. One friend of mine—an accomplished journalist—does, indeed, insist that he prefers a photograph of a house to the most finished drawing by Mr. Pennell or Mr. Railton. I do not, however, accept this as a normal state of mind. I believe there will always be a large public to whom good art will always appeal. The photograph, however, must have an even larger place in the journalism of the future than of the past, and the editor will prove himself most skilful who most perfectly realises the limits of the artist and the limits of the photographer.

The journalism of the future is probably to make its most important developments so far as concern the daily paper. Here, as in many aspects of the newspaper world, everything waits on the printing-press. Several of our daily papers more or less affect illustrations. The *Daily Graphic*, founded in 1889, of course takes the lead. Here we have in one issue some eight or ten pen-and-ink drawings, and some three or four half-tone process blocks from photographs. In the *Daily Chronicle* and *Daily Mail* we have a constant publication of pen-and-ink drawings, with occasional outbursts in their rivals. This is

as far, in this country at least, as illustrated journalism would seem to have gone in the case of the daily paper. Now, I am quite satisfied that there is no overwhelming popularity attached to the pen-and-ink drawing, however intrinsically artistic, particularly when it is reproduced on somewhat common paper. The problem of printing half-tone drawings and photographs in large numbers has to be solved before illustrated daily papers will flourish in this country, a problem of which the principal parts are associated with the technicalities of the printing-machine. As an example of the gulf that separates illustrated from non-illustrated papers, I may mention that to produce from 1400 to 1600 copies an hour is considered a triumph for the best American printing-machines, whereas certain Austrian presses cannot attain more than 900 sheets an hour. As a contrast to this, it may be mentioned that a journal of the type of *Tit-Bits* is produced at the rate of 24,000 an hour.

Another great development in illustrated journalism which it is easy to forecast is upon the lines that obtain in the United States. That Sunday papers of the type of the *New York World* or the *New York Journal* will ever be popular here I do not for one moment believe. The large masses of illustrations which are given away there every Sunday for twopence-halfpenny are a revelation to those who see them for the first time. Abundance of brilliant ideas and an immense number of well-reproduced illustrations make up what, on the whole, would prove to an Englishman an absolutely indigestible portion. There will, however, no doubt be produced in this country journals approximating to the other Sunday papers of New York—to the *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune*, for example. With each of these is given week by week a supplement about the size of the *Illustrated London News*, less excellently printed and on inferior paper, it is true, and well-nigh entirely composed of photographs. It is perfectly certain that ten years from now this kind of journalism—the journalism of the supplement, one might call it—will be a universally recognised factor in journalistic London. Beyond this there is very little to be said concerning the future. It is largely a matter as to the extent to which capitalists may be found to run enormous risks for an uncertain result. In the case of an illustrated daily paper, on lines which would be in accordance with my ideal, the capital would indeed be enormous and the result absolutely impossible to forecast.

Meanwhile, some of my readers are asking the question how far illustrated journalism has any justification at all. There are many who mourn that the stage, from presenting plays, as in Shakespeare's time, in a way that left everything to the imagination, now, under the brilliant stage-managers of to-day, affords resplendent pictures of every detail in a fashion that would have struck amazement to the heart of the playwright of the seventeenth century. Much, no doubt,

has been sacrificed in this readjustment, as, indeed, is the case with the very art of learning to read. Wordsworth felt it keenly when, somewhere about 1846, he came across a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, and wrote thereon the following sonnet:

"Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,  
And written words the glory of his hand;  
Then followed Printing with enlarged command  
For thought—dominion vast and absolute  
For spreading truth, and making love expand.  
Now prose and verse, sunk into disrepute,  
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit  
The taste of this once-intellectual land.  
A backward movement surely have we here,  
From manhood,—back to childhood; for the age—  
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.  
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!  
Must eyes be all-in-all, the tongue and ear  
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!"

Be that as it may, the illustrated newspaper can no more be crushed out now than can Sir Henry Irving's picturesque stage or the "three R's." The most that we can all of us wish for it is that it may continue its course on those lines of really good artistic work that it has followed under Mr. Herbert Ingram and Mr. William Thomas, its most famous directors hitherto. If the photograph were really the "last word" in illustrated journalism, perhaps even an enthusiast for topical pictures might admit that we had reached "a lower stage."

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

## THE OLD-AGE PENSION MOVEMENT.

THE movement for the State endowment of old age has gained ground in the last few months. It was only in the autumn that we had the Report of the Rothschild Committee, representing two years' incubation of numberless Pension schemes. All the eggs were bad ; all the arguments that wise men could think of were dead against the idea of pensions. The Committee's tone breathed a cheery fortitude and the sense of a mission accomplished, and the report was accepted by the Government in the same spirit. Ministers saw their darling projects vanish without a murmur, and the Conservative press was almost obstreperously jubilant, the *Birmingham Post* taking a leading part in the chorus of thanksgiving. This was the second State document launched against Old Age Pensions, and for a time it almost looked as if the subject had been dismissed from the region of practical politics. If the party wire-puller argued from the look of things that the whole affair might blow over without further trouble, he had some justification. The official Liberal papers, of course, made party capital out of the betrayal, but a little barking could do no great harm, if it were true, as some of them asserted, that no Liberal Ministry could demean itself by introducing any Pensions scheme short of the universal one, which—so the newspapers hastened to explain—was quite out of the question.

But to-day the position has altered, and we perceive from a variety of signs that the misgivings of theorists will not be suffered to determine this question. As to the practical difficulties, which have been fantastically overrated, they will have to be solved, if not by this Government, then by another. Mr. Morley, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith have had some plain words to say on the subject, not merely carping or party words either. Five amend-



ments to the Address were put down from the Liberal benches, all of them calling for the introduction of Old Age Pensions. The trade unions are organising meetings of their leading men to confer with Mr. Charles Booth, and these meetings are being attended by representatives of the friendly societies and the co-operative societies. Unions like the Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders', the Engineers' and the Durham and Northumberland Miners'—stalwart individualists and orthodox economists these Northerners—are making their views felt, and urgent resolutions in favour of pensions are being adopted. A large number of boards of guardians, too, are declaring for a State pension apart from the Poor-law; and it is worth noting that the other day a Lancashire board decided for pensions in spite of the protests of Lord Cross, who happens to be a Cabinet Minister as well as a guardian. Since the question first began to be discussed, there have been no such demonstrations of opinion in its favour.

Mr. Loch will tell us, no doubt, that this stir is due to the activity of anxious politicians, and to the fact that the general election is nearer than it was. It is, in Mr. Loch's view, a movement from which politicians hope to derive no small advantage. The people concerned would never have thought of old age pensions if the idea had not been suggested to them from above, and as they did not ask for pensions, they cannot really want them. This is a fair transcript of Mr. Loch's speech at the United Club, and it shows to what strange shifts his party has been reduced. They will listen to nothing, mark you, but the voice of the people coming straight from the people's heart. They are nothing if not democratic—unless it happens to be a Poor-law question. Unless M.P.s convert themselves into semaphores to be wagged as the electors may determine they are of no account. They must not lead or anticipate, or even interpret with intelligence. And masters of social science like Mr. Charles Booth must refrain from formulating their conclusions for fear the politicians should take them up and turn them into an instrument of corruption for the multitude. It may be all quite sound and proper; but this is the first time on record that these great authorities have shown any partiality for the doctrine concerning things that are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes.

But this is a little away from the main point. However the demand arose, there is no longer any serious question of its extent and sincerity. It does not happen to be a class agitation either, but a movement that appeals to all classes. People are haunted by the thought of the poor miserable and forsaken in their old age, just as a kind-hearted woman is haunted by the thought of the old servant who has had to be turned off. How long will her savings last her? And when savings and strength are gone, what then? Mr. Booth has taken us into the basement of the house of life, where those who

in their day have served and helped and supported us are hidden away; and the misery of the spectacle is not to be forgotten. "Old age," as he says, "fares hardly in our time."

The evidence, too, is clear enough that the lot of old age is growing more and more intolerable. Whilst the sanitarians and the factory inspectors are adding to the general length of days, the period of wage-earning and the "best years" of a workman's life cover a far shorter span than of old. What will be left of these best years after another generation of speeded machinery, general high pressure, and unhealthy town life? Men are counted old at fifty in many trades, and a white-haired shoemaker of sixty-three, whom I met in the Northampton Workhouse the other day, assured me that the pace was such in the bootmaking trade, where the "team" system is in force, that young fellows at thirty-three were fairly used up. Ask Mr. Whiteley or Mr. John Barker the average age of the ladies and gentlemen who serve behind the counter in their emporiums, and they will probably tell you that it does not exceed twenty-five. It is early closing day for the shop assistants with a vengeance. Go down to the docks and watch the crowds of lads at work there and count the grey-haired men. You will not find many. Both fashion and industry have turned against the old. The *Daily Chronicle's* poet has summed up the position in the following lines:

"Yer wornts a job, yer dew,  
And you're only sixty-tew!  
Thanks, we've all the parylities as we're needin' withart you.  
This ain't no bloomin' 'orspital, this factory is not:  
We tikes on men that's young an' smawt an' strong an' on-the-spot;  
And that is whort yer ain't, my friend, nort by a tidy lot.  
It ain't no yoose ter try,  
So tike an' pawss awye;  
Thur's the young 'uns close be'ind yer, an' you're blockin' up the wye.

And whur are yer ter go?  
'Ow the dickens shu'd I know?  
Thur's no one 'ungrin' fur yer when you're sixty-two or so.  
Yer 'as a fust-clawss chericter, yer don't go on the booze,  
Yer've got a bit o' strength still left as you'd be prard ter yoose,  
But ev'ry whur yer awks fur wuk, yer finds as they refoose;  
And ev'rywhur yer told  
You're art, right art, clean bowled.  
Aye, the sin thet's pawst forgivin' is the sin o' bein' old.

And ther's nuthink as yer'll get,  
Penshing schemes is orf, yer bet,  
Thur mye be that good time comin', but it ain't a-comin' yet.  
With the growth of thrifty 'abits it is wrong ter interfere,  
Likewise we 'asn't got no twenty millying parnds a year,  
And one thing is too differcult, and t'other thing's too dear.  
Old ige has done your trick,  
So jest you mawch off quick;  
Thur's the work'ouse and the cemet'ry—yer've only got ter pick."

Compare this with Browning's invitation :

" Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be—  
The last of life, for which the first was made."

With the day of the industrial athlete, who must always be at the top of his training to keep pace with the swing of the workshop that is racing against the world, there has come the final break up of human relations between employers and workmen. The workman's contract is made with a party almost as impersonal as the Gulf Stream in its heedlessness of his existence. Bodies of shareholders are not given to indulging in sentiments about workmen, either in the mass or individually, existing as they do for no other purpose on earth than to draw dividends and watch quotations. How, indeed, should they interest themselves in people they have never seen, people who are employed in an industry of which they know nothing, carried on in a forbidding town which they have never visited and never mean to? It is better not to interfere in matters about which you are uninformed.

Such, then, is the situation.

The community are benefiting by an industrial system which gives them cheap goods and a hold over the world's markets, but the old and the feeble suffer the extremity of misery and degrading want. Three out of every seven of the working class who are sixty-five and upwards come on the rates—400,000 in all—and the extent of the unrecorded want of which the relieving-officer never hears may be conjectured from these figures. The Pensions movement stands for an acknowledgment of the obligation of society towards those who have spent themselves in its service and by its orders. We cannot allow men and women to suffer in this fashion. A roaring trade and revenue, and an Empire over which the sun never sets—and the old folks at home living in desolation and dishonour, icebound in a winter without warmth or cheer. One would think that our civilising mission for the world at large would lose none of its passion or power if such contrasts as these were a trifle less glaring.

The arguments against pensions, if the speculations of theorists can be described as arguments, have fallen into less prominence since the tide began to run in and cover them up, but they are still to be met with, and it may be as well to take stock of them.

No one denies that it would be a happy thing if every man could earn such wages, without help of wife or child, as to ensure for himself and his wife an undisturbed corner when working days were past. So far as that is the position taken up by the opponents of pensions, it is an honourable and intelligible one, and it is clear that whether such an ideal is within reach or not, we should beware of taking



measures which might even indirectly endanger its attainment. Is there any ground for hesitation on this score?

The Rothschild Committee and the Old Age Commission and the Charity Organisation Society reply that there is undoubtedly a very grave danger, their contention being, to put the matter briefly, that character will be impaired; that the motives for hard work will be reduced; that the family relations will be endangered, and that wages will fall, if once the prospect of a pension begins to operate on men's minds. Their arguments assume that the individual is in the main a free agent, and they take no account of those economic forces which, as we have seen, are in the nature of a fate and beyond the power of the workman to control or circumvent. The wages thesis, like a sermon, is advanced under three heads. First, it is held that a pension will reduce the wages of old men in receipt of it, and endanger the wages of the younger workmen. Secondly, that the tax which must be imposed in order to raise the pension will tend to fall on wages. Third, that the pension expectation will so operate as to reduce wages by the amount which is paid on account of impending old age. This last contention, which is formulated with much circumstance by the Rothschild Committee, may be dismissed as fantastic and absurd. It will be time to discuss it when those who put it forward give us the actuarial formulas, as to death-rate, rate of interest, and the rest, by which we may check the remuneration advanced on account of old age. Till then the workman will be quite willing to face the risk of losing something which, to the best of his knowledge, he has never yet received. As to the second head, it must also be remarked that the workman is quite willing to face the risk. New burdens, as Mr. Booth points out, as well as old tend to fall on wages; but, after all, there are counteracting forces, amongst which the greater spending power and the securer standard of the working class under a pension system may be reckoned. There were doleful prophecies of reduced wages when the Workman's Compensation Act was brought in. Since then the industry most heavily hit by the Act, and the one which most fervently protested—the coal trade—has seen its way to negotiating a rise of 10 per cent. in wages. Finally, will pensions cut at wages by putting a premium on the subsidised old men who are still capable of work? That depends, for one thing, on whether the supply of old men with working power in them is going to be increased. No doubt a good many old people will live longer when they are supplied with the means, but the old are not and cannot be serious competitors with the young. The wages of country labourers can hardly be reduced to a lower figure, and no one has told us where the pinch of subsidised competition is to be anticipated in the trades of the towns. Here once more the workmen are willing to take the risk; and the punishment, if it comes, will hurt nobody



but themselves. The solicitude of Royal Commissioners on this point is, perhaps, not a matter of any vital moment.

Then there is the great thrift argument—that men and women will not work and save if the fear of the workhouse in their old age is removed from before their eyes. The proposition, like the rest, is advanced not by the thrifty workman, but by the well-to-do man concerned for the workman's character. Men like Mr. Knight of the Boilermakers' Society, and Mr. Burt and Mr. Ralph Young of the Northumberland Miners, are not given to depreciating the virtues of prudence, foresight, and honest labour, but they are troubled by none of these qualms about thrift in their advocacy of pensions. Even the austere school of friendly society officials, the watch-dogs of thrift, are not averse to a general pensions scheme, provided that the loafers and good-for-nothings are left out. To speak frankly, the opposition which is based on this scrupulous regard for the workman's character would be more impressive if it were not confined to a few members of one class, if it were oftener borne in mind by those whose motto is to "elicit the power of self-support" that the workman's problem is how to support not only his own family, but the families of other people, amongst whom are to be reckoned the persons who are always enlarging on the sanctity of self-help.

But let us ask, what is the outlook for thrift as a means for providing for old age? I take two classes of workpeople at the opposite ends of the industrial scale as samples of the bulk. The Durham and Northumberland miners are a good example of the striving, steady English worker. They are strong in their native grit, strong in their trade unions, co-operative societies, and friendly societies. No body of men in the country are more wedded to the doctrine of self-help or more conspicuous for the way in which they have carried it into practice. The miners of the two counties have a provident society of their own which makes allowances to injured men, to widows and orphans, and to miners who are too old to follow their employment. The superannuation grant is at the rate of 4s. a week. Yet the miners and their leaders are not content. The evidence of Mr. Steele, the secretary of the Permanent Relief Fund, given before the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, was an impassioned piece of pleading for State pensions. Four shillings a week is not enough, but even that poor sum is insufficiently secured, and, in Mr. Steele's view, it would be dangerous and impolitic to raise the rate of subscription. If Sir Edward Clarke and other orators who talk about pensions "striking at the very root of thrift, sobriety, and industry on the part of our people" would spend a few minutes in reading Mr. Steele's evidence—which might be supplemented by Mr. Robert Knight's testimony before the Rothschild Committee, and Mr. Broadhurst's memorandum attached to the Commission's report—

they would find matter for reflection. The other sample is taken from the class which by no possible exercise of thrift can at the best of times live in health or comfort of the most frugal sort—the poverty-stricken third of the people of London, who pay from a quarter to half their wages in rent.

"The result of all our inquiries," says Mr. Booth, "makes it reasonably sure that one-third of the population are on or about the line of poverty or below it, having at most an income which, one time with another, averages 21*s.* or 22*s.* for a small family (or up to 25*s.* or 26*s.* for one of larger size), and in many cases falling much below this level."

Is it not a pointless mockery to invite these people to sit down to the feast of thrift when they are old, a perversion of common sense to suggest that they will lose in moral stamina, in perseverance and steadiness by a provision for old age which by taking thought for the morrow they could never hope to secure for themselves? Surely the reasonable inference is in the other direction. Despair and apathy, the knowledge that, strive as you will, security is out of reach—these are the things that demoralise.

Turn to the friendly societies, and you have more evidence of the breaking strain which old age imposes upon thrift, even in its stronghold. The great societies have done their utmost to foster schemes for superannuation, and the result is utterly insignificant. They are not only unable to persuade their members to embark on deferred annuities, but it is morally certain that they cannot go on much longer making the meagre allowances which their aged members draw, nominally for sick pay, but really in thousands of cases because of the infirmity due to old age. The burden of the aged is pulling them down in spite of heroic efforts. One of the largest Orders shows a deficiency of £2,788,157, another one a deficiency of £1,333,343, a third a deficiency of £516,176. "Where," asked Sir Edward Clarke, "would go your great friendly societies and those magnificent organisations for the promotion of thrift which the working classes have built up among them?" Where would they go if once the State gave old age pensions! Rather it concerns us to ask where the friendly societies will go if the State refrains from giving pensions. That is the question which a good many of the leading members of the societies are putting to themselves, and no one who realises the stringency of the situation will be surprised if the answer is found in the active participation of the societies in the pensions campaign. Politicians who assume that the societies are hostile to pensions because they have opposed Mr. Chamberlain's scheme are likely to find themselves on the wrong side of the hedge.

The case for pensions is, therefore, not to be assailed from the thrift standpoint, if we are to judge by what has been accomplished or attempted up to the present. Unless despair is to be held up as the

one safe motive for the future—which is really what it comes to—it is difficult to see on what grounds the claims of an impossible thrift are to be suffered to block the way for the relief of old age. And the same with regard to the strange imaginings about the sundering of family obligations that is predicted if once the law of Elizabeth concerning the maintenance of parents by their children is eased. To the ordinary sane man whose mind has not been clouded by a life-long contemplation of pauperism before 1834 there will appear room enough and to spare for the kind offices of children to parents, and ample scope for thrift as well, under a pension system which will probably not begin before sixty-five nor offer more than 5*s.* a week to the pensioner. To listen to the predictions about thrift and family one might almost conclude that every one was to be offered a competence whenever he required it. So much for the theoretical objections which have seen such service in recent years. Can it be seriously contended that they bode forth evils more terrible than those which it is sought to cure?

Is it, then, to be Mr. Booth's universal scheme, or Mr. Chamberlain's assisted insurance scheme? Are the friendly societies or their aged members to be subsidised for the purposes of superannuation? Or are we to graft a pension system on to the Poor-law? These alternatives are far from exhausting the courses that have been suggested, but they will serve as types. The general trend of opinion may, perhaps, be indicated as follows:

A universal scheme, while it avoids certain grave administrative difficulties—for instance, inquiry into means and character—is too costly. The old people of the next generation or two will be in their graves before the Chancellor of the Exchequer puts down £13 annuities for 2,000,000 pensioners.

Mr. Chamberlain's 2*s.* 6*d.* a week forty years hence—the bait which is to extract another 2*s.* 6*d.* from the workman—is legislation for the benefit of posterity, and passes by the grandfathers and grandmothers who are still with us. Moreover, the method advocated would not even solve the problem forty years hence. The friendly societies who would have to negotiate the other 2*s.* 6*d.* refuse to have anything to do with the plan; and the inherent objections to the deferred annuity—deservedly the most unpopular form of thrift—are insurmountable. Contributions break down in times of sickness, slack work, and advancing age, and it is no encouragement to remember that half the men alive at twenty-five are dead before forty years are out. These considerations were recognised by Mr. Chamberlain himself as fatal in his speech in the House of Commons on March 22.

The friendly societies, for reasons which they consider sufficient, will have nothing to do with proposals for the direct endowment of superannuation funds within their control. They dislike and dread

the idea of a Government partnership, believing as they do that the State would become the predominant partner. These objections apply with less strength to Mr. Lionel Holland's proposal\* for giving pensions out of public funds to friendly society members of long standing who have reached the age of sixty-five. Mr. Holland's scheme would give substantial relief to the societies, whose funds are being dangerously trenched upon for sick pay to the aged, and it would subject them to no sort of restraint. If we are to have tests, the membership of a friendly society is not a bad one, and it would work automatically. The defects of the scheme are that women are almost entirely left out, and that it rests on the selection of one class of thrift for preferential treatment.

The Poor-law offers the machinery for administration, and much is done through out-relief already in the direction of old age pensions. But a system associated with the disciplining of the able-bodied rogue, a system avowedly penal, and devised, not for the relief of poverty, but as a mere preventive of death by starvation, is scarcely an appropriate one for the purpose. The associations that hang round the Poor-law are demoralising and cruel, and would taint at the source a provision which should be regarded as a matter of justice. The Government may elect to approach the question by a reform of the Poor-law, but it must be a root-and-branch reform, of the spirit as well as the letter, if the self-respecting poor are to avail themselves of pensions through such a channel.

Mr. Booth's scheme, after all, must be the sheet-anchor. Can his proposal be reduced within practicable limits without spoiling its principle? Can we, for instance, lay down some test of income, as the New Zealanders have done, leaving it to a local pensions board to pass on to the relieving officer such applicants as seem properly to come within the purview of the Poor-law? There would have to be some form of declaration, with pains and penalties for mis-statements, as in New Zealand; but, after all, this is no more than the payer of income-tax has to put up with now. Proof of age and identity must be given in any case. After what Mr. Booth himself has lately said, and his avowed readiness to make it troublesome for the well-to-do man to draw his pension, one may be forgiven for treating his scheme as though it had reached the committee stage. Its author, at any rate, has disavowed those followers of his who protest that, short of his scheme in its entirety, it is better to do nothing.

Into the details which must be threshed out when a general agreement on the main lines of action has been reached, I do not propose to enter. How to avoid personation, whether aliens should be entitled to the pension, and if so, the period of residence to qualify,

\* This scheme is to be referred to a Select Committee.



the constitution of the pensions board, and the part that the friendly societies and trade unions should be invited to play upon it—these and many other questions can wait. The first thing to decide is whether a start shall be made where the need is greatest. The hardships which afflict the old are intolerable, and I suggest that it is cruel to permit such sufferings to continue whilst we are waiting for opinion to ripen to the point of universal pensions.

The question of money is no detail; but we need not wait for the appearance of a heaven-born Chancellor to tell us that beer, and spirits, and wines, and licences are not exhausted as sources of revenue; that great incomes, and great establishments, and even game preserves may well pay something more into the general taxation account; and that land values, which owe much to modern industry, should begin to pay their debts. Whether it costs eight or nine or ten millions to pay 5s. a week to everybody of sixty-five or upwards, with an income of not more than, say, 7s. 6d. or 10s. a week, there is no reason to suppose that the skies will fall when the nation is asked to find the money.

The cry of "no finality" will perhaps be raised at this stage of the discussion. Of course there is no finality. There is no finality about workmen's compensation, or the Poor-law—which costs us more than ten millions a year—or the doles to landlords, or the building of battleships. Yet we go our ways and pass our laws without any serious apprehensions as to the future and its want of finality; and we manage to maintain our belief—which, after all, is founded on a pretty long experience—that doing the right thing to-day by no means involves doing the wrong one to-morrow. It is not likely that the leaders of the Pensions movement will be frightened by this ancient form of diversion.

VAUGHAN NASH.

## SERVANTS AND SERVED.

[This was the last article composed by my beloved wife. She dictated it to me only two days before she died. She was then too weak to hold a pen, but eager to finish any work she had on hand. Her mind was alert and brilliant to the last. "*So much to do!*" she kept saying. Truly when the end came she was found "with her lamp burning." She died as she had lived, working for others. *Requiescat!*—H. R. HAWES.]

PEOPLE, as a rule, are not sufficiently impressed with the exceptional importance of the servant class.

Any treatment of them as a class must have due regard to their many-sided functions, as well as to the mutual duties and responsibilities of employers and employed.

We are practically at the mercy of our servants every hour of the day. They are indispensable to our comfort. You hurt yourself—you ring the bell; you upset the lamp, you feel ill or are laid up, some one attempts suicide in the house, you lose your purse, you break something, the doctor has to be wired for in a hurry—the bell, always the bell! and for every conceivable thing you seek and expect to find ready and effective help instantly at the hand of some servant.

Your rare china, books, ornaments—any number of things of unique value—are placed at a moment's notice under the care of persons who come into your house suddenly. You hardly know who they are, and you have to trust to the word of some stranger, who perhaps does not know very much and will not always say what he knows. Still, we risk all with a blind and cheery confidence which would be thought rash to folly in any other sort of business transaction.

When you think of it, the situation is a surprising one, or would be if it were not so common. You hand over your children, silver and gold heirlooms, and, in fact, most of your worldly goods, to people who may come in one month and be off the next—and off too, perchance, with family secrets and such knowledge as would make it easy for any burglar to enter your house and rob with impunity. In dealing with servants all this must be remembered. We often grumble at them; but, considering their temptations and responsibility, as a class they are on the whole wonderfully honest and reliable—and considering

their provocations and the indifference frequently shown to their interests, feelings, convenience, and health, servants are, as a rule, kind, attentive, and faithful.

In view of such facts, it will be wise to abstain from abusing servants as if they were our natural enemies, or to expect from them a perfection we do not expect to find anywhere else.

The poor little "slavey" may put her fingers in the treacle—so does Tommy if you don't stop him. Mary Jane may want to go out with her young man at an inconvenient time, and "cheek" mistress if she is refused—so may a dainty daughter. Cook may forget an order, or fail in omniscience or foresight—so do you. Are we not all human?

In our intercourse with servants we shall find them very human, no doubt; but, after all, with the opportunities within their reach, the wonder is they so seldom make a worse use of them. As a class, they are respectable, worthy, honest, and rarely come on the rates, unless they marry unwisely. They habitually do more for their old parents and their poor relations than many average sons and daughters dream of doing. They are not more indifferent to kindness, not more trouble and worry than any other class of people. And in illness, in old age—ay, and in infancy—who does more for us than the kind-hearted nurse or confidential valet or maid? We sometimes think them ungrateful, but more often than not it is the mistress, not the servant, who is ungrateful, although it must be generally admitted that, in the "better" class at least, mistresses are usually kind and indulgent up to their lights. They seldom ill-treat, under-pay, or under-feed their servants. They only abuse them, and this more often behind their backs.

The very loose conditions of domestic service leave a wide margin of conduct undefined, and give rise to questions having two and sometimes more sides to them, and mutual forbearance will certainly often be necessary. Domestic service is almost the only avocation, trade, or profession in which no adequate or exhaustive legislation exists to protect either mistress or maid. All the rules date from an epoch when "the three R's" were not common property, and all household arrangements were verbal and, so to speak, by rule of thumb. Judge Stonor's decision in a recent case (*Roberts v. Wilson*) has drawn attention to the disparity between one skilled legal interpretation and another, where the law is founded only on custom and to a large extent local use.

In no other trade is an engagement made between the contracting parties without a written and stamped agreement. In no other trade can an apprentice or pupil be dismissed, frequently without the means of obtaining another engagement, for the sort of reasons which apply and must apply to domestic servants. The peculiar relation between employer and employed in the intimacy of the household renders easy partings indispensable when "ructions" arise, and makes a hard-and-

fast line as to hours scarcely possible, unless the establishment admits of servants in relays. All the same, hasty dismissal may involve some injustice, and is liable to inflict additional work upon the other servants. Yet it is extraordinary how seldom servants repudiate the work expected of them, or refuse to help each other even when excessive, or falsify the terms and dates, which often depend on memory only, and memory frequently unassisted by a witness. That this should be so is itself a tribute to the general respectability of servants as a class, and it also speaks well for employers collectively that they seldom push their own rights to the disadvantage of the servant. So that, after all, in spite of the somewhat histrionic strictures and hard words which we occasionally hear of between the employer and employed, there is, as there ought to be, a considerable amount of good feeling beneath the surface.

People are constantly better than their laws, and rightmindedness often saves the situation. In fact, we come back to the old maxim, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and mutual respect and liking, and these only, create good mistresses, good servants, and maintain domestic service as a tolerable condition of life at all.

No doubt servants occasionally peculate, abstract, take toll. So does the confidential clerk, the family trustee, the loving husband, wife, son, who privately pawns your jewellery, even if he stops short of changing your diamonds for paste. No doubt servants will take liberties if you let them; so will others. But I think, if we want to brand a class, the servant class, with their general worth and their filial kindness, would come out no worse than their smart young misses and masters—perhaps even better, considering their temptations.

The engagement of servants is curiously haphazard. Much is taken on trust—trust on both sides. The law has here left the widest margin for judicious treatment. Often nothing is definitely agreed or even mentioned as to notice at the time of hiring, both parties being content to let the contract be understood in this respect according to the general custom which regulates the right of both parties as to notice where they have come to no special arrangement on the subject. Of course the custom as to notice, which is well known and accepted, is, first, that either master or servant may put an end to the service by giving to the other a *calendar* month's notice, or that the master may do so upon giving a month's wages in lieu of such notice. The servant is usually engaged for one month, and at the expiration of the first month the master (or the mistress as his agent) may say, "I do not require your further services," pay the agreed wages, and tell the servant to go. The servant has a similar option. On the last day of the month she, or he, may say, "I am leaving to-day; I contracted to stay a month, but the place does not suit me," and the household would have to put up with the inconvenience.



In order to secure goodwill, which may be useful, the servant generally informs her mistress beforehand if she intends to leave at the end of the first month; likewise the mistress, in all goodness of heart and being usually desirous that the servant shall secure another place, informs her during the first month, say after about a fortnight, that she does not suit, and the term of service after the first month will not be renewed. The servant expects this notice so that she may seek another situation, and this is the general practice. No notice during the first month is *by law* established, although it is *usually* given. It is purely a matter of *treatment*.

With these preliminary considerations in view, it may now be useful to consider in more detail

The employers' treatment of servants, and

The servants' treatment of their employers.

The two points go together—act and react upon each other. The first golden rule is *Respect your servants*. Recognise that service is honourable and independent. The terms slavey, flunkey, valet, drudge—all have a tendency to drag down and throw discredit on the social status of domestic servants. Such terms should not be used at all.

The servants of to-day retaliate by ceasing to say "Master" or "Mistress," and prefer in turn to be called by their own surnames, rather than familiarly by their Christian names, which stamp them with the badge of social inferiority, as they are not allowed to use a similar freedom. It is not necessary to be obsequious, or to ask as a favour from a servant what is due as a right. Courtesy is quite compatible with command, and humanity with both, but the practice of *sparing* servants is nevertheless a bad one. Strictness is much better. Servants are under contract, and it is best for master and man and most fair to the community that contracts should be faithfully observed. Certain services are paid for and certain services should be exacted if necessary. It is a great mistake *not to ring the bell*, not to send on errands, and to do a number of things for servants which they are paid for doing, to forego other things that you want done, *to let them off* and not to remind them of petty omissions. All this spoils servants and promotes slovenliness in the house. Instead of minimising the labour that is paid for, it is better to find plenty for your servants to do. You thus get more for your money and the servant is happier in the long run.

It is often noticed that when a house is full of company and every one goes tired to bed, content and smartness and alacrity rule in the house, everybody is in good humour; but let the house suddenly empty—the servants immediately get slack, indulge themselves, grumble, and give warning. There is abundant room for kindness

and generosity at all times and in all places, but let it be clearly understood that largess of the heart belongs to the unwritten law—it is not down in the bond. The habit of giving frequent presents is a bad one—it encourages rapacity; extra service may be recognised in many ways, but extra service should not mean additional pay, unless there is a special understanding to that effect: domestic service presupposes a wide margin, to be stretched by the will of the employer, and not questioned by the servants, who have the quick remedy of giving warning always at hand. Whilst they remain they must do as they are told. The practice of coddling servants is to be condemned. Do not take *too much* note of their ailments. Every one has ailments, and all bread-winners must learn to ignore or work through them up to a certain point, and the more this is done the fewer ailments there are likely to be, and the shorter will be their duration. This is a great difficulty with foreign servants, who have *attaques des nerfs*, the “blues,” or “hysterics,” take to bed, sulk, get homesick: when this is the case they had much better go home.

When servants are sick the employer is not bound to nurse them or pay for their doctoring. If they are led to expect this they will often be sick, and the other servants will consequently have to do their work “whilst they lie on sofas” (Bigelow). No rules about ailments can be laid down, as cases are so different. Of course it may suit the employer to keep a valued servant through a short illness, but seldom through a long one. All sorts of little ailments can also be judiciously treated and put to flight. But an over-personal assiduity is seldom understood or rightly appreciated—it may be even misunderstood. A lady in a good position told me that, her housemaid being seriously ill, she not only paid for her doctoring, but nursed her personally day and night. When the maid recovered she at once gave warning. “Why do you leave after all the care that I have taken of you myself?” said the lady. “Why,” said the girl, “I have my position to consider, and I mean only to take the best places. I thought when I came here you were a real lady, but now I know you can’t be, or you would not have stooped to nurse me yourself; and I have my own prospects to consult and cannot afford to stay in your place!” Such grotesque ingratitude and stupidity are probably exceptional, but this insolent ingratitude strikes a certain note—it reveals a temper of mind or tendency in the servant class. They like to keep their position and they like you to keep yours. Hence we see how impossible it is, even in the freest country, for there to be real equality, except equality of personal rights under equal laws.

Servants are peculiarly sensitive to social distinctions. The popular comedy, “*High Life Below Stairs*,” shows how the servant class is riddled through and through with differences of grade—there the

servants are represented in the farce as calling each other "Sir Charles" or "My Lord," according to their master's rank, and treating each other accordingly. They are not happy when made equals.

They don't want to sit down to meat with you, they don't like sitting in your pew or riding with you in your carriage, they don't even like you to meet them dressed for a jaunt in their Sunday best; they may reign elsewhere, but in your house and in your presence they prefer to serve; they feel they best keep their own independence when not sailing under false colours. Let the spheres be defined by contract as well as by natural right, and let the spheres be kept and the treatment appropriate thereto be observed; let the right, fair and square relation, whatever it is, be respected and enjoyed on both sides—this is the servant's notion of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

There can be no objection to an occasional largess at Christmas. Christmas boxes brighten the home upstairs and down, and the servants should be allowed and helped to make merry; but tips from visitors staying in your house should be discouraged. Some houses already formally forbid servants to receive tips—as some theatrical managers will not allow attendants to be fee'd. When a servant takes your place he or she undertakes to wait upon your guests when they arrive. Our domestic servants are not in the position of *garçons* abroad or waiters at some London restaurants, who receive small pay or no pay because the public are supposed to fee them; the public are not supposed to fee your servants. Of course you cannot prevent your friends feeing them any more than the Poor Law can prevent people giving coppers in the street, though it can forbid begging. Once the principle of no fees fairly denounced, a liberal margin for exceptions may be judiciously and even reasonably winked at for any little or great special services. If people fancy they are indebted or choose to throw their money away, it is nobody's business but their own.

It is not true kindness, and it is certainly not economy of time or temper, to prolong the engagement of a servant unequal to your situation or uncongenial to you personally; for instance, if you have to complain *several times* of the same thing—better part. If impertinence or sulkiness is habitual—better part. Insolence is of different kinds. A hasty word or hot temper is one thing, and may be rebuked and borne with—perhaps your own temper is not always good—but deliberate rudeness should never be tolerated; let the employer remember, however, that a liberty of tongue not permitted to a servant should never be indulged in by an employer.

Perhaps the chief thing to remember is that what a servant (or we might as well say human nature) values most is freedom (not licence, which always demoralises labour). This makes shop service, with all its oppressive hardship and long hours, popular. The shop assistant

knows, as a rule, *when* his tale of bricks is done ; the servant never. We call servants up in the night ; we order them to bed ; we lock the area gate ; we turn them into nurses, helps, messenger-boys. We expect them to sit up to any hour, and to rise on emergency ; to forego sleep and even food at stated times at command ; to accompany us hither and thither and wait about ; to undergo the fatigues and incur the responsibilities of travel at a moment's notice. Now, a wise mistress will study the art of leaving her servants alone within reason—there will be a tacit understanding that between certain hours they are practically not wanted ; the bell need not be eternally on the go. Then an indulgent permission to go out—see friends—not in the kitchen—should be liberally granted on suitable occasions. Avoid prying into their affairs, unless they invite sympathy and inspection. Girls' friendly societies have sometimes been complained of by servants for too close scrutiny and inquisitiveness, and by employers as interfering between them and their servants. But, on the whole, girls' friendlies do good work, are appreciated by the girls, and do not often lay themselves open to much adverse criticism. We as employers have nothing to do with our servants' private affairs so long as they serve us regularly and keep themselves and our house respectable. Followers are sure to frequent the kitchen, but they must not be supposed to do so.

To dispense food, even waste food, to outsiders or store it for sale is now a criminal offence, and "no bottles" and no anything else should be regarded as perquisites without special agreement. The history of perquisites is the history of robbery, and is the origin of all evil in domestic service : it has been known to come to such a pitch that ladies' maids, counting on the reversion of clothing a little out of date or slightly worn, will scheme so as to prevent their mistress wearing it out, or wearing it even as long as it can be fashionably worn. The butler who "feathered his nest with his master's bottles" is a well-known type of a whole class ruined by the doctrine of perquisites.

Again, servants of the better sort nowadays are disenchanted with all kinds of patronage and devices for their good. They don't value a seat in church under your eye, nor even concert tickets or to be sent to the play ; they would rather go to the pit or gallery and pay. Even cooks prefer to pay for their own improvement in cooking lessons, and if you take in *Good Words* or *Sunday at Home*, you will probably find the servants don't read them, but they will read the tracts they get at their own chapels, and occasionally buy the *Family Herald* ; but they keep their loves, their religion, and their mental culture apart from you. This separation seems to secure them a kind of independence which they value above everything. A servant who is thus emancipated does not give you less willing



and efficient service, and those who are encouraged to respect themselves are more likely to respect you. Of course, employers can make rules, and those who serve are bound to keep them. If they have to come in to prayers, or go to church or chapel once, or get to bed by half-past ten or rise at six, or be dressed by one for parlour service, or wear caps and aprons, why, so let it be; but all that goes avowedly or tacitly into the contract and is therefore no curtailment of such freedom as they claim.

The practice of keeping neat trim maids, with caps with streamers, ribbons, and frilled aprons, instead of men servants in coats apt to wear greasy and shabby, is much on the increase. The girl will wear what she is told to wear, but caps are not popular with upper servants, ladies' maids and housekeepers; this is no doubt a pity, for having to move about and do odds and ends, your lady's maid's hair is often untidy, and she drops hairpins and then her hair drops. If servants are slovenly in dress it generally means a lack of "blood." You will never mend them, and they will never mend their clothes: holes under the arms, and ragged fringes, and broken staybones are almost incurable evils. Mental like physical natures with a constitutional flaw in them are generally past scolding and past praying for.

Your cook is really the head servant and must be treated accordingly: the health and safety of the house, the content of the servants, depend largely upon her; but you must not let her get the upper hand of you, even if you leave her to do all the marketing. The more she is allowanced the better; the more you are able to see what becomes of the food, and she sees you expect her to be answerable, the better. Mistresses should not be above looking daily into the larder and making very free remarks about what is there or not there, and they should notice especially the way in which the provisions are being stowed and kept generally. In many houses no beer or beer money is allowed, and servants are quite content, but it is convenient and economical to allow each a half-pound of sugar, a half-pound of butter, and a quarter-pound of tea a week.

As to servants' rooms and their general comfort one can only lay down the most general rules. Every one has noticed the difference in the atmosphere of a servant's and a lady's or gentleman's bedroom: there is almost always what for a better word may be called a stivey smell about the attic bedroom. It comes from a variety of causes—bed linen not changed frequently enough, uncleanly habits, water left standing—the modern covered slop-pail is often to blame. It will conceal for hours, even days, what ought not to be allowed standing for minutes; but out of sight out of mind. The lady is fastidious, the servant often is not: neglect to open the windows, careless sweeping, the sequestering of food in cupboards, coarse pomatum, foul hair-brushes, &c.—all these taint the air of a room.

It may not be advisable for the mistress to be always fussing about in the servant's bedroom, but she is responsible for the sanitation of the whole house—she has a right to insist upon regulations which shall ensure cleanliness and protect health, and a domiciliary visit occasionally is not only expedient but a household duty.

As to the luxury to be granted to servants no rule can be laid down. Servants are oddly indifferent to what we call luxury. Few can have, and few seem to care for, a room to themselves. They are much accustomed even to sleep two in a bed; they are moderately apathetic about ventilation, and seldom think of opening the window, never of sleeping with it open. There are little dens, cupboards, cellars in some small Mayfair houses, which servants will be willing and anxious to put up with on account of other advantages supposed or real. Abroad it is notorious that servants will take contentedly a shakedown under the stairs, or out on a landing, or inside a cupboard where there is hardly room to swing a cat, and though most English servants are more particular, it is wonderful the treatment and accommodation, or want of it, they will tolerate if they can secure a good family, a stylish mistress, fine company, lavish food, and, it must be added, the prospect of tips. We must remember that in most cases at home they have not been accustomed to be housed in luxury, and that from childhood upwards privacy has been a thing unknown, probably undesired; therefore if they can secure a place after their taste as regards wages and style, they will forego many things which people in a different station of life consider indispensable to comfort.

It is sometimes a debated point how far servants are to be allowed to pursue the fine arts. The answer is very simple. It is impossible, even were it desirable, to prevent any one pursuing the fine arts. So long as servants do their contract work, the less we interfere with their private pursuits and pleasures the better; but when it is urged that a piano, an easel, or a bicycle should be placed at their disposal, it must at once be admitted that such treatment is not only unnecessary but unwise. If servants ride bicycles out of doors they have a perfect right to do so; if you object to servants who do you need not engage them. For footmen the use of a bicycle is of great value, and indeed the day may come when the tables are turned, and instead of the servant demanding the use of a bicycle, the master may refuse to engage a valet or a groom who does not happen to possess one. Distances involving 'bus or cab or even rail fares can easily be spanned without expense by a man servant who is expected to run to and fro and deliver notes requiring answers in a hurry, and the two-wheeler will frequently save your horse a journey, as, of course, the first thing your groom does when he is sent any distance is to mount the horse. With regard to wages, £18 or £20 should secure a good housemaid; parlourmaid will run into £24; cook, £28

to £30, or more; butler, £50 to £100; footman, £20 to £24. Some servants will resist ready-made liveries, and object to wearing those of their predecessors cleaned and altered. This must be matter of arrangement. It is never worth while to raise a discussion of this kind on the threshold of an engagement; and, above all, do not attempt to persuade a servant to conform to your wishes—if he does not like your conditions let him off at once. Some coachmen like wearing their own hats and boots, for which you will then pay them a few shillings a week extra. Great care must be taken in allowing a new coachman to occupy your stables with his family unless you are quite sure he will suit you. It is sometimes difficult to get a whole family out of your premises, if in the course of a month or two you decide on a change, and a very hard-and-fast agreement should be insisted on, the law between landlord and tenant being made entirely in favour of the tenant. But various men servants would require an article to themselves. Difficulties, all and sundry, will be easily met if right character and right conduct and kindly feeling be in the ascendant, as it should be in a so-called Christian community, for there is ever between human beings duly impressed with a sense of their duties and responsibilities a wide margin for that unwritten code of honour where love becomes the fulfilling of the law.

MARY E. HAWES.

## THE LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.

A BILL which claims "to make better provision for Local Government in London" cannot fail, from its modestly attractive title alone, to arrest the attention and merit at least the sympathetic, if not the grateful, consideration of all thoughtful citizens of London. Mr. Balfour, in introducing the Bill on February 23, explained that the Government regard it as "the principal Bill of the Session," and he has avowed his intention of securing its second reading before the Easter holidays.

It has of course been recognised by all parties that the local government of the Metropolis, too long neglected by the Legislature, is far less satisfactory than that of our large provincial towns. The Local Government Act of 1888, it is true, in dealing with London "as an incident in rural administration," afforded a measure of relief by providing, for the first time, a directly elected Council representing the whole of London. The intention of the Government of that time was enunciated by Mr. Ritchie in introducing the Bill. He said :

"We do not put this forward as a complete settlement of the great problem of London government. We have our own proposals to make, and I hope we shall be able at some future time to make them. They are on the line, not of creating separate municipalities throughout London, but of amalgamating within certain defined areas in London the existing vestries and district boards, and constructing in London district councils with large and important administrative functions."

The opportunity foreshadowed in 1888 has now arisen, and it will be necessary to inquire how far the conceptions of Lord Salisbury's Government of 1888, as outlined by Mr. Ritchie, have been realised by Lord Salisbury's Government of 1899 in the clauses of Mr. Balfour's Bill.



That the principle is a sound one—that the central body should be paramount in that which is central and the local bodies paramount in that which is local—does not admit of controversy. Nor does the discrimination between central and local functions present much difficulty, as has been shown by the results of a conference held in 1896, at the instance of the London County Council, between representatives of all the interests concerned.

The interval between 1888 and the present time has sufficed to afford Londoners an experience of administration under a County Council, and if we may take Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury as representative of the views which Liberalism and Conservatism respectively take of the success of the experiment, it is at once apparent that the former, from an intimate experience of the Council's work, would regard its development and expansion with favour, while the later utterances of the latter seem to imply a repentance of the work of his hand, and do not indicate a desire for the fruition of those principles for the completion of London government which Mr. Ritchie so clearly enunciated in 1888.

Indeed, it would be affectation to deny that two rival and almost internecine views are entertained as to the nature of the malady from which the government of London suffers and the mode in which it should be treated. One line of thought, dwelling on the chaotic complexity and overlapping multiplicity of existing maladministration, seeks for simplification, unity, and equality of treatment. The other, dissatisfied with the achieved results and progressive intentions of a single representative Metropolitan Council, regards the homogeneity of London government with jealousy and distrust, and would favour the magnification of numerous, though as yet undefined, municipalities which should "divide and rule."

The former policy took shape in the report of a Commission appointed in 1893 "to consider and report the proper conditions under which amalgamation of the City and County of London can be effected, and to make specific and practical proposals for that purpose."

The alternative policy has been less definitely shaped, but has been adumbrated by Lord Salisbury on several occasions, and echoed, with varying modifications, by his colleagues, notably on the occasion of the election of the London County Council last spring.

On November 16, 1897, at the Albert Hall, in the forefront of a political address, Lord Salisbury delivered himself without reserve on the problem of the government of London, and the views then expressed must be borne in mind in studying the true intentions of the Ministry in framing their principal Bill of this Session.

The Prime Minister on that occasion lamented that in obedience to "megalomaniacal" aspirations London had not got a municipality, but a little parliament, in which professional politicians fruitlessly

laboured for the public good, and held up the terrible examples of New York and Paris as the doom which awaited London unless appropriate remedial legislation was speedily applied.

With graceful retrospection of the work of his own Government ten years previously, Lord Salisbury said: "I feel that if our Legislature had condescended to look upon precedents, which we have all over the country, we should have seen that we might have obtained a much more efficient machine, or some more efficient machines, if we had been content to look upon London, not as one great municipality, but as an aggregate of municipalities," and he accordingly urged a "suicidal course" of action upon the County Council, for he said: "You will not solve the problem of London municipal government until you seek to give a large proportion of the duties which are now performed by the County Council to other smaller municipalities elected in narrower areas." The matter, he said, was one which would "no doubt be pressed to the front. I have very little doubt that some legislation will be introduced by the Government in the ensuing session"; and he significantly and wisely added, "but, of course, that is not a matter for Government or party majorities. We must have the thorough sympathy and co-operation of the best and most enlightened, or the policy with which we are dealing, the enterprise on which we have embarked, will fail."

The astonishment with which this frank deliverance by the Prime Minister was received is still fresh, and its influence on the election of the London County Council in March 1898, whereby an equally divided Council was converted into one strongly "progressive," has been estimated probably in a similar way alike by friends and foes of "the little parliament" at Spring Gardens.

The bewilderment was not allayed by the well-meaning efforts of those astute enough to see the unwisdom and inopportuneness of the Prime Minister's precocious disclosure of the Cabinet's designs upon London government. The secretary of the Municipal Society explained in the press that Lord Salisbury had been misapprehended, but in replying to a deputation on February 2, 1898, the Prime Minister maintained his position, and, alluding to his Albert Hall speech in the preceding November, said: "I have nothing to change in it; I expressed my views very clearly," and referred somewhat naïvely to "the imperfect legislation which Mr. Ritchie passed ten years ago."

Whatever differences of opinion there may have been among the Prime Minister's colleagues, and however much they may have agreed with him "that the County Council should be as little concerned with general politics as possible," they nearly all appeared on the platforms of the "Moderate" candidates at the election of the County Council in March last year, and urged the partition of London into "municipalities." Some, like Lord George Hamilton, took the "suicide"

policy for the County Council very seriously, for he informed the London Municipal Society on December 1, 1897, that "if the Prime Minister's views were carried out the function of the County Council must be to a certain extent curtailed. It might, therefore, seem to some gentlemen hardly worth while to become candidates for that body"; others, thinking the Prime Minister had given the case away too much, endeavoured in vain to assure the county electors of their amiable and innocent intentions towards the "little parliament" which had for ten years troubled its fond but disappointed progenitors.

As the election neared the demand for greater definiteness of the Government's promised legislation became more and more urgent, and although the distinguished leader of the Moderate party in the Council was also a member of her Majesty's Government, no elucidation on this point was vouchsafed, and his party went to the polls only to suffer a rout. The reason of this course of action and the subsequent modification of the Cabinet policy are doubtless to be found in the sapient remarks made by Lord James of Hereford at Norwood on February 24, 1898: "It was sometimes asked," he said, "why the Government did not tell the electors what their Bill was going to do. It was important for the electors to know what the Government thought; but it was more important that the Government should know what the electors thought. The Government were looking forward to March 3 to see what the views of the electors were."

Here, then, we have the genesis of the attack upon London by Lord Salisbury's Government. The Prime Minister's desire was to amend Mr. Ritchie's "imperfect legislation" of 1888, which gave us the London County Council, so as to invite that body "suicidally," or in default to compel it, to transfer "a large proportion of the duties which it now performs" to an aggregate of municipalities which would be necessitated by the disruption of the overworked but "fruitlessly labouring" little parliament. But even with one so frank and strong as the Prime Minister, "I dare not" waits upon "I would," and owing to the inopportune intervention of the electors "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and instead of the heroic programme of November 1897 we have the London Government Bill of 1899, the matter having been judiciously permitted to slumber through the Session of 1898 with only abortive talk about charters for certain favoured vestries.

The Bill has been called a compromise since it is said to leave the County Council and the City Corporation as they are, but a very brief examination will show that the assertion and the alleged reason are alike inaccurate. It is, moreover, asserted that the Bill carries



out, at any rate in part, the course recommended by the Courtney Commission, in conferring greater powers and authority on certain local government areas within the County of London, and is therefore in harmony with progressive principles.

It is true that the City of London, the only unreformed corporation in the kingdom, having successfully resisted the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835 which gave civic vigour to our provincial towns, is to continue unreformed still. As the Courtney Commission showed, the first and most natural reform of local government in London, following the lines of the Act of 1835, should be to expand the boundaries of the old City so that the Lord Mayor of London should in truth, and not in fiction, represent the citizens of London as he did in bygone days; and, in the second place, so to reform the constitution of the Corporation that it should in truth be representative of the collective but varied life of the metropolis, and in quick touch with its communal wants and aspirations.

The Bill leaves untouched the sacrosanct corporation of the City, but its respect for the integrity of the County Council's authority is of a totally different kind. London outside the City is to be divided into an undetermined number of satrapies with pomp and style and capacities for expenditure akin to those of provincial municipalities, and elaborate facilities are provided whereby the County Council may shed its powers, singly or coincidently, and transfer the same to the so-called borough councils. Transfer in the opposite direction of powers often at present indifferently administered by vestries, or, in case of repentance, the retransfer of transferred powers, is not provided for by the Bill.

The Bill clearly does nothing in the direction of unifying the central government of London, and condemns the restricted rule of the Lord Mayor over one square mile of the Metropolis to continue unhalted by the suffrages of greater London.

What does the Bill accomplish in the direction of increasing the importance and improving the administrative powers of the vestries, an object which Progressives and Moderates have alike supported?

In abolishing indirectly elected district boards, in reducing the number of members of the local authorities, and in proposing to fuse some of the smaller areas, the Bill aims at genuine reform. If London is not to be governed, as Glasgow and Birmingham are successfully governed, by a Corporation representing all citizens, and discharging all municipal duties, and levying a rate uniformly on all, then by all means give the local bodies local work to do, and enough of it to attract the best local men and women to become candidates. But the Bill seeks to make municipalities in name, with all the pomp and parade of mayors and aldermen, with power to promote and oppose Bills in



Parliament, yet gives them as powers (1) the paving, lighting, sewerage and sanitary work of the vestries; (2) such adoptive acts as may have been adopted in the areas concerned; (3) certain powers taken from the County Council, and certain others which may in future be transferred. Now, either the powers to be transferred from the County Council will be those larger powers which in the case of our provincial municipalities have conferred responsibility and attracted the highest civic devotion and enterprise, or they will be insignificant powers, or powers partly central and partly local, but which, as regards economy, and probably efficiency also, would be better discharged centrally. The only excuse for the transfer of such powers as these last is the necessity to provide work for the glorified vestries to do.

Main drainage, the fire brigade, Thames crossings, adequate provision and distribution of parks, water supply, tramways, these are the life-blood of municipal activity. How can bodies shorn of powers over such matters as these be real municipalities, though they masquerade as mayors, aldermen, and councillors?

Mr. Ritchie was right, though his legislation may in the opinion of his chief have been "imperfect," when he looked for the completion of his local government scheme for the Metropolis "on the lines *not of creating separate municipalities throughout London,*" but of constructing district councils with large and important administrative functions. Such functions I submit should be found not in powers filched from the County Council, such as the powers conferred on it so recently by the Building Act of 1894, nor those which "the suicide clauses" of the Bill invite it to disgorge, but in the reformation of Poor-law administration and the consolidation of local life by merging the guardians of the poor in the new district councils. If the desire for reform rather than jealousy of the County Council had been the inspiration of the Bill, we might have witnessed the abolition of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which has done good work, but has survived its utility as a separate body. Its duties in regard to imbeciles, prevention of and provision for infectious diseases, and the education of pauper children might have been distributed between the County Council and the School Board, which have been established since the Asylums Board was hastily called into existence. Its persistence as an indirectly elected and nominated body will be the more anomalous in view of the condemnation of indirect election contained in Mr. Balfour's Bill.

Those who would relieve the London County Council of its powers forget that it is not so much area, nor even population, which taxes the energies of executive administration. Unlike Glasgow and Birmingham the central metropolitan authority does not control the police, and does not own the water-supply nor the gas. It is the

complexity of organisation rather than mere size that engages the activity of municipalities, and in this respect the London County Council is assuredly not over-taxed.

The ratepayer has not, as yet, fully considered the probable results of such increased dignity as the Bill proposes to confer on the bodies which, twice a year, make a demand upon his purse. We have an object lesson in the case of the neighbouring municipality of West Ham. That parish in 1878, and again in 1885, petitioned in vain "that it would be of benefit and advantage to the parish and inhabitants, and tend to promote the interest and better government thereof if a charter of incorporation were granted and the said parish created a Municipal Borough." The Metropolitan Board of Works opposed on the grounds that the parish was metropolitan in character and interests, in fact an outgrowth of London and indistinguishable from it, and might at some future time be included in London. But West Ham would not be happy until it got its charter. It got it in 1886, but it has not been quite happy since. In 1885 its rates were 5s. in the £, in 1890 they were 6s., in 1895 7s. 9d., and more recently 8s.

The disintegration of the growing unity of London into a conglomerate of sham municipalities under the hegemony of Greater Westminster, though it may enliven and embellish local government in the Metropolis, can scarcely fail to raise the rates, while it will postpone indefinitely that unity, simplicity, and equality of treatment which are the cardinal principles of the reformation of London.

W. J. COLLINS.

## THE WELSH "CORNICE."

A FEW years ago I ventured to assert that the roads of Cornwall and Devonshire were not exactly perfect. In fact, I believe I went so far as to say, if I remember rightly, that they were about the worst in civilised Europe. I also ventured to confess that I did not consider delectable Devonshire cream an adequate substitute for dreary inns. And I think I added—at any rate I have no hesitation in adding now—that the scenery is horribly overrated. For my frankness, not only did Devonshire and Cornwall arise in their wrath, but the whole of Great Britain assumed a tone of injured and outraged innocence. And innocence was just the trouble. Travellers who have never been on a decent road may think the mountain tracks of Devon beyond reproach. If they have had no experience of the French, the German, or the Italian inn, they may be content with the average Cornish one—always provided they have money enough. If they know not the rocky coasts of the North and the peaks of the Alps, they may be entranced by the molecules of the West of England. But I have travelled the best roads in the world, I have passed through those countries where the traveller is really entertained and not robbed, I have seen the Alps and the Northern coast, and therefore, when I wrote, it was with some knowledge of the subject; otherwise I should not have written. I told the truth, which is a crime, unless it happens to be as pleasant as abject flattery. My statement that most of the roads in the South and West of England are shockingly bad was not a proof that I did not know what I was talking about, though in the end, incidentally, it showed that my critics did not. Again, it may be an offence to hint that the Ripley and the Brighton roads are not half so well made or kept as those over the Yorkshire moors and Cumberland mountains, which, in their

turn, are not so good as many in Scotland; but, all the same, it is a fact. I have wandered up and down this country, usually on a cycle, and occasionally on foot, from Inverness to Land's End, and I must honestly say that, except in certain districts, like the Midlands, the Lake country, and the Scotch Lowlands, there is little pleasure in cycling along its main roads. So, when last spring the chance came to me of wheeling through the Highways and Byways of North Wales, from the cycling point of view I was not altogether keen. An enthusiastic author, Mr. Bradley, raved to me of the mountain passes and the sea-coast roads. But, as he had not cycled on the Continent, I was still rather sceptical.

However, Wales was for me an unknown land, as it is, I believe—and Mr. Bradley thinks so too—for the average Englishman; and the great pleasure of a cycle trip in a new country—new, that is, to you—is your discovery of it for yourself. You are just as much a discoverer in the days, weeks, or months you spend in Wales as were Pennant, and Dr. Johnson, and Borrow, and the other travellers who explored it before you. What you love in the story they tell of their journey, and what makes the story live—no matter whether Dr. Johnson and Pennant write of Wales or the Hebrides, of the North Road or Versailles, Borrow of Spain or the Dingle—is not that they were the first to travel the highways and byways, but that the journey was so important, so real to them, that it has become in consequence a greater event than the primitive, the original discovery. Dr. Johnson, it is true, after visiting four or five counties in North Wales, found the country so little different from England that it could offer "nothing of speculation to the traveller." But then roads did not interest him, nor was the ponderous old gentleman—the prophet of the journalist—a great authority upon scenery. Did he not think the Welsh mountains green and fertile, and did he not make the remarkable statement that one of the castles in Wales would contain all the castles he had seen in Scotland? Surely, when he was in Edinburgh he must have spent more time over his everlasting teapot than in sight-seeing. Unless you cycle in the spirit of the adventurer, the discoverer, there is no use of going outside the four-mile radius. Unless the passing shower is, for the moment, as serious a danger as the raid of savages, or the inn as hopelessly far away as the oasis, or the hill as difficult to negotiate as the final peak, you had better join a Cook's Tour or stay at home. These are the terribly engrossing, the often thrilling happenings of the day as you tramp, or beat a donkey, or shove a bicycle into the Unknown, though if you are so rash as to refer to them and to your joy in them, you are found fault with for grumbling and complaining.

A brisk breeze was blowing behind me one morning, as I mounted my machine in the streets of Aberdovey, sketching traps in front on



the handle bars, and a Gladstone bag strapped to the Turner luggage-carrier on the back wheel, for, if there is one thing I like in cycling, it is not to be tied to a railway station or a parcels post office. It does not matter how I got to Aberdovey. Most people will come there in the train. I rode my cycle from London by a roundabout route. The road from Aberdovey to Towyn was good, excellent, undulating, and, what pleased me most, it skirted the sea. It wound back and forth, now approaching, now receding from the shore. It curved up the hills and down them. It did not go in a straight line and travel in a deep cutting, as is the fashion of many roads in hilly parts of England. After Towyn, it went inland, and took a short cut by some lakes, and then, because the country was flat and easy, it degenerated. But finally, after many windings and twistings, after losing its way and forgetting to put up signposts, it crossed a little pass, sheer rocks on either side, and came, high up, again upon the sea with Barmouth stretching out on the opposite shore below. But the road itself was now terrible, a mass of stones from side to side, one or two road-menders carefully covering with flints any spot that by chance had been overlooked, and no surface dressing was being put on top of them; they were allowed to lie there and be ground in by the traffic of June, which consisted, when I passed, of three bicycles and one or two people on horseback. For anything save a steam roller the way was impassable, and I have been since informed that no steam roller was at that time owned in the county of Merioneth. I walked, because of the stones, down the hill, which boasts, in its way, views as beautiful as any on the French Cornice. But though I have there met many Englishmen, and heard them praise the beauty of the scenery as they skimmed along on the perfectly kept road, here I talked to but one English cyclist, a most respectable person, who devoted himself to anathematising the County Council of Merioneth and all its want of works. In Cornwall you are told that coast roads cannot be made. In Wales it is proved that under similar conditions they can be made, for they have been made. But the Welsh authorities are content to dump stones upon them, in the middle of the tourist season, and so, by rendering them impassable, drive away the very people who would most delight in the country.

Down through a lovely valley, along winding byroads shaded by pathetic wind-twisted trees planted on little rocky heights, most wonderful schemes for romantic backgrounds; on out to a flat plain, with Cader Idris and all the country up to Dolgelly before me, I struggled. To add insult to injury, the railway company, which has put up a causeway alongside the line and allows you for a consideration to use it, has fixed gates in the middle, and you are compelled either to take them off the hinges or carry your machine on your head. After that there is a trudge for nearly half a mile through deep

sand and a bump over badly-laid slats. If the British nation were not the most long-suffering in the world, if railway companies were not directed by the most consummate of idiots, something could easily be done. As it is, the management will keep on throwing away money and the cyclist losing his temper, and the county will remain supremely indifferent to its opportunities. Even in Cornwall there would be a service of coaches along such a route as that from the end of Barmouth Causeway to Aberdovey on the coast.

Barmouth, for me, possessed the attraction of an excellent hotel with an unpronounceable name. Most of the towns, most of the show places, in North Wales have good hotels, just as they frequently have not in Cornwall. From Barmouth the road climbs up the longish hill out of the town—and almost all the Welsh hills, and the passes too, are ridable, if you want to ride them—runs by the church with its graves on the cliff, on to Llanbedr, and then to Harlech, more effectively placed than any castle in Great Britain, and so to Port Madoc, the last part, into Carnarvonshire, being the worst road in the country, and therefore of course you have to pay to ride over a bit of it. From Port Madoc there are two ways for the cyclist: either you strike straight across the country by Llanllyfni to Carnarvon, and I can testify that this is not very interesting and most of the roads in the peninsula of Carnarvon are bad, or you may ride by the Pass of Aberglaslyn, over a road quite as good as you could find on the Continent—a positive proof that, with proper attention, British highways would become equal to any in the world. As for the scenery, this is the way Borrow described it years ago in his "Wild Wales," a delightful book, mostly about beer, far too little known:

"Presently I came to a bridge bestriding the stream, which a man told me was called Pont Aber Glas Lyn, or the bridge of the debouchment of the grey lake. I soon emerged from the pass, and, after proceeding some way, again stopped to admire the scenery. To the west was the Wyddfa; full north was a stupendous chain of rocks; behind them a conical peak, seemingly rivalling the Wyddfa itself in altitude; between the rocks and the road where I stood was beautiful forest scenery. I again went on, going round the side of the hill by a gentle ascent. After a little time I again stopped to look about me. There was the rich forest scenery to the north, behind it were the rocks, and behind the rocks rose the wonderful conical hill impaling heaven; confronting it, to the south-east, was a huge lumpish hill!"

This is hardly modern word-painting, but it shows just as much of a picture, and I do not think the most flowery periods often have quite the charm of Borrow's simplicity. His most wonderful effort, though, is his description of the walk from Bala to Dinas Wawddwy, full of raptures over the "moory hillocks," and the "craggs of wondrous forms," and the "humpy mountains"—raptures that eventually set him to jumping half a yard into the air! People don't

jump for joy any longer when they come to beautiful places, and more's the pity.

Borrow was travelling from Beddgelert to the Pass of Aberglasalyn. But by the route I suggest you would be going in exactly the opposite direction, and, after Beddgelert, you would circle around Snowdon and ascend the Pass of Llanberis. From this side—I have never tried to ride up, I have come down—I should think it would be a long grind. But the walking is good and the mountains are as bold in form as the Cuchullins or the Pyrenees, and, like them, are pictorially far finer than the Alps. You can take in and appreciate the beauty of line in a Welsh mountain, you are simply stunned by an Alp; though, for that matter, I was stunned, amazed with the rugged grandeur of these Welsh ranges, which after all are only hills. And if you wish to know what coasting is like in the Alps, the sail down from the top of Llanberis, almost to Carnarvon, will give you a very fair idea. But so well is the road graded that it is rideable almost all the way up, even on a heavily-loaded bicycle. I should advise this pass above every other in Wales for the cyclist. The straight road from Beddgelert to Carnarvon is comparatively dull. At least, I thought so, though Borrow, who tramped the thirteen miles between the two places, was more enthusiastic, finding himself in

“a beautiful country of hill and dale, woods and meadows, the whole gilded by abundance of sunshine. After walking about an hour without intermission, I reached a village, and asked a man the name of it.

“‘Llan—something,’ he replied. . . .

“After a time I entered a most beautiful sunny valley, and presently came to a pleasant stream, running in the direction of the south. As I stood upon that bridge I almost fancied myself in Paradise. . . . I then addressed myself to a man who had stopped, asking him the name of the bridge.

“‘Pont Bettws,’ he replied.

“‘And what may be the name of the river?’ I asked.

“‘Afon—something,’ said he.”

It seems to me it is about the sort of answer you get in Wales nowadays—that is, if you get any English at all. But even if Borrow on this road did fancy himself in Paradise, I prefer the one over Llanberis. After you have passed Llyn Ogwen, in going from Capel Curig to Bangor, and the wonderful bit at the top of the Pass of Nant Ffrancon, where the road zigzags down and is absolutely Swiss, you get into the region of mines and miners at Bethesda, where the road is bad and cut up; or from Capel Curig you can turn in the other direction to Bettws-y-coed; but, treasonable as it may be, I think that haunt of the early British water-colourist a sadly overrated hotel-spotted fraud.

At Carnarvon, unfortunately, the castle does not tell as you come in by the Llanberis road. The way from Carnarvon is not by the sea, but by the Menai Straits, and all along this road to Bangor you have the same



splendid engineering, the same delightful panoramas, and the same excellent surface. Borrow describes it as "very good, and the scenery interesting." But he just then needed most of his space for a description of the Castle Inn, and the brandy-and-water, and the remarkable fact that when he spoke to two young men he "received civil answers, at which I was astonished, as I found by the tone of their voices that they were English." Instead of entering the town of Bangor, I would turn off at Menai Bridge and cross the Straits, and follow the lovely little byroad to Beaumaris. If the castle is rather a disappointment, the views back upon the town, with the mountains rising behind, give an added charm to the winding way along the coast by which you have come. Borrow, too, found it excellent, fringed—it is now shaded—with oaks, following the shore, and he clambered to the top of one of the turrets of the castle to look upon the bay. "'What a bay!' said I. 'For beauty it is superior to the far-famed one of Naples.'" And he at once began to repeat all the Bardic lines he could remember. After his poetry it sounds prosaic to mention, as an advantage of coming by this route, that the steamer from Beaumaris takes you into the lower town of Bangor, away from the steep hills and the wild local cyclers who every evening infest them.

From Bangor to Llanfairfechan the road is inland and scarcely good, but after that the mountains approach the shore, and then it is hung by Penmaenmawr, on to Conway, right among the cliffs. The whole distance is magnificent if rather hilly, the sea breaking below, and the rocks towering sheer above. Here and there it has to make its way through cuttings. And it is now, and on to Abergele, by Great Ormes Head, that you are on the real Welsh Cornice, as fine a piece of engineering, and mostly of road maintenance—which is equally important—as anything on the Continent. Mr. Bradley is justly impressed with it and with the bicycles that "skim in strings or clouds along the triumph of nineteenth-century road-making." And it is as beautiful, though in a different way—a northern way—as the more famous and better-known and oftener-travelled Cornice of the South. Around Great Ormes Head the road was built by the local authorities, I believe, of Llandudno, and for the privilege of passing over it you have to pay; therefore it is the only bad bit. But if the Welsh can make people pay for bad roads, why have good ones? The scenery, possibly, is supposed to make up for it. From Abergele, on by Rhyl, I followed the coast to Flint and Chester. This part of the country is flat or undulating and the roads are mainly delightful. And at Chester my coast ride ended.

It took me two days and a half to cycle it; I did not hurry: from Aberdovey to Port Madoc, from Port Madoc to Conway, and from Conway to Chester. Doubtless the scorchers would accomplish the distance in less than a day, and the sensible man would take two



weeks. But what I want to point out is that here, within either a few days' cycling or half a day's training from London, is a part of the kingdom which I venture to say again is really unknown, except to the natives of Liverpool and Manchester, and perhaps of the Midlands generally—"the scum of Manchester and Liverpool" was Borrow's not very flattering name for them—who swarm at Easter and on Bank Holidays, as I have learnt, not from Borrow but from personal experience. It is unknown, however, to the average Englishman, who has no idea, for example, that most of the people talk a foreign language, that most of the inns and hotels are excellent, and that the roads, considering the difficulty of their engineering, are, with a few exceptions, the best in the whole country. And as for scenery, I should be glad to discover some other district in the British Islands that can show anything to approach it in picturesqueness and grandeur. And yet, despite all its attractions, Wales is the playground solely of one small section of the community. However, more to the purpose is the practical proof you get in travelling along the coast that it is possible to find road engineers in this country with the sense to build roads. There are no mountains in Cornwall, but the roads over the highest Welsh passes are better made, better graded, better kept, and more level than those in the flattest parts of Cornwall and Devonshire. I know nothing as to the comparative proportion of tourists who visit Wales and the West of England. If more go to Cornwall, it is simply because tourists rush in herds just where they are told to. But the tourist is not everybody or everything, and I very much doubt whether the roads in Wales were made for him. They were made for the Welshman; and if Wales is flourishing and Cornwall decaying, I believe the construction of those good roads has had more to do with it than most people think. The mountains they skirt are cultivated, and the high hill pastures they scale are inhabited; the moors in Devonshire are much lower, but they remain a howling waste, because there are no roads to get to them or away from them. It has been said that it is impossible to make coast roads in Cornwall and Devon, notwithstanding the fact that in several of the most difficult parts they already exist—at Lynmouth, for instance, and the beautiful drives of Clovelly. I do not suggest that the road should run invariably at the foot of the cliff, but rather where it can run, above or below, most easily. There is no point on the Cornish coast that would present so much difficulty to the engineer as Great Ormes Head, while it was a hundred times harder work to construct the work over Llanberis Pass, for example, than the road in or out of Boscastle. But the Cornishman is content to broaden his packman's trails; the Welshman makes roads for wheeled traffic—roads which it is a pleasure for the tourist to travel. The Cornishman buries his highways; the Welshman erects observatories and provides points of view. The Cornishman and the Devonian have vowed that coast

roads could not be made ; the Welshman has proved that they can—he has made them.

But the question has a broader aspect. There is no reason why it should be treated as one of purely local interest. What I should like to see—and Great Britain would profit by it—is the Welsh system of roads continued around the entire country. I do not believe it would cost as much as half a dozen battleships, but it would prove a perpetual safeguard, nor would it be worthless and out of date after a few years. And not only this ; almost at once the national coast road would be as much travelled as the Brighton or the Ripley ; and if it is thought that cyclers do not bring prosperity, ask anybody who lives in the towns on those two roads—towns which not long since were rotting—what he thinks. If the roads were built, hotels would follow, as you see them already, great caravanseries, springing up all over Wales, and put up, I imagine, not alone for the fun of it. The tourists of all nations would crowd them, if there were roads, beginning at Dover and running to Chester, thence to Scotland, and down the other coast, where, as in Scotland, Yorkshire, Norfolk, and here and there in Essex, the roads in places already exist. We may rail at the tourist, but he brings wealth and prosperity with him. Why should Switzerland and the Riviera absorb it all ?

But how could such a scheme be carried out ? The political economist would probably be appalled at the seriousness of the problem, but it really is simple. Money, of course, must still be spent upon the battleships. But levy a new tax—a tax not only on cycles, but on all wheeled traffic. It should not, I admit, be limited to cyclers unless, as in Belgium, they were given their own side path ; it must include every one who uses the road. It should include the tourist, too, travelling by coach, who does not complain if he is taxed for travelling on most continental railroads and steamship lines. Personally I should not object to paying such a tax for a minute, if I got something in return for it. I only object to income-tax and things of that kind. But then I know there are vast numbers of people, especially cyclers, who, though they are willing to pay twenty pounds a year for a bicycle, would shriek to heaven, or in Parliament, if they were asked to pay one shilling a year to keep the roads in repair, even if, owing to the badness of the roads, they have to pay half-a-crown to repair their machines every time they go out. I know, too, that the average statesman has an uncanny respect for such people. And so, all these facts considered, I am afraid the intelligent Briton will look upon the suggestion of a coast road as absurd, ridiculous, Utopian. But the time is coming when the cyclist will be recognised as the most powerful force, so far as the highways go, that has to be reckoned with. In Belgium he has demanded proper roads, and before he has secured them the Government has supplied him with side paths. In America he has demanded the side path, and he is getting it all over the

country. In England, if he rides on the side paths because the road is impassable, or filled with drunken sots or racing lords and butchers, he is arrested. But there are signs of a change. The stodgiest people, the scientist and the political economist, already have realised that he has some rights in the cities; later on it will dawn upon the authorities that, as in France, roads must be constructed through the country with an eye to his benefit; that, as in America, a strip of the street through the town must be paved for him. When this has been done, the most dense will be forced to see that, if a highway is good enough for a bicycle, it is superb for every other sort of vehicle, provided it is wide enough. The idea of good roads, and of encircling the entire coast with them as a means of defence and intercommunication, is Utopian only for the present and in this country. All traffic in a very few years will be self-propelled, and will require good roads; and the action of the French and the Germans, the Belgians and the Americans in attending to the wants of cyclers to-day is not so Quixotic or absurd as it is wise and far-seeing. Once the desire for good roads has become sufficiently strong in Great Britain—and it is already beginning to be felt in Wales, in Scotland, and in parts of England—a uniform standard in excellence in making and maintenance will be enforced. If the engineers of the London County Council and the Duchy of Cornwall cannot accomplish the work, perhaps the engineer from Ormes Head can be called in, and Wales be appealed to for road-makers just as it is to be tapped to supply London with water. Then, too, it will be found that signboards and milestones—or rather kilometre-stones, for, of course, we shall by that time measure by the universal continental system of kilometres—are not a foreign fad, but an absolute necessity; also, that useful information can be furnished, quite freely, in towns and villages by signs which give the name of the village and the distances, placed on the last and first houses, as in France, and that these always available instructions are more to be trusted than the casual native. Then with good roads, as I have said, will come good hotels, and with them the tourists. The farmer will learn that he can drive to market instead of sending his produce by train. And really, in fifty years, who can say how many and how great advantages to this country, as to every other, will not have been reaped from the “cad on castors”? The cycle has already done more to revive industry than trade unions, more to improve the physical condition of the world than all the doctors, and it has added more to the pleasure of life than—anything else.

In the meantime, therefore, the cyclist may as well seize the day, enjoy the good roads, the good inns, and the beautiful scenery of the Welsh “Cornice” and be happy. Though he should never stop asking for more.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

## THE FUTURE OF TURKEY.

THE island of Crete has been severed from Turkey. This is the most recent of a long series of mutilations. But whereas former losses were the result of unfortunate wars, the emancipation of Crete has been accomplished in spite of a victorious campaign undertaken by Turkey to defend her sovereign rights over the Pearl of the Mediterranean. Europe willed it so.

This fresh confirmation, under such striking conditions, of the abandonment by the Powers of the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, marks a decisive era in the history of the Turkish people.

It is the object of this article to gather a forecast of the ultimate fate which awaits them and their Empire. An analysis of the character of the Sultan and the Ottoman nation on the one hand, and of the relations of Russia, England, and Germany to Turkey on the other, will provide us with the necessary materials to cope with this task.

Abdul Hamid, with clever diplomacy, succeeded for a long time in keeping up the legend, started by himself, which represented him in the light of a patriotic and well-meaning but unfortunate sovereign. Time has done away with this imposture. It is now a fact beyond discussion, denied only by the simple or by those whose interest it is to defend Abdul Hamid, that this man is an incurable maniac haunted by the fear of an assassination, which twenty years' tyranny might perhaps now justify, and who, in an insane conception of the proper means to secure his safety, is bringing to an early grave the splendid Empire over which a malignant fate has made him ruler. Two ideas converging towards the same point—viz. his personal safety—have inspired his policy throughout his reign. One is to plunge his people



into an abyss of ignorance and corruption, the other to pile up under his feet all the resources of the State, and from this monument to dominate still more the helpless mass below him. He expects Turkey to last as long as himself, repeating the famous "*Après moi le déluge*." Shockingly ignorant, absolutely destitute of the power of reasoning in most things, his mind swells into the proportions of genius when called upon to devise the means of realising his evil programme—in itself an absurdity! Such is Abdul Hamid. To expect this man to be instrumental in the salvation of Turkey is to expect him to recover reason and to undo what has been his one aim in life. Once for all, this idea, unless it implies the use of force, must be discarded.

When speaking of the Ottoman nation a distinction must be made, not only between the Mussulmans and Christians, but also among the Mussulmans themselves, who are divided into Turks on one side and Arabs, Albanians, Kurds, Lazés, Circassians, and a variety of minor races on the other; so that the words Turkish and Turk will be used hereafter as referring only to one section of the Mussulman population of Turkey.

All the Christian elements of Turkey are the open or secret enemies of the State. The history of their aspirations and of what they have already accomplished in their struggle for independence is too well known to require repetition. What has less attracted the attention of the European public is that the Mussulman peoples themselves, grouped about the Turks, entertain notions of independence. They lack, indeed, the intensity of purpose and cleverness of method of the Christians, but if they have not as yet risen against the rule of the Sultan, as such, they have chronically shown armed resistance to the delegates of Abdul Hamid. Thus the Albanians and Arabs are constantly giving occasion for the Turkish troops to practise war on a small scale.\* The Kurds, who are, too, divided by clannish feuds, content themselves with showing a thorough contempt for the laws of the Empire. The Lazés, Circassians, &c., are not numerous enough to count.

The Turks are the conquering race, and number some 13,000,000, thus considerably exceeding every other element in Turkey. They cover the whole of Asia Minor. In Europe their settlements are small and sporadic. They are the founders of the Ottoman State, their dynasty still occupies the throne of Osman. They are the *raison d'être* and corner-stone of the Ottoman Empire. Now the question arises, what action this people means to take in defence of its work, one of the greatest in history.

Before entering into the details of this branch of our subject it is

\* Of late years the Sultan has followed the policy of propitiating the Albanians by allowing them to revel in their native lawlessness. This is practised at the expense of Christian and Mussulman alike.

necessary to deal with the respective positions of Russia, England, and Germany with regard to Turkey.

The aim of Russia is well known. For more than a century it has been, with admirable steadfastness of purpose and sureness of execution, to reach Constantinople and extend her Empire along the Black Sea to the *Ægean*. Fostering corruption among the Mussulmans and revolt among the Christians of Turkey, she created three opportunities in eighty years for swooping upon her victim in the name of humanity and the Cross. Each invasion was rewarded by the God of arms and left Turkey mutilated and bleeding, and Russia a step nearer Constantinople or represented by emancipated nationalities. Since the accession of Abdul Hamid to the throne she has found in the ruler of Turkey her most active collaborator in the achievement of her task. Has he not been teaching his Mussulman subjects, on his own account, to sacrifice the notions of fatherland and personal dignity to those of ambition and greed? Has he not been teaching them to hate and mistrust one another? Was it not in the depths of his brain that was conceived the infernal plan of public instruction which is applied in Turkey, and is only a plan for the distortion of the public mind? Naturally, Russia patronises and protects the person of the Sultan. As was to be expected, she sided with him when there was a talk, two years ago, of coercing him into introducing reforms in his Empire, so that the whole plan favoured by the other Powers collapsed. She looks on with malignant satisfaction while the weakness of the Ottoman Empire is progressing, and, like a vulture at sight of approaching death, is watching for the moment to swoop again on the agonising body to make a final meal of Turkey.

England's policy towards Turkey has passed through two distinct phases—one of friendship and protection, the other of disgust and hostility. For a period stretching from the time of Mahmoud to the end of the "eighties" England endeavoured to promote her interest in Turkey by effecting the regeneration of the Empire and defending it against the encroachments of Russia. She even went to war with the Muscovite on that account. As soon as Abdul Hamid ascended the throne of Osman, England renewed the appeals she had addressed to his predecessors. Good advice, persuasion, and finally admonition and severe rebuke were lavishly bestowed upon him. But, despairing of producing any impression on his mind, and tired withal of forty years' former want of success, she at last withdrew in disgust. Making a determined retraction of her former policy, she thereafter interfered in Turkish affairs only to champion the cause of the Christian nationalities. Her latest plan seems to be to make a large allowance for Russian ambitions, and, not forgetting herself, to help Greeks and Slavs to substitute themselves gradually and without any great commotion for the Turkish rule within their ethnographical spheres. In this idea

she is supported by France, Italy, and Russia. This is equivalent to an understanding as to the solution of the Eastern problem.

We come now to Germany, of whose relations to Turkey it may not be amiss to speak more at length. The importance these relations have acquired is an event of recent history and demands closer inspection. The initiator of a nearer connection between Turkey and Germany is the Kaiser himself.

William II. is a remarkable man. His political ability has proved itself equal to the confidence with which he dismissed Bismarck to take into his own hands the reins of State. With an inherent passion for martial pursuits, he has yet taught himself to subject these military instincts to the higher notions of government. There were those who at the outset of his reign credited him with an inordinate appetite for the glory of arms, and pointed him out as a danger to the peace of Europe. His excitable and fantastic spirit, which has so quickly yielded to the sobering influence of reason, did not at that time justify the opinion that he would become the cold, calculating statesman from whom the impulsive and chivalrous have gradually disappeared. The telegram to Krüger was his last outburst of impulsiveness, and he very quickly made amends for it. What still survives in him of the old man is his taste for theatrical show, of which he gave such an exhibition in Palestine, and his mediæval, mystic notions of royalty. These last, however, inspire a high notion of his duty to his subjects.

It was, then, with the practical and unscrupulous thoughts of a statesman that William II. took to considering the situation of Turkey immediately after his first visit to Abdul Hamid; and, in consequence, he brought German policy in connection with the Ottoman Empire into sharp and dramatic contrast with that of the rest of Europe. Germany stood out alone among the Christian nations of Europe in sympathy for the Sultan at a moment when a wave of indignation, springing from disgust of Abdul Hamid's maladministration, was uniting the Powers against this ruler.

Except in one respect, that of absolute power, there are no two sovereigns so dissimilar as the Sultan and the Kaiser. For this William II. looks up to Abdul Hamid as to an admirable model. But no other resemblance is traceable between the two. William II. is a man of remarkable culture and knowledge; Abdul Hamid's mind is a wilderness, peopled only with the fantastic creations of prejudice and insanity. The former is gifted with a variety of high intellectual powers; the latter is only cunning. The Hohenzollern is brave, like all his ancestors; the descendant of Osman, soiling the escutcheon of an equally brave ancestry, is a poltroon, the first poltroon in a series of thirty-four Sultans. The Kaiser is adding to the greatness of his Empire; the Sultan is carefully pulling to pieces with his own hands



the fabric of an ancient and glorious State. Moreover, the Kaiser has an eye to business; the Sultan is the dupe of forms.

This parallel proves that Abdul Hamid was doomed to be an instrument in the hands of William II. The Emperor has, in fact, exploited the Sultan to the utmost limits of his ability.

William II., on considering the situation of Turkey, was quite dazzled with the prospects to enterprise offered by that country. He immediately saw his chance, and adapting his methods to the situation, did not waste his time in championing the cause of reform in Turkey, but speculated on the weaknesses of the Sultan in his personal interest, and in that way acquired such an influence over him that the whole of Turkey is practically open to German undertakings. The German flattered when everybody else heaped insult upon insult; the German treated him as a friend when his name was synonymous with crime and degradation.

William II., like most foreign guests who approach Abdul Hamid, has submitted to the powerful charm that emanates from the person of this extraordinary being, and makes them ask themselves whether he is really the man of whom so many dreadful things are said.

It is a fact that this sovereign, who ordered the Armenian massacres, and is solely responsible for them, and whose conscience is loaded with other equally black crimes—the wilful destruction of his splendid Empire being amongst the most heinous—has a suavity, a gentleness of manner and thought in his intercourse with those whom it is his interest to win over, which it is difficult to resist. His bearing is at the same time majestic, and his full black eyes fascinate one with their mysterious depths. His late reception of the German Imperial couple is an instance of his tact and ingenuity in the art of pleasing. Even his bitterest enemies have expressed unfeigned admiration of the gentlemanly thoughtfulness which underlay the attentions paid to his guests, as being even superior to their splendour. The Emperor is but a man after all, and the truly Oriental recklessness of expense with which the Sultan received him and his consort—literally stripping the Public Treasury of all it contained in their honour—agreeably stirred more than one chord in the Imperial breast. Some sort of kindly feeling, struggling through disdain and inspired by compassion, gratitude, and the attraction of a character unparalleled in history, is then felt by William II. for Abdul Hamid. But of true friendship for him he has none, and cannot have any; neither has he for the Turkish people, although their martial qualities transport him with admiration. This sovereign, whose gospel is really the greatness of his country, and in whom the man is drowned in the Emperor, has never taken a resolute attitude in favour of Turkish reforms for fear of compromising his interest with Abdul Hamid. In this his conduct



contrasts singularly with that of England, who, in her attempts to improve the condition of Turkey, was guided by unselfishness or stubbornness to the extent of sacrificing the goodwill of Abdul Hamid, which means so much to industrial enterprise. To avert external misfortune from Turkey the Kaiser is still less inclined; nay, when the Turco-Greek war ended in the triumph of the Crescent, it was he who stripped this victory of its only practical advantage; for, grafting on the direct points at issue Germany's pretensions in favour of her bondholders, he retarded for six months the conclusion of peace, thus obliging Turkey to keep up her army in Thessaly and waste the war indemnity that was allowed to her before she received it. The saying, "*Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*," was literally true in this case. Again, when the Cretan question resumed its place before the attention of Europe, William II. calmly backed out of the concert, dragging Austria-Hungary after him, and thus abandoned Turkish interests in the island to the tender mercies of the four remaining Powers. This he represented to the Sultan as an act of friendship. His visit to Constantinople and Palestine was only undertaken to give loud and impressive sanction to the formal assumption by him of the Protectorate of German religious interests in Turkey, as represented by the existence of numerous German colonists, and thus to secure for Germany the right to put in a weighty word for herself when the time came for liquidating the situation in the East. Empty compliments and platonic assurances of sympathy Turkey may go on receiving from the Kaiser, but if any hope was entertained by the friends of Turkey that he might be the *deus ex machina* designed to help her out of her predicament, it is now perfectly visible that there is and was no ground for it.

Thus Turkey is confronted with Powers which have either decided to dismember her or are indifferent to her fate.

We must now revert to the Turkish people. Of unsurpassed bravery on the field of battle, they are, in ordinary life, gentle, hospitable, truthful, and honest. The simplicity of their existence, their patience under reverses, their attachment to their faith and hearth are touching, and have caused the admiration of every unprejudiced traveller. But they are, of course, far from perfect. Like many other people, they are liable to show fierceness and cruelty when their bad instincts are provoked or purposely worked upon. However, the evil deeds which have sullied the history of Turkey in recent times should be principally attributed to the Kurds, Lazes, and others. It was they who, obeying the monstrous orders of the Sultan, massacred the Armenians. The so-called Bulgarian atrocities were the work of the mongrel breed of Roumelia and of the Circassians, and it is fair to add that the Bulgarian peasants brought them deliberately on their heads by first committing the most appalling acts of cruelty

against the Mussulmans at the instigation of Russia. But even admitting all the Mussulmans in Turkey, including the Turks, to be responsible for these tragedies, I would venture to point out, without in the least wishing to condone savagery, that sufficient allowance is not made in Europe and America for the feelings of a people who have been brought to bay by the Christians. Solidly constituted nations cannot form an idea of the paroxysm of despair which arises from the danger of national and religious destruction and the reckless means of salvation it can suggest. I would also point out that the French Commune is a page in history as dark as that of the Armenian massacres. But France has been acquitted, which is as it should be, of the crimes committed by an exasperated rabble, while Turkey has sunk under reprobation for misdeeds equally perpetrated by a rabble, and at the instigation of one man. If I were not afraid of incurring the accusation of excessive partiality for the Turks, I would add that what is called Turkish fanaticism has somehow never caused a Jew to complain—this people lives in fact unmolested and happy in Turkey, which is more than can be said of many civilised countries.

On the whole, it will be admitted that the Turks—I revert to my former distinction—are morally well endowed. But of political virtues they have shown none. They have been improvident, careless, and deprived of public spirit. Their concession of religious liberty to the conquered Christian, in itself a very estimable act, was a political mistake. Their generosity in this matter has never been duly appreciated by Europe; and, on the other hand, it has ever been a barrier between them and their subjects. At the same time, although a large number of Albanians and slaves went over to the faith of the conquerors, they were allowed to retain their national individuality.

It is a curious phenomenon that the consciousness of these differences of race should only be felt by the conquered races. I am speaking of the Mussulman elements; for, although Albanians, Arabs, and Circassians always bear in mind the fact that the Turks subdued them, and belong to another branch of the human family, the Turks have long lost the notion of their supremacy and distinct blood, letting it disappear in the feeling of religious brotherhood and common interest against the Christian. The Turkish administration is not national, but a mixture of all the races of the Empire, and its spirit is not Turkish but Mussulman. This predominance in the Turk of the notion of religion over that of race and fatherland has a great deal to do with the present situation of Turkey.

But it is especially the national idea, kept up by the Christians under the ægis of their religion, which has hastened the disintegration of Turkey. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, which is free from misrule, will succumb to the same irresistible cause.

There seems to be no possible obstacle to the realisation of Bulgarian,

Greek, and Servian unity in Roumelia. Under these conditions, Albania would have no chance of constituting an independent State, and must sooner or later fall a prey to Servia, Austria, and possibly Italy. Thus her sentiments towards Turkey become indifferent to us. This settles the question of European Turkey, which the Turkish race is bound to lose. As to Constantinople, it is a European concern, and it is not easy to predict whether it will pass into the hands of one or several new masters.

The situation is different in Asiatic Turkey. There the bulk of the population is Turkish. True, Syria and Arabia are peopled with a compact mass of Arabs who entertain ideas of independence, but no Christian element occupies any portion of the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, so as to form a distinct ethnographic area. There are Greeks in Asia Minor, but no Greek territories; there are Armenians, but no Armenia. The plan of England to create an autonomous Armenian province was not founded on a natural basis, and must have fallen through, even if Russia had not thwarted it. Thus, the Turkish rule in Asia is free from the dangers arising out of Christian ethnic rights. The claims of Arabia and Syria may yet cause trouble, but as they do not enjoy European patronage, and as, besides, a revulsion of feeling in those countries is not improbable, considering the impossibility of their throwing off their allegiance to Turkey without falling a prey to England and France, it is more likely that they will remain true to their present masters. Consequently, the real considerations to be taken into account are the designs of Russia on Asia Minor, of France on Syria, and of England on Arabia. But the Turks stand here on the ground of ethnic and continental rights, and, save in the case of Russia, can yet hope to win respect for them on one condition—that they reform their Government. The question, then, is what are the chances of the Turkish people taking the matter into its hands and working out its own regeneration?

For several centuries after the foundation of the Empire the Turkish State was democratic—at least the sovereign was bound by tradition and religion to consult his people. Thus, a very remarkable organisation and civilisation sprang up, and Turkey could favourably compare, in every branch of human activity, with the most advanced States of Christendom. But by degrees the Sultans monopolised the government of the country, and gave it the form of a despotism, which under the present Sultan has reached a degree for which there is no adequate expression. The people did not yield to this spoliation of their rights without many protestations, some of them of an openly rebellious nature, and entailing great bloodshed. Gradually, however, they got accustomed to the tyranny of their masters, and since the accession of Abdul Hamid their resignation has assumed the aspect of a debasing abdication of all human rights. Simultaneously with this



absorption of power by the Sultans, the administration of the country grew worse and worse, until it became what it is to-day, a sickening and shameful parody of government.

But, great as are the decay and degradation of Turkey caused by the rule of Yildiz, a reaction has set in of late years. What we see in Turkey is the front of the building, the hideous aspect of which is accounted for by the fact that the principles of Yildiz have brought to the surface the scum of the population. Behind the ranks of the administration, behind the scenes of Yildiz, lives a people of which we have already enumerated the qualities. A feeling of loathing and indignation at the Sultan's rule is very noticeable among the *ulema*, the new generation of officers, the liberal professions, and the lower ranks of the administration itself. Unfortunately, owing to the ignorance of the masses and the diabolical skill of the Sultan in keeping the truth from them, they are only very gradually awakening to the fact that he is the real cause of their misery and of the catastrophes which Turkey is daily experiencing. The young Turkish party, which claims to direct the movement of discontent, itself lacks direction. It is loosely constituted, and not seriously connected with the mass of the Turkish people. Worse still, it has discredited itself by numbering in its ranks more adventurers than patriots. It has no financial resources. In a word, no decisive action is expected from its existence in its present form. But it has done some good by making great efforts to unmask the Sultan before the eyes of the people.

On the other hand, the despotism of the Sultan is so solidly established, propped up as it is by the financial resources of the Empire, by his military power and the unparalleled Machiavelism of his mind, that it is very difficult for the Turkish people to break it. If, however, the foreign interest and help shown to their Christian compatriots had been simultaneously and connectedly extended to them at the time when European intervention had not yet created such a deep division between the two elements, it was not impossible to have combined the Turks with the other Mussulmans, Christians, and others living in Turkey to bring the Sultan to terms in the matter of common interest to all—that of administrative reform. Turkish patriots hoped for a long time that England would avail herself of the opportunity offered by the discontent reigning among the Turks and other Mussulmans, and, supplying this movement with what it is still groping for—organisation, a distinct and true aim, and money—would lead it to a practical issue. The English Embassy at Constantinople was well aware of this feeling, which received striking expression in the flight of Kutchuk Said Pasha, a former Grand Vizier, within its precincts. That was the psychological moment. If this dignitary had been helped to ship himself off to



England, or if he had been persuaded to do so, the Turkish movement would have found a chief of high standing and intellectual power, patronised by England, and about whom would have crystallised and fallen into definite and practical shape the desultory efforts which are now being wasted to no purpose. England did not choose to commit herself to that course. Having tried the Sultan and failed, she declined to try the Turkish people. Yet it was thought by many that the magnitude of British interests involved in the maintenance of the Turkish Empire warranted the experiment.

However that may be, the Turkish people, unlike the Armenians and Greeks, who have received every encouragement and support from Europe for the realisation of their aspirations for a better fate, were abandoned to themselves. The yearning for light and liberty which was worthy of interest in the Christian left Europe indifferent when exhibited by the Mussulman. This is an interesting instance of the revival of religious sentiment in Europe, embodying that spirit of selfishness and partiality which seems to be inseparable from it. The victory of the notion of might over that of right is another feature of the dying century.

It is difficult to predict with certainty the developments of the feeling of irritation which is burning in the breasts of the Turkish people. The Sultan, whose sagacity and ingenuity are inconceivable when coupled with the constant aberrations of his mind, has for a long time been busy with fanning the not unnatural dislike of the Turks for their Christian compatriots and Europe into hatred, representing them as the sole authors of the misfortunes of Turkey, in order to divert the growing rage of the country from his person. The European Powers have of late given more than a semblance of truth to the theory propagated by the agents of Abdul Hamid, that whatever harm has happened to Turkey is the result of a European conspiracy to humble the religion of Mahomet and destroy the reign of the Crescent. It would now be difficult to explain to the average Turk that it was, primarily, despair of obtaining any reforms from Turkey that brought the hostility of Western Europe on the country. It is therefore to be feared that the storm which is slowly gathering may burst over the wrong spot, and that, acting as lightning conductors placed by the hand of the Sultan, the foreign colonies and native Christian communities will attract the bolts which should fall on his head. The danger is great, and the frightful catastrophes in which this situation may any day culminate should be a sufficient reason for the European Powers, or at least those which have no deep-laid plan for the wiping of Turkey off the map of the world, to enlighten the Turks and give the right direction to their growing feeling of revolt against their misfortunes. The chances, however, that the eyes of the Turkish people as a mass will be opened, and enabled to perceive in

what direction lies the true solution of the situation—that is to say, the prompt and merciless destruction of the rule of Yildiz—are small indeed.

On the whole, it may be affirmed that, barring some unforeseen combination of circumstances, of which history is not devoid, Turkey, European, African, and Asiatic, is doomed to die. England's share in her succession will be the undisputed possession of Egypt and the annexation of Arabia right up to Bagdad. France will have Syria, and Russia Anatolia. Italy's claim to the province of Tripoli in Africa is countenanced by all. The rival pretensions of Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia will be settled by Europe, Austria, and perhaps Italy also coming in for a slice of Turkish territory in Roumelia. The future of Constantinople is uncertain.

In the opinion of the writer of these pages, the subject of the apparently inevitable end of Turkey cannot be dismissed without an expression of deep regret and sympathy. Of course the higher interests of humanity may be invoked as an excuse for suppressing a State. But this argument is apt to degenerate into a hypocritical pretext for the attainment of selfish ends. Will the substitution of Russian rule for that of Turkey in Asia Minor confer many blessings on mankind?

To the student of history, the fall of a glorious empire built up by a race whose past is replete with great achievements and with many original contributions to civilisation, such as a fine literature and social and religious institutions, some of them of an exquisite nature, cannot but be a matter for sorrowful meditation. The greatest faults of the Turks have been political inaptitude and a predisposition for the yoke of despotism. But to the British public one quality at least of the Turkish race should strongly appeal as a redeeming point in their character: their absolute contempt for death, which, coupled with marvellous endurance, has given them the first rank among the fighting peoples of the world.

A proud nation like the English must avenge its humiliations. Turkey offended Great Britain, therefore a cruel punishment was inflicted upon her. Her doom is sealed. But, having satisfied its anger, it would seem that the British Lion can afford to spare the Crescent the bolts, so useless now, which are still hurled at it from the pulpit and the printing-house, the public platform and the official tribune.

A TURKISH OFFICIAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

## THE POETRY OF SANTA TERESA AND SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ.

### I.

"**H**ERE in Spain there are many poets," said a Capuchin monk to me, as, on Christmas Day, we stood together in the convent library, looking through the barred windows at the sunset which flamed over Seville. "The people are the poets. They love beautiful things, they are moved by them; that word which you will hear constantly on their lips: 'Mira!' ('Look!') is itself significant. They would say it now if they were here, looking at the sunset, and they would point out to one another the colours, the shape of that tower silhouetted against the sky; they would be full of excited delight. Is there not something in that of the poetic attitude? They have the feeling; sometimes they put it into words, and make those rhymes of which the greater part are lost, but some are at last written down, and you can read them in books."

We had been discussing the Spanish mystics, San Juan de la Cruz, Juan de Avila, Fray Luis de Leon, Santa Teresa; and I had just been turning over a facsimile of the original MS. of the "Castillo Interior" in Santa Teresa's bold, not very legible, handwriting, with its feminine blots here and there on the pages. I had been praising the great poetry of the two saints, and lamenting the rarity of really sincere, really personal, lyric poetry in Spanish; and the monk's answer, as I thought over it on my way home that evening, seemed to me to point to the real truth of the matter. The Spanish temperament, as I have been able to see for myself during the three months I have already been in Spain, is essentially a poetical temperament. It is brooding, passionate, sensitive, at once voluptuous and solemn. Here is at least the material for poetry. But the moment a Spaniard begins to write, he has the choice of an extraordinary number of bad models, and, as in his architecture, as in so much of even his painting,



he has been readier to adapt than to invent. Even Calderon, a great poet, is a perilous model; and what of Góngora or Garcilaso, of Espronceda or Zorrilla? On the one hand one finds extravagance and affectation; on the other, haste, homeliness, and lack of care. In a sense, this poetry is often enough personal, but when it is personal in sentiment it is not personal in form, as in Espronceda, who, indeed, wrote the poetry he was living, but wrote it in the manner of Byron. The natural human voice, speaking straight out of the heart, pure lyric poetry, that is, cannot be found in Spanish literature outside the mystics, and a final choice may, indeed, be limited to Santa Teresa and San Juan de la Cruz. These speak to God in Christ, the one as a mother to a child, the other as a wife to a husband. For each, the individual passion makes its own form, almost its own language, so that Crashaw's brilliant line of verse, "O 'tis not Spanish but 'tis Heaven she speaks!" is really a subtle criticism as well. And, singularly unlike as is the childishly naked simplicity of Santa Teresa to the elaborate web of sweetness in which San Juan de la Cruz enfolds his rapture, each has the same supreme lyric quality: personal passion moulding individual form.

And the poetry of the people, in its lesser, its less final way, has this quality too; so that in these two great Spanish poets we see the flower at last growing directly from the root. An unknown, perfectly spontaneous poet of the people makes up his little stanza of three or four lines because he has something to say which hurts him so much to keep in that he is obliged to say it. This of itself is not enough to make poetry, but it will make poetry if so intense a desire comes to life in a nature already poetically sensitive, in a nature such as this of the Spaniards. And the Spaniard, with that something abrupt, nervous, which there is in him, is singularly well able to condense emotion into brief form, such as he has created for these popular songs, which are briefer than those of most other nations, an impassioned statement, and no more.

In the poetry of Santa Teresa we find almost the form of the popular song, and a choice of words which is for the most part no more than an instinctively fine selection of its actual language. San Juan de la Cruz, who lived habitually in an abstract world, out of which only a supreme emotion could draw him, has a more conscious choice of language, subtilising upon words that he may render all the subtlety of spiritual sensation; and he uses largely a favourite literary form of that time, the five-line stanza, in which, for example, the greater part of the poems of Fray Luis de Leon are written. But I am sure neither the one nor the other ever wrote a line with the intention of "making poetry," that intention which ruins Spanish verse to a deeper degree than the verse of most nations. They had something to say which could not be said in prose, a "lyrical cry"



was in them which they could not repress; and heaven worked together with earth that Spanish lyrical poetry might be born and die within the lifetime of two friends.

## II.

The poetry of San Juan de la Cruz is metaphysical fire, a sort of white heat in which the abstract, the almost negative, becomes ecstatically realised by the senses. Here, in a translation as literal as I can make it, line for line, and with exactly the same arrangement and repetition of rhymes, is his most famous poem, "*En una Noche oscura*," a poem which is the keystone of his whole philosophy :

" Upon an obscure night,  
Fevered with love in love's anxiety,  
(O hapless—happy plight !)  
I went, none seeing me,  
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.

By night, secure from sight,  
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,  
(O hapless—happy plight !)  
By night, and privily,  
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.

Blest night of wandering,  
In secret, when by none might I be spied,  
Nor I see anything ;  
Without a light or guide,  
Save that which in my heart burnt in my side.

That light did lead me on,  
More surely than the shining of noontide,  
Where well I knew that one  
Did for my coming bide ;  
Where he abode might none but he abide.

O night that didst lead thus,  
O night more lovely than the dawn of light,  
O night that broughtest us,  
Lover to lover's sight,  
Lover with loved in marriage of delight !

Upon my flowery breast,  
Wholly for him, and save himself for none,  
There did I give sweet rest  
To my beloved one ;  
The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.

When the first moving air  
Blew from the tower, and waved his locks aside,  
His hand, with gentle care,  
Did wound me in the side,  
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,  
 My cheek on him who for my coming came;  
 All ceased, and I was not,  
 Leaving my cares and shame  
 Among the lilies, and forgetting them."

The greater part of the prose of San Juan de la Cruz is built up out of this poem, or condensed into it: the "*Noche Escura del Alma*" is a line-by-line commentary upon it, and the "*Subida del Monte Carmelo*," a still longer work, takes this poem for starting-point, and declares that the whole of its doctrine is to be found in these stanzas. The third and last of the three contemplative books, the "*Llama de Amor Viva*," is, in a similar way, a commentary on the poem which follows:

"O flame of living love,  
 That dost eternally  
 Pierce through my soul with so consuming heat,  
 Since there's no help above,  
 Make thou an end of me,  
 And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!  
 O more than pleasant wound!  
 And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,  
 That dost new life reveal,  
 That dost in grace abound,  
 And, slaying, dost from death to life translate.

O lamps of fire that shined  
 With so intense a light,  
 That those deep caverns where the senses live,  
 Which were obscure and blind,  
 Now with strange glories bright,  
 Both heat and light to his beloved give.

With how benign intent  
 Rememberest thou my breast,  
 Where thou alone abidest secretly,  
 And in thy sweet ascent,  
 With glory and good possessed,  
 How delicately thou teachest love to me!"

Thus the whole "*Obras Espirituales*," 614 quarto pages in my copy of the original edition of 1618, are but a development of these two poems; the poetry, as it should be, being at the root of the philosophy.

In that strange, pedantic "figure" which stands at the beginning of the "*Subida del Monte Carmelo*," the narrow way which leads to the mount is inscribed, "Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing," and above, "and in the mount nothing"; but above that begin higher heights, inscribed with the names of the ultimate virtues, and above that the "divine silence" and the "divine wisdom," and the dwelling of the soul with God Himself. With San Juan de la Cruz the obscure

night is a way, the negation of all earthly things, of the earthly senses even, a means, to the final union with God; and it is in this union that darkness blossoms into the glittering delights of the poems. Pierce the dark night to its centre, and you will find light, for you will find God. "And so," he tells us, "in this soul, in which now no appetite abides, nor other imaginings, nor forms of other created things; most secretly it abides in so much the more inner interior, and more straitly embraced, as it is itself the more pure, and single of all things but God." This rapture of negation becomes poetry, and poetry of the highest order, because it is part of a nature to which, if God is what Vaughan calls a "deep but dazzling darkness," He is also the supreme love, to be apprehended humanly by this quality, for which, and in which, He put on humanity. To San Juan de la Cruz the idea of God is an idea which can be apprehended mentally only by a series of negations; the person of God can be apprehended only emotionally, and best under the figure, which he accepts from the "Song of Solomon," of earthly marriage, the marriage of the soul and Christ. At once the door is opened in the seventh heaven of metaphysics for all the flowers in which the earth decks itself for lovers; and this monk can give lessons to lovers. His great poem of forty stanzas, the "Cancion entre el Alma y el Esposo," once or twice becoming almost ludicrous in the liveliness of its natural images, as when the Spouse drinks in the "interior bodega" of the Beloved, has a peculiar fragrance, as of very strong natural perfumes, perfumes really made honestly out of flowers, though in the fieriest of alcohols. Here, and in the two mystical love-poems which I have translated, there is an abandonment to all the sensations of love, which seems to me to exceed, and on their own ground, in directness and intensity of spiritual and passionate longing, most of what has been written by the love-poets of all ages. These lines, so full of rich and strange beauty, ache with desire and with all the subtlety of desire. They analyse the sensations of the soul, as lovers do, that they may draw out their sweetness more luxuriously. In a merely human love they would be almost perverse, so learned are they in sensation. Sanctified to divine uses, they do but swing a more odorous incense, in censers of more elaborately beaten gold, in the service of a perpetual Mass to the Almighty.

Of the "Canciones" there are but five; and of these I have translated another, somewhat more abstract, less coloured, than the rest.

"Well do I know the spring that doth abound,  
Although it is the night.

That everlasting spring, though hidden close,  
Well do I know whither and whence it flows,  
Although it is the night.

*SANTA TERESA AND SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ. 547*

Beginning know I not, for none there is,  
But know that all beginning comes from this,  
Although it is the night.

I know there is not any fairer thing,  
And that the heavens and earth drink of this spring,  
Although it is the night.

I know that end within it is not found,  
Nor is there plummet that its depths can sound,  
Although it is the night.

Upon its brightness doth no shadow come :  
Well know I that all light cometh therefrom,  
Although it is the night.

I know its currents are so hard to bind,  
They water hell and heaven and human-kind,  
Although it is the night.

The current that from this deep spring doth flow,  
How mighty is its flowing, well I know,  
Although it is the night.

This everlasting spring is occulted,  
To give us life within this living bread,  
Although it is the night.

Here it doth speak to man, and say to him :  
Drink of this living water, although dim,  
Although it is the night.

This living spring, I have desired of old,  
Within this bread of life do I behold,  
Although it is the night."

But, besides the "Canciones," there are five "Coplas" and "Glosas," still more abstract than this poem, but brimfull of what I have called metaphysical fire, "toda ciencia trascendiendo"; the ecstasy striving to find immediate, and no long mediate, words for its revelation. Finally there are ten "Romances," of which all but the last are written in quatrains linked by a single rhyme, the accommodating Spanish rhyme in "ia." They are Biblical paraphrases and statements of theological doctrine, and reverence has not permitted them to find any fine, wild liberties for themselves, like the other, more instinctive, more emotionally inspired poems. They have the archaic formality of the fourteenth-century paintings of the Madonna, stiffly embroidered with gold, and waited on by formal angels. Some personal sentiment yet remains, but the personal form is gone, and they might seem to have been really written in an earlier century.

III.

With Santa Teresa all is changed. Her poems are improvisations, seem to have been written by accident, and certainly with no double or treble or hundred-fold meanings concealed within them, like those



of San Juan de la Cruz.\* They are impetuous, incorrect, full of joyous life, almost of hilarity. Many of them are little songs with refrains; some are composed on motives given by others, many for special occasions, such as a taking of the veil. One is a sort of paraphrase, or variant, of a poem of San Juan de la Cruz. It is interesting to compare the two, and to see how in the very first verse Santa Teresa brings in an idea entirely, and how characteristically! her own: "This divine union of love with Him I love makes God my captive, and sets free my heart; but causes such grief in me to see God my prisoner, that I die because I die not." She gives herself to God, as it were, with a great leap into His arms. She has no savorous reflections, no lingering over delights; a practical swiftness, a woman's heart, and that joy which burns through all her work. "That love alone is that which gives value to all things," none knew so well as she, or realised so simply. "O true lover!" she cries, in her prose "Exclamaciones," "with what pity, with what softness, with what delight, with what tenderness, and with what great manifestations of love thou curest the wounds that with the arrows of that same love thou hast made!" And her verse, as in this poem, is an outpouring of love which speaks the simplest lovers' language, like a woman who cannot say "I love you!" too often.

"If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong  
As this which binds me unto Thee,  
What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long,  
What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?  
— Lord, I would see Thee, who thus choose Thee  
What fears can yet assail thee now?  
— All that I fear is but to lose Thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,  
Lord, make my soul Thine own abode,  
And I will build a nest so sweet  
It may not be too poor for God.

A soul in God hidden from sin,  
What more desires for thee remain,  
Save but to love, and love again,  
And, all on flame with love within,  
Love on, and turn to love again?"

Another division of her poems consists of songs for Christmas, for the Circumcision, for the Virgin as mother; and here, adapting to her use a form already existing, she practically invents a new form, in these little lyric dramas, dialogues of the shepherds, in which the same shepherds appear, with their strange names, Bras or Brasillo,

\* He can be as minute in his explanations as to comment on the first three lines of the second stanza of "O llama de amor viva:" "The *Burn* is the Holy Spirit, the *Hand* is the Father, and the *Touch* is the Son."

Menga, with Llorente and the invariable Gil. I have translated three of them, with all the archaisms, accidents of form, omission or reversal of rhymes, of the original, and, in the refrain of the second, an assonance exactly reproducing the original assonance.

I.

"Let mine eyes see Thee,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth;  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

Let them see that care  
Roses and jessamine;  
Seeing Thy face most fair,  
All blossoms are therein.  
Flower of se:aphin,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

Nothing I require  
Where my Jesus is;  
Anguish all desire,  
Saving only this;  
All my help is His,  
He only succoureth.  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death."

II.

"Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,  
Or loud singing is it?  
Come, Bras, now the day is here,  
The shepherdess we'll visit.  
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

O is this the Alcade's daughter,  
Or some lady come from far?  
She is the daughter of God the Father,  
And she shines like a star.  
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawning."

III.

"To-day a Shepherd and our kin,  
O Gil, to ransom us is sent,  
And He is God Omnipotent.

For us hath He cast down the pride  
And prison walls of Satanas;  
But He is of the kin of Bras,  
Of Menga, also of Llorent.  
O is not God Omnipotent?

If He is God, how then is He  
 Come hither, and here crucified ?  
 — With His dying sin also died,  
 Enduring death the innocent.  
 Gil, how is God Omnipotent !

Why, I have seen Him born, pardie,  
 And of a most sweet shepherdess.  
 — If He is God, how can He be  
 With such poor folk as these content ?  
 — See'st not He is Omnipotent ?

Give over idle parleying,  
 And let us serve Him, you and I.  
 And since He came on earth to die,  
 Let us die with Him too, Llorent ;  
 For He is God Omnipotent."

There and other ecstasies over Christ in the cradle are the motherly instinct in her finding vicarious satisfaction ; and though we have here an instinct for which genius finds expression in art, the whole force of the sentiment can be understood only by one who has seen a monk or nun exhibiting the conventual image of the infant Jesus to a sympathetic visitor. I have never seen a living child handled with more adoring tenderness than the monk of whom I have spoken handled the amazingly realistic "Bambino," who lay in a basket stuffed with straw, in his little frilled shirt and baby's cap with blue strings. Religion, any other controlling force, can constrain, can turn into other directions, but cannot kill an instinct ; and the adoration of the divine Child is the refuge of the childless, in convents and in the world.

But Santa Teresa was not only a loving woman and a loving mother, she was that great brain and great worker whom we know ; and she wrote marching songs for the soldiers of Christ in their war against the world, and songs of triumph for their victories, and songs of warning for those who were lightly undertaking so great an enterprise. In all there is the same impetuous spirit, the same close hold on reality, as of one to whom religion was not contemplation but action, or action even in contemplation. In reading the poems of San Juan de la Cruz, it is not easy to remember that he too was a monastic reformer : \* it would be impossible to read the poems of Santa Teresa without seeing the reformer, the woman of action, in the poet.

"Caminemos para el cielo,  
 Monjas de Carmelo !"

she sings, leading them on that difficult way ; and in that "Offering of Herself to God that she made," in the magnificent poem with the

\* He is described on the title-page of his work as "primer Descalzo de la Reforma de N. Señora del Carmen, Coadjutor de la Bienaventurada Virgen S. Teresa de Jesus, Fundadora de la misma Reforma."

refrain "What would'st Thou do with me"? we see the whole woman, "a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more than a woman," in Crashaw's famous words. Here, in prose, are three stanzas out of the twelve:

"What would'st Thou, then, good Lord, that so base a servant should do? What service hast Thou given to this sinful slave? Behold me here, sweet Love; sweet Love, behold me here; what would'st Thou do with me?"

"See here my heart, I lay it in Thy hand, my body, my life and soul, my bowels and my love; sweet Spouse and redemption, since I offer myself to be Thine, what would'st Thou do with me?"

"Give me death, give me life, give me health or sickness, honour or dishonour give me, give me war or perfect peace, weakness or strength to my life: to all I will answer yes; what would'st Thou do with me?"

This ardent, joyous simplicity, this impassioned devotion to which every height or depth of sacrifice was an easy thing, this clear sight of God, not through the intellectual negations nor the symbolical raptures of San Juan de la Cruz, but face to face, which give Santa Teresa her unique rank among the mystics, as the one who has seen spiritual things most directly, find here their simplest expression. Here, as in those poems of the people with which I began by comparing these poems, a "flaming heart" burns outward to escape the intolerable pain of its reclusion.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



## INDIAN CURRENCY.

**T**HE resolution of the Indian Government to restore to India its ancient gold currency, which it possessed for thousands of years before the fatal January 1, 1853, when, by the most astounding *coup de finance* recorded in history, Lord Dalhousie by a stroke of his pen demonetised the whole gold currency of India, estimated to amount to £120,000,000, is one of the most important economical events of the age.

I am quite aware that this seemingly gigantic operation has created a certain alarm, especially among the banking interest, that such an attempt would disorganise the business arrangements of the country; but I venture to hope that the observations which I shall lay before the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW will convince them that there are no grounds for such alarm, and that the resolution of the Indian Government can be carried into effect with perfect facility and safety.

Of course everybody in this country is aware that for thirty-five years there have been great monetary troubles in India, involving the Government in great embarrassment; but I think I may say that very few persons in this country are acquainted with the real causes which have produced these monetary troubles, and I think that a plain simple historical account of how they have been brought about will indicate the remedy.

In considering this question it is necessary to begin by removing two very widely prevailing misconceptions. These are:

(1) That India from the very first has had nothing but a silver currency, to which the people from time immemorial have been habituated, and that it is not possible to change the inveterate habits

of the people so as to induce them to welcome the change from silver to gold.

(2) That India is too poor a country to have a gold currency.

Both these assumptions are entirely erroneous.

The original currency throughout all India was gold. India produces large quantities of gold, but no silver. Nevertheless, from prehistoric times vast quantities of silver have been introduced into Northern India to purchase gold. The ratio of gold to silver was 1 to 13 in Persia, but it was 1 to 8 in India. The Phœnicians, before the time of authentic history, brought vast quantities of silver from Tartessus and exchanged it for the gold dust of the Lower Indus, which Sir Alexander Cunningham, the highest authority on the subject, holds to be Ophir.

Sir Alexander thinks that silver was first coined in India about 1000 B.C. Many thousands of these early Indian silver coins are still in existence. But the gold was not coined; it was kept as dust, and tied up in little bags, which passed current as money. There was no legal ratio established between the silver coins and the bags of gold dust. But as silver was first coined it was considered as the standard, and the gold dust passed at its current market value in silver. Darius exacted as tribute from the satrapy of the Punjaub 360 talents of gold dust, which he coined into Darics. The other nineteen satrapies paid their tribute in silver.

We have no certain information when gold was first coined in India. But though gold and silver coins were equally current in Northern India, there was never any fixed legal ratio between them. Every petty prince issued his own coinage. The Mohammedans adopted the silver coinage in Northern India as they found it existing. But their conquests never extended to Southern India. Consequently gold was the exclusive standard in Southern India till 1818, when the East India Company for the first time forced the silver rupee upon the people of that country.

These historical facts refute the two errors I have mentioned above—that from time immemorial silver was the sole standard of India, and that India is too poor a country to have a gold standard.

Such was the state of affairs in 1766 when the East India Company extended its dominion over India, and they found good cause to complain of the multiplicity of gold and silver coins in circulation, and the serious losses they sustained from their continual variations in value. There were at that time 139 different kinds of gold mohurs; 61 different kinds of gold pagodas or huns; 24 different kinds of fanams; and 59 different kinds of foreign gold coin; besides 556 different kinds of silver rupees and 155 different kinds of foreign silver coin in circulation. These vast numbers of coins were not attempted to be tied together by any fixed legal ratio,

as, indeed, would have been obviously impossible, as they were issued by a multitude of semi-independent princes who claimed the right of coining in the decadence of the Mogul emperors, and if they had been so, the greater number would have disappeared from circulation. But they were continually varying in their market value, and consequently the difficulty of rating them in any systems of accounts was enormous. No one knew the value of the coins he possessed. Even the most moderate payments had to be made by the intervention of saraafs, or professional money-changers, which, of course, opened the door to abundance of fraud.

In order to put an end to this intolerable confusion the East India Company endeavoured to issue gold mohurs and silver rupees at a fixed legal ratio. This was the first attempt ever made in India to fix a legal ratio between gold and silver coins, and it turned out a dismal failure. Of course I am not going to enter into the huge controversy about bimetalism in this place. But I may shortly state that it was the first great doctrine in economics, established by Oresme in the fourteenth century, "That it is impossible to maintain gold and silver coins in circulation in unlimited quantities at a fixed legal ratio between the coins differing from the market ratio of the metals in bullion. That the cheaper metal invariably drives out the dearer metal from circulation and alone remains current." This doctrine has been proved to be true by the experience of 500 years in every country in Europe, and by the arguments of a series of illustrious men during that time. If any readers are interested in the question, I may refer them to my "Bimetalism," in which I have given at length the facts and arguments upon which this doctrine rests, and upon which the doctrine of monometalism is established, which the majority of civilised Governments have now adopted. In their perplexity the Court of Directors applied to Sir James Stewart, who was then the most distinguished economist in England, and in answer to their request he drew up a volume entitled "The Principles of Money applied to the Present State of the Coin of Bengal," 1772, which was then the most complete treatise on money that had ever been published, in which he reiterated the same arguments which had been used by the most distinguished economists for 400 years. The directors endeavoured to follow his advice, but met with very partial success.

In 1805 Lord Liverpool published his masterly and unanswerable work on the "Coins of the Realm," in which it was demonstrated that it was impossible to have two metals as measures of value, and that one metal only should be selected as the measure of value, and all other coins should be issued as subsidiary to the standard measure.

In the beginning of 1806 the Court of Directors took Lord Liverpool's work into consideration, and issued a Minute to the Governments of Bengal and Madras declaring their entire adhesion



to Lord Liverpool's doctrine that only one metal should be adopted as the standard measure of value, but other metals might be issued as subsidiary to the standard. They said that for India the standard measure should be silver. They entirely concurred that it was impossible to maintain two metals as standard measures of value, and they detailed the losses they had sustained by attempting to do so. They said that the ratio between the coins might be fixed at a legal ratio at one time in accordance with the market ratio, but, "*as it is impossible to prevent the fluctuations in the value of the metals, so it is equally impracticable to prevent the consequences thereof on the coins made from these metals.*" This conclusion was absolutely unanswerable.

This Minute lay buried in the archives of the India Office, but in 1894 the India Office most courteously permitted me to make it public for the first time, and I gave the parts of it relating to two measures of value *verbatim* in my "Bimetallism." It has now been published as a Parliamentary Paper, price 2d., so that every one may make himself acquainted with it.

The Government of India took no action on their weighty and important Minute of 1806 till 1818. But in that year they changed the ratio of their gold and silver coins to conform more to the market ratio of the metals. And they declared that these gold and silver coins should be equally legal tender. The silver rupee was then for the first time introduced as legal tender into Southern India, where hitherto gold alone had been the standard. This proceeding was in direct contradiction to the Minute of 1806.

At length, in 1835, the Government gave up the attempt to maintain bimetallism as hopeless. In that year they coined gold and silver rupees of the same weight and fineness. The new silver rupees were declared the sole legal tender throughout India; but the gold rupees were allowed to pass current and be received at the public treasuries at their market value in silver. By this Act silver rupees were for the first time made the sole legal tender throughout India.

The great gold discoveries in 1848 and 1849 seemed likely to cause a great fall in the value of gold, and Holland, in a moment of undue panic, hastily demonetised gold, which it repented of afterwards, and retraced its steps.

Lord Dalhousie took the same alarm, and in the last week of 1852 he suddenly issued a notification that no gold coin of any sort should be received at the public treasuries after January 1, 1853. By this unfortunate action gold was totally demonetised in India. It has been estimated that, in consequence of this notification, £120,000,000 of gold coin at once disappeared from circulation, and was hoarded away, and this astounding *coup de finance* has been the cause of all the monetary troubles of India, and for forty-five years we have been repenting at leisure.

The demonetisation of gold by Lord Dalhousie was soon felt to be



a disastrous error, and a strong feeling grew up in favour of its restoration. The Chamber of Commerce of Bengal memorialised the Viceroy in 1859. But in 1864 a far more powerful movement was made. The Chambers of Commerce of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras took the lead. Other associations and officials of the highest rank joined in it. They unanimously addressed the Viceroy to memorialise the Home Government to consent to the restoration of the gold currency.

The Government appointed Commissioners to collect evidence on this important subject throughout India. This evidence was published in a Parliamentary Paper on February 28, 1865, under the title, "East India Gold Currency." Of course it is impossible to give an analysis of this voluminous paper here. But I have given an abstract of it in my "Bimetallism." And no one can give an opinion on this intricate question of any worth who does not carefully study this Parliamentary Paper. I may, however, state in a few words its general effect.

Lord Dalhousie had by his notification demonetised the whole gold coinages of India. That deprived them of their character of *legal tender*, but did not prevent their private circulation by the consent of parties. Accordingly, it was proved by overwhelming evidence that sovereigns circulated to an immense extent in every part of India. The natives greatly preferred them to silver coins. The natives preferred gold so greatly that they had organised among themselves a currency of gold bars stamped by the Bombay banks as a circulating medium. Meetings were held in the great towns, attended by the bankers, merchants, and notables, and they were unanimous in demanding that the sovereign should be made the standard coin in India, because it was the coin most familiar to them, being most abundant, and almost the only one used in equalising the exchanges, and, if a gold currency were introduced, the cash balances would become much more available, and would facilitate the adoption of a paper currency.

Many of the collectors in Southern India reported that large quantities of sovereigns were in circulation in their district, and that the natives bitterly complained of the losses and inconveniences they suffered from sovereigns not being received at the public treasuries. Witnesses from Burmah testified that sovereigns were very popular in Burmah, and should be the only coins. The whole effect of the evidence was that there was a universal demand throughout India, both from British and natives, that the sovereign should be declared the standard coin.

In consequence of this powerful movement, and the vast body of evidence they had collected, the Government of India, on July 13, 1864, addressed a memorial to the Home Government, requesting

them to authorise them to declare that British and Australian sovereigns and half-sovereigns should be made *legal tender throughout the British dominions in India at the fixed ratio of 10 rupees for the sovereign.*

This proposal was pure and unadulterated bimetalism. It was made in defiance of the Minute of the Court of Directors in 1806 and the history of their own system, as the Court of Directors in 1835 had been compelled to abandon bimetalism as hopeless; and Sir Robert Peel had declared in Parliament in 1830 that a double standard was impossible.

Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State for India, at once quashed this fatuous proposal. He recognised that there was a general desire for the introduction of a gold currency into India, that the people were well acquainted with the sovereign, and that its introduction would be well received; that it would circulate freely at 10 rupees, and that it would be a great advantage to have the sovereign as the common currency of India, England, and Australia.

But he pointed out that where two metals—gold and silver—are equally legal tender, those coins of the metal which, at the relative legal rating of the two metals, is cheapest at any period are thereby constituted the currency, and the metal of which they are made becomes practically the standard at the time; and, further, a very slight difference in the relative value of the two metals may change the standard and the whole currency of a country.

A very remarkable instance of this occurred in the recent change in the circulation of France. In that country coins of gold and silver were equally legal tender. Gold coins containing one ounce of gold were legal tender for the same sum as silver coins containing  $15\frac{1}{2}$  ounces.

Before the recent discoveries of gold, an ounce of gold was worth in the markets of Europe nearly  $15\frac{3}{4}$  ounces of silver. It was, therefore, according to the relative legal rating of gold and silver, more advantageous to pay in silver than in gold. Silver coin, therefore, for many years formed the currency of France, the gold coin bearing a premium. Since the recent discoveries of gold the value relatively to silver had fallen to about 1 to  $15\frac{1}{2}$ . This difference has rendered it more advantageous to pay in gold. Gold has displaced silver, and now forms the currency and standard of France. In fact, the apparently slight change in the ratio of gold to silver from  $15\frac{3}{4}$  to  $15\frac{1}{2}$  displaced upwards of £150,000,000 of silver coin, and replaced it by an equal quantity of gold.

The very same principle applied to India. How was it possible to imagine that the sovereign could bear a fixed ratio to the rupee throughout India? Such a measure would be totally inoperative.

Sir Charles Wood therefore quashed the proposal of the Indian

Government, but said that he saw no objection to reverting to the state of matters which had prevailed for many years in India, that gold should be received into the public treasuries at a rate to be fixed by Government and publicly announced by proclamation.

Now, on this point Sir Charles Wood was mistaken. In former years gold had not been received at the public treasuries at a rate fixed by Government, but at its market value in silver.

Sir Charles Wood concluded by authorising the Indian Government to make it known that British and Australian sovereigns and half-sovereigns would be received, until further notice, at the rate of 10 rupees and 5 rupees respectively, and would be paid out again at the same rate unless objected to.

To Sir Charles Wood's innocent eyes this plan appeared entirely unexceptionable, but he was soon undeceived; his plan entirely failed. It fell absolutely stillborn! And why? *Because it was tainted with bimetalism.* It fixed the price of the sovereign at 10 rupees when the current market value of the rupee was several annas higher. Nobody paid rupees into the treasuries at the rate of 10 rupees when the market price of the rupee was several annas higher, just as nobody would pay sovereigns into his banking account if his banker only gave him credit for 19s. for them. But if the sovereigns had been received at their market value, as in former times, the Government would soon have had abundance of gold in their treasuries. Thus both the plans of the Indian Government and Sir Charles Wood failed, because they were both tainted with bimetalism, which has ruined every system of coinage it has ever touched.

Now, it is somewhat remarkable that, with the example of the British coinage before him, Sir Charles Wood did not perceive that he might have accepted the proposal of the Indian Government to allow sovereigns to circulate at the rate of 10 rupees, on the condition that the mints should be closed to the free coinage of silver. If this had been done, India would have had a currency precisely similar to that of England, and all the subsequent troubles of India were caused by this strange oversight. The golden opportunity passed away, never to return.

In 1875 Mr. Hollingbery, Assistant-Secretary in the Financial Department, addressed a most able report to the Government on the consequences which the fall in the value of silver had then produced on the finances and material progress of India. At that date the price of silver had fallen to 57½d. per ounce. He urgently recommended the restoration of a gold standard, and said that £60,000,000 would be more than sufficient for the purpose. He said, with a gold currency the cost of remitting £15,000,000 sterling for home charges would never exceed the cost of sending gold from India to England, that is,  $\frac{7}{8}$  or 1 per cent., but owing to the balance of trade being



always in favour of India the Council Bills would always be at a premium, so that, instead of a loss, there would be a profit.

Mr. Hollingbery said that it was not a mere fanciful desire of change, but stern necessity, that compelled the European States to adopt a gold standard. The same principles which applied to European States also applied to India. The postponement of a change to a gold standard would not arrest the evils which were in progress from the fall in the value of silver, while the longer the change to a gold standard was delayed the more difficult and expensive, but not the less inevitable, would it be in the end.

Mr. Hollingbery's prognostications have been fully verified and intensified. When he wrote the price of silver was  $57\frac{1}{2}d.$ , the loss on exchange for the home remittances was £1,500,000; the price of silver is now  $27\frac{1}{2}d.$ , and the loss on exchange is now £8,000,000 yearly.

In 1876 the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, as the rupee continued to fall, addressed a memorial to Lord Lytton to suspend the coinage of silver. The Government replied that it would be impossible to suspend the coinage of silver *without at the same time opening the mints to the free coinage of gold as unlimited legal tender.*

So matters continued to get worse and worse for ten years, the rupee perpetually falling. In 1886 the Indian Government took up new ground. The difficulties of Indian finance were constantly increasing, and the Indian Government demanded that a determined effort should be made to settle the silver question by international agreement. They repeatedly pressed this demand, persistently alleging that the ratio between gold and silver could be fixed by international agreement. The Treasury persistently denied this. Nevertheless, several fatuous international conferences were held to see if anything could be done, but they all ended in smoke, as they were bound to do. Every sound economist knows that it is just as impossible to secure a fixed ratio between gold and silver by international agreement as for any single State to do so. It would be just as rational to appoint an international conference to square the circle or to discover perpetual motion. Both of these are known physical impossibilities. In economics it has been an equally known impossibility for 500 years by every trained economist to fix by law a ratio between gold and silver coins issued in unlimited quantities different from the ratio between the metals in bullion. It would be just as rational to suppose that because no single State could abolish the law of gravitation that an international agreement could do so.

At last, in 1893, when the value of silver continued to fall, producing continually increasing embarrassments to the Government, and it was expected that the Bland and Sherman Acts would be repealed by the United States, which was done, the Indian Government found



itself on the verge of bankruptcy, and saw that India would form the dumping ground for all the depreciated silver in the world. It then closed the mints to the free coinage of silver, and declared its resolve to restore a gold currency to India. Now, Lord Lytton's Government declared in 1876 that it was impossible to close the mints to the free coinage of silver unless at the same time the mints were opened to the free coinage of gold as unlimited legal tender. Yet the Government has allowed five years to pass away without taking a single step to restore the gold coinage, which it ought to have done simultaneously with closing the mints to the free coinage of silver. The whole of this unhappy India business is an everlasting stigma on British economic and financial statesmanship of the nineteenth century. At last, however, a committee has been appointed for the purpose of considering the best method of carrying the resolve of the Government into effect.

Nothing can be more weak than the conduct of the Indian Government since 1864. As silver continued to decline, Government after Government in Europe closed their mints to the free coinage of silver, and adopted a single gold standard—some with the greatest success; but others, though they adopted it in principle, have been impeded in their efforts by having masses of inconvertible paper money in circulation which they cannot get rid of. Besides that, the greater number of Governments throughout the world have adopted the gold standard; even Japan, which was formerly a fortress of silver, having in vain endeavoured to maintain bimetalism for ten years, and having hopelessly failed, has adopted gold as its standard. No doubt in 1806, when the Court of Directors declared in favour of silver, there were plausible reasons for doing so, because the general currency of the world at that time was silver. But in 1816 England restored her gold standard, which she had practically enjoyed from 1717 till the suspension of cash payments in 1797. Then India's chief trade was with England, and she had an immense gold currency throughout the whole of India, while silver only circulated in Northern India. Every consideration then showed that India ought to have adopted the gold standard in 1818. A high mercantile authority has said that the adoption of silver in 1818 was the most disastrous error committed by the East India Company in its whole career.

I will now endeavour to estimate the losses which India has sustained from the unfortunate attempt of the Government to introduce bimetalism since 1864. It is a fact perfectly recognised by the Indian Government that every fall of 1*d.* in the rupee necessitates additional taxation of £1,000,000 on the people of India to meet their home charges in London. That taxation now amounts to £8,000,000 a year. Without going too minutely into the calculation, the losses of the Indian

Government on that head alone since 1864 may be safely placed at at least £100,000,000.

Then two-fifths of the revenue of India are paid in rupees under contracts for terms of years.

Under this head, therefore, the Government has lost one-third of two-fifths of its revenue.

To make up for these deficiencies the Government has been obliged to lay tax after tax upon the people, so that it is now acknowledged that India is taxed up to the very limit of its endurance.

Besides that, it is known that for very many years capitalists have been deterred from investing in India because the fluctuations in exchange may sweep away all their profits. The amount of these indirect losses to India may probably be as much as the direct losses by exchange. If the exchanges were rectified by adopting a gold currency, the flow of capital from this country would be resumed, industrial enterprises would be undertaken, promoting the wealth and the prosperity of the country.

Besides all these, the suffering entailed on Indian officials is very little appreciated. My son, who is a member of and Secretary to the Legislative Council, and Legal Remembrancer—*i.e.*, Attorney-General—to the Government of the North-West Provinces, informs me that the fall of the rupee from 2s. to 1s. 4d. has caused a loss of income to him exceeding £900, and that if the rupee were fixed at 1s. 3d., which some people are clamouring for, it would be more than an additional £100. And this loss has been proportional to every Indian official from the Viceroy downwards. It is true that in some cases the Government makes a small compensation, but this compensation by no means equals the loss. He also tells me that many officials are retiring because their pensions are paid in England in sterling, and their pensions paid in sterling are better than the compensation allowed to them in India.

I am aware that a powerful party among the banking interest are strongly opposed to the restoration of a gold currency to India under the impression that it will be necessary to raise large loans in this country, which will disorganise business here. But such fears are absolutely unfounded. Not only is there an immense mass of gold in India itself—estimated by the best authorities at not less than £300,000,000—a great part of which may by proper measures be coaxed from its hiding-places, but millions of gold are imported into India every year. In a telegram from Melbourne, February 1, we read that the P. and O. steamer took £375,000 in gold for India, making the total amount recently sent more than a million. The fact is that in India itself there is many times as much gold as would be sufficient to restore the gold currency without borrowing an ounce

outside the country, so that all fears of disturbing the business of this country may be entirely dismissed as groundless.

Sir John Lubbock, an esteemed representative of the banking interest, in the February number of this REVIEW expresses a strong opinion against the restoration of the gold currency, and wishes to maintain the silver standard as more suitable to India. But, even against the high authority of Sir John Lubbock, I think we may prefer the unanimous opinion of the people of India themselves, and I have shown that in 1864 the unanimous desire of the people throughout all India was that their ancient gold currency should be restored to them, and that the sovereign should be made the standard unit.

Sir John Lubbock also seems to be incredulous that India formerly and until 1853 possessed an extensive gold currency, and asks if it was so, and if it was suitable why was it abandoned? The answer is very simple: It was abolished by the astounding and autocratic fiat of Lord Dalhousie on January 1, 1853. It is evident that Sir John Lubbock is not very well versed in the history of the currency of India, and I would respectfully request him to give a careful study to the Parliamentary Paper I have cited above, and to Mr. Hollingbery's Report to the Government in 1875.

Sir John Lubbock says that the policy of the Indian Government should be to raise the value of silver as far as possible. But however temporary measures might do this for a while, there is no possibility of bringing about a fixed par of exchange between gold and silver by such measures. Such measures could only affect the value of silver within the limits of India itself, but not in the general market of the world. It is an assured fact, proved by experience and by argument, that there is no possibility of establishing a fixed par of exchange between England and India, barring the usual fluctuations of commerce, except by adopting the same metal as the common standard measure of value in both countries, which will practically be adopting the sovereign as the common standard and unit of India and England, as the people of India unanimously desired in 1864.

The Government, therefore, having now firmly resolved to restore its ancient gold currency to India, a Committee has been appointed to devise the best method of carrying this resolve into effect. I have been for years urging the Government to restore its ancient gold currency as the only possible means by which India can be delivered from the monetary troubles which have so long afflicted her, and the Committee have requested me to submit to them a scheme for carrying their resolve into effect, which I have accordingly done. But my space is exhausted, so that I cannot enter into any details of my scheme on the present occasion.

HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD.

## GARIBALDIANS AND THE VATICAN.

ON the evening of January 21, 1899, the Garibaldians held a banquet in Rome to commemorate the battle of Dijon, in which Ricciotti had particularly distinguished himself by capturing a Prussian flag. After the banquet Ricciotti made a political speech, which developed the Garibaldian programme, otherwise that of the party of action as it would once have been called, and he ended his speech with the following words :

"It is announced that the Government intends to present a project of law to regulate the relations between Church and State. My advice would be not to raise such a question. Carried on with the opinions that have up to the present ruled the governing classes on the subject, the reopening of a similar question can only embitter men's minds and render the position still more difficult."

In conclusion he then added :

"And we may well wish that our Catholic brethren may one day find that moral peace which we, in obedience to the principle of liberty of thought, must acknowledge as their right, by securing that their religious organisations be placed beyond the control of lay power and guaranteed by the consent of the civil world."

These words, and the idea contained in them, produced the effect of a bomb thrown into the camp of the Italian democracy, and in order rightly to understand what their effect has been, and the consequences that may spring from them, I think it will be necessary, after mature reflection, to have an exact conception of the present state of mind of this our democracy.

The question raised by the words of General Ricciotti Garibaldi affects two different parties : the one, which is certainly the most numerous, consists of those who have no preconceived hostility nor



inveterate prejudice against the religious sentiment and its ancient form—which prevails up to the present day in our country—and, if they still hesitate, it is only from political motives, from the dread lest the religious idea, represented by the Roman Pontiff, might aim at undoing the unity of Italy, or thrusting her back in part under foreign rule, in part into the ancient divisions from which she has but recently issued.

This majority of the democracy, I believe, would accept with pleasure a reconciliation between Church and State. The other party, however, which is much smaller than the former, consists of people who, imbued with ancient prejudices, or perhaps bound by sectarian bonds, or perhaps belonging to some other religion inimical to Christianity, think of Italy as she is, mainly as a means of combating the Vatican, and they have for ultimate end the destruction of the Gospel, and hence for their first object that of destroying the Papacy, which is its strongest expression.

The first of these opinions, if it have the numbers, has not yet cohesion nor party organisation; it is in a state of nebula, not yet become a star; it is a latent opinion in the multitude. Over it hangs the dread, the nightmare, of being called Clericals, enemies of the country—an epithet which is instantly applied to every one who begins to speak amongst us of union between the love of country and that of religion, an epithet which still sounds ill in Italian ears because it is not long since we have come out of our struggles for the independence and unity of our country. The open development of these opinions is hindered by our ill-developed civil courage.

The other party, although much smaller, is rich in organisation and means of action and publicity, and is, without dispute, the one which makes most noise. They have not failed immediately to raise loud cries against the words pronounced by Ricciotti. They have taxed him with political ineptitude, and have invoked the threatening shadow of his father, who, like the Ghost in "Hamlet," points out to him the path he is fated to tread both by the traditions he represents and by the duties laid upon him by the blood which flows in his veins. Having spent my life in studying the political and social questions which affect my country, knowing intimately Ricciotti Garibaldi, and having had the opportunity of knowing and conversing familiarly with his illustrious father in the decline of his life, I have thought that I might rightly give my opinion on this difficult subject, and that is what I am trying to do in these pages.

And first of all, as to the sharp contradiction they wish to point out between Garibaldi's ideas and the programme of his son, it is necessary to form an exact judgment of what was the mind and the conception of Garibaldi; and a conception, with him, preceded by a very brief interval rapid execution.

Being at that time Deputy for Civita-Vecchia, I went to receive him when he came to Rome for the first time after the events of 1870. After this meeting I went to see him several times when he lived in a small villa outside the walls near Sant' Agnese; and accustomed as I am to scrutinise men in order to learn their character and the form of their genius, this is the impression he left upon me. Certainly if I tried to depict Garibaldi as a Clerical, or even only as a Catholic, it would be just as if I tried to paint a negro, of the finest tint of ebony, white. He was above all things a patriot; the greatness of our country was the fixed goal of all his desires; along with this, and before anything else, again, he was not an Intransigent; everything that struck his mind as useful to Italy he accepted immediately, leaping easily over every other consideration and treading underfoot all vulgar prejudices. The history of his life confirms this assertion.

He was an exile at Montevideo, and already illustrious from his military deeds in the New World, when Pius IX., but just elected Pope, began the Italian movement.

Garibaldi went directly to offer the Pope his sword through the Nunciature. At the head of that office there was probably then a prelate of a timid nature, unskilled in the management of political matters, as unfortunately sometimes happens, and, alarmed at the name of Garibaldi, he did not even deign to answer the generous offer, which justly much irritated the soul of the valiant warrior.

To prove that he was not Intransigent there are a thousand instances; one is enough for all: he carried out the expedition of The Thousand to the cry of "Italy and Victor Emanuel!"; and, although he was a Republican, on the banks of the Volturno he sheathed his bloody sword and placed the kingdom of Naples, conquered by him, in the hands of the proclaimed King of Italy.

From the time of the celebrated Encyclical in which Pius IX. disowned the war with Austria, down to the fall of the Temporal Power, there was open war between Garibaldi and the Papacy; and war being in itself a violent state of things, it is very difficult for even the greatest men in war time not to fall into some excess. During that period of struggle an infinite number of speeches, letters, and programmes came from Garibaldi full of violence, and certainly not corresponding with his glorious deeds. He attacked in front not only the temporal power of the Popes, but also the spiritual; he did so because he thought it was important to destroy, or at least to weaken, that power in all its forms in order to achieve the unity of Italy, which for him was always the aim; but not because he wished to combat Christianity.

When Leo XIII. ascended the Chair of Peter at the death of Pius IX., and began to explain his political programme, Garibaldi was

so crippled with rheumatism and broken down with years and sickness, that he was more of a shadow than a man, and his public action from that time to his death was almost *nil*.

Under present circumstances it is impossible to say what would be Garibaldi's attitude were he among us. But I venture to affirm that if the continual attacks made upon the Church, which if they shackle her in her action produce still greater damage to the State, had dawned upon his mind, he would not have failed to indicate to his followers at one stroke the opposite line of conduct, to the astonishment of those who consider that the spirit of his political wisdom was to remain fossilised in worn-out prejudices. If what Ricciotti has said is patriotic, if it be wise and useful policy to follow such admonitions in present circumstances, as I believe it is, let the son not doubt that the arm of his father's shade, which his recent enemies would fain use as a threat, will, instead, turn towards him with a gesture of encouragement and approbation, and the brow of the old warrior will be cleared at hearing the new and strenuous purposes of his son.

In what way should he who is son and heir of a great tradition carry it on? Ought he to remain fixed in an attitude which now belongs to history, or should he not rather explain his line of conduct—one exacted by the times, the circumstances, the present development of the idea which he represents, and the glory of the nation for which he has the honour to fight? The answer does not seem to me doubtful. As Ricciotti is heir of his father, so Napoleon III. was the legitimate representative of the Buonapartist tradition. Napoleon I., conquered at Waterloo, prisoner of the English, was allowed by them to die miserably in the island of St. Helena. Napoleon III. had scarcely attained to power when he made an alliance with England and took part in the Crimean War, and this was the brightest point of his history. No one blamed him then for having degenerated; if he had taken the other course in order to avenge the great founder of his race, had he turned against England, he would have brought his tradition, France, and himself to immediate ruin, and been called an idiot, and not the worthy upholder of his tradition.

Now it remains to be seen whether what General Ricciotti has said be opportune and patriotic. Speaking purely from the political point of view, it is necessary to make it clear that in Italy the sole form of Christianity possible is the Catholic; if we destroy it, or even diminish its efficacy as far as possible, we fall into chaos. We remove that restraint of morality and justice which is indispensable for the greatness and glory of the nation. Now, for twenty-nine years since September 20, 1870, every reason for combating the Papacy has disappeared, because its civil power has been extinct. Nevertheless during that period there has been an incessant war of petty vexations,

as General Ricciotti says; seeking, not to expel the regiment of Zouaves from the patrimony of St. Peter, which they no longer occupy, but to shackle the expansion of moral action, of the religious sentiment, with an infinite number of impediments, expelling Christianity as far as possible from the schools, and from public opinion by means of the constant effort of periodicals, which, like drops upon a stone, fall without intermission by night and by day. And so the moral bond is weakened in the masses, and a new generation has grown up free from "rotten prejudices," as they say, but free also from the highest ideals which ennoble the soul. I know the military qualities of Ricciotti, but I cannot measure his political force, and still less do I believe him to be a philosopher or a sociologist, who after long study and meditation may discover the causes of human events.

But sometimes in men of arms there is an intuition which sees with rapidity what others cannot arrive at except after a long meditation; and the keen eye of the surviving General of Dijon and Domokos may have perceived at a glance that to this cause is to be attributed in great part the ever-increasing demoralisation of our country, which has produced the recent scandals, as well as those of the almost total absence of justice in our tribunals, and of the public misery. Is it not to the absence of moral principle also that we must trace the series of infamies, the stupid assassinations, which have stained our good name abroad? After the affair of last May we have seen the feeble brain of our ruling powers answer by exaggerated repression, trying to belittle it; at the same time giving a sop to an unhealthy public opinion in a hecatomb of Catholic clubs, and trying to meet the misery which has been the great cause of these tumults by proposing fresh taxes. Ricciotti has exclaimed that it is time to stop in this mad career, has laid down his programme, and has called new forces to the front. Will he find numerous adhesions and, what is more important, willing and able followers ready to pass from programme to organisation? Or shall we remain always inert and apathetic spectators, waiting for the ruin to come? I know not; what I can say for my part is that, in those few words of programme, laid down with soldierly simplicity, I perceive the only way of safety and patriotism.

BALDASSARE ODESCALCHI.



## THE REPUBLIC OF THE BODY.

IN a discussion of this question the first necessity, of course, is as clear an understanding as may be of the meaning of the terms which we are to use, and especially of that of our central concept, disease. I say advisedly "as clear as may be," for the idea is one of notoriously difficult definition, and the attempts that have been made at it are for the most part more or less self-confessed failures. The one thing which seems to be made clear by a study of these is that the concept is in no sense an essential one, but purely relative; that the essence of disease consists, not in either the kind or the degree of the process concerned, but only in its relations to the general balance of activities of the organism, to its "resulting in discomfort, inefficiency, or danger," as one of our best-known definitions has it. Disease, then, is not absolute, but purely relative; there is no single tissue-change, no group even of changes or of symptoms, of which we can say, "this is essentially morbid, this is everywhere and at all times disease." Our attainment of any clear view of the essential nature of disease was for a long time hindered, and is even still to some degree clogged, by the standpoint from which we necessarily approached and still approach it, not for the study of the disease itself, but for the relief of its urgent symptoms. Disease presents itself as an enemy to attack, in the concrete form of a patient to be cured, and our best efforts were for centuries almost wasted in blind, and often irrational, attempts to remove symptoms in the shortest possible time, with the most powerful remedies at our disposal, often without any adequate knowledge whatever of the nature of the underlying condition whose symptoms we were combating, or any suspicion that these might be Nature's means of relief, or that "haply we should be found to fight against God." There was sadly too much truth in Voltaire's

bitter sneer, "Doctors pour drugs of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less," and I fear the sting has not entirely gone out of it even in this day of grace. And yet, relative and non-essential as all our definitions now recognise disease to be, it is far enough (God knows) from being a mere negative abstraction, a colourless "error by defect." It has a ghastly individuality and deadly concreteness, nay, even a vindictive aggressiveness, which have both fascinated and terrorised the imagination of the race in all ages. From the days of "the angel of the pestilence" to the coming of the famine and the fever as unbidden guests into the tent of Minnehaha; from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" to the plague that still "stalks abroad" in even the prosaic columns of our daily press, there has been an irresistible impression, not merely of the positiveness, but even of the personality of disease. And no clear appreciation can possibly be had of our modern and rational conceptions of disease without at least a statement of the earlier conceptions growing out of this personifying tendency. Absurd as it may seem now, it was the legitimate ancestor of modern pathogeny, and still holds well-nigh undisputed sway over the popular mind, and much more than could be desired over that of the profession. The earliest conception of disease of which we have any record is, of course, the familiar "Demon Theory." This is simply a mental magnification of the painfully personal, and even vindictive, impression produced upon the mind of the savage by the ravages of disease. And certainly we of the profession would be the last to blame him for jumping to such a conclusion. Who that has seen a fellow-being quivering and chattering in the chill-stage of a pernicious malarial seizure, or tossing and raving in the delirium of fever, or threatening to rupture his muscles and burst his eyes from their sockets in the convulsions of tetanus or uræmia, can wonder for a moment that the impression instinctively arose in the untutored mind of the Ojibwa that the sufferer was actually in the grasp, and trying to escape from the clutch, of some malicious but invisible power? And from this conception the treatment logically followed. The spirits which possessed the patient, although invisible, were supposed to be of like passions with ourselves, and to be affected by very similar influences; hence dances, terrific noises, beatings and shakings of the unfortunate victim and the administration of bitter and nauseous messes with the hope of disgusting the demon with his quarters, were the chief remedies resorted to. And while to-day such conceptions and their resultant methods are simply grounds for laughter, and we should probably resent the very suggestion that there was any connection whatever between the Demon Theory and our present practice, yet, unfortunately for our pride, the latter is not only the direct lineal, historic descendant of the former, but bears still abundant traces of its lowly origin. It will, of course, be admitted at once that

the ancestors of our profession historically, the earliest physicians, were the priest, the Shaman, and the conjurer, who even to this day in certain tribes bear the suggestive name of "Medicine Men." Indeed, this grotesque individual was neither priest nor physician, but the common ancestor of both, and of the scientist as well. And, even if the history of this actual ancestry were unknown, there are scores of curious survivals in the medical practice of this century, even of to-day, which testify to the powerful influence of this conception.

The extraordinary and disgraceful prevalence of bleeding scarcely fifty years ago, for instance; the murderous doses of calomel and other violent purges, the indiscriminate use of powerful emetics like tartar emetic and ipecac., the universal practice of starving or "reducing" fevers by a diet of slops, were all obvious survivals of the expulsion-of-the-demon theory of treatment. Their chief virtue lay in their violence and repulsiveness. Even to-day the tendency to regard mere bitterness or distastefulness as a medicinal property in itself has not entirely died out. This is the chief claim of quassia, gentian, calumba, and the "simple bitters" generally, to a place in our official lists of remedies. Even the great mineral-water fad, which continues to flourish so vigorously, owed its origin to the superstition that springs which bubbled or seethed were inhabited by spirits (of which the "troubling of the waters" in the Pool of Bethesda is a familiar illustration). The bubble and (in both senses) "infernal" taste gave them their reputation, the abundant use of pure spring water both internally and externally works the cure, assisted by the mountain air of the "Bad," and we sapiently ascribe the credit to the salts. Nine-tenths of our cells are still submarine organisms, and water is our greatest panacea.

Then came the great "humoral" or "vital fluid" theory of disease which ruled during the Middle Ages. According to this, all disease was due to the undue predominance in the body of one of the four great vital fluids—the bile, the blood, the nervous "fluid," and the lymph, and must be treated by administering the remedy which will get rid of or counteract the excess of the particular vital fluid in the system. The principal traces of this belief are the superstition of the four "temperaments," the bilious, the sanguine, the nervous, and the lymphatic, and our pet term "biliousness," so useful in explaining any obscure condition.

Last of all, in the fulness of time—and an incredibly late fulness it was—under the great pioneer Virchow, who still lives to witness its triumph, was developed the great cellular theory, a theory which has done more to put disease upon a rational basis, to substitute logic for fancy, and accurate reasoning for wild speculation than almost any discovery since the dawn of history. Its keynote simply is, that every disturbance to which the body is liable can be ultimately traced to



some disturbance or disease of the vital activities of the individual cells of which it is made up. The body is conceived of as a cell-state or cell-republic, composed of innumerable plastic citizens, and its government, both in health and disease, is emphatically a government "of the cells, by the cells, and for the cells." At first these cell-units were regarded simply as geographic sections, as it were, subdivisions of the tissues, bearing much the same relation to the whole body as the bricks of the wall do to the building, or, from a little broader view, as the Hessians of a given regiment to the entire army. They were merely the creatures of the organism as a whole, its servants who lived but to obey its commands and carry out its purposes, directed in purely arbitrary and despotic fashion by the lordly brain and nerve-ganglia, which again are directed by the mind, and that again by a still higher power. In fact, they were regarded as, so to speak, individuals without personality, mere slaves and helots under the ganglion-oligarchy which was controlled by the tyrant mind, and he but the mouthpiece of one of the Olympians. But time has changed all that, and already the triumphs of democracy have been as signal in biology as they have been in politics, and far more rapid. The sturdy little citizen-cells have steadily but surely fought their way to recognition as the controlling power of the entire body-politic, have forced the ganglion-oligarchy to admit that they are but delegates, and even the tyrant mind to concede that he rules by their sufferance alone. His power is mainly a veto, and even that may be overruled by the usual two-thirds vote. In fact, if we dared to presume to criticise this magnificent theory of disease, we would simply say that it is not "cellular" enough, that it hardly as yet sufficiently recognises the individuality, the independence, the power of initiative of the single constituent cell. It is still a little too apt to assume, because a cell has donned a uniform and fallen into line with thousands of its fellows to form a tissue in most respects of somewhat lower rank than that originally possessed by it in its free condition, that it has therefore surrendered all of its rights and become a mere thing, a lever or a cog in the great machine. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and I firmly believe that our clearest insight into and firmest grasp upon the problems of pathology will come from a recognition of the fact that, no matter how stereotyped, or toil-worn, or even degraded, the individual cells of any tissue may have become, they still retain most of the rights and privileges which they originally possessed in their free and untrammelled amœboid stage, just as in the industrial community of the world about us. And, although their industry in behalf of and devotion to the welfare of the entire organism is ever to be relied upon, and almost pathetic in its intensity, yet it has its limits, and that when these have been trans-



gressed they are as ready to "fight for their own hand," regardless of previous conventional allegiance, as ever were any of their ancestors on seashore or rivulet marge. And such rebellions are our most terrible disease-processes, cancer and sarcoma. More than this; while, perhaps, in the majority of cases the cell does yeoman service for the benefit of the body in consideration of the rations and fuel issued to it by the latter, yet in many cases we have the curious, and at first sight almost humiliating, position of the cell absorbing and digesting whatever is brought to it, and only turning over the surplus or waste to the body. It would almost seem at times as if our lordly *Ego* was living upon the waste products or leavings of certain groups of its cells.

Let us take a brief glance at the various specialisations and trade developments, so to speak, which have taken place in the different groups of cells, and see to what extent the profound modifications which many of them have undergone are consistent with their individuality and independence, and also whether such specialisation can be paralleled by actually separate and independent organisms existing in animal communities outside of the body. First of all, because farthest from the type and degraded to the lowest level, we find the great masses of tissue welded together by lime-salts, which form the foundation masses, leverage bars, and protection plates for the higher tissues of the body. Here the cells, in consideration of food, warmth, and protection guaranteed to themselves and their heirs for ever by the body-state, have, as it were, deliberately surrendered their rights of volition, of movement, and higher liberties generally, and transformed themselves into masses of inorganic material by soaking every thread of their tissues in lime-salts and burying themselves in a marble tomb. Like Esau, they have sold their birthright for a mess of "potash," and if such a class or caste could be invented in the external industrial community, the labour problem and the ever-occurring puzzle of the unemployed would be solved at once. And yet, petrified and mummified as they have become, they are still emphatically alive, and upon the preservation of a fair degree of vigour in them depends entirely the strength and resisting power of the mass in which they are embedded, and of which they form scarcely a third. Destroy the vitality of its cells, and the rocklike bone will waste away before the attack of the body-fluids like soft sandstone under the elements. Shatter it, or twist it out of place, and it will promptly repair itself, and to a remarkable degree resume its original directions and proportions.

So little is this form of change inconsistent with the preservation of individualism, that we actually find outside of the body an exactly similar process, occurring in individual and independent animals, in the familiar drama of coral-building. The coral polyp saturates itself

with the lime-salts of the sea-water, precisely as the bone-corpuscles with those of the blood and lymph, and thus protects itself in life and becomes the flying buttress of a continent in death.

In the familiar connective-tissue, or "binding-stuff," we find a process similar in kind but differing in the degree, so to speak, of its degradation.

The quivering responsiveness of the protoplasm of the amoeboid ancestral cell has transformed itself into tough, stringy bands and webs for the purpose of binding together the more delicate tissues of the body. It has retained more of its rights and privileges, and consequently possesses a greater amount of both biological and pathological initiative. In many respects purely mechanical in its function, fastening the muscles to the bones, the bones to each other, giving toughness to the great skin sheet, and swinging in hammock-like mesh the precious brain-cell or potent liver-lobule, it still possesses and exercises for the benefit of the body considerable powers of discretion and aggressive vital action. Through its activity chiefly is carried out that miracle of human physiology, the process of repair. By the transformation of its protoplasm the surplus food-materials of the times of plenty are stored away within its cell-wall against the time of stress. Whatever emergency may arise, Nature, whatever other forces she may be unable to send to the rescue, can always depend upon the connective-tissues to meet it; and, of course, as everywhere the medal of honour has its reverse side, their power for evil is as distinguished as their power for good. From their ranks are recruited the whole army of those secessions from and rebellions against the body at large—the mesoblastic tumours, from the treacherous and deadly sarcoma, or "soft cancer," to the harmless fatty tumour, as well as the tubercle, the gumma of syphilis, the interstitial fibrosis of Bright's disease. They are the sturdy farmers and ever ready "minute-men" of the cell-republic, and we find their prototype and parallel in the external world, both in material structure and degree of vitality, in the well-known sponge and its colonies.

Next in order, and, in fact, really forming a branch of the last, we find the great group of storage-tissues, the granaries or bankers of the body-politic, distinguished primarily, like the capitalist class elsewhere, by an inordinate appetite, not to say greed. They sweep into their interior all the food materials which are not absolutely necessary for the performance of the vital function of the other cells. These they form first into protoplasm, and then by a simple degenerative process it is transformed, "boiled down" as it were, into a yellow hydrocarbon which is capable of storage for practically an indefinite period. Not a very exalted function, and yet one of great importance to the welfare of the entire body, for, like the Jews of the Middle Ages, the fat-cells, possessing an extraordinary appetite for and faculty

of acquiring surplus wealth in times of plenty, can easily be robbed of it and literally sucked dry in times of scarcity by any other body-cell which happens to need it, especially by the belligerent military class of muscle-cells. In fever or famine, fat is the first element of our body-mass to disappear; so that Proudhon would seem to have some biological basis for his demand for the *per capita* division of the fortunes of millionaires. And yet, rid the fat-cell of the weight of his sordid gains, gaunt him down, as it were, like a hound for the wolf trail, and he becomes at once an active and aggressive member of the binding-stuff group, ready for the repair of a wound or the barring out of a tubercle-bacillus. And this form of specialisation has also its parallel outside of the body in one of the classes in a community of Mexican ants, whose most distinguishing feature is an enormously distended oesophagus, capable of containing nearly double the weight of the entire remainder of the body. They are neither soldiers nor labourers, but accompany the latter in their honey-gathering excursions, and as the spoils are collected they are literally packed full of the sweets by the workers. When distended to their utmost capacity they fall apparently into a semi-comatose condition, are carried into the ant-hill, and hung up by the hind legs in a specially prepared chamber, in which (we trust) enjoyable position and state they are left until their contents are needed for the purposes of the community, when they are waked up, compelled to disgorge, and resume their ordinary life activities until the next season's honey-gathering begins. It scarcely need be pointed out what an unspeakable boon to the easily discouraged and unlucky the introduction of such a class as this into the human industrial community would be, especially if this method of storage could be employed for certain liquids.

Another most important class in the cell-community is the great group of the blood-corpuscles, which in some respects appear to maintain their independence and freedom to a greater degree than almost any other class which can be found in the body. While nearly all other cells have become packed or felted together so as to form a fixed and solid tissue, these still remain entirely free and unattached. They float at large in the blood-current, much as their original ancestor, the amœba, did in the water of the stagnant ditch. And, curiously enough, the less numerous of the two great classes, the white, or leucocytes, are in appearance, structure, pseudopodic movements, and even method of engulfing food, almost exact replicas of their most primitive ancestor.

There is absolutely no apparent means of communication between the blood-corpuscles and the rest of the body, not even by the tiniest branch of the great nerve-telegraph system, and yet they are the most loyal and devoted class among all the citizens of the cell-republic.

The red ones lose their nuclei, their individuality, in order to



become mere sponges capable of saturating themselves with oxygen and carrying it to the gasping tissues. The white are the great mounted police, the sanitary patrol of the body. The moment that the alarm of injury is sounded in a part, all the vessels leading to it dilate, and their channels are crowded by swarms of the red and white hurrying to the scene. The major part of the activity of the red cells can be accounted for by the mechanism of the heart and blood-vessels. They are simply thrown there by the handful and the shovelful, as it were, like so many pebbles or bits of chalk. But the behaviour of the white cells goes far beyond this. Not only do all those normally circulating in the blood that is directed towards the injured part promptly stop and begin to scatter themselves through the underbrush and attack the foe at close quarters, but, as has been confirmed by Cabot's recent studies in leucocytosis, the moment that the red flag of fever is hoisted, or the inflammation alarm is sounded, the leucocytes come rushing out from their feeding-grounds in the tissue-interspaces, in the lymph-channels, in the great serous cavities, pour themselves into the blood-stream, like minute-men leaving the plough and thronging the highways leading towards the frontier fortress which has been attacked. Arrived at the spot, if there be little of the pomp and pageantry of war in their movements, their devotion and heroism are simply unsurpassed anywhere, even in song and story. They never think of waiting for reinforcements or for orders from headquarters. They know only one thing, and that is to fight, and when the body has brought them to the spot it has done all that is needed, like the Turkish Government when once it has got its sturdy peasantry upon the battlefield: they have not even the sense to retreat. And whether they be present in tens, or in scores, or in millions, each one hurls himself upon the toxin or bacillus which stands directly in front of him. If he can destroy the bacillus and survive, so much the better; but if not, he will simply overwhelm him by the weight of his body-mass, and be swept on through the blood-stream into the great body-sewers, with the still living bacillus literally buried in his dead body. Like Arnold Winkelried, he will gladly make his body a sheath for a score of the enemy's spears, if only his fellows can rush in through the gap that he has made. And it makes no difference whatever if the first ten or hundred or thousand are instantly mowed down by the bacillus or its deadly toxins, the rear ranks sweep forward without an instant's hesitation and pour on in a living torrent, like the Zulu impis at Rorke's Drift, until the bacilli are battered down by the sheer impact of the bodies of their assailants, or smothered under the pile of their corpses. When this has happened, in the language of the old surgeon-philosophers, "suppuration is established" and the patient is saved. And the only thing that dims our vision to the heroism and the noble self-sacrifice of this drama is that it happens



every day, and we term it prosaically "the process of repair," and expect it as a matter of course. Every wound-healing is worthy of an epic, if we would only look at it from the point of view of the citizens of our great cell-republic. Our leucocytes are the true "unsung heroes" of history. And if we were to ask the question, "Upon what does their peculiar value to the body-politic depend?" we should, I think, find that it was largely the extent to which they retained their ancestral characteristics. They are born in the lymph-nodes, which are simply little islands of tissue of embryonic type, preserved in the body solely for the purpose of breeding this primitive type of cells. They are literally the Indian police, the scavengers, the Hibernians, as it were, of the entire body. They have the roving habits and fighting instincts of the savage. They cruise about continually through the waterways and marshes of the body, looking for trouble, and, like their Hibernian descendants, wherever they see a head they hit it. They are the incarnation of the fighting spirit of our ancestors, and if it were not for their retention of this characteristic in so high a degree, many classes of our fixed-cells would not have been able to subside into such burgherlike habits. Although even here, as we shall see, it is only a question of quickness of response, for while the first bands of the enemy may be held at bay by the leucocyte cavalry, and a light attack repelled by their skirmish-line, yet when it comes to the heavy fighting of a fever-invasion, it is the slow but substantial burgherlike fixed-cells of the body who form the real infantry masses of the campaign. And I personally believe that upon the proportional relation between these primitive and civilised cells of our body-politic will depend many of the singular differences, not only in degree but also in kind, in the immunity possessed by various individuals. While some surgeons and anatomists will show a temperature from the merest scratch, and yet either never develop any serious infection or display very high resisting power in the later stages; others, again, will stand forty slight inoculations with absolute impunity, and yet, when once the leucocyte-barrier is broken down, will make apparently little resistance to a fatal systemic infection. And this, of course, is only one of a score of ways in which the leucocytes literally *pro patria moriuntur*. Our whole alimentary canal is continually patrolled by their squadrons, poured into it by the tonsils above and Peyer's patches below. If it were not for them we should probably be poisoned by the products of our own digestive processes, and it is only when the toxic processes taking place in the alimentary canal have gotten beyond the supply power of the patches of Peyer that we get the phenomena of that often fatal drama, typhoid fever.

If, then, the cells of the body-republic retain so much of their independence and individuality in health, does it not seem highly probable that they do also in disease? This is known to be the case

already in many morbid processes, and their number is being added to every day. The normal activities of any cell carried to excess may constitute disease, by disturbing the balance of the organism. Nay, most disease-processes on careful examination are found to be at bottom vital, often normal to the cells concerned in them. The great normal divisions of labour are paralleled by the great processes of degeneration into fat, fibrous tissue, and bone or chalk. A vital chemical change which would be perfectly healthy in one tissue or organ, in another is fatal.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred any group of cells acts loyally in the interests of the body; once in a hundred some group acts against them, and for its own, and disease is the result. There is a perpetual struggle for survival going on between the different tissues and organs of the body. Like all other free competition, as a rule, it inures enormously to the benefit of the body-whole. Exceptionally, however, it fails to do so, and behold disease. This struggle and turmoil is not only necessary to life—it is life. Out of the varying chances of its warfare is born that incessant ebb and flow of change, that inability to reach an equilibrium which we term "vitality." The course of life, like that of a flying express train, is not a perfectly straight line, but an oscillating series of concentric curves. Without these oscillations movement could not be. Exaggerate one of them unduly, or fail to rectify it by a rebound oscillation, and you have disease.

Or it is like the children's game of shuttlecock. So long as the flying shuttle keeps moving in its restless course to and fro, life is. A single stop is death. The very same blow which, rightly placed, sends it like an arrow to the safe centre of the opposing racket, if it fall obliquely, or even with too great or too little force, drives it perilously wide of its mark. It can only recover the safe track by a sudden and often violent lunge of the opposing racket. The straight course is life, the tangent disease, the saving lunge recovery.

One and the same force produces all.

In the millions of tiny blows dealt every minute in our body-battle, what wonder if some go wide of the mark!

WOODS HUTCHINSON.

## BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

THE consolidation of our Indian Empire has always depended upon a class of statesmen whose cool temper and prompt action when dangers lowered were only equalled by their policy of conciliation after the conquests and cessions. Hastings and Elphinstone among Indian civilians, Munro and Malcolm as soldier-governors, belong to this school: it was they who settled that the natives should retain their own laws and customs, and that the British rulers should adapt their system to the slow-changing conditions of Indian society. To the same temper was due Sir William Gatacre's undoubted success in controlling the plague in Bombay: he was careful of the feelings of the various castes. As a rule, this peculiar talent of swaying the darker races by moving on the lines of least resistance results from a real knowledge of the people and their languages. A recent example in a region far more secluded from public opinion has shown the brilliant effects of these qualities: Wisdom is justified of all her children. In days of yore the fertile islands of the Malasian seas were scourged by the intrigues and rapacity of the trading nations of Europe. But in agreeable contrast we have seen last year in Borneo how a rebellion may be ended without bloodshed and a fresh territory acquired without ill-will by using cool forbearance and quiet negotiation. As many people are unaware that a British State exists in Borneo, these interesting events have caused little stir.

It seems that the British North Borneo Company and the Sultan of Brunei made claims for unlawful raids on each other's territory. The affair began when a chief named Mat Saleh gathered armed men to resist the Company; several were slain, and he retreated to the wilds. The local officers set a price on his head, and were planning a campaign. The London directors, however, have a policy which their chairman,

Mr. R. B. Martin, M.P., has called the use of lawful, quiet, and peaceable methods; to use his own words, every consideration must be given to the treatment of natives, and they cannot be treated as rebels simply because they do not fall in with European ideas, but, like offending children, they must be persuaded into the right way. Among the directors for whom he spoke is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel, whose cannon had been heard long ago in the rivers of Sarawak, silencing the pirate flotillas that used to endanger Sir James Brooke's infant State. Another who has spent many years in Borneo is Mr. William Cowie. This gentleman, the hero of the tale, was sent back to quiet the disturbed country. He showed the pluck usually found in John Bull, but happily allied with the patience and caution of his Scottish race. Refusing to let the rebel be attacked in his fastness in the forest, he went alone to meet him. Declining the proffered escort of blue-jackets and civil servants, he walked through the fields with the rebel's relations, who all carried murderous knives. Reaching the encampment, Mr. Cowie found himself confronted with a savage-looking band of 300 armed raiders. "This motley group divided, and from the human avenue thus created leisurely emerged a Bornean of striking appearance. He was dressed in gold cap, smart green embroidered tunic, and Sooloo embroidered trousers, with red waistcoat. He wore no arms. His manner and appearance made me aware that I was face to face with the Rob Roy of British North Borneo, whom I at once saluted." Mr. Cowie's first demand was for submission, and this was met, of course, with the story of grievances, which in the East are often soothed by getting a patient listener. Then followed a long desultory talk, during which they smoked several Borneo State cigars; the conditions of surrender were settled, and before the director started back to his boat he had given the warm-hearted rebel hopes of being made the headman of a district. That same evening the latter sent his spear and sword, which Mr. Cowie returned with a gracious message of trust that they would now be used in the service of the Company, and not against it. A few days afterwards Mat Saleh came to the ceremony of hoisting the flag over the country just acquired by treaty of friendship with the Brunei Sultan. With his own hands he hauled it up, and after a friendly good-bye he went home in the odour of sanctity, with a written safe-conduct. Mr. Cowie himself believes in firmness as well as kindness; and as many writers have dilated on the revengeful Malay, I must quote his opinion of his tractable adversary. When thanked by the shareholders, he said:

"I like the man: he seems honourable, high-spirited, and inclined to be pretentious; but we are all occasionally in that humour. He had myself first, then the Governor, three officers and myself, afterwards in his power. Yet he did not revenge himself upon us, which proves he is not the blood-



thirsty villain he has been depicted, and if properly handled, he may be made a very valuable servant."

The Dutch have found the advantage of this amiable policy, after painful experience of the high-handed methods of their East India Company. The same overbearing behaviour seems in older times to have made the English merchants as much hated as the Dutch and Portuguese, and to have ruined our earlier factories in Borneo. To those who care for colonial expansion and the proper treatment of subject races, the picturesque events of Mr. Cowie's diary have a deeper meaning, which comes into clearer light when we examine the analogy between his Company and that famous Corporation which within living memory ruled India—I mean the Hon. East India Company.

The comparison is plausible, and has often been suggested. Both these bodies politic were called into being by Charters of the Crown; both came under the law of Parliament. Both acquire territory, and exercise the ordinary powers of governments, hoist their own flags, and mint their own coins. In each case the directors appoint to the Civil Service, but the choice of a Governor must be approved by Ministers. Both institutions have a commercial side, the capital is joint-stock, and the shareholders look for dividends. The courts of the Borneo Company are held almost on the site of the old India House in the City of London, and it is always to remain British in character and domicile. The charter also declares a policy long enforced in India. Slavery is to cease, religions are to be let alone, justice must pay careful regard to the customs of the tribe or nation. The Secretary of State takes the place of the Board of Control; and disputes with the Sultans of Brunei and Sooloo, and dealings with any foreign Powers come under his view. All these conditions show that the two Companies have much the same outward mould and form.

There is, moreover, an historic continuity, the result of the vast spread of the East India Company's domains in Asia. When Adam Smith attacked its mercantile system in his "Wealth of Nations," the Company was, according to Mr. Thorold Rogers, the most brilliant thing the world had ever witnessed. For several centuries it was the greatest institution in the City of London. It influenced political parties and foreign policy. Starting in 1600, it was older than the Bank of England. It monopolised India till 1814; it kept its grip on China and the tea trade till 1834; and even then, when its commercial side was wholly abolished and its shareholders changed into fixed annuitants of the State, it continued, at the request of Ministers, to be the direct instrument for governing India till 1859, accepting the duty from patriotic motives. The only visible sign of this long supremacy is the coat-of-arms on a corner in Leadenhall Street,

hardly noticed by the busy merchants and shippers who pass that way. But in England nothing wholly dies out; and to the Anglo-Indian, musing in the heart of the City, it is pleasant to reflect that British enterprise is again resorting to the very earliest trading-grounds of the great company—the Malay islands, where spices grow. We had many factories in Borneo, Java, and Celebes in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.; we kept them by fits and starts. Bencoolen was the Presidency of Fort Marlborough till 1802, and was kept up till 1824, when Great Britain ceded Sumatra to the Dutch in return for Malacca and the Malay Peninsula. In 1762 a chief and council were settled on the island of Balambangan, now part of the North Borneo State; and when driven out by the Sooloo sea-rovers in 1775, they moved to Labuan, which island, abandoned in 1803, was made a Crown Colony in 1846. Our conquest of Java brought all Netherlands India under our sway from 1811 to 1816, and our flag waved once more at Banjermassin, the Venice of the East, the largest town of Borneo, near the diamond fields and still the centre of Dutch power. Three years after Sir Stamford Raffles gave back Java he founded Singapore for the East India Company, and a great trade from Borneo in native craft left Malacca for the new free port. British influence was more directly felt when Sir James Brooke appeared at Brunei and established himself as Raja of what has become the protected State of Sarawak. But as long ago as 1775 we find Mr. John Jesse, of the Balambangan factory, making an alliance with the now protected State of Brunei; and there is extant an excellent chart of the North Borneo coast engraved in 1763, with printed directions about the splendid bays, where, besides many sorts of timber, cargoes might be got of other rich products, such as edible birds'-nests, beeswax, lacka-wood, dammer, cloves, pepper, camphor, and cinnamon. The writer was told by the natives that at some place near Sandakan, the capital of North Borneo, there was plenty of fine gold, soft as wax. I find all this in the annals of Mr. Dalrymple; and in a report of 1839, by Lieutenant Newbold, on Malacca trade, all these exports, as well as diamonds, antimony, mother-of-pearl, and tobacco, appear. Borneo was then sending out gold dust valued at £500,000 sterling every year, but chiefly from the Montrado mines, on the Dutch west coast, where, in Raffles's times, 32,000 Chinese were at work and remitting to their families in China about £153,000 in fine gold. Dalrymple's close researches were caused by an historic parallel. Strange to say, the territory of North Borneo once belonged to the East India Company. It was ceded in 1763 by the chief of the Sooloo Islands, because when an expedition from Madras captured Manila in that year we freed him from a Spanish prison-house and restored him to his throne. This solemn treaty gives much colour to the view that without the East India Company

the State of North Borneo had not been, since "each new thing strikes root into a far fore-time," as Matthew Arnold sings.

Yet as in any true picture there are lights and shades, so in the new order of things we find contrasts as well as resemblances. The times were not ripe for taking advantage of this old cession, though the factors at Balambangan wished to migrate to Maruda Bay; and when Sir S. Raffles cast longing eyes on the rich and fertile country, he foresaw, with a statesman's insight, that a commercial settlement would fail where a territorial government might succeed. This last the Court of Directors did not want; neither were their servants in the far eastern islands fit for such responsibility. They had come for pepper, not for dominion. Mr. John Jesse, dating from Borneo Proper, as Brunei was called of old, tells the directors that, as a return for protecting this Sultanate against its pirate neighbours, he had obtained "the exclusive trade of the pepper, binding them to oblige all their dependents to make plantations," and he goes on to express the pious opinion that by shutting out all other buyers he would get the pepper at his own price. This system was copied from the Dutch, who had pressed it at all cost of wars with their English rivals and the native princes. We take an instance from the amusing log-book of Captain John Saris, commander of the eighth voyage of our own Company. Laden with the costly goods of Coromandel, in the year 1612 he came

"sailing from Bengala to the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs."

These places are the natural haunts of the clove, and the tree that yields nutmeg and mace had been brought from New Guinea to those shores, which Saris found bristling with Dutch forts and guardships. He was soon descried dealing with the natives, and promptly boarded by a *Doctor en Droit*, who warned him to leave off. The Dutch had obtained from the king of Ternate what Mr. George Ball, our President in Java at that time, styles a pretended contract for the defence of his countries, and for their spices and for all trade whatsoever. In the long run their dogged enmity drove the English Company out of the field, to settle itself more firmly on the Indian continent. Both nations had begun by valiantly contesting the claim of Philip the Second to sole lordship over the Indian Ocean and the route round the Cape. They declared the high seas to be *mare liberum*; and as good Protestants they scoffed at Papal Bulls. But in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts the merchant adventurers of London and Amsterdam shrank from risking their capital in any foreign trade without such guarantee of high profits as monopoly confers. The first charter, granted by Elizabeth to the men who met the Lord Mayor in the Founders' Room, made them freemen of a mere close



City company, to whom, together with their sons on coming of age, their apprentices, servants, and factors, was assured the whole trade "in all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, beyond the Cape of Good Hope to the Straits of Magellan." The exclusion of outsiders lasted without much change till well into the present century. Statesmen like Raffles, thoughtful historians like Crawford, the Resident at Macassar, marked the rapid rise of Penang and Singapore, and urged that it was only free private trading which could turn a small haven into a great city. But they and even Brooke were in advance of their time; and the express article of the North Borneo Charter which forbids any general monopoly of trade would have startled the East Indian directors. The Borneo Company steadily refrains from using its power "to deal in merchandise," so the private trader is safe from Government competition, a liberal policy declared by Governor Treacher at least a dozen years ago, and the very contrary of the sentiments expressed at the India House in the long debates in 1833 about the China trade. The new departure avoids the jealousy of the great world of commerce, which, both in Parliament and outside, harassed the Indian Company from its birth till its close. It is the only means of attracting capital to North Borneo, a fertile soil, which, however, without capital it is impossible to work. The area is wide—as large as Ireland—and the products far too many for any one concern. All experience has proved that a governing company makes a bad trader; while every Indian officer knows well that revenue from land is the greatest asset, and by giving inducements to private capital may be increased by leaps and bounds. There can be no doubt that in starting abreast of the economics of the present day, this Borneo Company has understood the best interest of the shareholders. Penang, Singapore, and Hongkong are flourishing results of the system, so is Sarawak; and, in my judgment, the real parallel is Burma, a province where I served for some years, and which in climate, products, and peoples may roughly be compared to Borneo. Burma is a territorial government, which more than pays its expenses out of land, forests, mines, fisheries, customs, excise, and stamps. The officials foster private trade; the State refrains from competing, and the ordinary boons of law and order, courts and security, bring vast capital into the country from India, Europe, and China. To this cause we impute the ocean-going steamers, the river flotillas, the banks and warehouses, the planting and mining operations, besides other outward and visible signs of prosperity, which catch the eye as surely as the golden spires of the pagodas rising high in air.

Until recent times the policy of the East India Company was quite the opposite. It was to exclude other traders and, by means of ill-paid factors, to earn large profits by buying and selling, under the



favour and protection of the native prince, Indian or Malay. The directors were at times forced to acquire territory, as in 1689 at Madras, when they style themselves a sovereign State in India, and explain their choice of a Mr. Higginson to be the Second Member of Council there, "knowing him to be a man of learning, and competently well read in ancient histories of the Greeks and Latins, which with a good stock of natural parts only can render a man fit for government and political science, martial prudence, and other requisites for ruling over a great city." Science was hardly necessary, they wrote, "when we were in the state of mere trading merchants." But the view of things taken in this letter was exceptional; as, almost a century later, and even twelve years after the victory of Plassy had made us rulers of Bengal, we find Governor Verelst complaining that to act as mere merchants making immediate gain our first principle, indifferent to the welfare of the millions, was "highly injurious to our national character, dangerous to the best-defended establishment, and absolutely bordering on inhumanity."

In India, as the Company often argued in Parliament, nearly every place had a Raja of its own; the factories got mixed up in their quarrels, and having no safeguarding frontiers, were put to great expense of armies and forts. Whereas the North Borneo State is bounded on two sides by the sea; and its landward neighbours are the peaceful Dutch and protected Brunei. Our royal navy knows the bays and rivers, has acted when required against the pirates, and was ready to help Mr. Cowie in the matter of Mat Saleh. The inland districts are under a civil service, three sessions judges, a few residents, and a dozen magistrates, who use the Indian Penal Code and laws of procedure, and also look after the land revenue and settlement. Their varied work is substantially the same as our Indian Civil servants do in Burma, and of the same character as that done by the Bengal civilians when Raffles was Governor of Java, or by the Dutch residents there or in Borneo now. No greater contrast can be drawn than between such a set of officers and the East Indian Company's older servants in those parts. When a trading voyage meant fighting with the Dutch or Portuguese, and the risks from piracy and treacherous princes were endless, the commander was often a man of the stamp of Drake or Raleigh, and sometimes received an admiral's commission. Those bold captains who did the Company's business on the great waters had more to face than tropic storms and calms. But each well-armed ship carried several merchants and factors, who were dropped at places like Acheen or Bantam or Succadana, where the commander could get the Malay prince to let him have a dwelling and a warehouse. These made the factory, where the main business was to sell English cloth and iron, and send home cargoes of spice, especially pepper. This commodity was, indeed, the

*causa causans* of the English Company, who were roused to petition Queen Elizabeth for a charter on finding what profit the Amsterdam merchants were making out of their monopoly, when they put the price up from three to eight shillings a pound. For a very long time pepper and cloves made an international question, and caused great bloodshed in those distant islands. Writers on commerce explain that in old times the luxurious classes had a wonderful appetite for spiced foods and drinks, which matched with fine linen and gorgeous apparel, being too costly for the common people. Tea was little used, coffee was then unknown, and tobacco, which now yields handsome profits in North Borneo, was banned by proclamations of that pedantic noodle, King James I. It was for pepper we protected Brunei, and our presidency at Bencoolen was founded on pepper. When Captain Saris was at Bantam he attended to the weighing by the king's beam. He "appoints the merchants to hasten the milling thereof," and is told by a Chinese broker, that as the natives knew he wanted to fill with pepper they would doubtless raise the price. For making good bargains the London merchants needed sharp business men; and to this desire I would impute their resisting Court influence, resolving "not to employ gentlemen in any place of charge," and petitioning the Virgin Queen "to be allowed to sort their businesse with men of their own qualitie, lest the suspicion of employment of gentlemen being taken hold upon by the generalitie, do dryve a great number of the adventurers to withdraw their contributions." Clearly they did not mean to find salaries for the "gangrel bodies" and "ne'er-do-weels" of the titled classes. The pepper merchants were men of a humbler training, but full of pluck and enterprise. We very soon find them, with Captain Larkyn of the *Darling*, buying Bornean diamonds, gold dust, and bezoar stones, which were offered them in great plenty at the ports of that coast, Succadana, Sambas, and Banjermassin. A jeweller was taken by two of them to start a factory at Landak; but they found themselves opposed by "a thousand Dyokes who live in the rivers, to take off the heads of all they can overcome," as they do still in North Borneo, or at least did in 1887, when Mr. Daly, of the Civil Service, got them to promise some reform of this restraint of traffic. The Queen of Succadana, however, in 1607, decreed for free trade, and opened her port.

Some of the letters of this factory have been preserved. In 1618 a Mr. George Cockayne is found longing for a ship to take him home, which was never to be, as the Chinese soon murdered him. He reveals his discontent and despair. The money sent from Bantam was too small a capital. The stock, made up of cloth, copper, iron, and lead, was not enough. "Through that lewd and base fellow Greete this factory hath been in disgrace; that rascal Collins has done the like"—which was keeping false accounts. Cockayne pinned his

faith on Mr. George Ball, the President at Bantam. But being suspected of dishonesty, this highest servant was sent home a prisoner, thrown into the Compter, and brought before the Star Chamber to make him disgorge; that court fined him £2000. There are many signs that these commercial servants lived unwisely; and some of them had no capacity to understand the natives. Cockayne sees that the factory men ought to know the language of the kings—he styles them beggarly kings. The insolence of which this phrase is a sign led in 1706 to the Banjermassin factory being ruined and some of the merchants killed by the Sultan of that city. Historians are agreed that, great as were the profits of the early voyages, the Company's endeavours in the Malay islands were, on the whole, beneficial neither to itself nor the people. It is well, therefore, that the North Borneo State has started with other aims and with another class of men.

There are brokers on the Stock Exchange who used to deal in East India  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Stock. That high rate was fixed by Parliament in 1834; the capital to be redeemed in 1874 at £100 for each five guineas of interest. Whether the long patience of the Borneo shareholders will meet with such reward is a question for the future. Success will apparently depend upon two different kinds of good management. North Borneo is both a landed estate, to be developed chiefly by private capital subscribed in the City by persons interested in planting and mining, and a territory with a scanty population, for whose good government the Company is responsible to Crown and Parliament. Coal is mined, tobacco last year returned high profit, gold is being sought, and the forest is worked for timber. The railway begun to connect Sandakan with a haven opposite Labuan will open up much country, and it is hoped will be as successful as those in Burma and the Straits Settlements. The other rich products, which the old merchants noted, are valuable royalties, and command high prices in China and Europe. The climate seems favourable for coffee and tea, and doubtless every chance of gain will be seized by the hardworking Chinese, who for centuries have overflowed into the Malay islands, and were found at Brunei by the earliest navigators, as we read in the pages of the great Dutch historian Veth. There are enormous natural resources which are slowly being exploited by capital from London and Amsterdam. What Alexander Hare, the friend of Raffles, did near Banjermassin with his little Javan colony may surely be repeated a thousandfold by a great company. To quote the Dutch writer: "Suddenly we saw in an unpeopled district the rise of villages and the planting of coffee and pepper gardens, and even a ship-building yard was started, where in a short time a first-rate merchant vessel was built." Given a good government, all this and far more should be witnessed in North Borneo. What, then, is the position of the Company as a State? Its frontiers are all that need be wished.



Its harbours offer hospitality to the royal navy. Were occasion to arise, it could doubtless borrow the services of a regiment from Singapore or India, and thus avoid heavy expenses burdensome to a new colony. As population and wealth enlarge, bigger establishments are inevitable, but in the meantime the taxation can be kept light, and much store of knowledge may be gathered about the customs of the tribes. The rights of the people in the land should be ascertained to avoid such mistakes of the facts as Lord Cornwallis made in Bengal, or such doubtful reforms as Raffles introduced into Java. It seems the better opinion that the Dutch Governor, Van der Bosch, was right in restoring the collective village system of land ownership in place of individual peasant proprietorship, which we brought from India. Questions are sure to arise among the wilder tribes about their rights in the forests and wastes, which much interfere with State regulation of timber-growing areas. A tall tree falls, is hard to move, becomes rotten, and is easily set on fire by any careless passer-by. Every tree along its length is scorched, and at night, as he sees the serpentine lines of fire blazing over the hills, the aggrieved forest officer reflects: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" He gets penal rules made and sets the police to work. As sentences multiply, discontent spreads; and perhaps a rising of the wandering occupants of the jungles gives a new meaning to the holy text. Like the beautiful birds of the country, those commoners of air, or the abounding monkeys, the fruits and berries are their birthright, as John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey. This is only one instance of the need of caution as well as foresight. All that can be done is to take the safe middle line, recognising the uses to which the people put the forest, restraining the abuses. As wealth increases and the tribes settle down, the directors will doubtless march with the times, to humour the standing British suspicion of our administration of Oriental countries. State trials and royal commissions swallow up dividends; in the East it is easy to find men of M. de Beaurepaire's stamp ready to work up any spite or scandal. The purity of Sir S. Raffles's motives in Java was, we remember, attacked by the general in command of our troops. The massacre of Europeans by the Chinese at Sarawak is believed to have had one cause in the trial of Sir James Brooke, by order of Lord Aberdeen, for inhuman and illegal acts. In both cases the result was acquittal; but the scars lasted for the rest of two noble lives. Such blundering will go on till the end of things, and Time, the ultimate judge, in pronouncing the verdict, will repeat: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

JOHN JARDINE.



## THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

A WRITER in this REVIEW last month treated of the Irish University Question chiefly from the religious point of view, discussing whether proposed changes would benefit or injure Protestantism or the Roman Church. It may also be treated from the political point of view, or it may be inquired how Trinity College would be affected. But I hope that sight may not be lost of the interests of education and of the prosperity of Ireland generally. Looking from the latter point of view, I feel that the measure proposed by Mr. Balfour would work evils infinitely greater than any which he hopes to cure. Taking under his patronage a proposal made a year ago by Archbishop Walsh, he recommends the establishment of three sectarian universities, at which it is supposed Protestants cannot complain, because two of these universities are to be Protestant and only one Roman Catholic. I will not delay to explain how the carrying out of this scheme would inevitably tend to kill the higher education in Ireland, because it does not need much explanation to show its effects on the general prosperity of the country. Ireland has suffered severely from internal dissensions, and nothing could more conduce to its prosperity than if its inhabitants of various creeds could be early brought to know and respect each other through working together harmoniously in common pursuits. And nothing more opposed to its true interests could be devised than a scheme for ranging its inhabitants, from an early period of their education, in separate camps, regarding each other with mutual distrust, striving to keep alive ancient hatreds, and studying their national history mainly in order that it may not be forgotten what wrongs the ancestors of each had in former days inflicted on the other.

All that can be said is that, if the scheme is carried out of erecting

three temples to the demon of religious strife, we in Trinity College will resist the planting of one of them here. We made our choice in 1873 and do not repent of it. Though ours was originally a Protestant foundation, intended mainly for the supply of clergy to the then Established Church, yet more than a hundred years ago we removed all religious restrictions on graduation. I have cause to remember how much beforehand we were with the English universities in taking this step, for my friend, the late eminent mathematician Professor Sylvester, came over to us for a degree which, being a Jew, he could not at that time obtain in Cambridge. The admission of students of other religions had the necessary consequence that such students were not compelled to take part in any religious observances of which their conscience disapproved. In those days Roman Catholics had not discovered that they incurred danger to their faith from taking advantage of the education offered them, and when the judicial bench was opened to them we were for a long time able to boast that almost all the Roman Catholic judges had been educated at Trinity College. As far as the Acts of the Legislature permitted, all honours and prizes were thrown completely open, and through the pressure put by Trinity College on an unwilling Ministry, Parliament, in 1873, removed all religious tests from the election of Fellows and Scholars. We are prepared to resist a change in our present system. When a vacancy in our teaching staff arises, we desire to fill it with the best man in his department that can be had, and we do not covet the privilege of making inquiry into the religious opinions of candidates so as to gain the power of rejecting the ablest man, if he should be in our opinion heterodox. All that we require of any member of our teaching staff is that he should not tamper with the religious convictions of any of his pupils. Therefore, if there is to be a Roman Catholic University, balanced by two Protestant ones, we refuse to be one of the two Protestant.

The Roman Catholic University will no doubt at its first creation have both its governing and its teaching body predominantly, if not exclusively, Roman Catholic; but provision will also be demanded that, as vacancies arise, they shall be so filled up that the distinctively religious character of the institution shall remain unaltered. Trinity College, on the other hand, has now but few Roman Catholics, simply because their bishops have, since the time that all religious disabilities were removed, used every effort to keep away from us any of their flock whom they can influence, with the curious result that the number of Roman Catholic matriculations began to fall off as soon as the highest places in the university were thrown open to them. These bishops now completely ignore all that has been done during the last hundred years to throw Trinity College completely open; but to speak of it as being now as exclusive as it was at its first foundation is as

gross a misrepresentation as if the nobles in France were spoken of as possessing the same privileges now that they did before 1789. And it is a gross misrepresentation also that they should deny that a door is open, because they themselves stand in front of it thrusting away every one who desires to enter. But if the ecclesiastical authorities should think it wise to adopt a different policy, Trinity College is completely open to capture by them.

Instruction in all the older branches of learning is given by the Fellows, who are all chosen by competitive examination open to all without distinction of creed. A Fellow, once elected, cannot be removed, except for legally proved inefficiency or misconduct, and he rises in due course, by seniority, to a place on the governing body. Much may be said against the method of choosing teachers by competitive examination; but when the candidates are all young men who have not had time to prove their ability by published work, it is not easy to devise a better plan. It has at least the merit that it offers no rewards for canvassing or puffing, and that every one has confidence in its impartiality.

In the newer subjects, knowledge of which cannot be so well tested by examination, and where candidates are usually persons who have had other ways of giving proof of their efficiency, the nomination of Professors is made not by the governing body, but by an elected council, representing Fellows and Professors as well as the non-teaching members of the senate. Thus, though the majority of our teaching staff is at present Protestant, there is not the least security that it will remain so, and we are, as Mr. Balfour has pointed out, completely open to capture.

I am not at all alarmed at this prospect, but not because I think it unlikely to be realised. I have a higher opinion of the ability of my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen than seems to be entertained by their own bishops. There is no reason why Roman Catholics should not have among them as large a proportion of men of ability as Protestants, and they have in the Jesuits as good instructors as any in the world, who, if they have not hitherto had inducement to bring up their cultivation either of classics or mathematics to the very highest standard, are quite capable of doing so. Though our Roman Catholic students are at present not even one-tenth of the entire number of our students, yet of the twenty-one Fellows elected since 1873 two have been Roman Catholic,\* which is quite their fair proportion. And when the Roman Catholic bishops have either got a university completely under their own control, or abandon hope or getting one, there will be no political motive for pretending that

\* Three more are Protestants, not members of our Church. There are two or three more whose religious views I do not know, having never thought it my business to inquire. In fact it was only since I began to write this article that I learned that the Fellow we elected nine months ago is a Presbyterian.



Roman Catholics cannot get their education here with as little injury to their faith as they can do with full ecclesiastical permission at Oxford. Instead of boycotting this place they are likely then to set themselves to capture it, and have it quite in their power to do so more or less completely.

But the reason that we are not alarmed at this prospect is that, though we object strongly to having nominees placed on our teaching staff or on our governing body *because* of their religion, yet if men win their way there because they are the most likely to do useful work for us we gladly welcome them. We are no more distressed at this kind of capture than our cricket club was three or four years ago when it was found that six or seven of their first eleven were Roman Catholics. They fancied that it was they who had captured the good cricketers, and not the good cricketers who had captured them. But I fear this was because the young men care more about the success of their games than their seniors do about the interests of science and literature. Nor do we shrink from the necessary consequence that Roman Catholics admitted on the teaching staff will also acquire the right to sit on the governing body, of which in course of time they may even form the majority. But my answer is the same as before. We object to having any person nominated on the governing body because of his religion; for such a person would be likely, in his rule of the University, to make it his chief object to justify his position by satisfying the demands of those who had placed him in it. But if he wins his own way to it by eminence in any department of our studies he is likely to be an independent man, whose chief interests will be in the advancement of the studies by which he has gained distinction. Thus it will be understood what I mean by saying that Trinity College will not consent to become Protestant in the sense that Mr. Balfour's new University will be Roman Catholic.

I do not think that Mr. Balfour will be successful in finding his second Protestant University in the north. I have no authority to express the views of Presbyterians; but I believe that the professors of the Belfast college entirely sympathise with the views I have expressed, and have no desire to have a denominational mark put upon their institution either in title or in fact. Possibly it may be otherwise with the less educated Presbyterians, who seem to show an increasing tendency to drag the question of Presbyterian or non-Presbyterian into matters with which religion has no concern. But, however our northern friends may love Presbyterianism, I am inclined to think that they hate the Pope more, and that, however agreeable to them might be the gift of a Presbyterian University, they will hesitate to accept it when it is plainly offered them as a bribe to make no opposition to the much bigger gift of a Roman Catholic



University. If it is proposed to deal on anything like equal terms with the two, I shall like to hear what the Chancellor of the Exchequer will say.

If the Belfast teaching staff desire any change, I suspect that it is not in any denominational interest but in that of unsectarianism. Belfast College may be described as demi-sectarian. Its professors have not to subscribe any religious test, but they are all Government nominees; and the Government, however honestly desirous to choose well-qualified persons, is liable to be influenced in its selection by political and religious considerations. When it desires to act most fairly, it settles beforehand what shall be the proportion of religions among the professors: a rule generally followed when appointments are made by a mixed Board. The result is that in filling up a vacancy, the question is not, who is the ablest candidate, but what religion is he of? It is all alike whether the ablest man is excluded because he does not belong to a favoured religion, or because too many of his religion are on the staff already. On this system, unless two vacancies occur together, an outgoing professor must always be succeeded by one of the same religion, else the proportion of religions would be disturbed. I fancy that the change that Belfast College most desires is that the teaching staff should have some voice in the selection of their fellow-workers, in order that the choice may be made in the interests of literature and science unbiased by extraneous considerations. There is, indeed, another matter of which the Queen's College may justly complain, but it will be more conveniently spoken of under another head.

When it is asked what danger to their faith do Roman Catholics incur by coming to a university so completely unsectarian as ours, the answer given is that it is on account of our "atmosphere." An obvious reply is that the prelates could make the atmosphere as Roman Catholic as they pleased if they allowed their people to come here; but they have used every effort to deter them; and if one notwithstanding comes and wins our prizes, instead of being honoured as having done credit to their teaching, he is frowned on as a deserter who has deprived his ecclesiastical superiors of a profitable grievance. What the Roman Catholic bishops really mean when they talk of our "atmosphere" is that the general tone is secular, non-theological, consequently non-Romanist. But when the phrase is repeated in England it is generally with the adjectives "bitter," "controversial," and our students are imagined to be Orangemen, haters of the Pope, sure to engage in disputes about religion with any of his adherents whom they come across. No representation can be more unlike the truth. Our undergraduates are much like other young men: their chief interests are in their studies and their sports, and the generality are not addicted to meddling overmuch with matters too high for them.

Nor do their seniors set them the example of being too theologically disposed. Of the twenty-one Fellows elected since 1873 only three have entered into holy orders, and the interest taken by the rest in theological questions varies within the same limits that would be found in England in the same number of well-educated, morally living laymen. It would be very wrong to describe them as irreligious, but literature or science is their business, and theology has not a large place among their relaxations.

That it is possible for an institution to be undenominational without being irreligious is a discovery of Trinity College which our critics are still unable to understand. The only pretext they have for denying that we have carried out with perfect loyalty the complete throwing open of Trinity College to all denominations is that we still have a chapel, and that we allow theological students the use of lecture-rooms. These were the terms which we arranged with Mr. Fawcett when we were enabled, by his co-operation, to defeat Mr. Gladstone's scheme, which would have thrown all Irish education into Roman Catholic hands. We held it to be alike intolerant to force religious education on those whose consciences object to it and to refuse permission to those whose consciences desire it. While we were willing to extend to others any advantages which members of our own Church possessed, we did not choose to deprive the latter of any they were then enjoying. The parents who send their sons to lodge here do not wish them to live without religion. By leaving it out we should not be better thought of by our Roman Catholic neighbours, whose objection to the Queen's Colleges was not that they were Protestant, but that they were godless. I do not see why the family prayers in which we join should give offence to those whose attendance is not compelled; for I do not suppose that Mr. Morley himself would object to sleep in a house where it was the custom to have family prayer, provided that he were not required to be present.

There is a commercial explanation of our reception of theological students—namely, that we cannot afford to lose them. They are not by any means as numerous now as before the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but there are still so many that what they pay in fees exceeds what is paid to the Divinity Professor. In fact, we of the Church of Ireland differ both from the Roman Catholics and the Nonconformists in disliking any wide separation between clerical and lay education. It was originally intended to have a lay college at Maynooth; but the bishops put it away, dreading its secularising effect on their divinity students; and the Nonconformists, too, favour much the system of separate education of their clergy in theological colleges. In the Church of Ireland, on the contrary, it would be thought an evil if there were any great rift between clergy and laity,

and so it is preferred that the clerical and lay students should receive their education in company, the former aiming at no lower standard of education than the latter ; and, accordingly, the divinity students are well represented both in the honour schools and in the athletic clubs. In my opinion this mixture of clerical and lay students is good for both. It is good that the general tone of a college society should be such that a clergyman should have no cause for shame when he remembers the conversations in which he took part in his undergraduate days ; and it is good also that he should have cause afterwards to count as a valuable part of his education that he learned here from contact with young men intended for lay professions, including some of a different religion from himself.

I must add that the Divinity Professors have no share in the government of the college. I have the best reason for knowing this, because when I was pressed to accept the Divinity Professorship I felt great reluctance at being separated from the studies in which I had gained such reputation as I had ; and when I was unexpectedly made Provost I had been for more than fifty years a resident graduate without having more share in the government of the college than any undergraduate.

It is important that a divinity student should be able to pursue his secular and his theological studies contemporaneously, and that the lecture-rooms in the two departments should be so near each other that time should not be wasted in going from one to the other.

It is so much for the financial benefit of Trinity College that the divinity students should get their education here that I have comforted some of my clerical friends, who have felt alarm at the probable admission of Roman Catholics into our governing body, by assuring them that, even if they were all Roman Catholics, they would find it to be for the interests of Trinity College to keep up a divinity school in which the Church of Ireland could have confidence. And it is unnecessary to say that other denominations need dread no repulse if they should come to share the views of the Church of Ireland of the advantage that their clerical students would gain from taking advantage of the mixed education given here.

It will appear from what has been said that the demand for a university permanently stamped as the possession of one religious denomination is one that cannot be made on the grounds of religious equality ; for at present no religious denomination has such a possession, nor does any but the Roman Catholic want to have it. The solution of having three denominational universities was proposed in 1873 and rejected, because the funds available for educational purposes were not then enough to bear division. The choice was between having one well-equipped university open on equal terms to men of all religions, or three, all struggling with insufficient means, unable



to meet the growing demands of advancing knowledge, and bidding against each other for pupils. And success in that competition would not be obtained by that which gave the highest education; for no manufacturer thrives who makes a better and more expensive article than the bulk of his customers want. Ireland is a poor country, in which there are not many with enough of wealth and leisure to cultivate knowledge for its own sake, and consequently there are few here who go to a university either for fashion's sake or in the hope of being made eminent classical scholars or great discoverers in science. In this trade what is wanted by the bulk of the customers is qualification for the learned professions or for places in the Civil Service, and they will go where these are given on the cheapest terms and can be had with the shortest period of study. In a commercial competition the lower education inevitably kills the higher. A publisher might find it a good speculation to bring out a new spelling-book, or an elementary book on arithmetic, but a very bad one to publish a treatise on elliptic functions. It is only the higher education that has much need to be helped by endowments or State grants. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that any one is fully competent to give the lower education who has not himself received the higher. Consequently the result of the multiplication of schools would be the killing of the higher education by which a man of ability could not make a livelihood, or at least could not hope to marry, and Ireland would become, as Dr. Johnson described the Scotland of his day, a place where every one had a mouthful of learning and nobody had a bellyful.

All that I have hitherto said, however, may be overruled by considerations of political necessity. A saying is attributed to Mr. John Morley that in politics we have always got to do the second-best thing. I cannot well call the establishment of a sectarian university in Ireland the second best thing, for, to speak honestly, I do not count it a good thing at all. And, as far as I have been able to learn the opinions of those Roman Catholic gentlemen who have received a university education themselves, or who desire it for their sons (and I know many of them), they agree with me in preferring united education. But in this, as in other countries, the cultured few are a minority. The majority of Irish Roman Catholics belong to those social classes who have not thought a university education within the range of their ambition for their children, and they only desire to know what system of university education is approved by their prelates. The prelates will not willingly accept any system in which any one can be placed on the teaching staff or on the governing body who has not their approbation, or shall be allowed to continue on either after he has ceased to receive it. As far as voting power is concerned, the cultured few are in a hopeless minority, and conse-



quently have small influence in Parliament. So it is quite possible that a Ministry may consider that on the grounds of political expediency the establishment of a Roman Catholic University is the best thing to be done.

It must not be concealed that what is now asked for is a complete reversal of the principles on which English statesmen were agreed in 1869. When Mr. Gladstone then proclaimed the principle of State neutrality on religious questions, it was suspected that he gained the support of Irish Roman Catholics because they intended to make the doctrine of religious equality only a step towards placing their own Church in the position of pre-eminence from which the reformed Church was then deposed. And this has certainly proved to be the case as far as university education is concerned. What is now demanded is a State-endowed university, which, though opening its doors to all, shall jealously guard its highest prizes and its government for the benefit of one religion. This was exactly the position which Trinity College held before the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but which Parliament in 1873 pronounced improper to be occupied by the adherents of any one creed.

When we decided, then, to consent to a change which permitted that our teaching staff and our governing body might become largely Roman Catholic, many of our co-religionists thought our concession shocking and dangerous, and would have greatly preferred if English statesmen had then been in the same mind as many of them are now, and had left Trinity College its exclusive privileges, but balanced by a grant of the like to other denominations. But it is somewhat disheartening when these statesmen tell us now, "We are sorry that you shared the views we held in 1873 as to the advantages of united education; but, having committed that blunder, you must now make the best of it, and we shall found the other sectarian universities all the same." Far be it from me to deny that one who has embarked on a wrong course acts more wisely in altering it than in unduly persisting in it; but certainly the vacillations of English statesmanship caused by the vicissitudes of parties make it hard for any one to be confident that he does wisely in acting on the lines prescribed by one English Parliament, for he runs the risk of being penalised for so doing by the next.

I do not count as at all discreditable the vacillations of Parliament in its dealings with Ireland. They generally have taken place when Englishmen's instinctive belief that what has been good for their country must be good for every country under heaven receives a shock on its being found that some powerful medicine which in England has been taken without injury, or even with advantage, has appeared to be too strong for the Irish constitution. In the course of the disputes about united primary education in Ireland, the history

seemed to me to be that of a nurse giving a prescribed medicine to a fractious child. The child screams and resists, the nurse perseveres, the fever rises: in the course of the struggle great part of the medicine is spilt, and at last the child allows the glass to be placed to its lips when nothing distasteful is left in it. The over-conscientious nurse is succeeded by an indulgent one, whose doctrine is, "Give the child everything it cries for. It is true the physician says it will do it harm, and I am much of the same opinion myself; but battling with the child will do it more harm than yielding." It is to be hoped this doctrine is true, and it is certainly comfortable—for the nurse.

It does certainly seem unreasonable that Irish Roman Catholics declare that their conscience forbids them to send their sons to a university which is willing to give any facilities that may be asked for their religious instruction in their own creed, and any desired security against interference with their beliefs. And when they can give no better reasons for their refusal than that their bishops will not let them, and still complain that they have no university accessible to them, it is natural to say that they either have no grievance or that it is a self-inflicted one. But a statesman cannot easily get over the fact that, whether for reason good or not, they do refuse to send their sons; and he must feel as a gentleman in India would feel if, as we are told sometimes happens, a fakir should plant himself at his door, and threaten to starve himself to death if his requests are not complied with. Again, one who owns that if there is a grievance it ought to be remedied, but can himself see none that calls for any redress, finds it hard to answer the argument, "Mr. Balfour says there is a grievance, and Mr. Balfour is an honourable man." We need not wonder, then, at the re-opening of the question. Is there any real objection to the State endowing a Roman Catholic University? We in Trinity College, at least, can answer that question very dispassionately, for the bishops' boycott has left us but few pupils of their creed to lose, and those who have come to us in spite of ecclesiastical prohibition might come to us still, even in spite of the tightening of the screw, if they had the choice of going to the new university. It is likely that they would, for a sectarian university cannot in the long run compete successfully with an open one in giving the highest education. One which always looks for the best man will, on the whole, have a better staff than one which considers that "good enough" will do, if of the right religion. But though I think that a Roman Catholic University could not give the very highest education, I own it could give to many education higher than what they are now receiving; and, being neither a doctrinaire nor a bigot, I do not grudge a benefit to any one merely because he is not of my religion.

For the reasons stated I feel little alarm at the establishment of an avowedly Roman Catholic University, and I leave it to politicians to discuss whether this would be a wise employment of public money; but I consider that very great mischief would be done by the creation of an institution actually Roman Catholic, but, under a pretence of being undenominational, enabled out of public funds to attract Protestants to it. I would ask that there should be no shams, and that whatever statesmen may do they should do with their eyes open.

I think it a golden rule for one who is asked to do something he does not like to do, to make up his mind one way or the other. If he cannot conquer his repugnance, let him boldly refuse; if he thinks it better to yield and do what he is asked, let him do it with a good grace. It is the breach of this rule that has caused the ill-success of most English concessions to Roman Catholic demands in Ireland. Instead of giving what is asked, something else is given which it is hoped will answer as well; the gift is clogged with restrictions; or some provision is made to disguise what is being done so that English Nonconformists may be enabled to pretend that they do not see it. If medicine administered in this way has not the desired effect, the fault generally lies in the ingredients with which the pill has been coated in order that it should be more easily swallowed in Parliament. It is amusing to find how successfully in politics the old Eton tradition of "shirking" is carried out, according to which a master was never to see a boy out of bounds however close he might be, provided there was enough of respect for authority to make at least some decent show of concealment.

It may be said in general that a gift clogged with restrictions elicits no gratitude and gives no final settlement of a question. If the restrictions cause inconvenience there is an immediate cry for their removal; if they do not, the same cry arises a little later and is unanimously yielded to, since the restrictions are on the one side felt as affronting, and on the other are seen to be worthless. As to the permanence of such restrictions I may call to mind that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill forbade the Irish Parliament to found a Roman Catholic University. In a very few years the proposal to do so is made by the leader of the Imperial House of Commons. Who can imagine that an English Parliament would quarrel with an Irish Parliament for wishing to do the same thing with its own money?

As for nugatory restrictions there are specimens enough in connection with the present proposal; for example (1) Mr. Morley's first condition for assenting to the establishment of a Roman Catholic University is, "There shall be no test as to any chair, excepting of course a theological chair." That is to say, you give the election to a body which you take care shall be thoroughly Roman Catholic; you give the electors entire leave to be influenced by religious considerations in



their choice; you know perfectly well that they will elect no one who is not of their own religion, unless it is quite impossible to find a competent person within it; and you think it important to stipulate that the electors shall not use a religious test in order to find whether a candidate is a Roman Catholic or not. Many are apprehensive that the new County Councils will make it their practical rule, "No Protestant need apply"; but no one imagines that they will require any one to make a public declaration of creed. James II. advocated the abolition of religious tests; but the abolition would not have put him under the least obligation to give an appointment to one not of his own religion. A statesman ought to make up his mind whether it is a sectarian or an unsectarian university that he wishes to found; but he cannot be respected if he does the one and pretends he is doing the other.

(2) A second condition to which importance has been attached is that there should be a majority of laymen on the governing body. Many Englishmen imagine that an Irish Roman Catholic layman is as free to oppose his archbishop as Sir William Harcourt is to criticise the acts of the Archbishop of Canterbury; but every Irishman knows how ludicrously untrue such a supposition is. I myself know it when Roman Catholic gentlemen of independent position express to me privately their want of sympathy with the demand for a denominational university, but when I ask them why they do not express their opinion publicly, they say, "We cannot oppose our bishops." One thing is certain, that no anti-episcopal layman will have any chance of a place on the governing body; and, on the other hand, that if the bishops are not on it they will have no difficulty in finding laymen who will do exactly what their spiritual advisers direct them to do. I should have thought it supremely unimportant whether the bishops sat on the governing body or not, if it were not that I remember that this was the rock that wrecked Mr. Gladstone's University Bill. It threw Irish education so completely into Roman Catholic hands that Manning is reported to have said that the bishops in rejecting it must have acted under divine inspiration, since no human wisdom could account for their conduct. At all events, the question to be decided is, whether Irish Roman Catholics shall be given what they want, or something else which Parliament thinks better for them. Common-sense would say, If you give a university do not interfere in its government, but let the university settle that for itself.

(3) A third proposed restriction is on the foundation of Professorships of Theology and some other subjects. Just imagine a Roman Catholic University unable to give degrees in theology for want of a professor to present candidates. Then it is conceded that there may be a chair of theology, only it must not be endowed out of public funds. This is a strange locking of the stable-door after the horse has



been stolen. Why, there is no divinity school so largely endowed out of public funds as that which Irish Roman Catholics have at Maynooth. The Bill for the disendowment of the Irish Church could not have been carried without Roman Catholic support; and in order to obtain that support it was necessary to get over the difficulty that the principles on which that Bill was advocated demanded in consistency the withdrawal of the annual public grant to Maynooth. Mr. Gladstone then, who was never at a loss for an ingenious distinction, maintained that, though it was right that each religious community should support its own clergy without State aid, yet that this doctrine should not be too rigidly applied to institutions for the education of the clergy, seeing that it is much more difficult to obtain support for such institutions from voluntary sources. Accordingly, when he commuted for a lump sum the annual grant to Maynooth, he proceeded on quite different principles from those he had dealt with in the disendowment of the Irish Church. To the latter he granted no more than was necessary to provide that the existing incumbents should enjoy their freeholds for their lives. Though the grant to Maynooth was little burdened with life interests he gave, in commuting it, fourteen years' purchase of the whole annual grant, this compensation amounting to £390,000.\*

The odd £90,000 would have more than provided for all the life-interests, and the remaining £300,000 must be regarded as a State endowment of the Roman Catholic divinity school. Mr. Gladstone promised to deal similarly with other theological schools, and the Irish Church Act contained a provision for a Presbyterian divinity school, though very much short of what was given to Roman Catholics. And Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill did contain a provision for compensating the Church of Ireland for the loss of its divinity school, though if that Bill had ever lived to get into committee there would certainly have been discussion about the very unequal liberality with which Maynooth was treated as compared with Protestant schools less strongly represented in Parliament.

The result is that there is clearly no difficulty in having a professor of theology in the proposed university, for the Maynooth professor could hold the rank and discharge the duties. But his salary would be as much paid out of public funds as those of any professor paid out of the Crown endowments of Trinity College, with only the difference that the funds were designated to their respective uses, in the one case 300 years ago, in the other twenty-five.

With regard to restrictions proposed to be put upon other professorships, I refer to what I have said as to the impolicy of clogging a gift

\* Those who complain of the financial injustice with which England has treated Ireland do not fail to point out that on this occasion the Consolidated Fund was relieved of an annual charge of over £26,000 by the payment of a lump sum out of purely Irish property.

with restrictions which deprive it of all grace and of all hope of finality. A new university is not wanted for Protestants, who have already two which they have no objection to use, and which satisfy, or can be made to satisfy, all their reasonable requirements. If a university is to be established which is to be governed by Roman Catholics and officered by Roman Catholics, it is for the sake of Roman Catholics that it will have been founded, and limitations ought not to be put on its course of studies, or on its manner of conducting them, in order to please persons who are not of that religion. With respect to moral philosophy, history, obstetrics, or any other subject which comes directly or indirectly in contact with religion, we must expect the Roman Catholic view to be represented at a Roman Catholic University; and those who are not willing to take that view may be expected to prefer to get their education elsewhere.

It will probably be said that it is not desired to check Roman Catholic teaching on controversial subjects, but only that such teaching should be paid for, not out of public funds, but out of other funds which it is assumed will be provided. Then the proposed restriction demands no more than this, that in the accounts a separation should be made between controversial and non-controversial subjects, and the money derived from public sources should be specifically allocated to the latter. In this way it is hoped that the scruples will be satisfied of those who object to grants for Roman Catholic education.

I know no better parallel to this method of hoodwinking overscrupulous consciences than the device of the Quaker who was asked to subscribe for the purchase of gunpowder to be used in a war with which in his heart he was in sympathy. His conscience would not allow him to pay for the purchase of warlike weapons, so he gave his money as for the purchase of "flour or other grain." Supposing no other grain than flour had been bought with his money, yet fighting men want provisions as much as weapons, and the supplying of the one helps on the war as much as the other. A really honest man would not try to juggle with his conscience; he would merely ask himself, Is it right to help on the war? And if he decided that it was, he would do it without any concealment; if it was wrong, he could not escape responsibility by employing a clever accountant to draw up the report of expenditure. In like manner now I hold that it is for Parliament to consider whether they can rightly give money for the establishment of a denominational university, and if it comes to the conclusion that it is, and that it is also politically expedient, let the thing be done openly and above board; but let it not be imagined to be possible to create a denominational-undenominational university, nor let one really denominational be represented as undenominational; nor again let an undenominational university be represented as

denominational merely because people do not go to it who refuse to accept any education that is not denominational.

Before quitting the subject of the devices used to give a non-sectarian aspect to an avowedly sectarian institution, I must not omit to mention two other of Mr. Balfour's proposed safeguards in granting a Roman Catholic University, which certainly afford an amusing illustration how phrases can be used to disguise facts from those who will not take the trouble, or who do not wish, to see things as they really are. Mr. Balfour demands that this Roman Catholic institution shall be willing to receive Protestant pupils and shall not disdain to accept their fees, and that such pupils shall be entitled to share in competition for any prizes that public money may provide. Why the most extreme of teachers does not object to have listeners who come not to controvert but to learn. I saw at the door of a Unitarian Chapel a notice, "Strangers invited; seats provided for them." The Superior of a Jesuit College would not be likely to refuse admission to a Protestant pupil, especially not if the State undertook to pay the pupil's fees, and even to give him a handsome bribe for coming. It seems to me the funniest attitude for a Protestant to take up to say, "I will object to the foundation of a Roman Catholic University, unless the founders consent to use it for the purpose of proselytising." I shall not give the Roman Catholic prelates much credit for liberality if they swallow Mr. Balfour's conditions, for even if they do so with a wry face it must be with an internal chuckle.

Some explanation must be given of the well-sounding proposal that "Fellowships" in the new university shall be open to men of all religions; for the word Fellowship is susceptible of different meanings. With us in Trinity College a Fellowship is not a prize but a profession, to which a man practically pledges his whole life; a newly elected Fellow becomes at once a member of the teaching staff, and in due course rises by seniority to a place on the governing body. It is not intended that those called Fellows in the new university should be in any sense Fellows with those that bear rule; a Fellowship will be no more than a big prize conferring no rights but that of receiving a certain income for a certain time. Now I could quite understand a Roman Catholic institution employing its own money for proselytising purposes, but that the State should give them funds for that purpose is to my mind an astounding proposal.

I suppose security would be promised that no direct attempt at proselytising shall be made; but we must remember the line taken by the Roman Catholic bishops when they are asked why they will not allow their young men to come to Trinity College. It was certain that no attempt would be made to tamper with their religion, that they would not be asked to learn anything or join in any religious



observances of which their conscience disapproved, that all prizes, every place and office, from the lowest to the highest, would be open to them on perfectly equal terms. All this is owned to be true, and if any other security were needed for the religious safety of our students the bishops had only to state it; but their complaint assumes the intangible form that the "atmosphere" of this place is Protestant, and that they must have a university with a Roman Catholic "atmosphere." Some of my Roman Catholic friends feel the atmosphere which their bishops recommend to be a little stifling, and for myself I breathe more comfortably in a freer air; and the question which Parliament will have to decide is, whether the Roman Catholic atmosphere must be deemed so very salubrious that Protestants ought to be given large pecuniary inducements to let their children breathe it.

Though Trinity College does not dread fair competition it may reasonably object to subsidised competition; for Protestants have not the same reluctance that we are told Roman Catholics have, to allowing their sons who have outgrown the age of childhood to have intercourse with persons of other religions or to receive instruction from them. Nevertheless, I was a little surprised when I read a statement by the Roman Catholic bishop of Limerick that Protestants went for instruction to the "Catholic" University in St. Stephen's Green. It occurred to me that this was not a place in which they would quite of their own choice have sought instruction, unless they had some inducement for doing so. Thus I was led to inquire what the inducement was, and the result was that I learned a good deal about that university which I had not known before and which surprised me a good deal, though perhaps what most deserves surprise is that I should have known so little about an institution in my own city.

What was suggested to me as the probable answer to the question I asked was, that the Protestants who go to St. Stephen's Green do so because they are candidates for a Junior Fellowship in the Royal University, in the competition for which several of the "Catholic" University professors are examiners. I do not know whether this is the true explanation or not; but as this "Fellowship" just means a salary of £200 a year for four years, the prospect of obtaining so big a prize is inducement enough to conquer a considerable amount of religious scruples. But what I discovered certainly is true is, that the Royal University in its examinations for prizes has not adopted a rule of ours which would have been well worthy of their imitation. In Trinity College we never appoint any one to take part in conducting a competition for prizes who has given any competitor instruction which was not equally open to all the rest. We do employ the honour lecturer of the whole class as one of the Board of Examiners; for thus a stimulus is given to all the competitors to attend and profit



by his instructions; but even so we join others with him in the examination lest his instruction should too much get into a special groove. The Commissioners of Intermediate Education, of whom I am one, have a like rule against employing as examiner one who has given private instruction to competing candidates. I have no suspicion that where this rule is not adopted examiners do not act with honourable fairness; but a private teacher who is also an examiner has accepted inconsistent obligations. He does not fulfil his duty to those who employ him to prepare them for a particular examination if they have no better chance of success than if they had not employed him; and if they have, he does not do his duty as examiner to those who have not employed him as teacher. Of course, there is no need for a rule if the subjects for examination are well defined and where the idiosyncrasies of the examiner do not come into play, as, for example, where it has only to be ascertained whether a candidate has read certain prescribed books, whether he can accurately perform algebraic calculations, whether he can turn out a good copy of Latin verses. But if the subject is wide and vague—say it is English Literature or Mental and Moral Science—it makes all the difference in the world whether a candidate has learned, by attendance on his examiner's lectures, who the writers are in whom his teacher feels most interest, and with whom it is most necessary that those should be well acquainted who seek for a favourable verdict from him.

It would be quite irrelevant to discuss the rules of the Royal University if it were not that in considering why its rules were different from ours I learned something about its origin which startled me a good deal. And I daresay my readers also will be startled when they hear that while they are discussing whether the State can now consistently make a grant to a sectarian university, the Roman Catholic University College is at present enjoying a State subvention of five or six thousand a year. That university was started a good many years ago, and when it is mentioned that Cardinal Newman was its first head, it may well be believed that it had a very good staff of teachers; but I have no reason to think that it was financially successful, or that help from the State was not much desired. I remember reading in the *Spectator*, perhaps two or three months ago, of a conversation in which D'Israeli was said to have boasted that he had given this institution an endowment without Parliament's finding it out, and that the Roman Catholic bishops had the ball now at their foot if they would only kick it. I can only write from memory, for I paid little attention at the time to this statement, imagining either that D'Israeli had not said what was attributed to him, or that he spoke of something that he only intended to do. It is only now I discover that he had actually done it, and in such a way as to escape

the notice not only of Parliament but of other people, who, though living in the same city, take no pleasure in prying into their neighbour's concerns. The process was this:

The Queen's Colleges which had been established in Belfast, Cork, and Galway, and were doing very good work, were in connection with a university called the Queen's University, through which their students got degrees. Mr. D'Israeli's Government abolished this Queen's University, and substituted for it what was called the Royal University, which, though in the main an examining body, was given increased revenues and empowered to help the education of other affiliated colleges besides the Queen's Colleges.

The Royal University accordingly established twenty-nine Fellowships, with a salary of £400 a year to each, to be given to professors in affiliated colleges. These Fellowships were pretty evenly divided between endowed and unendowed colleges: fourteen to the former and fifteen to the latter. The fourteen were divided between the professors of the Queen's Colleges established on unsectarian principles; but each of these Fellows does not get the whole £400, but only as much as is necessary to make his salary as Queen's College professor up to that sum. Then, as now, it was thought prudent in bestowing a gift to Roman Catholics to administer a sop to Presbyterians; but the traditional proportion between bread and sack was observed. One of these fifteen Fellowships was given to the Presbyterian College at Derry, the other fourteen to the professors of the Roman Catholic University. As each of the fifteen gets the full £400 a year, this means, as I said, a State endowment of between £5000 and £6000 a year for a denominational college. I do not grudge it to it; nay, rather, as Parliament has stretched its conscience so far, I think it would bear further stretching. Considering that the Roman Catholic College can command the services of many able men who have taken vows of celibacy and poverty, the teaching staff is probably adequately provided for; but I see no reason why it might not be given a residence house, the inmates of which could get degrees either at Trinity College or at the Royal University, or if the Roman Catholic College thought it more advantageous to put its own label on its own manufacture, the recognition of its degrees need impose no additional charge on public funds. As for graduation in Trinity College nothing is easier, since residence within the walls is not compulsory. The inmates of a Roman Catholic College would be in the same position as I was myself when I came up to Dublin, a boy of fifteen, and was placed by my father in the house of a clergyman, who also undertook to provide private tuition for me. They could have at their place of residence their chapel services and such religious or moral supervision as might be thought desirable; they could come in to get the instruction given in Trinity College, including

that given to competitors for its highest prizes, all which would be open to them; and they would receive from their Protestant fellow-students the same friendly reception that is given to the students of their religion who come to us at present, who being, for reasons that can be easily understood, men of more than average ability, get rather more than their share of offices in the voluntary societies formed by the students. Those who desired a less expensive education could get a degree from the Royal University, but if that university is to be continued, the Queen's Colleges ought to be relieved of their present grievance, that at any competition a student from one of them has three times as much chance of being examined by a lecturer at the "Catholic" University as by his own lecturer. Maynooth would continue to perform the work done at the Scotch universities in enabling the sons of poor parents to enter the clerical profession. If, in addition, it is desired that the "Catholic" College should have the right of giving degrees, its University could be made as ideally "Catholic" as Bishop O'Dwyer and Mr. Dillon suggest, including the satisfaction of the former's desire that it should be under the special patronage of the Pope; but they could not expect public money for that purpose.

I own I think that English statesmen have tried experiments enough in Irish university making. First they tried the Queen's University; then they condemned that as a failure and superseded it by the Royal; now Mr. Balfour condemns the work of his predecessors and proposes to outdo them by founding not one but two brand-new universities. An Irish university ought to be given at least as long a life as a French form of government. Some such modest scheme as I suggest would at least have the merit of cheapness. There are what to my mind are more serious objections to Mr. Balfour's scheme for accentuating religious animosities by the foundation of three sectarian universities; but I cannot help rebelling against the economic wastefulness of a triplicity of universities.

This consideration was thought little worthy of attention when Archbishop Walsh invented Mr. Balfour's scheme. Those were the golden days when the chief embarrassment of Chancellors of the Exchequer was how to dispose of their surpluses without being forced to the retrograde step of reducing the income-tax. Now that the Government is presenting us with a heavy bill for premiums of insurance against war the taxpayer is likely to investigate accounts more narrowly. It is quite right that something should be done for education. In former days the Crown made liberal grants for the advancement of those branches of study which were then cultivated; and Parliament, which is now the guardian of the public purse, may rightly be expected to follow the example in helping explorers in fields of research the importance of which has only come to be re-



cognised in our own day. The present generation must not live altogether on the bounty of the past. The old endowments cannot be stretched to meet present wants except by either abandoning the old studies or by subdividing existing funds among so many that no object would receive enough to be able to attract the services of able men, unless they happened to belong to that minority who are animated by high religious or scientific enthusiasms. There cannot be a more inconvenient discovery for any who are likely to have to appeal to Parliament for additional encouragement to literature or science than the necessity of asking that every want should be supplied three-fold, merely because it is a shocking thing that a Roman Catholic should be asked to conduct a chemical analysis side by side with a Churchman, or either of them with a Presbyterian.

What I have chiefly in view, when I speak of future demands, is what is needed for the cultivation of physical science. This is a department in which Trinity College took somewhat the lead of her English sisters. This movement was initiated sixty years ago by Humphrey Lloyd, then Professor of Natural Philosophy and afterwards Provost. He took an active part in the foundation of the then infant science of magnetism, and to him we owe our School of Engineering, established in 1841. Cambridge followed our example in 1875, and, with her greater resources, has been able to work on a larger scale than we. We have always been desirous to proceed in the same track, and, on this account, cannot help feeling it a wicked waste of public funds much needed for education, if they should be spent in directing the energies of Irish young men into wrong channels. The Irish people have great aptitude for literature, which has much attraction for them. Even those who have themselves given no study to it would prefer to see their sons gaining a less income in one of the learned professions, or in the Civil Service, or by journalism than by commerce, not to speak of anything requiring manual labour. As things are at present, I have the best means of knowing that sons of very poor parents are able to gratify this ambition if they have brains and energy. If they have not these qualities, it is doing them no service to train them for literary employment. And it is doing the country no service to increase the number, already too large, of briefless barristers or importunate candidates for places in the public service. If Mr. Balfour's object had been to give Ireland what it most wants, increased facilities for instruction in physical science, having placed one of his universities in Belfast for Ulster and one in Dublin for Leinster, he would have placed the third in Cork for Munster and the rest of Ireland. But he has preferred to place it here at our gates, where, no doubt, it will be more conveniently situated for drawing away pupils from an unsectarian institution.

The chief obstacle to the greater cultivation of modern science is



its horrible expensiveness. In former times, in order to found a new professorship, only one man's salary had to be provided for, and all he needed in the way of equipment was to be given the range of a good library. Now every few years there springs up a new science, which is not content with demanding a new professor, but a special laboratory must be built for him, he must have a lecture-room of his own, he must have one or more assistants, and provision for working expenses. All this requires money; it is not every institution that is rich enough to liquefy hydrogen. The older universities feel the strain put upon their resources by these growing demands, while the public, which had thought them rich, cannot understand why provision which had been thought plentiful in former days should be pronounced insufficient now. Cambridge has felt the strain, and has made an appeal to its graduates, of whom there are so many wealthy that it may be fairly hoped that this private effort may be successful. We also strive to keep pace with the demands of the times, but we do so with difficulty, and it will readily be understood that our old endowments, derived from Irish land, give us cause for anxiety as to their permanence. The number of our graduates whose circumstances would permit them to give us any substantial assistance is extremely small. The incomes of the landed gentry have been much affected by modern agrarian changes, and though the wealth of the mercantile classes is increasing, it does not do so as rapidly as in America, where millionaires are already beginning to find out that they cannot make a more honourable use of their riches than in gifts to old universities or in the establishment of new ones. It is the latter form of gift which of late has had most attraction for the British Parliament. It is like a bride who thinks herself slighted if she is denied the luxury of a complete new furnishing, and is expected to use anything which had adorned her husband's house before she came into it. It is to be hoped that when surpluses again begin to be troublesome Parliament may see the economic advantage of using old plant, if still in good repair, and that, however liberal it may think it wise to be to sectarian institutions, a university is not to be considered wholly unworthy of public aid because it throws its doors open freely to all.

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AS the day draws near when the International Conference will meet at the Hague on the invitation of the Czar the question becomes more urgent,—Do we see any way of turning it to practical account? May we hope to see any result of real value issuing from the deliberations of the representatives of the civilised world? From the first moment when the Czar startled Europe with his proposals, the doubt of the possibility of their coming to any good has occupied the minds of men. Those who never questioned the sincerity of the Czar have still asked whether by the nature of things he was not pursuing a dream. A most excellent end, they said, if it could be reached, but whilst men are men, and the passion of possession is strong and the glory of conquest and the pride of domination prevail, there must be endlessly-recurring struggles that can be settled only by victory in arms. It may be that these sad presages will verify themselves, although it must be insisted that in the perennial conflict between Fatalism and Faith we have to mark in the past advances made and maintained, the sphere of battle reduced, the usages of war subjected to law, and the outbreak of hostilities less incessant. Even now, at the end of the nineteenth century, when all the nations of Europe are weighed down by military establishments more onerous than have ever been known before in days of peace, we may look back upon the century, or at least the last eighty years of it, with the reflection that the wars in Europe during that time have been less frequent than in any corresponding period of preceding centuries. They have been sufficiently fatal whilst they lasted, but there have been comparatively large intervals of peace. It would seem as if in the tempers of men who rule the world there was less disposition to draw the sword. Without over-rating what has been done, there has

been some progress, and that progress should not allow us to be hopeless. Nevertheless, however good the disposition of the governors of the world, we cannot go to the Hague in a sanguine spirit. We must be moderate in our expectations; above all, we must prepare ourselves beforehand, recognising as practical men the truth that nothing real can be achieved unless we enter the Conference with some more or less clearly conceived propositions leading to practical conclusions. Nothing can be reasonably expected of a congress of plenipotentiaries prepared only to talk platitudes to one another.

The circular of Count Muravieff expressing the ideas of the Czar did contain practical suggestions, or at least suggestions submitted for practical discussion. The first was a possible reduction of the armaments which weigh upon the world, or, if an actual reduction could not be accomplished, of an arrest of the progress of armaments based upon some international agreement either as to the forces that might be maintained or as to the amount of money that might be spent upon their maintenance. I confess that I have always seen great difficulty in the acceptance of any proposition of this character. I do not, indeed, lay stress upon the arguments against it drawn from the experience of history. In the cases so commonly quoted, when limits have been put upon the organisation of national forces and such limits have been secretly evaded, or after a brief period openly disregarded if not repudiated, the failure to maintain the conventions prescribing such limits must be connected with the fact that such conventions have been imposed by a conqueror on a defeated enemy, and have not been the expressions of true agreements. The limitations of the Prussian army after Jena, the prohibition of Russian ships in the Black Sea, are examples of stipulations that never had any moral force. The failure of both was only a matter of time and opportunity. Could agreements be freely established between nations freely consenting thereto they might endure. One example deserves notice. Of the Treaty of Ghent closing the war of 1812 between the United Kingdom and the United States it was agreed on both sides that ships of war should never be maintained on the great lakes separating the States from Canada, and despite occasional flutters of apprehension to the contrary the agreement has remained sacred to this day. It has even in its effect gone further than its words. The long frontier running for thousands of miles between the Dominion and the Great Republic is practically unfortified. When we consider what citadels would have been built, what navies nursed, what thousands of conscripts would have been maintained in arms had there been reproduced in America the same spirit of suspicious watchfulness and international apprehension that prevails habitually in Europe, we cannot reckon too highly the immense benefit that is conferred upon mankind by the covenants



of Ghent; we cannot lay too much stress on the importance of the fact that those covenants have been faithfully observed. I do not say that it would be easy to make like agreements or any agreements touching the extent of national armaments between the European nations, but I do argue that if they could be established we ought not to despair of their being loyally accepted and performed. And, in regard of the quantity of embattled force that can be relatively maintained, have we not some encouragement from the action of our own Government as to the possibility of an understanding? Mr. Goschen's most recent declaration touching our naval programme, that it had been conceived in strict reference to the naval projects of other Powers, and would be reconsidered if the Conference of the Hague brought about any agreement on the armaments of Europe, is a demonstration of our readiness to give practical effect to the idea of an arrest or, indeed, of a reduction of armaments. I can make no suggestion as to the nature of the agreements that may be hoped for, but I may take note in passing of some propositions that have been thrown out touching the naval armaments of Europe which may be worth recording.

The principle has been enunciated in France that its navy should be equal to that of the Triple Alliance, while it has been more or less clearly stated that our standard might be recognised as one of equality with the joint forces of Russia and France. Whether these are possible bases of settlement I do not know, and it must not be overlooked that some corresponding limitation might be asked for (especially by Russia) on the part of Japan and of the United States. It is enough to point to these facts showing that the problem must not be at once dismissed as hopeless. I am profoundly conscious of its difficulty; but if half-a-dozen men, the chief constructors of the leading navies of the world, were brought together in a room, its solution might prove possible if not easy.

I do not enter upon an examination of other suggestions which have been made in detail as to the work of the Conference, because I desire to get on as speedily as possible to a consideration of what I conceive to be the most pregnant principle of Count Muravieff's circular, which seems at the same time to offer a base of practical action. The revision and extension of the terms of the Geneva Convention and its application, with the necessary modification of machinery, to war by sea as well as to war by land, are evidently matters that could be adopted. Whatever relative weight we may give to these proposals, they are not visionary. If they do not tend to stop war, they must modify its methods; and I cannot attach serious weight to the argument at which history laughs, that the more cruel we make war the less likely is it to break out and the more quickly will it cease. One word must, however, be said with respect to the Geneva Convention, and that is



that the observance of its terms, imperfect as it may have been under the numerous difficulties actual war presents, has been a standing illustration of the weight which international agreements have in restraining and shaping the conduct of actual combatants. The necessity of paying respect to the Geneva Convention is sometimes felt as a clog on the free handling of war, yet it has been, on the whole, fairly recognised and observed.

In the concluding sentences of Count Muravieff's circular he referred to the hopes that might legitimately cluster about the Conference as a preparation for a new century. In words that went to the root of the matter he said the Conference "would converge in one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord . . . and would at the same time cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

How can the Conference secure this corporate consecration of equity and right? Can it by any agreements establish covenants tending to peace? Could it settle any terms of submission under which, without renouncing the ultimate freedom of action of any and every nation, it could impose a check, interpose a delay, make certain a precious interval for the expression of outside opinion before excited nations rushed to battle? I recall the illustrations already given of the way in which international agreements have been respected even in the midst of the fury of war. Let me refer to more facts of the same significance. The Declaration of Paris in 1856 abolished privateering and established the rule "free ships make free goods," and, again, the goods of neutrals not being contraband of war are free even in enemy's ships; but these declarations were accepted only among the nations that were parties to them, and neither Spain nor the United States ever joined the company. Nevertheless, in the recent war between the United States and Spain all these principles were observed: the authority of an agreement of the rest of the civilised world, backed, no doubt, by a sense of the mass of neutral force supporting it, was recognised and obeyed. Here nations yielded to stipulations in which they had never before concurred. In the Franco-German War we find covenants kept by the belligerents, although each was in turn sorely tempted to break them. The neutrality of Belgium was an article of European law, and at the outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany our Government placed this neutrality under the more direct sanction of a special treaty; and the neutrality of Belgium was, in fact, observed throughout that struggle. The neutrality of Switzerland was not exposed to the same imminent hazard, but it, too, was threatened, and it, too, was respected. Bearing all these things in mind, have we not some

ground for belief that if voluntary agreements were established among nations at a time of peace which did not take away the independent rights of any of them to resort to arms under conditions which appeared to compel such action, these agreements would be respected even at moments when international fires were bursting into flame? Such tempered covenants might not prevent war, but they would not be utterly disregarded the instant the spirit of contention arose. There is at least ground for examination whether modest and practical proposals could not be made that would not snap on the first strain of tension.

Poring over the course of the past, I have thought that plenipotentiaries in conference might, pursuing lines of strictly historical development, do something trustworthy toward that corporate consecration of equity and right of which Count Muravieff wrote.

At Paris, in 1856, Lord Clarendon, as the representative of this country, obtained a unanimous declaration from the representatives of the European Governments there met together that, in the event of disputes arising between any two of them, it was most desirable that they should invite the opinion of the other Powers on their cause of quarrel before instituting any act of war: such invitation not committing either of the disputants to an acceptance of the conclusions of the bystanders, which would be offered in the spirit of friendly mediation, not as a judgment of arbitration. The declaration thus agreed upon was an expression of pious opinion, and no more. Not merely did it reserve all freedom of action to every Power, it did not bind them to invite the opinion of other nations. In the treaty of peace which concluded the negotiations at Paris Lord Clarendon's protocol was, however, accepted as a mutual covenant, but in reference only to quarrels arising between any one of the European States and the Sultan of Turkey. As regards the Ottoman Empire, the European Powers did singly bind themselves not to go to war with it without previous conferences with the other Powers; and this covenant has remained and been recognised as binding to this day. The Concert of Europe is founded upon it—it does not prevent war with Turkey, for the Czar of Russia made war upon Turkey in 1877. A hasty reader may jump to the conclusion that this war demonstrated the worthlessness of the agreement of 1856, but in truth it did not come within the scope of that covenant, and proves nothing as to its value. The war was the issue of a common quarrel between all the European Powers and Turkey. On March 31, 1877, the six Powers presented a joint note to the Sultan requiring certain action on his part, and Russia backed this up with a threat of its own in case of non-compliance. On April 11 Turkey refused to yield to the demands of the Powers, and then on April 24 Russia declared war. Turkey appealed to the Powers to mediate under the agreement of 1856, but the Powers

had themselves joined with Russia in the demands Turkey had refused, and there was nothing to be done.

Do we not see in this retrospect a suggestion as to the step forward that might be taken, and an assurance that if the step were taken it would remain planted? The pious opinion of 1856 might be developed into a covenant—not only in relation to Turkey, but as a general bond between all civilised nations in reference to any dispute between any pair or more of them. It is obviously not impossible that such an agreement could be effected. What reason is there for the hope that if effected, it might from time to time prevent war? It could give no final assurance on the subject, for every Power reserves its liberty of action; but would it afford a reasonable chance of now and then saving the nations from war, and substituting for its verdict the acceptance of the recommendations of dispassionate neutrals?

An agreement not to go to war until neutrals have had an opportunity of counsel would at least save time, and delay is a great peace-maker; it would also introduce the colder judgment of third persons, and we know how valuable this is when the passions of nations are excited and reason driven away. But let us turn to the past and see what hope the retrospect gives of the efficacy of such an agreement. Barely twelve months ago the question of war was trembling between the United States and Spain. Generous feeling had been deeply stirred in America by the picture of Cuban sufferings; but Mr. McKinley was doing his best to restrain an outbreak, and General Woodford was incessant at Madrid in his efforts to obtain in peace all that could be won by war. A Liberal Ministry had come into office in Spain, and, reversing the former policy, had established a real if imperfect autonomy in Cuba, and was evidently ready to give further guarantees, if necessary, of the thoroughness and permanence of the change. It was doubtless conscious of the military and naval weakness of Spain, but, remembering also the past glories of the Great Monarchy, could not suffer the humiliation of a mere surrender to force. It was at this juncture, when the President and his Ministry were holding back popular feeling in the States, and Sagasta and his colleagues were doing everything for peace that popular feeling in Spain would allow, that the deplorable explosion of the *Maine* occurred, and Mr. McKinley, feeling his powers of control exhausted, threw the responsibility of the future upon a Congress vibrating with the passion of a nation. At such a crisis had there been an international obligation already established to which appeal could as of authority be made, we might have been spared—I think we may say we should have been spared—the immediate acts of war that followed, and all that has been brought about in the train of its consequences. It has been said that General Woodford had felt morally certain of securing full guarantees of Cuban liberties, but Mr. McKinley was swept away and there was



nothing to grasp hold of to save himself from the strength of the current. The necessity of listening to neutral voices might have been his holdfast. It is no answer to this argument to say that there were suggestions of intervention by neutral Powers which only provoked resentment in the States. Intervention, unauthorised and uncalled for, on the part of continental Governments was intelligibly resented as a gratuitous and offensive interference; the Powers had no mandate for such an action, and it assumed an authority over the States the citizens of the Republic could not brook, if it did not betray a protection of Spain justifying suspicion of impartiality. Whatever movements towards intervention were made in circumstances like these our Government could not join in them, and the absence of one Power was fatal. Had all the Powers, under an international pact, been invited into consultation and the disputants been bound under the same pact to wait this consultation though not to abide by its result, delay would surely have followed, a pause, time for the re-assertion of soberer counsels and a suggestion of conditions of settlement which both parties could have accepted with honour. The certainty as to what might have been we can never have, but a strong possibility we can assuredly predicate, and many will think it is not too sanguine to say the possibility touched a probability.

For my own part I confess to a belief that if appeal could have been made last year to an international agreement of the civilised Powers the peaceful progress of the world might have continued uninterrupted. I feel greater doubt as to what might have happened a generation earlier, though it illustrates the uncertainty, and so far the hopefulness, of international relations that I find sober men thinking the Franco-German War might have been averted, though in their judgment the American-Spanish War was inevitable. My own view leans the other way, though I will not say the great fight, the consequences of which have overhung Europe since 1871, was as necessary as a solar eclipse. Count Bismarck was bent on war; he saw his way to the unification of Germany under the Hohenzollern dynasty through war with France. He did not believe this unification could otherwise come about, or if it could there would be no assurance of the supremacy of the Prussian House. To him the struggle between the Gaul and the Teuton was like a battle which should be the king of the herd which must be periodically fought amid the wild cattle that roam on fell or in forest. He would have laughed at the idea of the moral evolution of chieftainship. The mind and power of Count Bismarck are facts no one can neglect who would measure the possibilities of 1870; and yet there are things to be taken into account on the other side that may make men hesitate before pronouncing absolute conclusions. A diplomatic struggle had arisen, aggravated by secret manœuvres on the part of Count Bismarck; but in spite of



all diverse influences, the first dispute was settled. King William did not want war; his interviews with Benedetti at Ems had ended amicably; and his telegram to his Chancellor reduced the latter momentarily to despair. The game was slipping out of his hands, and we know by what means he snatched it back again and got his end. On the other side, Louis Napoleon was reluctant to precipitate war. The Empress stormed at him; his marshals protested their eagerness and their confidence of victory; but he himself, ill, worn, and broken, and at heart a demagogic idealist rather than the generalissimo of a nation, would fain have kept the peace. The audacity of Count Bismarck planned the manoeuvre which set Paris ablaze, and sent France to defeat and Napoleon to dethronement; but when the monarchs on both sides were alike in deprecating the battle, can we say that Bismarck must have succeeded even though an interval of time had been necessarily called for, during which the other Powers of Europe would have been required to bring their good offices into the field? There was no question of territorial aggrandisement requiring adjudication. Peace depended almost upon phrases—upon the devising of some formulæ which could satisfy the ruffled tempers of the disputants. It would not have been difficult for friendly neutrals to have framed such terms of appeasement, and having reference to the temper of William I. and Napoleon III., who can say such terms would have been ineffectual? Let it be remembered that this hypothetical intervention would not have been that of a Greek chorus, uncalled for, impertinent, idle; it would have occurred through the operation of a pre-existing pact, we may say of a European law. I do not pronounce that it would have succeeded; I have admitted the enormous difficulties that would have beset it; but it might have succeeded: it suggests a possibility worth trying. If the experiences of 1870 do not prove the certainty of success of such an agreement, they leave us with the belief that the experiment is not hopeless—that it might be efficacious in dispelling the disputes of the future.

It would inconveniently extend this paper if I examined the circumstances that preceded the Crimean War, but I think it would be found that that pitiful story would support the conclusions already suggested. It is more to the purpose to point out that whatever might be the after-effect, under the strain of actual life, of an international agreement not to go to war till neutrals had been invited to offer their advice, the establishment of such an agreement would precipitate no difficult or dangerous questions. The agreement would be based upon the relations of States as they are. When the invitation of the Czar was first heard it provoked cries of resentment and alarm on the part of some and expressions of anxiety on the part of others, who thought it must be followed by a general examination of

existing titles—an examination followed in its turn by recognition of their legal validity in spite of the remonstrances of those who passionately pleaded against their injustice. Had the view thus taken of the work of the Conference been true its consequences would probably have been such as were apprehended. The only possible programme is far more modest. The boundaries of States could be recognised only where their sufficiency and justice are universally acknowledged—that is, both by the peoples within such confines and by the Powers without. When such rare conditions are found the European recognition and European guarantee might follow, at least to the extent of neutralisation; and another part of the work of the Conference might be to continue in this respect also the course of historical development by extending the principle of neutralisation which already forms part of European law. The most remarkable example is that of Switzerland. Under the treaties which closed the great Napoleonic wars its boundaries were marked out, its neutralisation placed under the protection of Europe, and in the more than fourscore years that have since passed no attempt has ever been made to violate the immunity thus established. Switzerland enjoys, indeed, that great safeguard of defence that lies in the spirit of a free people, but a citizen army has sufficed to maintain her rights, which have, indeed, never been seriously threatened. Belgium rests in a similar state of neutralisation, and I have pointed out that her neutrality was respected, in spite of strong temptations to violate it, during the Franco-German War; and it is only to be regretted that the Belgian Government have shown an imperfect confidence in the protection thus secured by treaty and respected historically.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is the last territory neutralised under European protection; but are there no other States whose situation might be considered at the approaching Conference with a view to their neutralisation? The question is a delicate one, for neutralisation, instead of being hailed as a privilege, might in some quarters be rejected as an illustration of a subordinate position; and, where this jealousy is absent, it might be difficult to agree upon the boundary which should be acknowledged at once by the State under consideration and by its immediate neighbours. Denmark, for example, would in many ways seem apt for neutralisation, but the Government and people of Denmark cannot be expected to acquiesce in an abandonment of the claim they assert under the Treaty of Nikolsberg to a rectification of their southern frontier. But there are cases to which the application of the principle of neutralisation is relatively easy. Immediately after the Czar's rescript was issued, the Storting of Norway addressed their King, praying that he would take steps to have their country neutralised at the Conference. Whether Norwegians would resent the simultaneous neutralisation of Sweden and Norway I

do not know, but if they were content to accept the privilege in this fashion, the neutralisation of the Scandinavian kingdoms ought to be within the range of practical politics. Holland differs from Belgium in the possession of a large colonial empire, but I do not see in this difference any reason why it might not have the same status as its neighbour.

I shrink from going further, yet, as expressions of merely personal opinion, I venture to suggest action which may prove possible a generation hence if the policy of neutralisation became part of the European system, though I recognise it as impossible to-day. The limits of the Spanish monarchy are so clearly and universally recognised, and so free from suggestion of attack, that it might, much to the well-being of the Spanish people, safely abandon all pretension of being a military Power. I protest, as a lover of Italy, my belief that Italy would be really stronger if disarmed, whilst the relief of the Italian people would be immense and instantaneous; and I seem to see some signs that opinion in Italy is moving in this direction. These are, perhaps, rash speculations, and their expression uncalled for and imprudent. If a country is to be neutralised, it must be so because its inhabitants desire it and the other Powers are willing to pledge themselves thereto. Beyond this it is needless to go, but, in canvassing possible results of the Conference at the Hague, this field of action could not be over-looked, and it must be left to the wisdom of the Powers to enter upon it should favourable conditions be presented when they meet together.

What may be the outcome of the Czar's invitation to the civilised Governments of the world none can venture to predict. We must not limit its immediate possibilities, still less those after-consequences which may grow out of the action of this year; but, on the other hand, we may enter upon the work of international deliberation with designs too vast for accomplishment, in attempting which we may lose the chance of achieving what is practicable. If I have hinted at designs for the future, all that I have actually proposed does, I believe, lie within the possibilities of to-day. My suggestions are indeed developments, or, it might even be said, continuations of the action of the past. Neutralisation is a process recognised as practicable by generations of diplomatists. It was largely adopted in the Congresses following the great war; it was taken up again when Belgium became a separate Power; it was carried on by the late Lord Derby in the case of Luxembourg. If conditions can be found apt for its extension, its extension must deserve approval. Nor can the objection that it is impracticable be raised against the proposal to extend as a binding covenant between civilised Powers what Lord Clarendon in 1856 got them to approve in principle, and to accept as a covenant in relation to disputes with the Sultan of Turkey.

As far as form and scope go, these are practicable propositions; whether they are in the highest sense practicable must depend upon the spirit animating and inspiring the plenipotentiaries assembled in Congress. The Czar's personal sincerity has worked itself free from suspicion; we ourselves trust we are sincere; and in such high deliberations as must be awaited at the Hague' sincerity begets sincerity. The issue, then, may be left to be brought forth in the fulness of time. If we cannot be certain of its success, we shall escape the responsibilities of failure if we work for it with singleness of purpose and with a simple resolution to be untiring in helping forward its fulfilment.

LEONARD COURTNEY.



## IMPERIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN a sudden change apparently takes place in the character of a man or a nation we may be sure it is not the change that is sudden, but the revelation. The original and traditional character of the American Commonwealth has been long giving way to the action of a variety of forces, some native and some foreign. A vast and heterogeneous emigration, which even the digestive powers of the Republic with its school system has failed entirely to assimilate; a "multimillionairism," with its boundless luxury, its palatial mansions, and its matrimonial alliances with the European aristocracy; the decay of religion, which, though still the social rule, at least in the East, has been losing its hold upon practical life; the growing thirst for pleasure, largely for sensual pleasure, and for money as the means; the intensity of commercial speculation consequent on the thirst for money; a Yellow Press, appealing not only to the love of sensation but to immoral tastes—all are factors in the change which has been going on in the national character, and causes of its visible departure from the old Washingtonian and Jeffersonian ideal. Vastly increased intercourse with Europe has injected European ideas and aspirations. This burst of Imperialism and war fever appears to have its source partly in the desire for a place in the circle of the great war Powers of the Old World. The United States, after all, are colonies. It would seem as though original character and the national individuality which belongs to it could be developed only from the wild stock. The country is, of course, much less affected than the city, but up to a certain extent—happily not beyond—the city leads the country.

The revelation certainly has been startling. George III. and his Ministers never held language about American rebels more imperial than that which Americans are now holding about the Filipinos, a

people fighting for their independence and recognised in that character by the Americans themselves. If the spirit which is now dominant prevails, we may fold up the Declaration of Independence and blot out Fourth of July professions of sympathy with nations struggling to be free.

The party of the Commonwealth such as Washington and Jefferson bequeathed it, and such as the hopes of humanity have painted it, is still fighting strenuously and under good leadership against the party of Empire. It may look for the support of the South, which wants no more negroes, and of labour organisations, which like not the prospect of a large standing army, possibly available against strikers, or of an increase of industrial competition. The vistas of Imperial expenditure which are opening can hardly fail to put friends of economy on its side. Some think that even now, if it could fairly appeal to the people, it would win; but for the next eight months the President, or those in whose hands he is, will be left to work their will. By the end of that time the fate of the American Commonwealth may be sealed. The ball set rolling will probably roll on. National pride will have been excited, and will perhaps be stimulated by disputes with other Powers. Military ambition will have felt the spur. Plutocracy will recognise congenial influences in Militarism and Imperialism, as well as an antidote to the love of equality, in the exercise of dominion over subject races. Politicians will find fresh spheres for their activity, capitalists new fields for exploitation. Nicaragua may be the next mark for "Expansionism"; then may come the West Indies. A vista of tropical and barbarous annexation opens to view.

The friends of the Commonwealth have to face a storm of denunciation and even threats of violence on the part of the Imperialist Press, though among them are men whose patriotism has been proved, not only in the political arena but on the field of battle. Liberty of opinion, the crown and safeguard of all liberties, has not yet thoroughly found its way from its English home to the other side of the Atlantic. Nor is the many-headed despot more patient than the one-headed of honest but unpalatable advice.

Jurists of eminence contend that the government of Dependencies is not recognised by the Constitution. Assuredly it was totally absent from the minds of the framers of the Constitution, and of all the inheritors of their aims. However, if the thing had become desirable, the Constitution might be changed. But the necessary machinery appears to be wanting. British India is an empire apart, with a civil service and an army of its own; its isolation from British politics is the guarantee at once of its immunity from political jobbery and of the immunity of the Imperial country from what might otherwise be a dangerous contagion. The United States have nothing like

the double crown, Constitutional and Imperial, of Great Britain, nor does any arrangement analogous to it seem practicable in their case. So long as the government of the Dependencies is in the hands of the West-Pointers, though it will be one of military force, not a step towards self-government, it is likely to be honestly administered and productive of material improvement. Seldom has West Point swerved from the path of honour. But presently will come the politician, and with him the Carpet-bagger as the Carpet-bagger was in the South. Nor will there be anything to prevent a new current of corruption from setting in through the Dependencies to Washington. To keep the civil service at home free from jobbery a constant struggle is going on, and the stone of Sisyphus, heaved up the hill with painful effort, appears to be always on the point of rolling back.

Nor will there be anything to guarantee the character of the rulers against the effects of arbitrary rule over an inferior race. "It is a terrible thing this living among subject races," was the reflection of the excellent and sensible Lord Elgin in India. Who that was then living can forget the horrors of the Great Mutiny, which was, in fact, an insurrection of caste, or the still greater horrors of the repression, when rage and panic blended their furies with contempt in the breast of the dominant race—when a British commander asked for leave to flay alive, burn and impale, and in England sentimental men of letters were yelling for more blood?

The progress of "Expansion" will entail a corresponding increase of the standing army and navy, probably beyond any limit at present fixed. In a great navy there is no political danger except in so far as it may unduly stimulate ambition and tempt to war. But a great standing army, especially if it should be largely recruited from foreign elements, would be a serious addition to Republican institutions. The commander of a great standing army at a political crisis is master of the State. European nations hold their liberties at the mercy of the army chiefs. Had Boulanger or Zurlinden been the man for a bold stroke, the French Republic might have been overturned. It is hardly safe even now from military usurpation.

Freetraders may in one respect regard American Imperialism with satisfaction. It will render difficult the maintenance of Protection. A friend of mine at Washington, who is a shrewd observer, thinks that Protection must fall. What Cuba manifestly wanted above all things was Freetrade. On the other hand, it might probably be shown that even in the case of Great Britain political dominion had never brought commercial profit, and it would probably take a good many years of trade with semi-barbarous or poverty-stricken populations to repay to the United States the expenses of the war, of its pension list, and of the civil administration of the Dependencies.

That foreign war has produced concord at home is a favourite plea



of Imperialists, especially in the pulpit. Never was party strife more bitter or abuse of opponents more rancorous than it is now. Between the whites of the North and those of the South reconciliation was already complete; they had celebrated their reunion on the field of Gettysburg. Between the whites of the South and the blacks the gulf of estrangement and mutual hatred has been growing wider all the time, though there were negro regiments serving with the whites in the field. The moral world would be out of joint if the way to heal our domestic maladies were by cutting our neighbour's throat.

Just as little truth has been found on this occasion in the belief that the mean passions are expelled by the violent passions under the excitement of war. Political corruption and commercial fraud have been fully as prevalent as ever, and to them have been added the rogueries of army contractors with their "embalmed beef," against which an indignant country is now in arms.

Do the Americans desire to take their glorious share of "The White Man's Burden" by uplifting a degraded and down-trodden race? They have a noble field within their own borders, where there are nine millions of negroes about as down-trodden and degraded as any race can be. They will, at the same time, be averting a great danger from their own State. The relations between the races at the South are worse than ever since the bond of kindness, which in the case of domestic slavery at least was possible, perhaps not uncommon, has ceased to exist. The whites have practically nullified the Constitutional Amendment giving the political franchise to the negro, who is now at the mercy of the white, and may be reduced practically to the condition of a serf. You can hardly take up an American paper without reading an account of the lynching of negroes, which is often attended with circumstances of cruelty such as reveal the depth of race hatred and contempt. No lyncher, it is believed, has yet been punished. A negro having been appointed to a petty postmastership, the whites, taking this as an affront, set his house on fire, and shot him, his wife, and their infant child, as they were trying to escape. Four negro women the other day, at a place in Missouri, on some suspicion as to their character, were flogged till their clothes were saturated with blood. A Southern lady, transported with rage at negro outrages on her sex, calls for a massacre. The negro is not morally sensitive and will bear much, but there is a devil in him, as St. Domingo knows. He has already done some acts of vengeance. Some propose to solve the problem by the deportation of the negroes, but the deportation of nine millions would be an arduous undertaking for the State.

For the extension of the reign of law there seems to be also a fair field at home. The last census gives 7351 homicides, mainly, of course, in Southern or especially lawless States. In Tennessee they



flatter themselves that they have at last put down white capping; but, before the repression, what had taken place? I quote from an American journal:

"These regulators [the Whitecaps] grew in power and boldness until they made for themselves a record for cruelty and crime scarcely equalled by other secret clans by which the world has been cursed. Many assassinations occurred for which no arrests have ever been made. Some of the victims, who were supposed to have been driven from the country, are now known to have been dropped into the river with stones about their necks. Bruce Lewellen, himself a 'Whitecap,' was murdered because he protested when the outlaws voted for a resolution to give his old mother forty lashes. Eli Williams was killed because he had prevented the regulators from whipping Julia Ramsey, a relative. Old man Tom Gibson was shot dead because of his effort to defend his daughter against the ruffians who had broken down his door and come in to regulate her. Aaron McMahon was waylaid and killed by Green and Hendricks because he was opposed to the merciless regulators. Miss Ruth Massey had her arms pulled around a tree, her wrists tied, her night-clothes taken off. She was then beaten until she begged them to 'let me down till I die.'

"Such whippings were common over the country. Finally, Pleas Wynn and Catlett Tipton broke into the cabin of William Whaley, and, without a word, proceeded to shoot him dead. When Mrs. Whaley saw her husband fall, she asked the murderers to wait until she could give her baby to her sister, who was sleeping in the same room. The sister took the child and pulled the cover over her face to shut out the horrible sight, when Mrs. Whaley walked to the body of her husband, took her stand, and was shot down by the assassins. These horrible crimes are described for a purpose. They are typical offences of the Sevier County 'Whitecaps.' To such heartless and bloody work similar organisations in Texas and other States must be expected to lead."

Whitecapping has been by no means confined to Tennessee.

The heartiest friend of the American people would surely say that they had always enough on their hands. There is this war of races at the South. There is political corruption, universally admitted to be widespread, and culminating in a pension list of \$145,000,000 for a war which ended thirty-three years ago, and which, though its fraudulent character has been clearly exposed, passes Congress without a word. There is the confusion of the finances brought about by the uncontrolled and reckless prodigality of Congress. There is the doubtful state of the currency. There is a plutocracy of "multi-millionaires" which, if it learns to turn its wealth into power and to buy the Senate, the Judiciary, and the Press, may become a serious menace to the State. There is, on the other hand, a Socialistic agitation, under the guise of Bryanism, strangely lodged in that which was the party of Jefferson, and with a growing discontent whereon to work. There is a banking system founded on doubtful principles and with an uncertain outlook. The Constitution itself almost appears to be outworn. It has been practically overlaid by party machines worked by the unscrupulous Boss. Of these machines

one has for the time been shattered, and nobody can tell how it is to be repaired. The Senate, once the sheet-anchor of the State, is losing character. I merely repeat what all thoughtful Americans are saying. The white man has a burden of sufficient weight at home. Those who know the American people, not only in the city but in the country, still have confidence in the conservative and recuperative forces, but there is little force to spare for the regeneration of the Filipinos.

In the new Congress the Republicans will have a working majority of both Houses. The disturbing force of the "Populists" has been greatly reduced. That President McKinley will be re-elected in 1900, and that the Republican party will have another term of power, in which it will complete the annexation or settlement of the Dependencies, seems to be regarded as certain. But by 1904 good judges think that the vices of the Republican Government and the enormity of the expenditure will have produced such a reaction that, if the Democratic party can pull itself together again, power will probably change hands. For the present the reunion of the Democratic party appears to be hopeless. Bryan has the majority of the party with him, while in his policy of base money the commercial wing of the party can never acquiesce. On tariff for revenue only and on income tax the sections may agree; so apparently they may in opposition to a great standing army. An attempt to create a third party is on foot, but experience seems to show that it will fail.

"The Senate," says my informant at Washington, "continues on the down grade, and the multiplying scandals of Senatorial elections are bringing the question of the choice of Senators by popular election rapidly to the front. Next to the Presidency and Speakership of the House, a seat in the Senate is the most desired thing in the country. The venality and low esteem of State Legislatures enable wealthy individuals and corporations to buy these seats in ever-growing number, and the proportion of Senators who have become such by means of a political career lessens all the time. The social distinction possessed by the family of a Senator with a large income is not a small factor in the abasement of the Senate."

The House is now more trustworthy than the Senate.

One of the most awkward features in the situation appears to me to be the want of recognised and responsible leadership which is the consequence of the American system of shelving all ex-Presidents and excluding members of the Cabinet from Congress. The place of leaders is taken by the Bosses—practically electioneering agents on the largest scale and of the most questionable kind, intriguers always and never statesmen. Mr. Cleveland, who might lead, is shelved. Mr. Reed, the Republican Speaker of the House, is a strong, courageous, and upright man; he exercises a very salutary influence, little to the satisfaction of the less respectable members of his party, who, there is reason to believe, are conspiring to supplant him; but he can

hardly be said to have the same position or influence as the leader of a party in England.

It was not the proudest moment in the life of an Englishman when he saw his country, for a diplomatic purpose, being thrown into the arms of the party at Washington which for its political objects had forced the war upon Spain. Spain had offered apparently all that honour would permit—self-government for Cuba, which, in fact, she at once instituted; armistice for the rebels; and an open door for relief to the suffering people whom Weyler, like Wellington at Torres Vedras, that they might not be forced to feed the enemy, had compelled to come within his lines. Instead of an answer, she was told to haul down her flag. No great Power would have been thus treated. However grave Spain's faults might be, the fight that she made on being told to haul down her flag was a fight for the honour and independence of nations.

The President was evidently disinclined to war, but the war party stood over him, as it is said, "with a stop-watch," and bade him choose between doing their will and the forfeiture of his second term. He yielded, as the respectable and well-meaning but morally unstable Madison had yielded to the pressure put on him by Clay and the War-hawks in 1812.

Nobody who was on the spot at the time could believe that the American people wanted war. The people would have been glad, and rightly, to see Spain, or any other European Power, brought by pacific means to withdraw from their hemisphere, and leave it to its own destinies. They generously sympathised with the Cubans in the fight for independence, having been led, as we all had been led, by evidence which ought to have been authentic, but was not, to believe that the insurgents were respectable patriots, instead of being, as it now seems that they were, savage marauders who sacked and burned plantations, blew up passenger trains, cut off the heads of prisoners of war, and slew the bearer of a flag of truce. But what fired the popular heart was the destruction of the *Maine*, which in all probability was accidental, being caused by the ignition of coal in the bunkers, of which there have since been three cases in American vessels, while there was not a shadow of ground for imputing it to the Spanish Government. "To hell with Spain!" "Remember the *Maine*!" was the watchword of the war, blazoned in battle signals, inscribed on badges, and even stamped on Government biscuit. Spain had offered fair arbitration. To that offer the President told Congress he had made no reply. Why did he make no reply? That question will be sternly asked by history.

Nor does the diplomatic gain to Great Britain seem to be very sure or lasting. The result of the Anglo-American Conference shows the real extent of the suddenly awakened amity, for which there was a

practical, but transitory, motive on both sides. In the Eastern States among the intelligent classes at least, the anti-British feeling has long been subsiding, and even giving place to affection for the old country. The school histories, about which much has been said, have lost their venom. Unreasoning tradition, so far as it continued to prevail, may have received a salutary shock. But in the West the feeling is against England, not as the kingdom of George III., but as the land of aristocracy, plutocracy, and their symbol, gold; as the ally and partner of the detested Wall Street. It is not likely that in this quarter there has been a radical change of sentiment. As to the politicians, their loves and hatreds are political, and to-morrow they may be paying their homage to some new Parnell. The Irish have been losing influence, but they are still a large vote.

The first and most obvious fruit of inviting the Americans to an Imperial career is the creation of an American fleet, which will put an end to British supremacy in those waters.

The Americans are your chief commercial rivals, and it would seem that the rivalry is likely to increase if the South works up its own cotton. Your chief commercial rivals would be rather awkward partners in commercial extension. You are also the political antagonists of the Americans on this continent, and amongst all the billing and cooing between Great Britain and America, nagging between America and Canada still goes on. You may remember that Mr. Olney, who set this ball of Imperialism rolling, said in his Venezuelan despatch that the retention of any dependency on the American continent by a European Power was anomalous. "How," exclaimed an American politician some time ago, "am I to open my arms to the man who is posting his sentinel at my door?" If Great Britain is the bosom friend of America, what mean these guns pointed at America from Bermuda, from Halifax, from Esquimalt? What mean these perpetual exhortations to Canada to arm against her neighbours? The two lines of policy are destructive of each other.

There is a special difficulty in a permanent partnership for any object with the United States, arising from the want of continuity in their government. Each President at the end of his term goes out of public life; so, as a rule, do the members of his Administration, and the policy of the Cabinet comes abruptly to a close. In England a certain measure, at all events, of continuity is preserved by the continuance of all the leading men, including those who have been Foreign Ministers, in public life.

If the Republican party courts the British alliance, the other party, as a matter of course, will oppose it; and if the Democrats get back to power, as it is thought they will do in 1904, hostility may take the place of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood and co-operation.

That all memories of past feuds may be buried, and that hearty



friendship may for ever prevail between Great Britain and the United States, will be the earnest prayer of the good and sensible in both nations. But the result of anything like a compact alliance or partnership, considering the diversity of interests, institutions, and even, since the large influx of non-British elements into the United States, of character, would be very doubtful. More than doubtful would be the result of a partnership in aggrandisement, however veiled it might be under the pretext of spreading Anglo-Saxon ideas or imposing peace upon the world. The world has not got so far only to have its law imposed upon it by an exclusive domination, however numerous the ironclads of the dominant Powers might be. The community of nations would presently arise in concert to reassert the independence of the seas, and open again a free course of progress for humanity.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## IS A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY POSSIBLE?

**I**S a Catholic University possible, in Ireland or elsewhere? This question may startle many by the paradox which it seems to involve; but it is none the less seasonable and pressing. Mr. A. Balfour's magnanimous plan for the creation of a great Catholic seat of learning has called forth a lively exchange of views on the need, scope, charter, and endowment of the future rival to Trinity College; and the eminent Catholics and Protestants who have taken part in it may be congratulated on having turned on a flood of light by which the versatile British statesman may now see his way to deal with the political, ecclesiastical and financial aspects of the problem. But surely these considerations do not exhaust the question! A Government grant, a royal charter, a palatial building, and a well-paid staff are not enough to constitute a University. These are but the externals—what the cowl and the monastery are to the monk. Scientific teaching is the essence, the alpha and omega, of the highest type of academic institution; and the question which now arises is whether scientific teaching, scientific investigation, or, indeed, any form of academic liberty, is compatible with assent to the current doctrines of those enterprising divines who may be termed the franc-tireurs of Catholic theology. Are we Catholics free to accept and, if we be teachers, to spread the well-established truths of natural and historical science, despite the clashing of some of them with theological definitions, or, at any rate, with the method of construing them now in vogue?

This is a serious subject for Catholics to broach, especially in a periodical which, however impartially edited, is read mainly by our religious opponents. But, then, the crisis is very serious too, much more serious than the bulk of intelligent Catholics imagine; and the

danger which, humanly speaking, now threatens our Church is more formidable than any it has faced and withstood since its first foundation. Much, therefore, though we shrink from inflicting upon our fellow-Catholics whatever twinges of pain may be inseparable from the discussion of delicate matters which undoubtedly should, if they profitably could, be debated in camera, we put the interests of the Church before the comfort of individuals, and hereby withdraw from what seem to us grievous abuses the further support of sorrowful and, it may be, sinful silence.

For many years past Church history has been very lugubrious reading, made up, as it is, mainly of events on which a Gibbon of the new Rome would seize with unholy joy. The Church has of late declared herself vulnerable at numerous points which seem to have little or no bearing upon the everlasting weal or woe of souls. Politics, jurisprudence, physics, journalism, ethics and history have all been cunningly tacked on to theology that it is not easy to read or write upon any of these subjects without unwittingly assailing the vital interests of Catholicism and incurring ecclesiastical censures. The Church would seem to have built tunnels from her hell-proof rock to all the kingdoms of the world once offered to Christ by Satan, and to be now undergoing some of the painful consequences. The Italian Government seized and incorporated Rome by a flagrant breach of the laws of God and man which no fair-minded spectator will seek to palliate. But this injustice to the worldly prince hardly warrants the mobilising and employing of all the spiritual and material forces of Christ's Church in purely political work by the ecclesiastical head. Why, for instance, should millions who theretofore held the doctrine of divine right, with the hearty encouragement of Rome, be suddenly called upon by Christ's Vicar to give up their convictions and throw over their legitimate monarchs, on the ground that republicanism had become, not, indeed, necessary, but helpful to salvation? And why should the peace of the Peninsula and the fate of the monarchy be deliberately endangered because republicanism in Italy is become the forlorn hope of the supporters of the temporal power? They no longer dare to clamour for the breaking up of United Italy by the restoration of the Papal States, but "only" for the establishment of a weak Francophile federal republic, the Pope being president of one, if not all, of its cantons. France longs to see Italy weak and republican; Cardinal Rampolla uses or abuses the whole power of the Church to carry out France's uncharitable schemes, and therefore Catholics are requested for their souls' sake to lend a hand against the Dynasty of Savoy. Will it be seriously contended that this is fit work for Christ's pious followers to undertake? Is it fair to identify our Holy Church with any political combination?

The quick advance of modern thought has had effects analogous to those of politics. The entire organisation of the Church has been brought to bear against contemporary science, on the ground that it is a powerful solvent of religious faith. Uninspired theologians, devoid of scientific training, seek to weed out the God-given faculty of thinking in the rank and file of the faithful. Like Ulysses' seamen, their ears are to be filled with wax and deafened to the song of the Sirens. There is hardly a field of study which does not contain pales beyond which the true believer must not stray. Opinions, theories, and well-established scientific facts are being yearly condemned, many of our best writers censured and punished; and there is hardly one Catholic thinker among the few courageous enough to give their thoughts to the world whose works do not figure in the Index of Forbidden Books.

These measures, which, when applied to Catholics, amount to persecution, are of evil augury; levelled against infidelity or scientific Chauvinism, they would raise our hopes and command our respect. For there are militant scholars and investigators who discredit science as aggressive divines injure religion; and it is meet that the Church should hold up their ridiculous pretensions to scorn and raise a barrier against the ingress of their errors. The attempt to set up natural sciences as a substitute for religion is a case in point, and the culmination of the movement was embodied in the pontifical decree issued by the eminent chemist, M. Berthelot: "*Il n'y a plus de mystère. Sur toute la ligne la mécanique a supplanté l'âme.*" But it is not for such as these that ecclesiastical censures are reserved. It is for the zealous and faithful sons of the Church, the men who are minded at all and every cost to live and die in the fold. The aim of this system of coercion is the bolstering up of the theories of divines who presumptuously confound their handiwork with that of God Himself, while identifying the labours of honest scientists with the machinations of the devil. Hence, they speak and act as if theology and religion were one and indivisible, and when science and divinity run counter to each other, they cry out that the gates of hell are threatening the Rock. The outcome of these tendencies is the strict obligation imposed upon Catholics of taking not only their religion, but their science, politics, and sociology, from a band of over-zealous and under-educated men whose only excuse for folly is their good intentions. No views, theories, or truths, however well established, are allowed to be taught which are not approved by these irresponsible writers; and every Catholic pedagogue who trespasses their commands is instantly rendered useless and harmless by ecclesiastical censures.

It is this system of coercion which renders a Catholic University impossible. The essential objects of a University are to garner in



and distribute to all who are able and willing to receive it the harvest of scientific truth, and to teach scientific methods. And this task, we declare with regret, cannot be properly discharged by our co-religionists until and unless the artificial fetters that now hamper them are greatly eased or wholly cut asunder. The habit of classifying science as Protestant and Catholic is not unreasonably held by many friends and opponents to be the grotesque growth of a warped intellect. Science is by nature undenominational, and it is not a whit more absurd to speak of Catholic mathematics or Ultramontane chemistry than to deplore the errors of Lutheran philosophy or rationalistic biology. In so far as any of these or of other mental disciplines is scientific, it is not denominational, and if Romanised or Evangelised it is unscientific. Therefore a Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish University, for the teaching of law, medicine, or the historical or physical branches of knowledge, is at the present day no more seasonable or reasonable than a University for the spread of teetotal sciences.

Before going further it may be well to take note of an objection based upon the claim of theology, "always necessarily denominational," to a place among the sciences, and upon the elementary right of Catholics to have it taught by their own brethren. This contention is unfounded. Theology is of two kinds: the discipline which deals with the rites, ceremonies, the holy Sacraments of the Church, and with all else that belongs to the thorough equipment of the priest whose privilege and duty it will be to teach and console the flock of Christ committed to St. Peter's care. To every pious, nay, to every genuine Catholic, this is greater and more precious than the sum of all human knowledge, past, present, and to come. But it is not science, and would be out of place at a University. The other theology is historical: its subject is religion, its method scientific, and its conclusions are circumscribed by no preconceived ideas. The former body of doctrine finds its proper place in seminaries and clerical colleges; the latter, and the latter alone, in Universities. The starting-point of the former is identical with its goal, that of the latter *toto calo* different from it. In the case of what may be termed "denominational theology," the truth is possessed in full by the community from the beginning, and must be taught ready made to the student; in the case of the latter the truth has to be laboriously sought for by the individual in accordance with laws which are not derived from revelation; and when found is communicated to all as a scientific fact. This difference of methods marks the difference between theology and science, and it also, alas! denotes the barrier between contemporary Catholicism and scientific research which our co-religionists are forbidden to pass.

To the forming of the scientific frame of mind go a certain degree of scepticism and absolute freedom from intellectual trammels. For science is forced to seek and bound to accept what it finds, whereas religion—and, some would add, theology—having laid in its provision of truth from the first, must reject all new facts in conflict with this. Science has to do with the laws and events of this world of appearances; religion with those of the realm which lies beyond. A denominational theologian cons, unfolds, systematises those religious laws, and may, nay must, put off all doubt as sinful. A scientific investigator, theologian or not, has to attune his mind to other methods, including scepticism, during the search, and to assent after adequate proof. This may be wrong by the code of current Catholic theology, but, if it be, science is equally wrong and likewise worthy of condemnation. Those are the two alternatives. No third course is open.

Theology, therefore, if taught as a science, must be tackled as a branch of history. Christianity is an historic event, and scientific theology is a coherent account of it. The student who takes it up must gather together all available documentary data, restore them as far as may be to their pristine shape according to the rules of historical criticism, and must then determine their relations to each other. This is the first step. If he be forbidden in advance to sift any set of documents, or to hold aloof from any species of conclusions, no matter what the alleged grounds of the prohibition, his work may be denominationally edifying but it is scientifically worthless. Science allows all its results and all its instruments to be put to the severest tests at all times, and authorises the student to cast them aside unless they come out of the ordeal unscathed. Denominational theology, on the other hand, refuses to sanction any such procedure, and threatens him who employs it with spiritual pains and penalties. Hence Catholics do not often recur to it. This is why, in the first place, denominational theology is not a science and has no claim to a place in latter-day Universities, and why, in the second place, our Catholic pedagogues, who are compelled by Rome to view science, its methods and results, from the theological angle of vision, are not qualified, except in special cases, to occupy chairs of science.

Fact, which so often makes short work of theory, fully bears out this statement. Numerous and elaborate efforts have been put forth during the present century to belie it by founding Catholic Universities and fostering "Catholic science"; but the historian who describes them will record a series of wretched failures unchequered by a single success. Nor could it well be otherwise: for, by clinging to mediæval fancies, instead of welcoming modern methods, our co-religionists are disabled from competing with their rivals. The bow and arrow of Harold's days stand no chance against the Mauser rifle of the present

year of grace; and, unluckily, we are forbidden to conform to the tendencies of the times. Hence the uncommonly low ebb of science among Catholics of all countries and the corresponding high tide of deplorable superstitions. Even in Germany, the land of science *par excellence*, our co-religionists cut a very sorry figure alongside of their Lutheran fellow-countrymen. And nobody regrets it more than they do. For our brethren are quite as quick to see truth as their rivals, and just as eager to proclaim it. This is why they are so often in conflict with Rome, why the only real scholars we possess are under a ban, and the few scientific works they have written are on the Index. Fortunately, science itself has not yet been forbidden *in forma*, but we cannot blink the fact that implicitly it is tabooed.

In 1870 the scientific movement among Catholics had become well-nigh stagnant. The well-meant manœuvres of a small body of shrewd, fanatical men having proved successful, put a stop seemingly once for all to every kind of progress. But, in spite of the difficulties, zealous priests and laymen put their shoulders to the wheel, and in a very few years the outlook had become decidedly cheerful. All over Christendom unselfish men arose who set themselves the life-task of proving that faith and knowledge supplement each other, and that science and religion can go hand in hand. Germany, as usual, set the example, and the greatest Hebrew and Syriac scholar of the age made his appearance at the Catholic Academy of Münster, a celebrated historian at the University of Freiburg, philosophers and archæologists at Tübingen, Würzburg, and elsewhere. In France the best traditions of Richard Simon's days were brought into honour by Abbés Loisy and Duchesne; in Jerusalem the Dominicans under Père Lagrange consecrated themselves to the study of holy writ; in the United States a great Catholic University was planned which bade fair to emulate the reputation of the great mediæval institutions; in Italy pious and devoted priests like Antonio Stoppani, and later on Semeria Ginocchi, set themselves to bring about a new Renaissance under the wings of the Church, and thenceforward when intellectual progress was talked of Catholics no longer hung their heads with shame.

But these workers in the vineyard of the Lord are now no longer visible. They have disappeared as completely as if the angel of Death had spread his wings on the blast. The band of over-zealous politico-religious theologians in Rome, whose voices are so often focussed and reproduced by the venerable Pontiff himself, instead of his own, called for their condemnation. And forthwith they were condemned. The great German philologist is silent, the Abbé Duchesne's lectures at the Catholic University of Paris were forbidden to students of theology, and the professor, leaving the University, went abroad. Abbé Loisy was summarily deprived of his chair, told by Rome to abandon

his studies, and condemned to eke out a monotonous and penurious existence as chaplain to a nunnery outside Paris. Father Semeria has been punished like a schoolboy, and is to be wholly got rid of by transportation beyond the seas. Some of these condemnations were aggravated by the form in which they were pronounced. Canon de Vit, for instance, often complained of his curious experience. He had written a pamphlet on the state of the damned, in which he put forward the mild view embodied in certain ancient liturgies, and since uttered and condemned by an English Catholic, that sometimes even they feel some surcease of sorrow for a time. During one of his visits to Rome Canon de Vit received a summons to appear before the Holy Office. At the hour fixed he duly came, and was mysteriously ushered into a room where a great crucifix<sup>o</sup> hung, and before it two wax candles were burning. The terrified ecclesiastic was then put on his knees, and while he was wondering and fearing what would come next, a formula of recantation was placed in his hands, and he was ordered to read it aloud. This he did mechanically, like a man awaking from a trance. Antonio Stoppani, one of the most saintly priests that ever lived, was treated as a vile miscreant by the press organs of the extreme party in Rome. In a word, every head that towered above the crowd was ruthlessly cut down, and equality and tranquillity now reign in Catholicism.

Practically, therefore, the Church has been, if not formally divorced from science, at least separated *a mensâ et thoro*. If science were compatible with neo-Catholicism, say many of our friends and enemies, some one of the many Catholic Universities planned and founded within the memory of the present generation would have effected their reconciliation. But since the crudities of "Ultramontaniam" got the upper hand at the Vatican, there is a *contradictio in adjecto* in the expression "Catholic University," and recent experience has merely brought it out in bold relief. What scientific work has been done by the Catholic University of Dublin, which was founded with a flourish of trumpets under the auspices of the great Dr. Newman? Its very existence is ignored to-day even by Irish Catholics who clamour for the establishment of a Catholic University in Dublin. Whither has the great Catholic University of London vanished which enjoyed the blessing of Cardinal Manning, the organising power of Mgr. Capel, and the money of the Duke of Norfolk? Who ever hears or speaks of the Catholic Universities of France which sprang up after the war with Prussia? The only one known to outsiders is the Institut Catholique of Paris, and the men guilty of making it known by their scientific labours have long since been summarily removed and severely punished. And of all these Catholic institutions not one possessed the usual four faculties.



One of the most ambitious and promising of all these admirable schemes was that of the Yankees. At the first official gathering of the staff of the Washington Catholic University in 1889, a really good programme was agreed to in which the following principles were laid down :\*

"We constitute a University which believes in the possibility of establishing harmony between theology and scientific investigation, and is resolved to act in accordance with this belief. We form a *Catholic* University, and therefore our teaching can never clash with the doctrines of the Church . . . Divine Providence has brought us together in the new world, and at the close of the nineteenth century. Consequently, we have nothing to do with the controversies which have divided the Catholics of the old world."

And yet these excellent men—as exemplary Catholics as ever drew breath—are now scattered throughout the old and new world without having established a *modus vivendi* between science and theology. And curiously enough the annihilation of the institution—for it is nothing less—was brought about by quarrels imported from the old world—from Rome itself. And one regrets to have to add that the Vatican could have warded off the disaster by simply withstanding the temptation to bring it on. In very few words this is how that excellent institution came to grief, leaving science and Catholicism still at loggerheads.

From the very beginning the Fathers of the Society of Jesus believed that they would be set over the new University, with which most sanguine hopes were bound up. Their expectations seemed to differ so little from certitude that they sketched a plan for the new institution, chose New York as its site, and obtained the promise of considerable financial aid from wealthy friends of the Order. The Archbishop of New York, Monsignor Corrigan, warmly supported their claims, and his admirers hoped that if everything went well he would ultimately be rewarded with the Cardinal's hat, to which they fancied he had more serious claims than his rival, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. These schemes were harboured by good Catholics, and their motives, it should not be doubted, were as excellent as those which prompted some of the heads of the early Church of Jerusalem to modify the doctrines or condemn the practices of St. Paul. It is only fair to admit that if the plans of the "American" Ultramontanes had been realised there would have been no trouble, their opponents being incapable of underhand intrigue, even in support of a good cause. But then an admirable seminary, like the Jesuit College of Georgetown, not an American University, would have resulted.

But the Bishops assembled at the Council of Baltimore resolved that the scientific character of the University should be guaranteed

\* I am quoting from memory and therefore not textually.

by keeping it under their own control, and its national aims marked by founding it in Washington. Clearly this was the right thing to do; and it would also have proved the successful thing had it not been opposed by the Society of Jesus, who number 1639 members in the United States, and whose marvellous organisation is the most perfect realised by man. Archbishop Corrigan, the unsuccessful rival of Cardinal Gibbons, at once resigned his membership of the board of directors of the University, but was commanded by his Holiness to withdraw his resignation, the ostensible motives for which seemed to lack the elements of edification. The prelate yielded, but continued to strike many a telling blow in the dark for the good cause, as he conceived it. Thus, it was he who moved the Jesuit Father Holaind to attack Professor Bouquillon and the University on the question of State education, and who generously paid the cost of printing the pamphlet,\* and it was only through the indiscretion of the Italian organ of the Jesuit Fathers that this service of his in the cause was made known. And this was the beginning of the bitter and successful assault on the stronghold of enlightened Catholicism. The University was forthwith compromised as "a school of Liberalism," and the hopes of intelligent Catholics blasted. In order further to strengthen the attack, the dispute was shifted as much as possible to the political arena, Archbishop Ireland being accused of jeopardising Catholicism by insisting on the use of the English tongue among the children of foreign immigrants, and Archbishop Corrigan being praised for encouraging nationalities within the nation. The Jesuit Fathers went so far as to raise the question in one of their own periodicals, whether Germans, Italians, and Slavs may not in due course of time form within the North American Republics States of their own separated from those of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Germans therefore naturally sided with the Fathers against the Episcopate and the University, and the two professors of German nationality in the latter institution did their utmost to thwart the noble aims of its founders. Indeed, it may be said that this deplorable onslaught against the most eminent prelates of the American Church and their creation was embittered by the weapons used, the tactics followed, and the champions selected by the group of the legions who, having hastily wed religion to sordid politics, now sought to divorce Catholicism from genuine science. The publication of forged despatches from Rome is, one is sorry to note, included among the methods of warfare against the University, and the respect displayed by the "papal" party for decisions unfavourable to its own pet schemes may be gauged by the fact that for accepting and carrying out fourteen papal

\* "The Parent First: An Answer to Dr. Bouquillon's Query." By R. J. Holaind, S.J. New York.

propositions on the school question Archbishop Ireland was spoken and written of as the "Antichrist of the North, who is working with success for the ruin of the Church." \*

Professors Pohle, Peries, and Schröder made common cause with the enemies of the University, and left little undone to poison the minds of credulous Catholics against it throughout the world. Monsignor Schröder, a pupil of the Roman Jesuits, who occupied the chair of dogmatic theology, secretly accused his own colleagues, his bishops, and the Rector, who out of sheer pity had appointed him, of heresy. Professor Pohle, an absolute nullity in science, soon went back to Germany, and Professor Peries, who lectured on Canon Law, having been recommended "by some irresponsible person," was dismissed after the lapse of three years.

His Holiness the Pope, whose enlightened views on the subject of "Americanism," as embodied in the famous Fourteen Propositions on the School Question, cannot be too highly praised, deputed his legate, Monsignor Satolli, to weld the hostile fractions of the American Church into one zealous and loyal body. The legate, an Italian, unacquainted with men and manners in Anglo-Saxon countries, settled the University dispute on the easiest, but not the most satisfactory lines, by taking sides with the turbulent "papal" party, which was capable on an emergency of intriguing against the Pope as well as for him, and by discrediting the unselfish and submissive men whose loyalty was co-extensive with their professions. The decision is to be deplored, because it wrecked the highest and holiest hopes of Catholics, and the winding ways by which it was reached scandalised our American brethren and shocked their opponents throughout the United States.

Monsignor, now Cardinal, Satolli set out for the United States in 1893 as a poor Roman professor, and returned a few years later as a prince of the Church; he found in Washington a University full of promise, thoroughly Catholic, he admitted, and perfectly scientific withal; yet he did not leave American soil until he had dismissed the Rector, discredited the system, and turned the University into a seminary. He began by making advances to Archbishop Ireland's friends, by whom he was welcomed and warmed. He enjoyed the hospitality, proclaimed the excellence, and praised the splendid work of the Catholic University, adding, however, that Dr. Schröder was an utterly incompetent professor. Naturally enough the friends of the Jesuit Fathers turned a cold shoulder to the papal envoy, and their press organs of the day gave an almost adequate reflection of their hatred for his person and their contempt for his opinion. For a few years the delegate and his suite continued to partake of the generous

\* "Das Katholische Sonntagsblatt," December 3, 1893.

hospitality of Archbishop Ireland's party, and during all that time the bland diplomatist was charmed by the University and enchanted with its Rector, Bishop Keane. At last, owing to a deplorable accident, these relations came to an end, and the "opposition firm" bade him welcome to their hearths and boards. And the Apostolic delegate, making himself all things to all men, briskly accepted the invitation. It is an unfortunate coincidence—his Eminence has since seen fit publicly to declare that it is nothing more—that the veil of error was then and there torn from his eyes and the truth revealed to him in all its dazzling splendour. His conversion to Archbishop Corrigan's views was thus as rapid and complete as that of Saul to the Christianity he had been hounding down.

English-speaking Catholics have cause to regret that the Apostolic delegate should not, like St. Paul, have had the courage of his new convictions. It was in secret that he stirred up the Pope and the Curia against the pious Rector of the University, and managed to surprise the world by working his fall. His Holiness, indeed, states expressly, in the decree recalling or dismissing Monsignor Keane, that his motive is merely the desire to hinder the Rectorship from becoming a life appointment, and this ought therefore to be true. But then the Pope's delegate distinctly confessed to Archbishop Ireland that it was he (the delegate) who had asked for and brought about the dismissal of the Rector, whom he had over and over again referred to as the right man in the right place; and one hopes, for the Pope's sake and his own, that his confession is inaccurate.\* Unfortunately, he communicated so many other details to Monsignor Ireland that there is no room for doubting that he did secretly denounce and to a great extent ruined the trustful men whose bread he was eating. It would have brought some consolation to Catholics could we add that the Church had profited by a series of acts of which it cannot approve. But unworthy means usually lead to unworthy ends, and the University incident was no exception.

Cardinal Satolli has been roundly accused by the *Independent*, one of the most respected periodicals in the United States, of having constantly accepted presents of money, amounting to a very considerable sum, all told—of having taken, for instance, a gratuity of 1000 dollars from Monsignor McMahon—and of having shabbily turned his back upon and his hand against the money-givers as soon as their sources ran dry. This indictment and, still more, the facts alleged in support of it have given great scandal to Catholics and corresponding pleasure to their enemies throughout the States. His Eminence Cardinal Satolli deemed it his duty in consequence to write a letter from Rome denying these charges. Unluckily he also wrote a letter from Rome

\* Cf. *Allgemeine Zeitung*, May 1, 1897



to Archbishop Ireland professing the tenderest affection for that prelate, although at that very time, as is now known, he was working hard to compass the Archbishop's fall. These sets of deliberate statements made by his Eminence with all outward signs of inward conviction are not easy to reconcile.

The University authorities and the episcopate were powerless to ward off the poisoned arrows fired against them as from Apollo's invisible bow. But they resolved at least to tolerate no enemies within the gates, and Dr. Schröder was one of the most dangerous. This was the individual whom Cardinal Satolli in his unregenerate days had stigmatised as an incompetent professor, and whose friend and protector he became later on. The episcopate, having first warned this pupil of the Jesuits in vain, ordered an official inquiry into his conduct. The main charges against him were of being a mischief-maker and of being utterly incompetent as a professor of dogma. Before the investigation began he and his friends secretly appealed to Rome to intervene—that is to say, to take his part, without asking or caring whether he was right or wrong. And Rome, we are grieved to relate, did take his part, without caring whether he was a blessing to the American Church or a curse; and, what is much worse, Rome trampled under foot the decrees of the Council of Trent in order thus to impose upon the Catholic University an utterly incompetent professor. This was a slap in the face for the American bishops, which did much to lower the prestige of the Holy See in its uninspired moments of mere worldly wisdom. But the inquiry went on, and Professor Schröder was found guilty by the Theological Faculty unanimously, and by the Academic Senate. Thirteen bishops characterised him as “an odious person, intolerant and intolerable.” His dismissal was therefore decreed. But, like a bolt from the blue, a telegram in his favour suddenly arrived from Rome, which Professor Schröder, certain of its magic effect, had triumphantly foretold several days before. But the bishops quietly administered a lesson to Rome, taken out of her own books: they set the telegram aside for two reasons—because telegrams may be, and had been, forged, and also because that particular one, if authentic, was sadly uncanonical.\*

It was thus that Professor Satolli became a flourishing Prince of the Church, that Bishop Keane forfeited his Rectorship, that Rome strained several points to crush out the scientific spirit in the States, and that the great Catholic institution of Washington became Italian and was bereft of its claim to be regarded as a University. It is thus, too, that all attempts to found a Catholic University will be baffled so long as the present narrow spirit prevails, which looks upon

\* In order to bring a dispute of this nature before the Curia, the Council of Trent decreed that it must first have been threshed out in the country in which it arose.

all institutions of Catholicism spiritual and intellectual, as mere instruments for political intrigues. The educational ideal of the group of ecclesiastics who irresponsibly govern the Church in the long intervals between infallible decrees is a type of Jesuit College as aristocratic as possible, which shall furnish the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, the Bar, the Bench and the Church with their most influential functionaries. It is not our intention to decry this ideal for ordinary colleges, but we hold that it is absolutely incompatible with that scientific instruction which a University is expected to supply.

The story of the rise and fall of the Free and International Catholic University of Freiburg in Switzerland is to the full as depressing as that of the Washington venture, and the lessons to be drawn from both are all the more poignant that we are forbidden to put them to profit. Cardinal Satolli, who since his return from the States is Prefect of the Roman Congregation of Studies, played a prominent part in the fifth act of the Freiburg drama, and called forth the censure of such uncompromisingly Catholic organs as the *Germania* and the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*.

The University was founded by the Government of the Swiss Catholic Canton with generous intentions and niggardly funds, and in order to make both ends meet expedients were resorted to which seem alike unworthy of Catholicism and science. Thus, in order to fill the principal chairs with German professors, breadwinners were taken away from their professions on the falsest of pretences, and then after a year or two turned adrift upon the world with their families and forced to begin life anew. In the next place, an insincere letter of thanks was sent to the Pope in the hope and belief that he would allot one million francs to the institution, and the writer of that letter, who at the time was Rector of the University, assures us that he was instructed to dilate on the beauties of Thomistic philosophy and generally to harp upon all the strings which were likely to awaken a responsive echo in the breast of his Holiness.\* When the Sovereign Pontiff in reply lavished his blessings but tightened his purse-strings, the founders of the University arranged a lottery, which was stigmatised even by the Freiburg journals as a vulgar swindle, and, as purchasers held aloof, a further inducement than the interests of Catholics and science was held out to them by the announcement that the lottery tickets would also admit them to third-class places in the circus to see the funny clowns and the learned poodles perform.† Bishop Mermillod, of Cultur-Kampf celebrity, strove hard to have the Theological Faculty handed over to the Jesuit Fathers, but, as the Swiss laws rendered this impossible, the Dominican Friars were put in possession and were accorded the right to three chairs in the

\* Cf. "Herr Python und die Universität Freiburg in der Schweiz." München, 1899, p. 105.

† *Ibid.* p. 12.

Philosophical Faculty over and above.\* This proved such a cutting disappointment to his Grace that he then and there withdrew his *sejis* from the high school, and was unwilling that his young clerics should frequent it. But his Lordship was for this reason raised to the purple and removed from his diocese, and his successor showed himself less intransigent. This episcopal opposition is noteworthy: it points to the fact that Bishop Mermillod deemed the Dominican Friars too lax or too liberal—in a dogmatic sense—for the work, so that the Freiburg University may be truly said to have been inaugurated under conditions uncommonly favourable to the full growth of all the scientific liberty compatible with that Ultramontanism which is now identified with Catholicism.

But the Dominicans were unjustly suspected of Liberalism: they soon made it clear that they considered themselves to be Friars first and professors afterwards, and in a very short time they obtained control of the whole professorial body, whose most precious qualification was thenceforth admitted to be obedience to the wishes of the learned friars.† That was the one thing necessary; little store was set by scientific proficiency or academical degrees, and out of the entire teaching staff nineteen professors had never obtained the degree of doctor. The Dominicans themselves, it must be said, set the example of obedience, and Cardinal Satolli could truthfully commend them in a letter which he addressed to the University last summer, for working together with their "extremely active Father-General," who is in Rome.‡

Catholics who have the cause of their religion at heart will read the history of the rapid decline and fall of the Freiburg University with mingled feelings of shame and indignation. It is a tale of mine and countermine, of low intrigues and sublime phrases, of petty spite and pious pretence, of occasional eavesdropping and systematic espionage, of inquisitions *en miniature* and threats *en grande*, all culminating in the final explosion which scattered the professors over the world, and left Freiburg University a moral wreck and ruin, a byword among Catholics, and a battle-cry to our enemies.§

The lay professors possessed practically no rights whatever, while their obligations were numerous, and to a large extent unknown; the Dominican Fathers, on the contrary, were under obedience only to their Father-General in Rome, and enjoyed rights in Freiburg, which were not only extensive, but to a considerable extent kept secret from

\* *Op. cit.* p. 63.

† *Cf. op. cit.* p. 52. They insisted on Prof. Beck, who is not a Dominican, putting himself under the orders and receiving his *missio canonica* from the Dominican General in Rome, instead of from the Diocesan Bishop.

‡ *Cf. Analecta Ecclesiastica*, December 1898, p. 494.

§ Many pamphlets and articles have been published on the subject. The curious reader will find them all mentioned in the latest, which was written and signed by eight professors who lately resigned in a body. It is the *Replik*, &c., quoted above.



their colleagues. The theological chairs were fourteen in number\* to 150 students, "very many of whom could not be ordained priests in Germany on account of defective education, but experienced no difficulty whatever in receiving orders in Freiburg."† The Dominican Friars insisted on bestowing the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on young men who were scientifically unworthy of it, and the lay professors were persecuted like heretics for refusing their consent.‡ On the other hand, they claimed a right, nay, pleaded the sacred duty, of supervising the professors and students of the other faculties, and the means by which they exercised the privilege or discharged the task were neither educational nor ethical. A graduate who had written a dissertation—a scientific work—on an epoch in the history of the city of Freiburg was called upon by the Dominican Fathers to suppress a whole series of facts throwing light upon the doings of certain religious orders. The candidate, on refusing to mutilate his history, was alternately coaxed and threatened, and he himself wrote a letter to one of the persecuting Fathers,§ in which he says: "On both occasions you spoke to me about my professors in terms which should be sought in vain on the lips of a member of a religious order, and which were meant wholly to undermine the moral reputation of my teachers." And this is by no means the worst sample of the style of suasion adopted at this Free Catholic University. When a Dominican professor who has the authorities with him can tell a young historian to suppress material facts in his book, in the name of the Church, our co-religionists' demands for freedom of University teaching sound somewhat hollow. But one's heart fails on reading the words with which the reverend father reinforced his unscientific demand: "If you leave such passages in your work . . . I will doff my cowl and talk to you in the livery of a stable boy."||

The Fathers had private reports of their colleagues' lectures made for them, and ended the lecturer's career by hindering students from attending his course. And, although they cannot be truly said to have swallowed a camel, they undoubtedly strained at mere gnats. Professor Grimme's lectures on Hebrew grammar were denounced "because he modifies texts by adopting conjectures, and because in his book on the 'Theory of Hebrew Accents and Vowels' he gave utterance to views open to the suspicion of heterodoxy."¶ Père Michel joked and gibed at Professor Wolff's lectures, and theological students gave them a wide berth in consequence.\*\* Professors Beck and Giraud were persecuted in a similar way, and the Reverend Father Weiss wandered about groaning because a student had lost his faith at Professor Streitberg's lectures on—grammar. The German professor, it appears,

\* *Replik*, p. 62.

† *Ibidem*.

‡ *L. c.* p. 12.

§ The graduate in question is Dr. Heinemann, now librarian in Lucerne; the Father is Père Berthier. *Cf. op. cit.* pp. 71 and 75.

|| *Op. cit.* p. 75.

¶ *Op. cit.* pp. 67-68.

\*\* *Op. cit.* p. 79.



had somewhat imprudently sprung the statement upon his hearers that science is powerless to demonstrate the unity of human languages as revealed by the Holy Ghost in the Old Testament.\*

It was not long before the lay professors, all of whom were and are most orthodox and zealous Catholics, saw that the Free Catholic University was hedged around with barriers which shut out even their scientific gleanings. An attempt was made behind their backs to appoint the Bavarian priest, Kneipp, of water-cure fame, to a chair of medicine, but the German professors, having read of the project in the papers, opposed it tooth and nail. In this they were successful,† but it was their last triumph. The Director of Instruction, Herr Python, who defended the Dominican Friars through thick and thin, made the lives of the lay professors a burden. So little consideration was had for their dignity, their self-respect, or their rights, that their salary was withheld without warning or explanation,‡ and Herr Python actually boasted that he had treated them as he would not have dared to deal with common schoolmasters.§ They were deliberately and systematically driven away, these orthodox Catholic professors. In the summer of 1891 Professor Weyman resigned; a few months later Professor Fervers followed his example; in 1893 Professor Wolff left; in 1894 Professor Rensing; last year no less than eight professors resigned in a body, and, in all, thirteen Catholic professors, against whose orthodoxy not a breath of suspicion has been raised, were forced to leave the University and to begin life anew. Their own account of the rise and fall of the Free Catholic University, from which the preceding sketch is extracted, well deserves to be read and laid to heart by all those who hope in England or Ireland to succeed where Germans, Americans, Swiss, Frenchmen, Italians, and British have already so hopelessly failed.

On the resignation of the professors *en masse*, Cardinal Satolli, at the Pope's desire, wrote a letter to the Rector and the remaining professors which angered even those Catholic organs that usually support every act and word of the Roman authorities, as a soldier defends his king and country, irrespective of rights and wrongs.|| His Eminence, carrying out his Holiness the Pope's behests, treated the professors who resigned as a handful of mischief-makers, and the Dominican Fathers as fountains of science. Here is a passage of the Cardinal's letter:

"May this be a word of solace and encouragement for the entire teaching staff and the direction of the youthful University; but more especially for the illustrious Dominican Fathers, who, under the immediate guidance of their exceedingly active and well-deserving Father-General . . . pour out, with as much self-denial as success, the treasures of their rich and profound

\* *Op. cit.* p. 80.      † *Op. cit.* p. 46.      ‡ *Op. cit.* p. 55.      § *Op. cit.* p. 48.

|| Cf. the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, January 8, 1899, and *Germania*, January 17, 1899. The latter organ confesses that it doubted the authenticity of the letter.

learning upon the chairs of holy theology and kindred disciplines, confided to them by the Holy Father, for the weal of clerical youth. . . . The reproach hurled against them by a handful of mischief-makers, that they seek to make novices of the alumni and turn the University into a monastery, is false . . . and is at the same time malicious."\*

Cardinal Satolli's competency in matters of science has since been denied by its authorised spokesmen on the Continent, and his good judgment and tact have been sorrowfully called in question by the authorised mouthpieces of his own party in the Catholic press. The University of Leipzig took the part of the professors, who declared that freedom of teaching was a myth in Freiburg, and this latest attempt of intelligent Catholics to establish some kind of *modus vivendi* between science and contemporary Catholicism has thus ended in suffocating smoke.

Yet Catholicism is not incompatible with science; it was once identified with all that was enterprising, laborious, and genial in the pursuit of human knowledge, and it might rapidly become so again. But between science and Ultramontanism—that is, the theological shell from which the pith of religion has been scooped out and politics stuffed in—yawns an impassable abyss. In the apostles of the Ultramontane gospel the religious slope of the mind is overgrown by the political Upas tree, which overshadows, stunts, or kills every species of moral and religious growth. The modern Jew has been calumniously set down as a gross materialist; the Ultramontane is, unfortunately, this, with the additional aggravation that he sails, not always wittingly, under false colours. In politics, which he cultivates as the shortest cut to power and influence, his heart throbs, his soul thrills, his nerves tingle. Like the angels in Jacob's dream, he wholly forgets his spiritual wings and uses human modes of locomotion up the ladder leading to his heaven.

Ultramontanism, which has been in vogue for the past thirty years, is to Catholicism what the mistletoe is to the oak. It thrives on the life-juices of religion and dries up the strength-giving sap of scientific truth. Its faith forms a noxious blend with politics, and its science a baneful mixture with superstition, ambitious clerics, not the Catholic Church, profiting by the costly results. The chiefs of the movement are ever at loggerheads with outspoken brethren on matters of scientific research, or in strife with statesmen on questions of politics. Religious disputes, as such, are unheard of. Indeed, one shudders to learn from the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which his Holiness treats as the authorised organ of the Vatican, that the ultimate aim and goal of Catholic interests, instead of being the triumph of Christ's teaching, is the domination of the world by the Papacy,† and, so far as we are aware, no voice has yet been raised against the new interpretation of the text, "My

\* Cf. *Augsburger Postzeitung*, January 5, 1899.

† *Civiltà Cattolica*, December 1897, January 1898.

kingdom is not of this world," whereby Christ meant to say merely that the power which His vicar would wield over the world has its roots in a realm beyond. If Pope Damasus I. or Pope Gelasius I. were to arise from the dead to-day, he would look long in vain for the line of cleavage which sunders Ultramontanism from the chief political parties. Yet the strenuous striving of Roman wire-pullers to seize the schools, the universities, the press, and the parliaments of the world is intelligible, and might even be a boon for all concerned; certainly we should be the last persons to set our faces against it. But we would fain see the tendency kept well within reasonable bounds, moderated, if not inspired, by religion, fostered by fair means, and not pitchforked into the place of our highest ideals.

The schools we possess already are not all that they should be. The influence of those who direct them does not always make for goodness, beauty, or truth; and the instruction doled out to the children often favours the growth of superstition and handicaps our young generation in their struggle for life. It is the bent, if not the aim, of Catholic education to place our children in the position of divers in their bells, well hedged in from the dangers of the deep, but wholly shut off from the influences that would brace and cheer. The tendency that strikes one most forcibly in the educational system of latter-day Ultramontanism is to create and perpetuate in Catholics the need of constant watch and ward on the part of Rome in everyday matters in which ordinary men and women should use their judgment. They are not to be allowed to launch out into the sea of politics, science, or literature without a pilot from Rome, who is sometimes unable to steer by the compass, but always keeps an eye on the main chance. "Religious education," says the Jesuit Father Cathrein, "includes not merely the teaching of religion, but embraces the whole school with all its machinery. Everything must be subservient to that teaching. . . . *This is true even of writing and reading.*"† To Catholic "sciences" and Christian mathematics, therefore, this zealous teacher would further add "Ultramontane caligraphy and orthodox elocution." Another Jesuit, Père Desjardins, lays it down that the Church—by which he means the theologians in vogue—"possesses a sovereign right to retard certain developments of science, if they should seem likely to become dangerous, in the higher interests of faith."† It is utterances like these, and acts in keeping with them, which have done so much to discredit contemporary Catholicism in serious scientific circles. The spirit underlying this teaching is everywhere in Ultramontanism a formidable force, and it is never discarded; where it seems absent, it is only dormant for a time.

Wherever and whenever militant Ultramontane divines deem it safe

\* "Kirche und Volksschule," Freiburg, 1896, p. 61.

† "Encore Galilée," Pau, 1877, p. 43.



to give vent to their inmost desires and unsunned beliefs, the forms they choose leave no hope for any arrangement between science and dogma. A few weeks ago the Jesuit Father Abel, preaching in Vienna to a crowded church, exclaimed: "What did it profit Adam and Eve that they broke away from God? They knew. Well, what did they know? That they were naked. And from that day forward nakedness and knowledge go hand in hand." The Roman review, *Analecta Ecclesiastica*, in an outspoken and enthusiastic, but unwise article on the Holy Inquisition, promulgates the esoteric doctrine that the bloody and fiery deeds of that mediæval institution were justified and the victims deserved all they got:

"Church law and State legislation treated those hypocrites according to justice and their merits, uniting their forces so that wolves in sheep's clothing should not fall upon the penfold. Far be it from us to cast about for weak grounds for the defence of the Holy Inquisition against heretical malice. Let not the character of the age, natural cruelty, immoderate zeal, or any other sophistical excuse be put forward, as if the Church in Spain or elsewhere needed to be even partially excused for the acts of the Holy Inquisition. It is to the happy watchfulness of the Holy Inquisition that the religious peace and the blissful faith are to be ascribed which do such honour to the Spanish people. Oh, blessed flames of the stake by means of which, through the elimination of a few very cunning people, thousands and thousands of souls were rescued from the maw of error and saved mayhap from everlasting damnation. Oh shining and venerable memory of Thomas Torquemada, marked by the wisest zeal and unconquerable bravery!"

Religious principles should certainly form the woof of Catholic education and scientific truths its warp. If this cannot be, if science be hopelessly antagonistic to what is now termed religion, let the fact be authoritatively declared. Nothing less than an *ex cathedra* definition can be expected to satisfy those Catholics for whose behoof decrees and definition are mainly issued; and that would scarcely surprise them. But it seems hard to be called upon to praise our science to the skies in public while grumbling in private at its systematic suppression. If we are asked to submit to the new edition and procedure of the Index, which condemns the best works of science and of art, we should not be forced to insult members of other Churches by flaunting our scientific freedom in their faces and deriding their alleged intellectual serfdom. If we endorse the heroic resolution recently passed at a Catholic Congress, presided over by a Jesuit, never in future to read any book or journal which is not strictly Catholic,\* it seems scarcely honest of us to swell the chorus of the other Catholic Congress denouncing the Italian Government for withholding "liberty of teaching."†

\* The Congress held in the Province of Rio Grande del Sud in October 1897. Padre Carmine Fasulo proposed the resolution.

† The Fifteenth General Congress of Catholics in Milan. Don Albertano proposed a motion to found a Catholic University, and he also called upon the Italian Government to abandon the system of scientific oppression and grant freedom of teaching.



We quite understand that if the education given in our schools were as it should be the religious element would have the upper hand in some places, and the scientific in others. It would be unwise to lay down any hard-and-fast rule on the subject. But it is not an exorbitant demand to ask that personal ascendancy or gross superstition should be scrupulously excluded from the aims. Why, for instance, should our Bishops, our Sacred Congregations, our press-skirmishers, who perform an Indian war-dance round the body of a suspected bishop or professor, be silent when a school-priest compels girls of a tender age to take practical lessons in the pains of purgatory by having their fingers burned over a candle and holds one recalcitrant girl's hand in the flame till she has to call in the help of the doctor?\*

Our primary schools, our Universities, and our latter-day literature abound in elements which do not tally with genuine religion, are at odds with true science, and seem calculated solely to keep the coming generation in a state of moral and mental pupilage. In none of our educational establishments is there a sharp line of demarcation drawn between the real and the imaginary. Truth is welded on to fiction in a cunning way that is not merely bewildering, but to a large extent demoralising. To take but one of many instances, the devil is treated as a personage whose visits to the haunts of nineteenth-century men are as frequent as to those of their forefathers a thousand years ago. And the abuse is not confined to our rural dominions; the example is given in the first place by the greatest University lights we possess. Our celebrated historian, Joseph von Görres, whilom Professor at the University of Munich, discusses these matters at inordinate, but not unusual, length in his classic work. Speaking of a devil who had no back, he says: "It is a curious circumstance that evil spirits should possess only a front side and lack the back side. That would appear to result from the peculiar optics of a certain grade of the lower vision, inasmuch as things project themselves only picturewise." In another place he discusses the influence of constellations upon men, and denies that the demoniacal influences of the constellations are direct, "because no star left the hand of its Creator with a demoniacal stamp.† . . . As every cosmic illness becomes more acute with the growing moon, so every demoniacal illness."‡ Such doctrines are as common among our intellectual leaders as blackberries in season, but as they are not scientific, it is misleading to allow them to be taught as such.

Professor Bautz, in Münster, a State Catholic University with two Faculties, lectured two years ago on "The Last Judgment, Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven." He is an authority on the subject, having

\* *Wiener Allgem. Zeitung*. April 21, 1896. The name of the clergyman is Abt Schieftl, the school is situated in Kundl, in Austria.

† "Die Christliche Mystik," vol. iv. 16-18.

‡ *Op. cit.* iv. 72.

published dissertations on these four last things, and his professional position consecrates his claims to be treated as a scientific light. He says:

"With respect to the real duration of Purgatory, it lasts, according to Marina de Escobar, twenty, forty, fifty years, or longer. Catherine Emmerich speaks of souls who had to spend hundreds of years in Purgatory.\* . . . The venerable Bernard Colnago, of the Society of Jesus, saw, in Rome, a soul that had already endured its punishment for forty-three years on one of the streets.† . . . Francisca of the Holy Sacrament saw a continuous going and coming of poor souls. They appeared to her now fiery, now coal-black and emitting sparks. . . . In face of such a total of facts, it matters little whether one or two of them *should be found to be open to criticism.*"‡

Contemporary Catholic science encroaches upon the ground covered by physical science, but there is no Index to check the invasion. On the contrary, it is encouraged. Professor Bautz of Münster, for example, bravely defends the Ptolemaic system of astronomy in its application to various theological doctrines. He overthrows the theory of volcanoes which at present prevails, and maintains that they are the flues of hell. "Hell," he adds, "and this is our thesis—hell is situate at no great distance—not in the moon, nor yet in Mars, nor in the sun; hell is in the interior of our earth."§ Analysing the composition of the various bodies donned by good and bad angels when playing a part in the drama of human life, Professor Bautz enunciates the principle that the good spirits use only the nobler stuffs, such as air, æther, and "certain gases" which they condense. Devils have to make the best of "impure dirty materials." They get into corpses now and then.

"To Saint Bridget," he tells us, "a damned woman once appeared, who crawled out of what seemed a dirty sheet. The heart of the woman was lacerated, her lips gnawed away, her chin shivered, her teeth chattered, her nose was eaten off, her eyes, torn from the sockets, hung down on her cheeks. Her brain was as molten lead, her inside teemed with gnawing worms and snakes, her thighs and shins were full of pricks and thorns, her feet were like the feet of a toad."||

Chemistry is taught by Professor Bautz in the same offhand manner:

"From the point of view of natural sciences, it can be assumed that the fire of hell is produced by the everlasting circulation of certain chemical processes whereby, by virtue of a divine arrangement, chemical combinations of certain subterranean stuffs with oxygen and other gases arise and disappear again.¶ . . . The Devil is able to bring together the simple elements in various ways, so that they combine chemically under the usual forms (light, heat, fire, sound, electricity). He is further able to bring the

\* "Purgatory," p. 180.

§ "Hell," p. 22.

† *Op. cit.* 187.

|| *Op. cit.* p. 190.

‡ *Op. cit.* 190.

¶ *Op. cit.* p. 107.

seed-cells of organic beings to the proper place, in order that they should there . . . develop into living beings. . . . By condensing steam he forms rain-clouds and rain; by means of a violent impulse communicated to the air he occasions ravaging storm winds, kindles fires by electric motions or chemical processes, and lets it fall from heaven," &c.\*

Such is the science which, to employ Cardinal Satolli's florid expression, "is poured out upon the chairs" of our Catholic Universities and Colleges. It never provokes a word of remonstrance from those who silenced Professor Schell, of Wurzburg, Professor Ginocchi, of Rome, Professor Semeria, now of Genoa, and Professor Loisy, of France. It harmonises with the system and is belauded accordingly. On parade days it may be varied with the science that lends itself to the rôle of glittering fringe on the purple of political and militant Ultramontanism; but Professor Bantz and his likes are the builders and watchmen of the system.

It is a system which must soon come to grief unless the Church be remodelled after the fashion of the Theocracy of Paraguay, with a maximum standard of intelligence and no legal minimum. That a determined effort is being made so to recast it, one cannot help noticing. Of this we complain less than of the irresponsibility of its authors, and the secrecy of their methods. We ourselves are true and loyal sons of the Church, minded to die as we have lived, submissive to her teaching and obedient to her behests. We have no sympathy with rebellion, and utterly abhor heresy and schism. We are content to complain and entreat. But we do ask and prayerfully adjure those who govern the Church in normal times by normal methods to create a clear position. If it be found necessary "to retard the developments of science," as the Jesuit Father Desjardins gently puts it, let the necessity be manfully proclaimed and God's blessing asked. But what we cannot brook is the saying of one thing and the doing of the contrary. Whatever else may be right this surely must be wrong, and it is this that we would fain see reformed. We know and declare, and facts bear out our declaration, that a Catholic University is at present a chimera. If, as we are convinced, there is no good reason why it should be so, then let the pretexts in the name of which it is kept so be ruthlessly swept away.

Nothing is further from our aims than the stirring up of strife within the fold of the faithful, for the bulk of whom these questions are wholly devoid of meaning; on the contrary, we yearn for the return of that peace which is at once the precious fruit and the tangible proof of true religion. We have no pet doctrines to uphold, no fresh theories to lay before the Catholic world, no advice to offer. We simply long to have the truth, as the Church apprehends it, clearly

\* *Op. cit.* 141, 142. Cf. also "Der Ultramontanismus von Graf Paul von Hoensbroech," p. 152.

stated, and its consequences, as logic draws them, honestly enforced. Catholicism, being one with Ultramontanism, is at present hostile to science. No fair-minded man can doubt that this is so. We only ask—Ought it to be so? If not, let the causes of the abuse be uprooted. But if the antagonism is necessary to the Church, helpful to the faithful, or opportune in the eyes of the Pontiff, as the Jesuit Fathers declare it may be, let this be authoritatively proclaimed and a word or two added, showing how science may be true and yet prove temporarily hurtful to the truths of religion.

But an end should be put once for all to the shuffling system of government by false pretences which is become a scandal to intelligent Catholics and a byword to their watchful opponents. It is at least conceivable, although to us incredible, that the weal of Catholicism should require the dragweighting of science. But it is not conceivable to men or angels that the interests of any Church should call for the perpetuation of a system of methods which closely border upon falsehood. And these methods are the direct outcome of that alliance between politics and religion which goes by the name of Ultramontanism.

But even the abuses of Ultramontanism ought not to drive any genuine Catholic from the true fold. Truth, as men apprehend it, is never quite exempt from error, nor virtue, as they practise it, wholly free from all admixture of vice. Even though our weak voices should be drowned in the din of political excitement, we earnestly exhort all who think with us on these matters to remain faithful to the Church and to imitate the late learned Bishop Hefele of Rottenburg, who lived and died a loyal member of the true fold, despite the cruel blow dealt to his holiest hopes and most cherished religious beliefs.

"I lived many years under a grave delusion," he wrote from Rome in January 1871. "I fancied I was serving the Catholic Church, whereas I was serving but the caricature which Romanism and Jesuitism had fashioned out of it. In Rome for the first time it became clear to me that what is being planned and done there bears but the semblance and name of Christianity; it is only the shell: the kernel has vanished. It has been all completely sold out." \*

VOCES CATHOLICÆ.

\* Cf. Schulte, "Der Altkatholizismus," p. 228.



## FINLAND AND THE CZAR.

TO Finlanders it appears strange to see their country figuring in the European press as it does at present. We have grown accustomed to the fact that hardly anybody knows anything about us, and we have not found it surprising. The Finnish nation, as a body politic, is not only small, but young, and has, since its birth, been in intimate union with a mighty Power, the greatness and authority of which have naturally hidden the political existence of the constitutional Grand Duchy under the Czar's dominion. Moreover, we have been a very happy people, wishing for nothing but to enjoy our rights and to make progress in husbandry and industry, in mental and moral culture, in general enlightenment, in science and art. Such tranquil contentment, of course, is not a favourite topic of the newspapers. But contentment now is at an end. The Czar's manifesto of February 15 has disturbed our peace.

In 1809, when the Grand Duchy of Finland was ceded by Sweden to Russia, the people of Finland, as Alexander I. expressed it, were "placed in the rank of nations." That liberal-minded Emperor issued a manifesto to the inhabitants of Finland, wherein he "desired to confirm and ratify the religion and fundamental laws of the country, together with the privileges and rights hitherto enjoyed by each estate in the aforesaid Grand Duchy in particular, and all the inhabitants in general, both high and low, according to the Constitution"—i.e. the old Swedish Constitution—which thus was guaranteed to be maintained in full force.

Alexander I. desired to fix the destiny of his new Grand Duchy for all future time. In a manifesto of 1816 he writes with reference to his Finnish subjects: "We have desired . . . to confirm for ever and

ever the assurance they have received from us as to the maintenance of their special Constitution under our sceptre and under those of our successors." All the succeeding Czars have followed his example, solemnly swearing to uphold the fundamental laws and liberties of Finland. Alexander II. even extended the rights of the Diet. According to the old Swedish law, it entirely depended on the Monarch to summon the estates. Alexander II., the Autocrat of Russia, made the convocation periodical by prescribing that they should assemble at least every fifth year. In latter times the Diet has, in fact, been summoned every third year, besides which the right of initiating laws was granted to it by Alexander III.

Under this *régime* Finland has made exceptional progress in various directions, material and intellectual. Though it is hardly proper for me to praise my own country, I may be allowed to say that its social conditions compare very favourably with those in some other European lands. It is the firm conviction of all Finlanders that their prosperity has been possible only through their constitutional government, the suitability of which to our national character has been tested by the experience of centuries. Naturally, then, we are anxious to keep intact what we look upon as the chief basis of our well-being, and to defend it by all legal means against unjustifiable attacks. For the last ten or twelve years a systematic campaign against Finland has been carried on by the Chauvinists and Slavophiles of the Russian Press. I shall not here examine the causes of this campaign, which originally, as an observer has remarked, formed part of a general plan of levelling down all heterogeneous and heterodox subjects at the extremities of the Empire, but which soon began to assume a character apart from this. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* says:

"The more firmly the Finlanders adhered to their perfectly calm and correct attitude of passive resistance the more malicious and persistent became their assailants in the Russian Press. The attacks on the Poles, the Baltic Germans, or the Armenians of the Trans-Caucasus have been mild and fitful in comparison with those on the inoffensive Finns. Even the baiting of the Jews, as far as the newspapers have been concerned in it, has hardly ever been worse. Only those who have had patience enough to follow day after day, for so many years, the ceaseless flow of abuse and misrepresentation of Finnish institutions and principles can have any idea of the extent and degree of bitterness to which this anti-Finnish propaganda has been carried."

The attacks in the Press were soon followed by comprehensive books in the same style. On our behalf men like Senator Mechelin, Professor Danielson, and Professor Hermansson routed our opponents, and of late they have received strong support even from Russian

scholars. No Finlander felt the slightest doubt about the justness of our cause, and we were not alarmed, as we put trust in the oaths of our Sovereigns. Our faith, however, has been shaken at last. In 1898 a project for changing the military organisation of Finland was brought forward in a way hitherto unheard of. The Military Reform Bill was to be laid before an extraordinary session of the Diet simply for the purpose of taking the advice of the Finnish deputies as to the best means of adapting the measure to local conditions. When the opinions of the Diet have been given, the Bill is to go before the Russian State Council in St. Petersburg, and then be submitted for his Majesty's sanction in conformity with the usual Russian procedure. For the first time, then, since Finland's union with Russia the Russian Council of State is called upon to deal with a question which involves a change in one of the fundamental laws of Finland, and this although, according to our Constitution, no law can be altered without the consent of the Diet. The Military Reform Bill, however, aimed at a breach of the Constitution only in a particular case. It was left to the manifesto of February 15 of this year to invalidate the Constitution as a whole and in principle. The Czar says in this manifesto: "Whilst maintaining in full force the now prevailing statutes which concern the promulgation of local laws touching exclusively the internal affairs of Finland, we have found it necessary to reserve to ourselves the ultimate decision as to which laws come within the scope of the general legislation of the empire." This simply means that the Constitutional Parliament of Finland is to be reduced by a stroke of the pen to the condition of a provincial assembly, which will have no power other than with regard to the treatment of local questions. It is entirely left to the Czar's own discretion which laws shall be considered to be connected with the requirements of the empire in general. Almost any question can be placed in this category as affecting Russia as well as Finland, and there are already manifest signs which indicate what innovations we have to expect in various departments—such as our educational system, our railways, our customs dues, our coinage, our taxation, our criminal code, and our army.

There is only one opinion in Finland as to the nature of this manifesto, and that is, that the Emperor and Grand Duke by issuing it has broken his solemn promise, which runs as follows:

"As We, through the will of Providence, have come into hereditary possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, We have hereby desired to confirm and ratify the religion, the fundamental laws, the rights and privileges of each class in the said Grand Duchy, in particular, and of all its inhabitants, high and low, in general, which they, according to the Constitution of this country, have enjoyed, promising to preserve the same steadfastly and in full force."

It is to be noted that, according to our fundamental laws,



"the Emperor and Grand Duke cannot make a new law without the knowledge and consent of the Diet, or abolish an old law,"

and that

"fundamental laws can be made, altered, explained, or abolished only on the proposition of the Emperor and Grand Duke, with the consent of all the estates"—

that is, the four estates which constitute the Diet of Finland. The fact that the Senate decided to promulgate the manifesto by no means argues that it was looked upon as in accordance with our Constitution. The Procurator, the highest judicial functionary of the Grand Duchy, protested against its promulgation, and the Senate unanimously made an appeal to the Czar, containing *inter alia* the following words:

"Your Imperial Majesty's Senate cannot imagine that it could ever be your Imperial Majesty's gracious will and intention to depart from the solemn assurance which your Imperial Majesty gave the people of Finland on your accession to the throne, to maintain the Constitution of the land inviolably, and in its full force. . . . The Senate, therefore, humbly petitions that your Imperial Majesty will be graciously pleased to declare that the legislative measure in question was not intended to infringe the fundamental rights and liberties of the Finnish people."

In spite of this appeal, the Governor-General endeavoured to induce the Senate to declare that the manifesto did not affect the fundamental laws of Finland, but in this he was disappointed. Then he undertook himself to address to the Governors of the different provinces a circular, declaring that all laws dealing exclusively with the interests of Finland would in future be drawn up and promulgated exactly as in the past. A declaration such as this is altogether beside the point. We want an express explanation from our Sovereign.

What we Finlanders have asked again and again is this: What is the meaning of the measure the Emperor and Grand Duke has promulgated? Why has our peace been disturbed by one who declared himself that it was his wish "to see the triumph of the grand idea of universal peace over the elements of trouble and discord"? Why has the law been broken by one who has made himself a champion of "the principles of law and equity which support the security of States and the welfare of peoples"? Why is he going to increase the armament of our nation to a degree which will make it an unbearable burden, he who has expressly declared that "the more the armaments of each Power increase the less they answer to the purposes and intentions of the Governments"; he who has pronounced it to be the "supreme duty at the present moment of all States to put some limit to the unceasing armaments"? Why has he broken faith with a nation which has always been recognised as the most faithful of his subjects? We thought it was the greatest glory and the highest reward of a Sovereign to see his people prosperous and happy, and to



be the object of their affection. We were convinced that our Grand Duke could break neither our laws nor his own plighted word. We always heard our soldiers praised for their excellence, and we thought that the larger the sums we spent on the education of the people the less would be required for military equipment. We had never dreamt of a measure such as this project to take away our men from their native country, which they love with the devotion of every Northerner to his fatherland; to press them for years to military service amidst a people whose language they do not understand, whose education has been totally different from theirs, whose laws are not their laws; and to compel them to swear a new oath, from which the promise "to obey the laws and statutes in force in the country" has been omitted, and replaced by an oath of allegiance to absolute autocracy. This surely would make the military service a scourge more detestable than it probably is in any other country in the world. As an explanation of the proposed changes we have heard a rumour that we are suspected of a design to make common cause with the enemies of the Empire in the event of war, and that the Russian official view is that our soldiers, if left among their own people, might prove dangerous to the Empire. This story is as absurd as it is offensive. When did a happy and grateful people become rebels? And when, since the beginning of the existence of a Finnish nation, did a Finlander make common cause with the enemies of his Prince? There have been similar rumours once before. They obtained currency in 1863 in connection with the Polish rebellion, and they arose out of some false statements in the Swedish Press. The State officials at that period were asked by the Finnish Secretary of State to sign a document confirming their loyalty, but they refused to do so simply because they viewed the suspicion in the light of an insult. Shortly afterwards the Finnish Diet, for the first time since it had met in 1809, was summoned by Alexander II.

There is only one answer to all the questions put forth above. Our Sovereign has been badly advised by his councillors, and he does not sufficiently understand his Finnish subjects. We do not believe, we cannot believe, that he has knowingly broken his oath. His promise to honour our Constitution hangs framed in every church in Finland, and is looked upon with religious veneration. It hangs there as the emblem of the inviolability of sacred rights. Tell the Finnish peasant that what he reads is an untruth, and you take away from him part of his religion. He would answer that his Sovereign has had false advisers, but that he himself must have acted in good faith. And what else can be the meaning of the fact that certain people are so anxious to conceal from him the grief which his manifesto has caused to all classes of the people? It was represented as an invention of nobles and bureaucrats. It was reported that all sensible

Finlanders were contented with the so-called reforms. Every expression of the actual feelings of the people which might reach the Sovereign has been as much as possible suppressed. The magnificent wreath, with the inscription in French, "From grateful Finlanders," which was sent to St. Petersburg to be laid on the tomb of Alexander II. on the anniversary of his death, had disappeared when the present Czar visited the chapel. It is said, and universally believed, that the Governor-General gave an order that all the garlands and flowers which the Finlanders, since the manifesto, had consecrated to the memory of that revered Sovereign should be removed from his statue in Helsingfors, and that the order was withdrawn only because the official to whom it was given asked for written instructions—a step which the Governor-General would not venture to take. Monster addresses and mass deputations were especially annoying to the Governor-General. In the course of a fortnight an address to the Emperor and Grand Duke, expressing the distress of the people, was signed by more than half a million men and women—that is, about one-half of Finland's adult population—and was brought to St. Petersburg by a deputation consisting of representatives of every community in the country. The deputation was not received by the Czar, and the Governor-General declared that such a demonstration could never have been organised without agitation and coercion, for which the Senate ought to call to account those persons responsible for it. On the other hand, as a counterblast to this monster petition, another address has been set on foot, expressing gratitude to the Czar for his proclamation which deprived us of our Constitution. The signatures are mostly collected by Russian travelling pedlars, who offer money for each signature, and promise a grant of land as soon as the affairs of Finland are settled. They address themselves even to children, asking them to set down their own and their parents' names, and there is said to have been instances in which the names of persons who have emigrated to America have been made to figure in the canvassers' books. Thus it is very likely that a counter address of thanks will be forwarded to the Czar, and we should not be surprised if it were stated to represent the opinions of "sensible Finlanders." Those Russian hawkers are also used for other purposes. They are employed in spreading the rumour that, when the Russian law has been introduced into Finland, the land will be partitioned out and everybody will have a share. The system is the same which was practised some time ago in the Baltic Provinces, where the mass of the people were stirred up against their German masters. And it is not only the system that is the same. The man who, in the popular view, is largely responsible for recent events is the present Governor-General of Finland, who took an active part in the Russification of the Baltic Provinces. His name is Bobrikoff.

He was appointed last August, and was charged with the commission to bring Finland into closer union with the rest of the Empire. If the introduction of certain measures, previously unknown in Finland, may be called a *rapprochement* between the two nations, his exertions have not been without success. But if his commission was to bind Finland to Russia with closer bonds of friendship and sympathy, he has failed utterly. He is a perfect stranger to the spirit of our national life. He has displayed a contempt for the Press which to our mind is truly cynical. In his opinion there are too many newspapers in Finland. Already he has suppressed one, while he has suspended the publication of two others for a month or two. One of the latter, *Nya Pressen*, is the most prominent organ of the Press in Finland, and has been the foremost in the present struggle for law and justice, whence it is that the Governor-General's arbitrary measure has aroused an indignation the nature of which he is probably unable to understand. Ever since his arrival, and especially after the manifesto, the country has been troubled with spies and *gendarmes*. Children are pounced upon in the streets, and asked what they are taught at school, or what their parents have been saying at home, money being offered as a reward if they tell the truth. We do not know if the Governor-General takes any direct part in this abominable system of espionage. At all events he has done nothing to suppress it, and it was unknown in Finland previous to his arrival. We are treated as rebels, although there is not the slightest symptom of rebellion. Even persons suspected of being *agents provocateurs* have failed to drive the populace to violence. The regard for law and order, so deeply rooted in the Finnish people, cannot be shaken by any provocation whatsoever. It is a characteristic fact that, at the present moment, in spite of all that we have to endure, the University of Finland is, as I believe, the only university within the Czar's dominions in which work continues to be carried on without any disturbance.

The question has often been put to us : What will you do ? I shall first say what we are not going to do. Of a rebellion no one even dreams in Finland. We shall offer peaceful resistance to everything which is contrary to the sworn laws of our country, but a nation which shows reverence for its laws has never had the name of rebels. We have no connection with the disaffected elements in Russia, not even with the Russian Liberals, however thankful we may be to them for the sympathy they have shown us. Their cause and ours are not the same. They aim at an ideal which lies in the future ; we only stand up for our guaranteed rights. We do not shed tears, we do not pray for pity. We think that those who do not of their own accord sympathise with a cause such as ours are more to be pitied than ourselves. The only weapon in which we put trust is that

culture of mind and character which is involved in our Scandinavian civilisation. Our Russian antagonists have no idea of the strength of this weapon. Intellectually, Finnish peasants are on a higher level than the mass of the Russian people. A strong national spirit pervades all classes of our democratic nation, binding them together with an indissoluble band. For we have not in vain been breathing the invigorating air of freedom for centuries. Our policy will be as loyal as it always was. We shall endeavour to make our people ever more enlightened, law-abiding, patriotic. And whatever physical oppression we may be called upon to submit to, no force in the world, we hope, will be able to crush our moral power of resistance.

EDWARD WESTERMARCK.



## REMINISCENCES OF MEISSONIER.

I MADE the acquaintance of Meissonier in 1880, when my works were exhibited in Paris, at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, of which both of us were members.

Alexandre Dumas told me how the great French artist came running to him, quite alarmed by my pictures.

"*C'est vu, c'est observé*," he said, "and that is by one of *yours*—by a Russian."

Later on Meissonier said to myself somewhat reproachfully: "Look what you have done! After seeing your 'Skobelev,' I could not finish a picture which I had commenced myself;" and he showed me a somewhat large board, representing Napoleon I. reviewing his troops after some battle. To be candid, I did not consider it a great misfortune, for both the Emperor and his chestnut horse looked heavy, quite wooden; and the soldiers were not rejoicing, but striking attitudes. The picture had evidently been made according to Thiers and the official reports, but it lacked the main thing—*fighting ardour and enthusiasm*. Indeed, it has remained unfinished, and after the death of the artist it was sold in the same condition in which I saw it nineteen years ago.

Meissonier was then very famous, and it was an honour for our club to count him as a member. I was surprised, however, at the way he was treated by some of his colleagues, which must have been partly a consequence of his ways. On one occasion our vice-president, Wauquilain, shook hands with me almost over the head of Meissonier, and on my asking him whether he had not noticed Meissonier, he answered:

"Yes, I did; *mais c'est un vilain monsieur*."

I once invited Meissonier to lunch, and picking up at the same

time an old friend, the very talented painter Heilbuth, I told him that Meissonier would be with us.

"Not for the world!" said he.

"How is that?" I asked.

"He is cross with me, and I do not want him to think that I am making up to him."

"Nonsense! You will be with me and not with him," I replied, thinking, however, that the former friends would speak again to one another at my table. But it turned out quite differently. During the whole conversation Meissonier did not exchange a single word with Heilbuth, but sat all the time half turned away from him, which looked rather comical.

Heilbuth, no doubt, made a note of this treatment, and tried to get his revenge. At any rate, he frequently expressed surprise at my praising Meissonier:

"What, you too? How can you? Why! he is only a photographer and engraver combined!"

It is true, indeed, that some of the greatest pictures of Meissonier show a certain hardness; nevertheless, he was a great artist and had a most clever hand.

Meissonier's Paris house in the Avenue de Villiers was very characteristic on the outside and beautifully decorated inside. Among artists it was said to have cost him an enormous lot of money, chiefly owing to his lively temper, which prevented him from sticking to the approved plans, and was always demanding changes and alterations. They say, for instance, that when he found a sculptured frieze not to be sufficiently elegant, he ordered it to be replaced by another. When the architect observed, "*Cela vous coûtera 20,000 francs*," he replied, "Never mind! *Cela coûtera ce que cela pourra coûter*."

He had two large studios filled with works of art, with a beautiful light from the open courtyard. But the model had to be placed, for the sake of air and sun, on the balcony, so that he could not work without attracting the attention of the neighbours. I thought it strange that the architect, who had spent so much money on comparative trifles, did not take care to settle the artist more comfortably, if it were only on the roof, which might have been easily reached by a lift.

Everybody is aware of the conscientious way in which Meissonier executed his work; but few know the labour and expense he bestowed on the preparations for it. I remember, for instance, his painting a horseman, in a dress of the last century, passing along a deserted road in a strong wind. The cloak was flowing and the head of the rider, with his cap over his ears, was bowing before the storm, which was bringing on heavy clouds and lashing the grass and trees. Both the horse and the rider were first beautifully modelled in wax. The

former model had a bridle and saddle elegantly worked out in every detail from the real materials. The rider's cloak, hat, and spurred boots were also miniature masterpieces, executed after drawings of the period. In order to get the folds of the twisting cloak it was dipped into thin glue, so that it stiffened in its proper pose. In short, everything was ingeniously fitted up so as to insure the greatest possible perfection of the picture, and showed, at any rate, very uncommon demands upon the artist's skill.

"But how did you paint the snowy road in your picture of 'Napoleon in 1814?'" I asked him.

In reply, he picked out from under the table a low platform, about a metre and a half square, and said:

"On this I prepared all that was required: snow, mud, and ruts. I kneaded the clay, and pushed across it this piece of cannon several times, up and down. With a shod hoof I then pressed the marks of the horses' feet; I strewed flour over it, pushed the cannon across again, and continued to do so until I obtained the semblance of a real road. Then I salted it, and the road was ready."

"What did you salt it for?"

"To get the brilliancy of the snow. Why do you smile? How else could you do it?"

"It was very ingenious," I answered. "*Je vous fais mes compliments.* But, if I had been you, I should have gone to Russia, where nearly every road is dug up in the way you represented, and should have painted a study from nature."

"Yes! But *nous autres Parisiens* do not move about so easily."

I have been told by many persons that Meissonier used to work quickly. This is quite a mistake. He would work and draw slowly, and, what is more, he would draw and paint the piece over and over again with absolute self-devotion, sparing neither time nor labour. He knew how to sacrifice trifles for the main thing, details for the general effect. He is not equalled in this respect by his disciple Detaille, who gives you all the buttons, and all shining alike. Not only in painting, but in every art, it is rare to find the capacity of sacrificing details for the whole. A painter is loath to put into the shade, or to brush over, a well-executed detail, even at the risk of crowding the picture, just as an author is unwilling to cut out of his novel an amusing anecdote or an irrelevant character, though it may distract attention and drag out the action. This power is all the more remarkable in Meissonier, as the execution of *morceaux* was his *forte*. No recent artist has executed more patiently, or finished his work more carefully, without falling into dryness, or what the French call *le pénible*.

The same cannot be said of the conception of his pictures, in which routine and conventionality abound. His wars, for instance, are not



real, and betray the observation of reviews or evolutions as seen from the plan of the general staff, or the suite of the principal figure, which forms the whole substance of the picture, its beginning and its end. The troops are dealt with not so much as men, but rather as a flock. This explains why Meissonier, on seeing the picture of Skobelev, as caught from life, moving along the ranks among the slain, would not go on with his "Napoleon," which was a painfully laboured scene, without life or enthusiasm.

Though a realist in execution, Meissonier in his creation bears the old stamp of official history and official types. His Napoleon is that of Thiers in "Le Consulat et l'Empire," without even any verification from Michelet. Nor could one expect more, as the artist was not prepared either by education or development to introduce views of his own into history, or to draw conclusions from its lessons. In his small pictures from the daily life of past generations he often displays not only humour, but even a certain amount of philosophy. It must be observed, however, that many excellent scenes are spoiled by the uniform type of the persons, which is very strange in so conscientious and scrupulous an artist. It would seem that, after having done everything to insure perfect execution in purely technical respects, he was too tired for the spiritual working out of the whole. It is, of course, hard to find suitable living models; but neither is it easy to order and to paint buckles, spurs, and other minute articles of dress that are not bigger than the head of a pin. But Meissonier used to work out those little details, not only with patience, but even with real enthusiasm. Why, then, did he not take care of the type of his figures? For instance, in the beautiful and characteristic scene, "A Reading at Diderot's," all the persons resemble one another and only present slight variations of the physiognomy of Delacroix, who used to serve the artist as a model by the year. The same model may be found, with even greater resemblance, in many other pictures. In the famous canvas, "The Attack of the Cuirassiers," the soldiers are as like one another as drops of water, for the same reason. The dragoons in the "Guide" and other pictures are also very much alike, though in a lesser degree.

Meissonier's drawing is not only academically, but really, remarkably good. It is not dry, but, on the contrary, expressive in every fold and curl. Among contemporary painters I have only found such drawing in the Prussian Mentzel and the late Bavarian artist Korschelt. He has, of course, his faults. His riders often sit behind the saddle, and even lower than the horse's back. This could hardly be explained by an oversight in such an observant artist. One must rather suppose that even Meissonier was not always willing to paint over again a figure once executed.

In an album published for a charity, Meissonier's "Trumpeter"



on the title-page was so short, such a manikin, that even the author of the drawing could not help noticing it. Nevertheless, the Trumpeter remained in the best place of the album, with his trumpet and his wooden torso. The right foot of the famous "Flute Player" is quite dislocated. The right hand of the soldier in "L'Ordonnance" is as long as that of an orang-outang; if stretched out, the fingers would reach the knee-cap. Both feet in the portrait of Dumas *filis* are so monstrously long that the late novelist looks seven feet high.

In their hunt after early signs of greatness, Meissonier's biographers have asserted that his youthful attempts were already showing his future power and the originality of his talent. But I must say that his very first work, in the possession of Mr. Wallace, is a weak production in every respect. An enormous number of youthful artists at the age of eighteen or nineteen make their *début* with much more talented and promising works. Meissonier's fame began late, at the age of thirty-five, but grew very rapidly. Society got tired of enormous canvases and hypocritically noble subjects, of the sham classics and romantics, as well as of historical anecdotes. All that, together with the reduced size of living apartments, caused the public to crowd round, to be delighted with, and to pay any price for these miniature pictures, that were executed and finished in a style rarely to be met with even among the Flemings.

The prices of Meissonier's pictures used to be much talked about, and many were scandalised by them. But he never sold any of his works himself: he blindly trusted his dealer, who disposed of them, at his discretion, to the highest bidder. He referred all applications to —, who would take a good half of the price as his commission. If we deduct this commission, and distribute the remainder in proportion to the working hours of the artist, who never knew any rest or holiday, estimating also the long period of preparation, we arrive at a comparatively small remuneration, which reached large sums only because he worked unceasingly all the 365 days of the year.

A great noise was made at the time in Paris about the portrait of an American lady millionaire, whose pretensions and fancies were unbounded, though not supported by any beauty or talent, but merely by a well-filled purse. They say of her that, getting tired of seeing the Arc de Triomphe from her windows, she wanted to know what the Government would charge for the removal of that obnoxious monument. *Si non è vero . . .*: the joke is, at any rate, characteristic. This lady wanted to have her portrait painted by Meissonier. The artist refused, but —, who was standing behind him, and was anxious to make as quickly as possible "*son million à lui*," persuaded him to undertake the task. I saw the portrait, which I considered to be excellent in the highest sense of the word. The lady, however, imagined that her hand, which was putting on a glove, was too

large, and wanted it to be made smaller, which Meissonier refused, saying :

"The hand being in front of the body is true both to nature and perspective. It must not and cannot be diminished. I shall not alter it."

This determination received approval as well as blame in society. In clubs and drawing-rooms people were amusing themselves by propounding the riddle :

"Will he alter it or not?"

"Will she take it or not?"

In the end the painter did not alter it, but got his money all the same, while the offended lady is said to have destroyed the portrait.

The portrait of Madame M., as well as that of Meissonier's friend, the senator Lefranc, and a few others, are real pearls of painting. The expression of the face, the skin, as well as the stuffs and every detail, are rendered truthfully and vividly without dryness at the finish, or any trace of a fatigued hand, though the painter was then over sixty years of age. It was not till after the age of seventy that he began to show signs of a weakened eye and hand. The former succulent finish made way for sharpness and minuteness. Nor were the enlarged dimensions of the canvases and figures of any use. In looking at Meissonier's later works one had to remember his old ones, just as a fading beauty gains by being remembered in her past condition.

Alexandre Dumas, who was one of the most intimate friends of Meissonier, tells an interesting trait of the artist's absent-mindedness and candour.

"Is it true," he once asked the author, "that I am hated by many?"

"That may be; your talent, your fame, the prices of your pictures——"

"I don't mean that. I mean those who object to my character."

"Yes, it is true. They think you proud and haughty."

"But I swear to you that it is not true. The fact is that I am always absorbed in thinking about the gesture or movement of the figures, or of the tone of the picture I am working at. This accounts for my absent-mindedness. By-the-bye, tell me, is Giraud dead?"

"No, he is not dead; he is alive."

"Then I must have met him yesterday! He accosted me and asked me how I was. Not recognising him, I answered: 'Thank you, I am all right.' Only afterwards did I remember that it was a familiar face, and now I am sure that it was Charles Giraud! To be sure, to be sure! Where does he live?"

When I told him the address he snatched up his overcoat, his cap, and stick, and dragged me with him to Giraud's house. As soon as

he entered he threw himself into the arms of Giraud, and, with tears in his eyes, he asked him to forgive his coldness of the previous day.

This anecdote had a personal interest for me, as something similar had happened to myself.

One day, while waiting at the Gare St. Lazare for the train to my place at Maisons-Lafitte, Alexandre Dumas asked me :

"I dare say you often meet Meissonier here?"

"Sometimes, but now I pass him by."

"How is that?"

"He remembers one with difficulty. Last time he shook hands with me and looked at me so perplexed that I thought it best to go my own way."

"But, surely, he did not know you at the moment!"

"That may be. But it is rather awkward. It might be taken as importunity on my part."

"What a man!" exclaimed Dumas. "*Il passe son temps à ne pas reconnaître ses amis et à se faire des ennemis!*"

Dumas must have told the artist about our conversation, for shortly afterwards, on my walking up into the waiting-room, I met Meissonier with a tender face, prepared for a greeting. I am sorry to have to confess, however, that I pretended not to notice him, and passed by. It was only after I heard from Dumas what had happened to Giraud that I realised how unjustly I had behaved towards the great and extremely absent-minded artist.

VASSÍLÍ VERESTCHAGÍN.

## A PLEA FOR WILD ANIMALS. 1

**I**N a charming book lately published in London by Dr. Axel Munthe,\* and called "Vagaries," there is a passage which has often occurred to me since I read it, as the expression of a cultured and humane nature, and which first came to me as gratefully as a word of my native language has done when I have been months without hearing it:

"A man of culture recognises his obligations towards animals as a compensation for the servitude he imposes on them. The pursuing and killing of animals for mere pleasure is incompatible with the fulfilment of these obligations. Sympathy extending beyond the limit of humanity—i.e., kindness to animals—is one of the latest moral qualities acquired by mankind. This sympathy is absolutely lacking in the lowest human races, and the degree of it which a man possesses marks the distance which separates him from his primitive state of savagery. An individual who enjoys the pursuing and killing of animals is thus to be considered as a transitional type between a savage and a man of culture. He forms the missing link in the evolution of the mind from brutishness to humanity."

No one who knows Dr. Munthe, or has read his "Letters from a Mourning City"—the record of his experiences in the city of Naples during the last great attack of cholera—will question either his love for, or services to, mankind, or his culture. As I know him and his humanity, it is a profound pleasure to me to find him amongst the zoophilists. One who is persuaded of a divine leading cares but little about finding himself on a lonely way, but his heart warms none the less to the chance-met wayfarer on the same path. Dr. Munthe was in no wise ignorant of the fascination and physical advantage of what are known as field sports, for he was once a sportsman, and is no namby-pamby "sentimentalist"—as those who view the care of the

\* "Vagaries." By Axel Munthe. London: John Murray. 1898.



life of other creatures as a sacred charge, never to be idly or needlessly neglected, seem to be considered by the practical world. When one is in the company of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Ruskin, there is no disgrace in avowing oneself to be so sincere a sentimentalist as

"Never to find his pleasure or his pride  
In sorrow of the meanest thing that lives."

We are a minority, a small minority, indeed, as all advocates of a beneficent principle have been at first, and probably we shall always be so to the end of time, or at least until ancient prejudices are worn out; but we have civil, moral, and religious rights, which a people professing Christianity is bound sooner or later to recognise. We believe that every creature in existence has a claim on mankind for protection from all cruelty or needless pain, and that no man for his pleasure has a right to expose any of the lower animals to greater pain than must be inflicted in the process of utilising it for the legitimate uses of mankind. This principle, properly speaking, limits our protest to what is, practically, torture of the lower creatures, and the killing of those which are useless when dead and harmless while living. Our claim to be heard has in the abstract been admitted by the laws for the prevention of cruelty to domestic animals. The restriction is neither logical nor just, for if there be private property in a domestic animal, there is less right to interfere with it than in the case of the wild animal, the prevention of cruelty to which is a higher obligation, as due to a creature which has no individual caretaker, but depends for its existence on the collective toleration of the community. The common right to catch and kill every wild animal that falls properly under human economy does not escape the control and definition of the law, and the abuse of it by needless cruelty is equally within our collective right of prohibition. For every permitted act of cruelty, whether to the inoffensive wards of the community or to those the title to which is vested in an individual, the community is responsible.

And though, like Dr. Munthe, I renounce the pleasures to which in past years I was, like him, devoted, and though to myself there could be nothing but pain in taking an inoffensive life, I do not for others exclude field-sports as a legitimate and beneficial pleasure, so long as they are pursued on any system which excludes cruelty or pleasure in the suffering inflicted, as in all the so-called sports of baiting and torture. I have been an ardent sportsman, and perfectly understand the pleasure of all forms of the chase. I have had a reputation in the backwoods as a rifle-shot and a fly-fisher inferior to few, and I was born and lived for years in a country and condition which made the bill of fare on my father's table sometimes depend largely on the gun and rod, so that it would be pharisaic to embitter

myself against those who do likewise; but I console myself by remembering that I never found anything but pain in the manner of the death I inflicted, though it was the least painful possible. I always preferred shooting with a single rifle-ball to using a shot-gun, and from the days of my earliest reflection I only killed for food. And, in spite of this, I have inflicted deaths which at the interval of an ordinary lifetime bring tears into my eyes to recall them, deaths where, in spite of my precautions, I saw my game go to die long and painful deaths in an undiscovered refuge. Death comes to all; and when an animal is devoted to death for the service of man, nothing is more to be desired than a shot from a skilful marksman. I have killed many deer, for I have often been in a position to depend on my gun for my dinner; and very few of those I killed could have died more easily; but there is one death which I remember almost as a human tragedy, and the noble buck which was my victim comes back to me like the stag of St. Hubert with the cross of martyrdom on his head. I had built a camp in the Adirondack for the coming of a large party of friends, and found myself at nightfall belated, and with nothing on hand for their food. I went out after dark to kill a deer by the unsportsmanlike method of jack-hunting, in which the deer, dazzled by a light in the hunter's boat, and apparently fascinated, allows the hunter to approach to easy killing distance even in the dim light of the stars. We found a deer feeding in the shallow water, and, for greater certainty, I fired at him a charge of buckshot, it being impossible to see the sights of a rifle. The deer galloped away into the forest, and, though we found blood on the herbage, it was out of the question to follow him into the pathless forest, and we went back at daylight to trace him with the aid of a terrier, our only dog, but used to this kind of tracking. After a few minutes the deer took refuge in the lake and galloped across a long stretch of lily-pad, and I put a rifle-ball through his heart as he went out. When we examined him, we found that he had had three legs broken by the backshot, one in the thigh and the other two in the lower leg, and must have passed the night in torture; but he carried himself so bravely that the killing of him seemed a sacrilege, and I could hardly believe as he went past me that I had wounded him the night before. All the pleasures of memory drawn from all my deer-shooting do not weigh with me so much as the pain of that night's shot.

Though I have long abjured the sports which are based on the suffering of other creatures, I do not forget and I do not proscribe them; let every man judge for himself as to those things. But of one thing there can be no question—any pleasure that is based on the fears, the necessities, or the suffering of other creatures is immoral and degrading to the civilisation which permits or tolerates it, and demands of public opinion and the law efficient repression; and any

appliance for the extermination, even of creatures that are noxious, which inflicts needless pain—like traps that crush or mutilate without killing—are inhuman, and should be rigorously prohibited. We are the lords of creation if you will, but not irresponsible arbiters of life and death to the inoffensive creation; and though law may be inert, and the opinion of the majority of men derisive, the fine decision of the highest morality, that which now determines the character of a civilisation, stamps the commission of an act of wilful cruelty as inhuman, as contrary to the dictates of the nobler life, and of all religions that civilisation tolerates, whether devotional or philosophical. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast" applies with still finer point to the "beast" that is still the undivided property of its Creator; and when our greatest of teachers told us that "a sparrow shall not fall without the knowledge" of Him whom we worship, He told us plainly enough that a moral responsibility rested on the author of the fall. There is no act of cruelty perpetrated in any community but touches in some way every noble interest connected with it. Society has, in a half-hearted way, admitted the duty of restraining acts of cruelty and barbarity, by the institution of associations for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which in England limit their action to the domestic animals; but if this right and duty exist for one class of the dumb creatures they cannot be denied for another, and our civilisation, our Christianity even, is at fault in the one case as well as in the other, when that duty is unfulfilled. If a man is punishable for cruelty to a beast which is recognised as his, he is more responsible morally for cruelty to the beast which is not his.

But, while I admit the benefit to human beings of sports of the field, and therefore their justification, as means of development of physical manhood and sources of health and vigour to those who live too narrow and restricted lives, I can only admit this to be a justifiable indulgence when conducted with the greatest possible observance of precautions against needless suffering to the victims, and every violation of this observance is *pro tanto* the mark of a moral delinquency in the sportsman. For the game of shooting at tamed and imprisoned pigeons, known as pigeon-shooting matches, no true sportsman can feel anything but contempt; and their discontinuance should not require the pressure of the law, for they are the amusement of the classes who theoretically recognise the existence of public opinion. They are cowardly, unsportsmanlike, and barbarous. The killing of useless wild creatures is an indignity which even every right-minded sportsman should revolt against, as is the killing of beautiful birds to gratify the vanity of women. These are not only offences against our obligations to the lower creatures, but against the general right of enjoyment of the beautiful in nature granted to every human being as a birthright—an enjoyment which increases with the indi-

vidual in the ratio of his attainment of culture and refinement. To those who have once admitted the divine sentiment of charity and affection for all the sentient creatures of our Maker, it becomes a part of the religion of the heart—a religion which, if I may judge from my personal experience of men, and especially of women, counts its adherents in England by hundreds of thousands—persons to whom the spectacle of the common brutalities of even our advanced civilisation is a slow and unremitting persecution, a needless and unprovoked torture which we have the right to demand protection from as much as any other minority has the right to be protected from wanton attack on its religious susceptibilities.

I can easily understand that true and earnest men, and more rarely women, may ignore and underrate the pathos of this religion, which is, however, only an extension of the obligations imposed on us by the Head of the Christian Church, and even indicated by Him. Not to comprehend it is no cause for reprobation, for many of us who hold it have only been brought into it by some chance incident which awakened feeling. I have lived for many years a violator of its obligations to tender forethought, and was converted to its reality, as many have been to that of the higher Christianity, by a chance call on my kinder heart. A baby squirrel, brought to me by a village boy, and which I bought in order to give it more effectual protection, first taught me, by its devotion and its almost human sympathy, the community of all sentient being, and awakened in me the perception of the common parentage of the great Creator; and, once the germ of the great truth planted, I found that, like the mustard-seed in the Teacher's parable, it grew to a great tree, which sheltered the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; and it brought me a reward I had not dreamed of, in a broadening and intensifying of my spiritual nature which gives me a new sense of existence; for the love which is the essence of the teaching of Christ, and which is the great reality of His religion, had until that quickening remained a partial and almost dormant element of my life. My little four-footed teacher left me at his death a tearful recognition of a visit of my Maker in disguise, and ever since, my heart, like that of St. Francis, has widened to the admission of all living things.

So, like a man awaking in a strange city, I found myself in the midst of a numerous community, the believers in the wider religion, the teachers in which are saints of old and poets of our day, St. Francis and his kind, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Ruskin, Emerson, Lowell, and how many more, who gave point and commentary to the spirit of what in past days was only to me the dead letter of doctrine. And I find, too, that this religion has its martyrdom and its sufferings, like that of which it is the complement. The sight of the brutality which is inflicted on the defenceless child or helpless woman, as well as the



dumb victim of human violence, even the incidental suffering of the struggle for existence, now awakens an intensified pain, farther reaching and more saddening than the old one, and unlike it, for it is rooted in a deeper sentiment of human nature, and the existence of the convert becomes a more passionate revolt against the injustice of mankind. The needless fall of the sparrow becomes a pain, and the cruelty of the gamekeeper arouses an insurrection in the heart against the social order which encourages it; the brutality of a callous cartman with his horse drives one into an imprudent anger, and, down to the death of a robin in the inclement winter, the minor world makes us share in its passion and its pain. It is not the pain or the revolt with which we see the life of a child crushed out, mutilated or worse, or watch, helpless, the perishing of the poor; when we have done what lies in us to prevent those infractions of the law of charity, there is still an untouched margin of love and sympathy (if these be two) for the "least of these"; and when the children are fed the lesser creatures pick up "the crumbs that fall from their table." It would seem to me that, to a truly spiritual nature, the creatures over whom God has placed us in power and intelligence have claims on us only lower than those duties we owe our fellow-men.

It is true that in this way we increase the pains and burthens of life, but this all religion does; in one sense every religious life becomes a penance, but none is without its ample compensation. I have become incapable of giving pain to a worm; a maimed or tortured bird gives me as real suffering as an accident to a child once did, and the world takes the tinge of a widespread wrong and brutality. To the social injustice and misery which make of any great city a huge Golgotha there is now added the indefinite extension of sympathy to the wider world of sentient existence. I recognise the danger of this sentiment becoming, like ascetic Christianity, a morbid state. I remember a countryman of my own, a man of the highest culture and refinement, in whom this sympathy with the animal world had become so intense that he would permit no creature to be killed on his estate, and finally forbade all operations which led to their death, even to the mowing of the fields, lest the grasshoppers and crickets might be killed; and in the end the torture of this perpetual immolation of the lower creatures which he could not prevent was so excruciating that life became unendurable and he escaped from it by suicide. No doubt this had become insanity; the power of correlation had been destroyed by the morbid dwelling on the suffering he had no power to prevent; but what a pathetic form of madness! In his exclusive attention to the wrongs of the dependent world he had forgotten the compensations not only to it, but to himself, and the larger fact that everywhere in nature the balance of pain and pleasure is in favour of the latter, and that in most cases the majority of things escape the

suffering and enjoy the pleasure of life. It is only where man interferes that the balance is destroyed and the creature is exterminated. Nature, left to herself, fills the cup of life to overflowing, and the exceptions to this are few and far between.

I recognise no danger of a healthy mind drifting into the madness of my unfortunate countryman, for the compensations which Nature offers are in direct proportion to the pain she inflicts, and I see in the balance the operation of an eternal law. If I revolt from the giving of pain to any creature, it is because I have learned to love it, and the delight of loving overcomes the pain. I do not think the most enthusiastic sportsman, in seeing his game drop before his unerring shot, feels half the pleasure I find in witnessing the delight the creature has in the enjoyment of the life he takes away. Next to the joy of creation must be that of sympathy with the thing created, and with its pleasures, which is only possible to him who can "name the birds without a gun," as Emerson puts it. To be on friendly terms even with a sparrow is a keener satisfaction than the chase ever gave me, and I know no sensation the outer world can yield me equal to that which I have derived from the confidence and friendship of a creature I could crush beneath my foot. The ghastly memories of all the game I ever in my wild life slaughtered do not give me the pleasure which I have found in teaching a wild creature to forget its inheritance of fear of mankind and trust itself to my tenderness. Many trout have I lured from their deep hiding-places, but none with the keen satisfaction I have had in teaching a pout to rise at recognition of my approaching footfall to take a fly from my fingers and submit to my caressing, as if he were a creature of the air rather than of the mud; and I know no pleasure connected with the fishes like that of watching the fishlings gather and huddle in the eddies of the Rhinefall at Laufenburg and sport in the swift water.

My threescore years have passed, and perhaps I am returning, as old men do, to the emotions of childhood, for the joys I used to feel at the baying of the hound as he drove the deer around the echoing hills in the silence of a summer morning do not equal those I feel in gathering the birds to their breakfast on my lawn, or in taming a wild squirrel to my caress till he comes for it as the chief pleasure of his simple life, and refuses freedom for my care. Great as is the delight of the chase, as I knew it, of the free wild deer on his native hills, with all his wild advantages—no battues, no limits or enclosures, only the infinite space of the backwoods, pathless, and known to him and not to me, with the added zest of having to kill my dinner before I could eat it—in the substitution for this of the simple joy of the kinship and affection of "the least of these" I have widened the world of my enjoyments by a distance



. . . . wider  
Than the star-sown vague of space,

because I have exchanged the satisfaction of a purely animal craving, satisfied with the infliction of death and the sense of my own dominion, for the profound sympathy with life, a delight which lays hold on the spiritual nature, and is akin to the recognition of the Universal Life.

If I may borrow a term from theology (admitting for the moment that my principle is not theology), I would say that, to the "unregenerate man," this exchange is "foolishness" or a "stumbling-block," but any thinker who has accepted and assimilated the fundamental principle of Christianity, which is love, will apprehend the difference as a real and vital one. And on this great principle depends all the progress to be made in the true civilisation—that which makes us citizens of that city whose head and light are the Eternal Love and Wisdom. To brutalise a sparrow is a trivial thing, but the Eternal watches its fall! In this seed-grain of mercy and justice even to the least of His creatures abides the growth of universal peace and love, waiting only till its summer comes, in which its germination and ripening shall be possible.

A truly benevolent and hard-working philanthropist, whose interest in children occupies a great part of her life, once reproached me with the waste of my sympathies on the "soulless creatures," when there are so many human waifs to be cared for. In a superficial view of the matter there is justice in the reproach, but there is in reality none. We ask for the wild creatures only what society has already accorded to the domesticated—mercy and kindness, "mercy and not sacrifice," and I have no faith in the Christianity of those who deny them. If there be one who, after having done his duty to the child, extends his claim for protection to the bird and the beast, is he less or more Christian? Man, as the most intelligent and powerful of created things, and endowed with all the appliances for destruction and preservation, has the guardianship of all the helpless creatures below him in the scale of creation, and wherever an innocent creature needs that protection it has the right to it, and the according of it is a duty. If the wisdom of the Creator has seen fit to fill the world with "soulless creatures," our mercy and care cannot be wasted on them, nor will it ever be found that the person who cherishes tenderness for the lower animals is less sensitive to the claims of helpless mankind.

To an increasing part of the race, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, this sentiment of tenderness for those of the sentient lower creatures which are capable of recognising it, and which are, therefore, capable of awakening and responding to human affection, has become an element in the spiritual life so strong that the continual violation of social obligations to them is a cause of pain and revolt, sentiments



which have given rise to societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals without number; and yet in England, which stands at the head of civilisation, we who suffer, and sometimes acutely, at the barbarity with which the undomesticated creatures are treated, have no law to protect us from spectacles which are often a torture to sensitive minds. The other day, here, where I am writing, in the town of Bournemouth, where the squirrels, driven out of their surrounding native forest by the brutal squirrel-baiting which is an amusement of the partially civilised lower classes in certain parts, sometimes find refuge in the gardens of some of the refined citizens, a boy succeeded in knocking down with a stone a friendly little squirrel who had ventured into the street, and after cutting off its tail—which, it seems, is used for the decoration (!) of ladies' bonnets—left it bleeding and crippled, but still living, on the ground, not caring to terminate the life he had mutilated. And we, to whom these things give inexpressible pain, have no right to demand of the law their cessation, not to speak of punishment, though, if the same boy had beaten his donkey, we might have haled him before the judge. The law protects from such annoyance any religious sect, even in the enjoyment of its most fantastic articles of faith; but for us, in whom this form of outrage touches a profound religious sentiment, there is no appeal to the law to prevent it. We are not organised as a sect; we belong to the classes who do not greatly agitate, and are not dangerous, and the legislator may ignore us. If our God is the God of creation, the Lord of all that lives and feels, what shall His judgment be of the creatures to whom He has given His best gifts, and authority over creation, but who trample with heartless indifference on their harmless and beautiful fellow-creatures with which He made the world and our lives beautiful—what of the women who, to feed their personal vanity, encourage the destruction and torture of the most beautiful of His creatures, the birds of the air, and the slave-tradelike horrors of the seal fishery?

But if zoophilism enter into the category of religious obligations, it has also its religious consolations, for it brings to all who accept it the finer sense of life which comes from the sympathy with all that lives, the delight in the recognition of the happiness of other creatures, and to the poor more even than to the rich is it open, for their resources are fewer, and it leads to culture as well as to delight. It is the most delightful school for philanthropy, and one which will well repay the attention of the legislator, both for its direct and indirect influence; for it is a vital element in civilisation. I do not remember in all my life a more exquisite sensation of pleasure than when, last summer, in the great and crowded Central Park of New York, thronged with its heterogeneous public, all classes and nations meeting there, I saw a squirrel go about among the children on the broad footpath,



stopping before each one, and standing up on his hind legs to ask for his daily bread. It was an ideal of the Millennium, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, and a little child shall lead them; and to me it had a pathos finer than the finest music; my eyes filled with tears of delight, and, in spite of Tammany and municipal corruption, I exulted in a proof in the home of my childhood of a finer civilisation than I have found in any other city. The occasional familiarity of birds, and even of some quadrupeds, with certain known individuals in more or less secluded situations, I have often seen, but in that public park, filled with a promiscuous and cosmopolite crowd, mainly, too, of the poorer classes, for whom it is the only playground, to see this timid little creature, unable to flit like a bird if molested, venture trustfully to question every one who passed, was a pleasure I have never had elsewhere, for elsewhere have I never seen such trust by a beast in indiscriminate humanity.

W. J. STILLMAN.

## THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT AMONG THE FRENCH CLERGY.

IS there any movement in France for the reform of religion? It is still proper to ask the question, because quite recently an attempt has been made to deny it. Who, then, are the doubters? Not the Catholics, but certain Protestant pastors. It is true that the priests hardly seem, so far, to have taken the road to Protestantism, except a very small number. But that does not mean that there is not, at the present moment, a marked current of feeling among the French clergy in favour of religious reform.

A considerable section of the clergy, and especially of the younger clergy—not certainly a majority, but consisting of the *élite*, men remarkable for their knowledge and character—are longing for a reform of Catholicism. They ask for a rejuvenation of the ancient Church, a return to the Christianity of the early centuries; and they draw their inspiration from the Gospel, rather than from the Fathers of the Church.

If proof of this were needed we might find it in the tone of the Catholic newspapers and the most authoritative reviews, which, speaking from very different points of view, all betray a certain anxiety, or audacity, which clearly indicates that the old dogmatic order of things is already weakened, if not yet broken down. They hardly take the trouble nowadays to conceal under well-chosen phrases the things which a few years ago they dared not say except in a whisper and in the secrecy of the sacristy. The *Vérité* itself has admitted the existence of a movement of this kind, and it is not necessary to be well versed in clerical affairs in order to recognise its reality.

At all events the seceders are in existence, and they are growing in number almost every week, and always rousing the same interest. Whilst on the one hand there is no diminution of the approval with

which secession is publicly received, on the other the Catholic faithful are becoming accustomed to it; on their part there is neither astonishment nor protest. We know certain parishes, certain dioceses, where men are mentioned by name as bound to come out to-morrow, while one meets every day the unfrocked of yesterday. He is greeted with respect, with open arms. "Unfrocked" is no longer a synonym for "pariah." In certain journals and in certain ecclesiastical circles it is still thought insulting to a liberated priest to call him an apostate, unfrocked, or Judas. But with the general public—which is independent and more numerous—such insults do not stick. Every one now knows that those who go out are honourable men, and that it is just because they are honest that they have listened to the voice of conscience, which bids them go. It is also known that, for every one who comes out, there are ten who remain because they have not the courage to come out. And it is understood that among these there are some who are hoping to reconcile their religious difficulties with the laws of ordinary prudence, by longing for a religious reform, by making war on all abuses, and by proclaiming the necessity of religious progress, which would, in fact, mean a return to primitive faith and practice.

It is clear, then, that this movement exists, and it manifests itself in a thousand ways, of which by no means the least convincing are the recent condemnations of Americanism, of Dr. Schell, and even of the schemes of Sœur Marie du Sacré Cœur. It is, indeed, worth noticing that Leo XIII., whose long pontificate appears so far to have been given entirely to diplomacy and politics, with Latin verses thrown in as an interlude, has suddenly remembered the existence of dogma and a Syllabus, and has thundered away like any vulgar Pius IX. If the Roman Curia have dealt a blow, it is because they have thought it wise to intervene at last and to act vigorously; they have listened to, perhaps even endured, the pressing representations of the bishops, who are alarmed at the spirit of the younger clergy, whose orthodoxy has already suffered more than one breach.

We liberated priests have another proof which is of much value: it is the success of *Le Chrétien Français*, which has placed us in communication with a great number of priests, who have given us their confidence, as well as their encouragement. Is not the mere existence of this modest journal, which penetrates into several thousands of presbyteries, in spite of the severest denunciations and of episcopal disfavour, an eloquent witness to the tendency of the younger clergy? There is no need to seek for further proofs of the existence of the movement; let us examine its sources.

First of all comes the eternal reason which from all time has been the cause of almost all secessions from the ranks of the clergy, as well as of innumerable scandals—celibacy. How is it that celibacy, which has always weighed on the clerical conscience, is become in our

day a door through which the desire for religious reform makes its way among the clergy? It is because to-day, with modern ideas, it has become more and more difficult to make a man, even a man brought up in a seminary, admit that the state of celibacy is more perfect than that of marriage. Still less can he admit that it is better to live in nameless immorality than to honestly marry one woman and live with her a Christian life. A young priest may have already cast his eyes on her who ought to bear his name; he knows her, and perhaps she is even publicly called by his name; how can it still be believed that the welfare of the Church, or the salvation of mankind, requires either a scandal or a hypocrisy rather than sincerity and the triumph of the laws of nature?

The modern press has a thousand ways of penetrating into the ecclesiastical body, which is no longer guarded by the Index and by conscientious scruples against invasion from without. Bad books are within the reach of all purses and all hands, mischievous journals and papers have many ways of getting into the presbyteries and even into the convents, and the news chronicled, the political discussions, the reports of the assizes, without taking into account the gossip of the street, the parlour, and the sacristy, all serve as instruction and revelation to the young clergy. Reflection is, perhaps, bolder and more prompt than of old; they no longer fear to put two ideas together and to believe that it is the earth which goes round; the old scaffolding of orthodoxy is quickly reduced to open scepticism, or to disguised unbelief. The young priest, grappling with Pascal's famous axiom, "Man is neither angel nor beast," no longer seeks an imaginary purity in fasting and maceration, in hair-cloth and plunges into icy water; the advice of his director is soon discredited by its hopeless impotence. There remains, therefore, a pure and sincere desire for religious reform, in order to attain a morality more human if not so supernatural.

A second question which animates the religious movement of which we are speaking is the anti-canonical position given to our clergy by the Concordat. The situation of the lesser clergy in France is most deplorable; they are entirely at the mercy of episcopal caprice, which may raise them or crush them at will without any law or control beyond its own good pleasure. Some time ago a Cardinal-bishop said in the Senate: "My clergy are a regiment; they march at my order." To another bishop is ascribed a well-known saying: "In my diocese I am the Canon Law." The French bishops wanted to be absolute, and to that end they have trampled under foot the most wisely-conceived laws of the Church, which, granting formidable powers to the episcopate, established, at the same time, rules for checking and preventing the abuse of authority. The State, delighted to use the episcopate as an ally against Rome, shut its eyes and let



things slide. So the Government and the bishops go hand in hand, and support each other, while the lower clergy pay the costs; and it is all done under the shield of the Concordat.

According to the Canon Law a parson is irremovable. But the law of the State makes a distinction between a parson (*curé*) and a curate who serves the parish (*desservant*). The *curés*, who are few in number and are chosen from among the most insignificant and servile of the priests, are the only clergy who, as holding benefices, have any security against the most fantastic changes.

"How many unfortunate parsons," said M. Emile Ollivier,\* "have been turned out into the street and reduced to penury, obliged to turn cabmen or street-sweepers, without a chance of being heard, without knowing the names of their accusers, because they had offended some village tradesman, or mayor, or sub-prefect, or incurred the disapproval of some atrabilious devotee in whom the bishop or the vicar-general smelt the odour of sanctity! How many more have been torn away without warning from the parishes which they loved and where they were loved, where they had passed the most part of their lives and hoped to die!"

Another writer† has drawn for us the following sad picture:

"Monsignor Chartrouse, who was Bishop of Valence, once removed 150 priests in a single month. In 1835 thirty-five orders of removal were despatched in the diocese of Viviers by the same post. It was at once pitiful and laughable to meet on the different roads their baggage—poor enough—followed by an old woman in tears and a priest saying his breviary. Many of these parsons met on their way, and asked each other, 'Where are you sent off to?' and bade farewell with troubled hearts."

The Abbé André‡ tells of a bishop who between 1856 and 1862 changed all the parsons in his diocese, generally on the mere request of the mayor of the village. The people used to say in jest, "Nowadays you see nothing on the highways but the black-gowned people engaged in removing." Several of these unfortunate *curés* held no fewer than four places in the course of two years.

By the Canon Law a priest who considers himself wronged by some abuse of authority has a right of appeal to the *officialité*, which is a kind of ecclesiastical court, where he is judged by his peers. It is a balancing weight against the episcopal power; so the bishops have got rid of it, and prefer to act by an order, issued without trial or appeal, and which they describe as *ex informata conscientia*. About the middle of this century a bold and skilful campaign was undertaken by some priests for re-establishing the *officialité*. The bishops seemed to yield, and did re-establish it, but made conditions so ludicrously hostile to its independence and impartiality that it exists now only in name, and is never appealed to.

The Council of Trent, again, decreed that benefices should be treated as open to competition. In France the parsons are stationed simply at

\* "Church and State at the Vatican Council," i, 284.

† Deboy, p. 112.

‡ "Les Lois de l'Eglise," p. 145.

the will of the bishop. Flattery, servile submission, the support of some influential lady, gifts skilfully sent to the palace at the proper time, secret services rendered, &c., are now the means of advancement open to the clergy, and, at the same time, the means by which the bishops secure a clergy always docile and disposed to applaud whatever they may do.

Of course, amongst this clergy there may be found many an upright and self-respecting priest, who knows his own intellectual and moral worth, and refuses to owe his position and advancement to favour or to the arts of the courtier. For this crime he languishes forgotten in some far-off mountain post, soured and in revolt. Such men communicate their thoughts to each other, and in the course of their reflections they come at last to see that, much as the Church requires a reform of its discipline, it can only come by means of a reform of its dogma.

It is in these conditions that we must seek for the reasons why the French clergy, which at the beginning of the century was Jansenist or Gallican, rapidly became Ultramontane under the Second Empire.

"The plebeian," says Emile Ollivier, "crushed by the aristocracy, threw himself into the arms of the king, and made him absolute, in order that the all-powerful monarch might protect him against the insolence of the noble. In the same way the clergy, oppressed by the Gallican episcopate, threw themselves at the feet of the Pope and proclaimed him infallible, in order that his Holiness, once master of the Church, might deliver them from the caprices of the bishops."

Lamennais, and after him the brilliant writers of the Liberal school, aimed terrible blows at the Gallican episcopate, which without their efforts was already ruined in the estimation of a clergy weary of servitude. Later on came Louis Veuillot, and completed the victory of Ultramontanism in France.

The Pope was infallible; but, alas! the lower clergy were oppressed much as before. Appeal to Rome was very slow, difficult, and, above all, expensive. The bishop has always powerful friends at Rome; so that the struggle of the small man against the bishop is the old story of the earthen pot and the iron pot. Besides, the Roman congregations are very shy of offending the French bishops, through whose means they get their living. They manage so well to protract their causes that the most litigious come at last to understand that there is only one thing for them to do—to abandon the case. It was, moreover, at this juncture that the Papacy was deprived of its temporal power. The Vicar of Him who said that His kingdom was not of this world needs an army of secretaries and bureaucrats, whose livelihood comes from the Peter's pence, a generous and even royal subsidy, the bulk of which comes from France. It is thus that the bishops pay the "ransom" of their omnipotence. There is a story of a French bishop

who had a quarrel with one of his clergy, in which Pius IX. had intervened. So when next the bishop went to Rome to lay at the feet of his Holiness a liberal offering from his diocese, he said to him: "Here is the offering from my diocese; but if you interfere with our affairs I warn you there will be no more Peter's pence."

To these causes of uneasiness and dumb discontent we must add the inevitable consequence of the latest development of dogma—the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope. It was the most insolent defiance of reason and history which could possibly have been flung in the face of a clergy still accustomed to think, to judge, and to study: and it reduced them to the alternatives of an abdication of all convictions or of revolt. The dogma of infallibility is the *ne plus ultra*, the last word of Jesuit absolutism. After that there is nothing more to wait for—the swelled balloon is at its extreme tension, and can receive nothing more, except the pin-prick which will make it collapse. A pin, a great noise, and then nothing—that must be the history of Ultramontanism in the future.

The authority of the Councils had a certain scientific air; the Vatican dogma can rest upon nothing but ignorance or prejudice. It pitches one headlong into the marvellous and the supernatural, with a sort of desperate rage; one seems to stagger and to demand from Heaven some sort of violence to the mind which will serve as a kind of conviction. The fantastic narratives of Lourdes and La Salette, with their miraculous waters; the clever frauds of Leo Taxil, with his revelations of Diana Vaughan and the Archangel Gabriel; the everlasting interventions of St. Anthony of Padua, and other fables of the same kind, all enjoy a dogmatic authority at least as great as any Conciliar Canon or thesis of St. Thomas Aquinas. Is not all this a sign of the intellectual confusion into which a Catholic conscience is driven when it wishes to believe as well as to practise?

It is by way of distraction from these painful anxieties of an always uneasy conscience that men rush into violent and sectarian struggles, call up ancient religious hatreds, revive religious warfare, run into democracy and socialism, or carry on that indecent propaganda in the press which, under the name of the Cross, seems to have for its only objects calumny, lying, and blasphemy against all independence and loyalty. But these excesses are provoking a reaction. From disgust at this kind of polemic, there is arising a new school which breathes the air of honesty and uprightness, which is recovering conviction because more than any other it knows its value. And there is a band of younger priests who demand a reform of religion, who dream of a primitive Christianity, and who hope to find in the past a remedy for the degradation into which the Roman clergy are every day more deeply sunk.

The French clergy may, then, be divided into three classes. First

there are the fanatics, those who would believe at any price and succeed by any means whatever. The second consists of those who have given up their beliefs and who treat their priesthood simply as a profession, persuading themselves, by way of excuse, that, after all, they preach a certain amount of morality, and so fulfil a social function which cannot but have its use. The third class are those who with burdened conscience and honest heart would like to believe, and hope for reform. They may be the least numerous, but they are the *élite* of the clergy for intelligence and virtue: they are, therefore, the power of the future. As against the more ignorant sectaries, who put passion for conviction, the clerical party which appeals to common sense and the Gospel is sure of the victory.

This third class of the clergy may be again divided into two sections: those who come out and those who remain. Both are full of interest. Those who come out do not do so as they did formerly. Priests used to retire clandestinely and without noise, under pretext of a journey for reasons of health, or of a change of diocese; or they simply disappeared. On their resignation, they would change their dress, wear a beard, make themselves unrecognisable: often take a new name. They were ashamed of themselves, they had not the courage to advertise their action or confront public opinion, which, of course, held in contempt men who hid away and were not there to defend themselves. Very soon afterwards they married. It was known before their resignation whom they would marry, and the whole thing was only an instance of what Erasmus called "A comedy, ending with a marriage." It is right, however, to give all due respect to these men, who, in spite of their failings, were valiant fighters; for, in face of the necessities of life and the rancour of the clericals, it has only been at the cost of indescribable conflicts and sufferings that they have succeeded in obtaining a place in a society from which their past seemed to exclude them without mercy. Some, indeed, tortured by hunger and despair, returned and sought absolution and a morsel of bread at the hands of the bishops, who always took them back and loudly advertised them as repentant prodigals struck by remorse. A very few others have found a quiet and happy vocation as Protestant pastors or evangelists. Honest fathers of families, in the regular ministry, they have known the sweetness of a home free from episcopal worryings and the fasts of a Catholic presbytery. They have usually been helped by a Protestant charity which, as one is fain to acknowledge, has done much good, but which in nearly twenty years has not had the slightest effect on the clergy at large. A few pastors, more or less, that is all: it has not in the least disturbed the slumber or the digestion of our high priests in the sanctuary of their episcopal palaces.

But the time has come when priests have come out by another



door, and things have put on a new face. In 1895 I, in my turn, came to think that it was my duty to quit the ranks of the clergy. I was living in a large town, surrounded by my relations, the friends of my infancy, and a large acquaintance; I had for twenty years exercised my ministry in some of the most important parishes in Marseilles; I could not resign without giving some public account of my motives and intentions. I, therefore, wrote a letter to the bishop, which was published by the press of all shades of religious and political thought. Not only was public opinion favourable, my own parishioners retained their esteem for me, and gave me many proofs of their sympathy. Some time after, the Abbé Phillipot, *curé* of Plornion, near Guise, maintained, in a pastoral lecture, the superiority of Protestant to Catholic principles. His doctrines were thought heretical, and he was called upon to retract. His bishop excommunicated him. He replied by publishing an excellent profession of faith, which went the round of the press, and demonstrated that in these days men secede from the ranks of the clergy not on the ground of scepticism, but because they hold the faith and reject the Roman dogma in order to be true Christians.

The retirement of the Abbé Charbonnel was the final stroke which drew public attention to those who have ever since been called the *évadés*; and from that day public opinion began to rally to the side of the "unfrocks." The moment it ceased to be disgraceful to come out, men came out; resignations multiplied, and were always publicly announced. That was the first point gained—the rehabilitation of the "apostate."

Next, in October 1897, was founded the monthly journal, *Le Chrétien Français*. Certainly, in starting this modest print, I had no expectation of the success it has since achieved; indeed, I may frankly say that I thought the first number would be the last. By the time we had published three numbers we had 3000 subscribers, and our career of success has never since that time been checked for a single moment. The paper makes its way into thousands of priests' houses, bringing news of the proceedings of the liberated clergy, consolation for those still in bondage, and references for advice. This journal is, therefore, a bond between those who are outside and those who remain in. It brings us into communication with those who seek further light and wish to know our teaching, our books, our beliefs, our tendencies, and our spirit. We have opened at Sèvres a house where the *évadés* find hospitality while they are looking for a new position. Thither come also priests who wish to understand the reform movement, but not to resign their office. They return to their parishes and preach the Gospel instead of the Roman dogmas and superstitions. We welcome them with the sincerest sympathy, and believe that in assisting them we are doing our most important and fruitful work.

we are now contemplating a new departure, and already we have a beginning. We propose to establish in Paris a college of ex-priests to be missionaries and apostles of the truth. From this college will issue lecturers who will travel about preaching the deliverance of the Church from the yoke of the Pope and the recognition of its only true master, Jesus Christ. There are at present six priests in our college. Others have already entered upon their mission work, and it is well known what enthusiasm they have been received by the population and what success has attended their first attempts. The people listen with delight to these courageous men who have thrown off the papal yoke; they applaud the lecturers, and assemble in crowds whenever it is advertised that an *évadé* is to speak. The fact is that the priest knows better than the pastor how to address himself to the Catholic masses of the population. He knows their language, their ways, their religious temper; above all, he knows what their objections will be, and is apt to reply. And has he not also a special authority, in that he can say to workmen and peasants, "I was once as you are. Do as I have done. Come out from Rome!"

We must remember that Protestantism is not popular in France; it is received almost everywhere with mistrust, if not with hostility. Popular prejudice, cleverly kept up by the Jesuits, will have it that Protestant means either English or German. Besides, the Calvinist religion does not suit the Latin races, who find the Protestant worship cold and the Protestant temple bare of everything which appeals to the imagination. In spite of the absurdity of its dogmas, Catholicism is to them the religion of sacrifice and devotion, of the sister of charity and the brother of St. John of God, the Church which has built its monasteries and schools, where the children receive such devoted and intelligent care; such a Catholicism does not seem to them by any means a mere error which should be rejected *en bloc*. These preconceived ideas will no doubt disappear in course of time and a reconciliation will be effected; but it will not be by the one Church absorbing the other. They will meet and unite in all which each has that is true and divine. That is the task of these new apostles, who will preach neither Protestantism nor Catholicism, but Christianity. This was the view of M. Edmond de Pressensé in 1872. And quite recently a man who is a great authority in the Protestant Church has expressed the same thought, disclosing to us what he calls "his hope, or his dream—the triumph of Protestant principles under Catholic forms."

We need not dread the rise of a new ritualism: no ritualism is possible when all ecclesiastical priesthood is abjured and the doctrine preached that the only priest is Jesus Christ Himself. This religious movement in France is essentially anti-clerical; and that is why it

has nothing to fear either from theological subtleties or from the encroachment of forms and rites. And so we come to utter the great word which Rome dreads even more than she does heresy—Schism. Already, among the younger clergy, there is no terror of the phrase, "the National Church." The more the Italian Pope prevails, the more a foreign sovereign has command of the most precious things that France possesses—her conscience and her soul. Leo XIII. has interfered too much with our politics: our doctrine was not enough for him. He wanted our fatherland; and the result will be that he will have neither. To separate from Rome—that is the essential doctrine of our young reformers; and it is a doctrine both logical and fruitful: it carries in its bosom all the reforms that we can desire. Let us but break the first bond which holds us fast bound to the authority of the doctrines of men, and the rest will come to us by natural increase. The moment Luther doubted as to indulgences, he was on the high road to justification by faith, and the flames might already be discerned of the faggots which destroyed the Pope's Bull.

The movement may break out any day, as it has done in Austria, under the pressure of public opinion disgusted by the insolence of our over-pushful clericalism, which, by its insults to justice and good sense, to nature, and to truth, has at last roused the nation to wrath, the more violent that it has been so long suppressed. We are nearing this solemn and decisive moment. When the hour of reform shall strike, it will not lack either apostles or leaders. The society for evangelisation by ex-priests will furnish the workers needed to direct the movement. The modest country parsons, who have not dared to come out, but who for months, and perhaps years, past have been preaching the gospel while quietly holding on to their posts, will show their colours in the face of day; they will speak and they will be heard. The people of the villages of which they have been the shepherds will form the first parishes of the new Church. Such will be the task of religious reform in France in the twentieth century.

ANDRÉ BOURRIER.

## PORTRAITS AND PHANTOMS.

"DID you ever see a ghost, Uncle Ted?"

"Yes, Mousie," he answered, "I think so—in fact, if I'm not mistaken, I saw quite a number only a very few days ago."

"Where? What sort of ghosts, Uncle Ted? What were they like?"

I wondered what could have set Mousie thinking of ghosts, for the afternoon sunshine was flooding hot and brilliant into the quarry where we were sitting, hidden away from the inquisitive March wind that came quartering over the hilltop behind our backs, the Naturalist, Miss Bryant, Mousie, and I, looking down past the tufts of purple birch and black seedling fir-trees, and across the rusty tangle of blackberry-vines, and oak-scrub, and bracken, and heath, and grey winter-killed furzes, and live gorse breaking in flame, into the hazy blue distances of the Weald. A bad day for ghosts, it seemed.

We had bettered our acquaintance since the occasion of our colloquy recorded in the March number of this REVIEW, and Mousie was ten months older. The Naturalist, I thought, seemed younger. This brother of my host had borne, I remembered, in my undergraduate days, a reputation for superhuman and somewhat arid proficiency in abstruse physical studies. I knew that for some time afterwards he had lectured on natural science in one of the minor universities. I had then ceased to hear of him for years: he had been, he now told me, out of England, exploring and observing forms and conditions of tropical life. He surprised me now that I had met him on these two visits by his difference from the character I had assigned to him in the private dramatic inventory that I keep of all the men and women I come across. His intellectual habit seemed strangely old-fashioned according to my experience of the attitude of the trained scientific



mind. That old-fashioned name of the Naturalist slipped on to him with obvious fitness. I am not at all well read in recent science, but I fancied I had kept myself sufficiently, if only superficially, in touch with the direction of the principal lines of advance, their methods and most important new theories. And the Naturalist had at first a little staggered me by what I should certainly have set down as bits of ignorance in a man who might be supposed to be ignorant on topics of natural science, but which in this man at first suggested a habit of rather irritating flightiness and levity. He seemed fond of talking, or, perhaps I should rather say, very willing to talk, although equally content in silence, and would purr out very pretty little lectures in a musing, half-ironical, rippling babble. He pleased me. His limitations eluded me: no doubt because my own were so much narrower. His conversation had the very agreeable quality of showing always unaffectedly and unobtrusively that intelligence of his interlocutor's remarks which makes criticism as sweet as acquiescence. Not that he criticised in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He had the air, on all subjects on which I talked with him, of speaking as from the other side of knowledge, and with indifference to the extent or exactitude of one's information, especially on those subjects in which he was himself most deeply versed. My ignorance in detail he would never correct or supplement, but he would illuminate my own fragments of erudition in such a manner as to make them for the moment sufficiently illustrate whatever the topic seemed to hold worth understanding. His discourse was, in form at least, didactic, dogmatic, and assertive, and yet never oppressive, presumptuous, or, to me, tedious. His voice disarmed offence. I talk little myself, and, being studious of human personality, listen contentedly, even to persons I already know very well (though the bore is mephitic). The Naturalist escaped being a bore through the sense which his conversation produced (more by manner than explicitly) of a bottomless underlying abyss of negation over which all positive propositions for him floated vapourlike, provisional, and transitory.

The Naturalist had put his hand in his pocket and had drawn forth what looked like a pamphlet in a pale blue paper cover, when Mousie repeated:

"What were they like, Uncle Ted?"

She was sitting between his feet, propped against his knees, and she turned herself round and clasped her arms across them as he read, from the blue-covered pamphlet: "'Number Eight'—that was the first one. They call it here 'Portrait of an Old Woman (Duke of Buccleugh, K.G.), said to be the mother of the painter. Half-figure, seated facing the spectator, looking down at an open book which she holds in front of her with both hands; dark cloak, with hood which shades her face; dark background; painted about 1655.

Signed *Rembrandt*. Canvas thirty-one and a half by twenty-six inches."

"But that was a picture, Uncle Ted, that wasn't a ghost."

"I thought it was a picture, too, Mousie, before I came to it; but when I saw it I saw at once that it was what you would call a 'ghost,' for I had seen one before, years ago, and could not be mistaken. Besides, it came with me, and showed me in other pictures things something like itself, though not quite the same."

"Ghosts?"

"Kind of ghosts, Mousie."

"I suppose they are extraordinarily lifelike," said Miss Bryant. "I should so like to have been able to go and see that exhibition."

"Some few of them were lifelike and some were less, and some were a good deal more."

"The ones that were like ghosts, I suppose?"

"Not all, perhaps, quite like ghosts—at least the ghosts of dead people, if that's what you mean, Mousie."

Mousie threw up her upper lip with her under, rounded her eyelids, tossed her brows up into her forehead, and ducked her chin and cap in a single flash of gesture.

"Perhaps some were like phantoms of the living?" suggested Miss Bryant.

"Phantasme," I interposed, "is the proper word, I believe; we are trenching on the domain of scientific Research, and cannot use English words for our categories."

"And there's very good reason for that," said the Naturalist. "Did you see those pictures?"

"Yes," I answered; "but please go on telling Mousie about your ghosts."

"It began with that old woman, as I said—Number Eight in this catalogue. Before I came to her there were two small portraits of Rembrandt's mother, the original of them done when he was quite a young man. They were what I should speak of as lifelike; remarkable work; good Dutch; but not so fine as the etchings he was doing of her about the same period. Then two of himself: Number Four, the latest portrait in the collection, Rembrandt old, and not at all attractive-looking; Number Six, about ten years younger, the same familiar Rembrandt at fifty-two, not quite so untidy and grubby and broken down and raffish in appearance. And then—I saw my ghost. On the canvas was painted the figure of an old, very tired old woman, who had risen early and done hard work for her household all her life, and knew how to sit down now and be restful towards the close of it. And the first thing that I noticed was that the face, which was framed in a dark square hood and quite in the shadow, where no light was and no brightness of colour in the painting, burned solemnly with a light

of its own. But really I didn't take notice of that till afterwards, because what I noticed first was that this old woman was something that I had seen once before—but only once; and that was the face of a child that was three weeks dead."

Miss Bryant made a little sound. He went on;

"I had to walk about then a little while, before I could look at anything again. Then I came back and tried to see what was in this picture.

"First: that strange, self-sufficient lighting that I had recognised. The face did not quite seem to burn internally, as though it were transparent before a lamp, and I could not convict the painter of any trick of reflected light from the book, or the sitter's white apron; there may have been some; the face was dark, in the dark, but brightly seen, and the brilliancy, the more I looked at it, seemed to me to be simply the effect of august expression. 'August' is not quite the right word: the word is *σεμνός*: that's Greek, Mousie, a word for which we've no English equivalent, not having, I suppose, any demand for it in our national consciousness."

"What does it mean, Uncle Ted?"

"It means, Mousie, as near as I can express it, the quality of the aspect of some one seen to be holy, of some one that we must love and honour and worship, but some one that in the first place we must recognise as holy, and must welcome and worship and love because we see with our eyes that the person is beautiful. The Greeks saw their gods and goddesses so. The modern world, unfortunately, does not. And that, whether or not she was his mother, is how Rembrandt saw this tired, old, faded woman. That is how he saw his mother all his life."

"Doesn't Ruskin——" began Miss Bryant: she checked herself, and took up her own courage: "I had always thought Rembrandt's pictures were rather too coarse and realistic; I should like to have seen idealised work like that."

"Well, I don't think that one could say that this was idealised in any sense of slurring the facts of appearance; nothing was spared; the faded moist lip, slack texture of the flesh, the decrepitude—all were faithfully put down; but the whole of it, in some marvellous manner, expressed not only what Rembrandt saw in this woman, his mother (I must call her, he certainly painted her here as his mother), but also what this woman, his mother, must have seen in him, her son. And I felt ashamed. For I knew that if I had told that wise, tired face what, up to that moment, had been the extent of my judgment of Rembrandt, and what I had thought of the portraits I had just passed—'Oh no!' she would have said, 'you haven't seen him—you don't understand him at all.' Then lifting her eyes, 'Don't you see what a splendid heart of man is in all this work? There is no such other man in the world as this boy of mine.



Oh yes! I know all the rest—I have heard the gossip—and I sit here and read my book, for it does not matter, and he paints me like this to prove it, and to show you he knows how little it means himself, just as well as I do."

"Did his mother say all that, Uncle Ted?"

"Yes, Mousie, she said it quite plainly, and turned me round so that I saw Rembrandt as she did, and not only that, but even a little as Rembrandt saw himself and the people he painted. For after that the pictures were all quite different."

I waited for Mousie to speak; but the child was silent. The Naturalist went on:

"That was one kind of ghost; the others were, most of them, of rather a different order; though, indeed, there was a little tiny painting of an old blind man sitting crouching over a fire in a dark, dull room, with sunshine like this on the lilac-bushes outside the window, that had something of the same ghostly effect."

"Uncle Ted! What was the little child's ghost you saw?"

"That, Mousie, was a very long time ago, about twenty years, and the child was a little girl a few years older than you. She was your father's sister, and mine."

"Auntie Evy?"

The Naturalist nodded. The child was sitting facing him now, her arms crossed on his knees: they were strangely alike. He seemed to be verifying something in her face. I fancy Miss Bryant shared my apprehensions as to what he might be going to say to her impressionable little pupil; but something in the easy lounge of his attitude, a sort of reserved dexterity in his eye, reassured me; and suddenly, as he broke silence, it seemed as though the east wind were gone, and the mood of his voice made a clearness and a sense of quiet ease between us there, for he spoke with the simplicity of a person describing a thing observed and carefully noted, external to himself and not affecting him except by its interest as fact.

"Your Auntie Evy and I, Mousie, were always very great friends. She died when she was fifteen years old, after a very short illness. It happened that I was away from home, in Germany, at the time. I did not come back, for it would not have done any one any good, and I don't like funerals. But it hurt me very much, and made me exceedingly restless, so that I could not get on with the work I had come out to do. So I took to making drawings of different kinds of flowers: I found that seemed to do me a great deal of good while it lasted, but still I did not get any better at other times, and at night, and on waking in the morning. It was not that I was thinking that I was sorry to have lost your Auntie Evy, so much as that I felt as if all my nerves and brain, whatever I thought and felt with, had been bruised and dragged at and torn until it was all sore and faint, and hardly able to live. I knew that that would go away



in time, but I didn't see how, and it did not seem to alter from day to day. Well, after three weeks, one night I was lying in bed in the dark, and I had not gone to sleep, but was broad awake, though I might have been close to the point of beginning to fall asleep. I was lying well up on my pillow, with my hands under the back of my head. As I lay there I suddenly saw my sister, and at that I was more awake than ever I have been any other time in my life. She seemed to be standing about four yards from me, to the right hand, beyond the foot of the bed, between the table where I worked and the press. She was looking at me. I saw her face and her hair very distinctly, and the upper part of her body: more I'm not sure of. She had very curly bright brown hair that had never been put up; I saw the little gold-thread rings in it just as usual. There's an angel that sits in a cave in Trafalgar Square that has very much such hair and lips and eyes, though her eyes were blacker, rather more like yours and mine, Mousie. I saw them: they looked quite natural and friendly. So you see she was not what you might have thought very much like Rembrandt's old woman. It did not seem remarkable to me at all, at the time, to see her face there in the dark, without any light, and, somehow, not for a moment, as I looked at her, did I think there was really any person there. I did not think it was what you mean by a ghost. But I saw her, and I said to myself, 'Now I can draw you!' and put out my hand to the bedside table on which I kept the books that I read in bed, and pencils and other writing materials; but when I had the pencil in my hand and had turned back a page of my notebook to try and draw, I saw that the page was dark and I should not be able to; and when I looked up at my sister she was not there. But that did not trouble me, for it seemed as if I had found something I had been needing, and was satisfied; and very soon after that I fell asleep. And next morning when I woke I felt no trouble, and since that time I have never felt any trouble at all because of her death. It seemed to me as though what had been diffused in pain, as I said, all about me, had gathered itself together into one sense—the most joy-giving of all the senses—and so passed out in the form of a figure seen, outside of me, leaving joy only. It would not have consoled me at all simply to think that my sister had herself been there and had gone; my loss of her would have remained just as great. I did not think so; I felt quite sure of the contrary; and always since then I have been satisfied that there are no such things as ghosts, because I had seen one: for no one ever saw a solidier ghost than that."

"Oh, Uncle Ted! I don't understand!"

"Nor do I, Mousie; I've only been trying to tell you of some things that I've seen and how I've seen them; and certainly I saw Rembrandt's mother in very much the same way as I saw my sister, and



certainly with very much the same joy and removal of misunderstanding. And if I had had any doubt that that was the case, the portraits that I saw afterwards of Saskia, Rembrandt's wife, and the portraits of Rembrandt himself, in their succession, not to speak of any others, would have removed it."

The Naturalist was turning over the leaves of the blue-covered catalogue.

"Oh yes!" he said, "this struck me as rather curious. The editor of this catalogue, or whoever it is that writes the introduction, says this: 'All through his career he had been accustomed'" (the Naturalist honeyed his voice maliciously) "*to make use of his own features and those of his relations and connexions as models for purposes of study. Witness the numerous likenesses in existence of his father, his mother, his sister, his wife, and others. As to his own personality, scarcely a year passed without some reproduction of it in painting or engraving.*"

"The sort of gentleman whose bumps one would rather like to feel," I observed. "May I look at the catalogue?" He handed it to me. "One wonders whether that really reflects the writer's own impression of the effect of Rembrandt's work, or whether it's the result of his observation of the methods of Burlington House."

"In what way?" asked Miss Bryant.

"Well," I commented, "apart from the remarkable language—'features' as 'models'—his own, I suppose, for noses, his father's for skulls and ears, his mother's for wrinkles, and so on: it suggests such a characteristic journeyman's notion of art: the good commercial nineteenth-century view of the practical painter of portraits, 'making use of' such 'relatives and connexions' as happened to be gratuitously available for the 'purpose' of keeping his hand in between the paying sitters."

"But surely," Miss Bryant rejoined, "he did paint a number of very ugly and uninteresting portraits of himself. I know the two in the National Gallery. One's nice, but the other is just a dirty, puffy, dissipated-looking old man, and he surely wouldn't have painted such things if he had had anything better to paint."

"A-a-h-h!" said the Naturalist, with a quaint long reflective expiration, "I don't think you'd say that if you'd stood before that old woman, and she had salved your eyes as she did mine, and if you had gone on with your heart full of that new love for Rembrandt, and stood before the portraits of Saskia, and seen her just a little as he saw her, and felt for her just a part of what he felt; and if you had seen the Rabbi that hung between—a man, like Simeon, full of the glory of God, but only a corpulent, clumsy, unhealthy-complexioned old Jew to most of the people that met him. Are you tired, Mousie?" (The child had laid her head down on his knee.)

"Oh no! Uncle Ted. Do go on: it's awfully jolly."

"Well: I'll tell you another ghost story—the story of what Saskia looked like: and first of all I must tell you that I myself am a very blind person, and that, though I see a great many more things than most people (for looking at things has been my trade many years), I very often find myself doubting whether really I don't see much less. It seems difficult to believe they can see so little. I mean that I'm sure I very seldom really see people, although I see their faces and their bodies and know them quite well when I meet them, and recognise their photographs and their portraits. I have noticed people clearly enough, like that, all my life, and thought many of them very beautiful; but one or two people, once or twice, I have found that I really saw, though afterwards I may have gone on meeting them constantly and never seen them at all like that again."

"Don't you think," said Miss Bryant, "one can always see the people one is fond of, through their eyes?"

"No; I don't," replied the Naturalist deliberately. "That's not quite what I mean. Of course, what you speak of has been made the theme of a great amount of perfectly true poetry, and always will be. But here we are in the province of painting, and strictly conditioned by what is directly visible. We have not to do with reflex impressions induced by an emotion otherwise stirred. I won't attempt to say what I think it is that is seen, in that sense, in the eyes. It is fortunate that people in love have this privilege of fancying that they do see each other's faces, for otherwise the ugly and disagreeable would never get mated; but really they do not see in the sense I'm thinking of: they do not see through the flesh. Any beautiful animal, any one of the beasts that are full of human love and intelligence—a horse, or a dog, or a parrot—has just such an unfathomable eye in which you may find yourself. You can see what is called the soul in his eye just as certainly as you can see it in the eye of your human friend. You can't see it in an animal's body; neither do lovers, speaking generally, see each other as they are in the flesh—and I apprehend that the reason is much the same. I take the case of lovers, because this belief is strongest in them, and I say that, notwithstanding the beauty and excitement of what they do see, they see, I think, as a rule, very much less clearly than children and quite old people. And that old woman's eyes were veiled and couldn't be looked into."

I did not feel quite sure that the Naturalist was doing justice to the possibilities of his theorem. His analysis seemed to suggest to me more than he saw in it, or at least professed to see. Perhaps he was a little jealous of lovers. Mousie broke in:

"Uncle Ted! you aren't telling us the ghost story."

"I was coming to it, Mousie. I go about London, and day after day I meet the people I know, and the many more people that I don't



know, in the streets, in the trains, in the 'buses, in the libraries, in the club, at dinner-parties, in drawing-rooms—everywhere: the nicest and most beautiful, clever people imaginable of all ages. And so I have gone on from month to month still never really seeing any person at all, until I have sometimes almost begun to forget that people could really be seen, and that I had seen them. Well, one afternoon in the early part of last summer I went to a theatre. I went into the hall and looked about for a friend I was to meet; and the hall was full of lively, well-dressed people—alert, self-satisfied-looking men, and stout handsome ladies, and beautiful, brilliant young women in very big hats. But suddenly I saw standing in the entrance of another doorway leading in from the street a person whom I instantly perceived to be really alive and visible. It was a woman—a slender young woman in a light plain dress and a broad low straw hat, and her face was more than half turned away from me; but I saw all her skin and the line of her profile like moonlight, and I saw that here was what all those other people ought to have looked like. Well, you know what a naturalist is when he sees a fine specimen of something he has been hunting for for years: he goes for it—straight. And, besides, when I meet a person like that, with nothing between, it gives me a kind of boldness and assurance, because I can see what it is I have to deal with. I just slipped out by the door by which I had entered, and innocently went round and came in again by the other. And there I found my angel face to face, more brilliant than ever, and perfectly alive and real and transparent. And then, it appeared that she knew me—I daresay I looked as if I had recognised her (though I hadn't), and we made friends. I should hardly have remembered her: she used to be a little brown-faced girl, with mouse-coloured hair and grey eyes, very quiet and not in any way conspicuous; but I found she had now been married about a year, and was living in a little West-country cottage-farmhouse quite alone with her husband, who was a painter, just keeping the house and the garden and the bees and the living creatures about the place, and had been sitting among the apple blossom and the tender transparent leaves till she grew transparent, and visible in her proper form as flowers are visible, and full of delight and pride in the fineness of life; and so coming into black, artificial, affected, civilised London, and standing waiting there for her artist, had shone as I had seen. There were many much brighter-coloured and vivider-seeming human beings there, but none of them glowed like that. I pointed her out to my friend, later on, in the theatre—her face was shining visibly in the dusk under the gallery. He knew her: he said, 'Yes; she is looking very pretty.' I saw he did not see her really at all. But I saw, and I did not forget it, because it was a thing I had seen before, and believed in, and was glad of its verification.

"Now, when I came near the smaller portrait of Saskia—the little



profile portrait of Rembrandt's wife—I saw at once that she also was shining in that particular way. I saw her, too, with something of the vision with which her artist saw her, and loved her with his free delight. In her, however, the radiance seemed to be golden, as of the sun. And, curiously, the effect of it was more to make me feel how great and splendid and noble the nature of that artist must have been, that was able to love and to see and to believe in it and to set it down like that, than to interest me very much in Saskia; though, indeed, she was a bonny person enough. For here, again, the wonderful effulgence, the brilliancy and glory of the flesh, was not due to any brightness of colour or tone in the painting: a photograph of the picture would look quite dark. I used to suppose this brilliancy of Rembrandt was due to what are called 'Rembrandt effects'—strong contrasts of light and shade—and, of course, he did incessantly use that trick; but here he had already got beyond it, and clearly he made himself later quite independent of it till he could say, 'Let there be light,' and there *was* light. Wonderful work! What a wrist he must have had!"—and the Naturalist stretched out his arm, and clenched his hard, brown fist, slowly turning it, in a sort of ecstasy.

"That rather reminds me," I said, "of a kind of paradox I heard the other day from a certain Dutch-descended young lady, who is accustomed to make use of my features as models for purposes of study. She also contributes sometimes to my instruction in the theory of the art of painting. She had quoted a saying of Delacroix, that an artist should be able to take mud from the gutter and paint a fair woman's neck with it, but then she went farther and said that for luminous, living effect in a face, it was most important to go on painting steadily at the background, and out of that to let the face grow of itself. From which I proposed to infer, though she would not have it, that on those lines one ought to be able to paint a picture so that neither colour nor form should be traceable on the canvas—and yet that it should be a picture."

"Ah! really? that's very interesting," said the Naturalist. "I think there may be something in that notion. It seems to me to be quite open to question if the effect which certain old pictures produce on us is really an effect of anything which can be called light at all. We constantly think we see light where no light is, and cast it into definite forms. That, doubtless, does depend very much upon background, external or internal to ourselves. I have spoken about two kinds of ghosts, as Mousie calls them, which certainly did not give any physical light. A spectroscope would not have detected any. Another such I remember very vividly. I was travelling down the Morookoo River and woke, after sleeping under the awning of the pit-pan, which we'd set up on an open bit of bluff by the stream for the night. I lay there and watched the sky till just on sunrise, before

the moon had set and the planets were lost, and then all the mystery and passion of the dawn drew together suddenly into one pale golden figure of some one I knew, which hung for a moment a little above the horizon, singing, and then was gone. And many years later I saw that the same thing had happened to John Bellini, and he put it into one of his pictures that is now in the National Gallery, an Agony of the Dawn, and in the sky a quaint little homely figure of white transparent light, quite absurd if you look at it closely by itself, but, looked at against that background, quite in its place."

"Do you think such apparitions," inquired Miss Bryant, "are the result of telepathic impressions?"

"I am sure they are the result of impressions; and as to telepathy, it seems to have at least the advantage of economy over most other theories of them."

"You don't think that there may be astral forms?" (Oh, Miss Bryant! Miss Bryant! Who is stuffing her little pupil's head with cobwebs now?)

"They seem to me to involve so much unimaginative and extravagant theory. *Non sunt multiplicanda practer necessitatem*. One need not take two bites at a cherry, much less seven, and astrals don't throw any light upon Saskia's portrait, whereas it seems to me these other things may. People can see pictures in surfaces where there is neither form nor colour. I lost a horse—it was in that same bit of country aback of the Morookoo River: my boy's horse fell on the pine-ridge and threw him and bolted and got clean away from us, with half our kit and rations in his saddle-bags. We made for the nearest village, in dense forest, a long way off, and fed and slept there, and hunted about all next day, but had to come back without any news of the horse. I spoke Maya, and the Indians treated us honestly. If we'd made them speak in Spanish they'd have lied to us. Well, the second night they took me to an old woman, who, to put it very shortly, was a witch; and a fowl was procured and brought in, and its throat was cut, and the blood was very carefully dripped into a little shallow cup of black polished stone, and the old woman sat on the floor with it in her hands and groaned and rocked herself. I was sitting in the dark, on the long grass hammock that seemed to be all the furniture of the stifling palm-thatch hut, and my boy, and the little stolid, stunted Indians, like Chinamen, in dirty cotton smocks, squatted round in the smoky light of the pine-flambeaux; and the witch stopped rocking and groaning, and crouched herself down, and gazed steadily into the blood in the little stone cup, and presently she saw my horse in the cup and told me what he was doing."

"But don't you think the Indians had seen him and told her?"

"I think very possibly so, Mousie; but certainly she saw my horse in the cup, where certainly no horse was. She saw him and described

him exactly; and she couldn't have ever seen an English saddle and stirrups, nor guessed that my boy was riding one, whilst I myself was riding on a Mexican. I hadn't a doubt she really was seeing the horse, though whether he could have been found without that or not I have no opinion. We did find him next day in the direction in which she had sent us."

"You think that all these things are a kind of clairvoyance?"

"I am afraid that to give them that name doesn't take me much farther. What I did feel was that somehow this magnificent personality of Rembrandt, his quite abnormal power of feeling and sight, seemed to bring into relation and corroborate a number of my own very distinct and yet not very well adjusted impressions. It seemed to me that what was common to all was certain deep-lying susceptibilities and powers of evocation, of which the apparent record might be simplified so as to be almost beyond recognition except by the appropriate person.

"For instance, it was perfectly clear, as one moved round the walls of that gallery, that only a small number of the visitors could see the pictures at all—I wondered what proportion I was seeing of them myself. I saw more than I could endure for very long, and I had to go out, and come back again another day and go out again. What Rembrandt must have felt about them himself was terrific to think of. One recognised that here was a man that habitually saw people direct and real, in their flesh, and after a certain stage could always paint them so. Oh! never, never, never was there such painting, nor ever could be greater!

"One gathers about how much people see at these exhibitions by the comments that they make to one another or to oneself about the pictures. And I've noticed, as another test in this case, that many of the people I've lately met had thought the Burne-Jones exhibition so much the more beautiful. I don't suggest for a moment that they were wrong in their comparison of the beauty that they had seen in the two; and certainly, if they had not the clue to Rembrandt, there is little in Burne-Jones that could directly give it them, however they might appreciate his work.

"Of course, Rembrandt is a popular painter and always must be. He has the obvious qualities, overwhelmingly, and up to a certain point he takes every one with him: the qualities that as one passes through a gallery make certain canvases hold one's notice sharply with a cry of 'There's a man!'—or a woman, whichever it may be. I remember how one day lately, from quite the far end of a room, I suddenly saw a face and said to myself, 'There's a kitchen maid!' and when I went closer, sure enough it was Volasquez' servant, rather grumpy at Martha's cumber about her guest, more especially as it was she that was having to peel the onions—a girl very much like the



nursemaid that stands in another picture near as an angel, in an attitude of wonderful, reverent pity, and a brown baize studio-gown with purple sleeves. Franz Hals has the same quality of obviousness: the quality that makes one ask why any one should ever paint a portrait anyhow else, whereas most artists seem to give themselves trouble to paint under some constrained affectation. And no one can escape the effect of this lifelike work of Rembrandt—such portraits as that of his friends Six and Bonus in this collection, or the portrait that Miss Bryant admires, of himself, in the National Gallery. That's a portrait one can look at with a lens and not see how a single touch could have been different. That is realism, and up to a certain point it suffices for everybody. But after the point reached in such portraits as that, and the painted portrait of Six (the etching of him is quite a different matter), many people cannot accept the real in pictures any more than they can recognise beauty in life, except within a few conventional limits—young women, roses, sunsets, fireworks, etcetera, and then they begin to talk as I used to hear Mr. Ruskin talk at Oxford about Dutch painters and to ask for such work as Burne-Jones's. And it's fortunate that they can get that kind of pap to nourish their perceptions a little.

"I found myself wondering, too, how far Rembrandt himself had always seen more than he painted in that particular lifelike class of portraits. If it were not for the etchings one might doubt. But clearly it was not so that he saw his mother, in those drawings that he did almost as a boy, wrinkled, practical, and yet in effect as majestic as any of the paintings in which he attained to the work that was more than lifelike. It was not so that he saw the face of Saskia, the embodiment of immortal youth, of the glory of living women, the joy of the Bride. Nor was it how he saw the face of Christ, on the Cross, in that astounding series of plates, unfinished, in the British Museum: infinity in one haggard half-inch. Nor was it how he saw his own person, with its incessant, inexhaustible fascination: the hot-faced, irrepressible rogue-Dutchman with crisp, frizzed hair; the roystering masquerader in velvet and steel and gold; the sanguine, self-confident, life-loving, prodigal artist; the bankrupt, poverty-stricken, bereaved, imperturbable painter; the splendid megalomaniac Rabbi, greater than life, decked out in his Master's canonicals; the sunken, half-forgotten old man, going out, unconquerable, knowing what he knew!—I don't know of anything else to compare with that series of portraits, unless it is Walt Whitman's 'Song of Myself.' And Whitman, by the way, was half a Dutchman."

"I wish I could have seen that!" said Miss Bryant.

"It is there," said the Naturalist, "unmistakably, and why it is harder to see perhaps in his own portraits is possibly because he knew his own outward appearance so intimately, and set it down so un-



sparingly. The splendour of what he saw in some of his sitters very often may have blinded him a little to realities on the surface—though that was not the usual comment I heard, but rather that the surface realism was too much seen in the pictures. That portrait of his mother seemed to me the most perfect combination of the two."

"I see that that portrait," I said, "is dated here 1655, and clearly it belongs to that period. It can't be his mother, therefore, who died in 1640, and what this catalogue prints must be a mistake."

"Very likely. No doubt his mother had to be dead, and Saakia too, before he could paint any living woman like that. And as to the later portraits of himself, I couldn't help thinking, as I saw what he used to make of his vision of Saskia, that no wonder if, after her death, he should have felt that there was nothing finer left to paint in the world than the man that could so see and paint her. I don't think he'd have been so very far wrong. He certainly never painted himself otherwise than superb after that, in whatever appearance; transfiguring all the dirt and frowsiness, the unkempt, straggling hair, the sordid frocks and caps.

"One gets the other side of all this far more in the etchings, and in the drawings of figures and landscapes. His sentiment seems to work more freely in these, his incomparable tenderness and reverence. In painting he was always more on his war-horse. All through the black and white work from beginning to end, the flesh studies, the quiet open landscapes, the Bible scenes, the delicate, elaborate, loving portraits of all kinds of men, one sees the same strong, luminous temper, the same frank worship for all things fine to see, the same indefatigable conscience of draughtsmanship, the inclusiveness, the compassionate understanding, the incapability for question of human nobleness. And these make it clear how it came that of all his later paintings he could have said, 'I—Rembrandt—I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from.' One does not feel much doubt as to what kind of heart this man must have had to see always what Rembrandt always saw in every man and woman and thing he painted."

The Naturalist had spoken with growing fire, so that he, too, seemed to glow and quicken and live as I had not seen him before. But Mousie was fast asleep against his knee: his eyes had not left her hair nor his voice been unaware of her for a moment.

He resumed: "All that free power that underlies the effect of Rembrandt's work, it seemed to me, was akin to what at least is one of the conditions of the seeing of what I began by speaking of as ghosts, if it is not the sole ultimate condition. It seems to me that the human essentially sees and is visible. At that time, when, as I said, I was drawing flowers, I had specially been trying to get the brilliancy and texture of heads of white lilies, working simply in black and white chalk upon rough brown paper, and studying the balance of

light alone. That exercise of the thought of the eye no doubt supplied another disposing, though not essential, condition. And the Rembrandt effect that I saw in the theatre-entrance was not only due to the light in the doorway and the darkness of the hall, for the hall was brilliant: it was the difference between humanity and vulgarity, and the light was like the quiet-toned light in the face of that burly old Dutch writing master, Lievens Coppenol, in Rembrandt's big etched plate. Then again, whilst in those realistic, lifelike portraits I could not see how anything could have been done otherwise than it was; in the later ones I could not see what was done, nor why it should have been done in that manner. And if, as is alleged, there are haunted places, where passionate things have happened and ghosts are seen, I do not know why an effect of strong emotion should not attach itself to a movable canvas just as much as to an immovable place. Old pictures may in some respects improve as the actual painting fades. But to press this would be to ignore the art of painting, which builds up its effects with stress and labour, and almost one might say, when one looks at the development of some of those etchings, with a wrestling that Rembrandt himself could only express in the symbol of the passion of Christ, the agony of the Divine in Man. But out of it comes creation of forms, seen as real, and recognisable as alive, and full of unmixed delight, not only in the art of painting, but everywhere that human spirit escapes.

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"But this little girl will be catching cold, I'm afraid, if we let her sleep much longer: it must be tea time."

So Mousie was gently waked, and rubbed her eyes: her cheek was all pink and mottled with the pressure where it had rested. The Naturalist stretched himself too.

"Oh, Mousie! I'm so stiff! Let's have a run!"

So off they went together, black racing figures against the yellow glare of the March evening, as fast as the deep-rutted road and the brambles along the banks would allow them. Miss Bryant and I followed more sedately, she pondering. As we went, she said suddenly:

"I don't think he ought to have spoken of Burne-Jones as pap!"

"Miss Bryant," I said, "I fancy your name is Celtic. Mine is Latin. The Naturalist and Rembrandt belong to the Dominant Race."

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

## QUICK MARCH!

**A**MONG the various qualities that go to make an army powerful and efficient, the speed of the foot-soldier must evidently be one of the most important. If he be slow of movement he becomes but the target of a more active foe, even though armed with more efficient weapons. The speed of any body of men must be the speed of the slowest of their number, and the force that can uniformly depend on travelling even a little faster than the enemy has a material advantage. No English regiments have ever been scientifically trained to accomplish the feats of long and rapid marching of which there are authentic records in two or three European armies. There can be no doubt that one of the chief factors in the success of Sir Herbert Kitchener's brilliant campaign has been the excellent marching of his troops. Any experiments, therefore, that are being made for a definite increase in the speed to which the soldier can be trained are worthy of study.

Children are taught that the dignified and aristocratic way of walking is to hold themselves upright, to stretch the leg well out, and to turn out the toes as the heel touches the ground; this is supposed to be the æsthetic and distinguished gait. But the gait practised by savage tribes, by oriental races, by mountaineers, country-folk, and hunters is the opposite of this: the body inclines forward, the knees are more or less bent, and the sole of the foot falls flat on the ground.

Two French gentlemen, Dr. Felix Regnault and the Commandant de Raoul, have recently published a striking little book, "Comment on Marche"; it is noteworthy, not merely because it again forcibly draws attention to the matter, but because it offers scientific explanations of the theory advanced, and proofs by chrono-photography.

The gait and attitude strongly insisted on is styled the "Flexion" march or run, and somewhat resembles those assumed in our army by soldiers at "the double." The difference between this and ordinary walking turns mainly on the inclination of the trunk of the body; when the body is upright, the advancing leg first reaches the ground at the heel, and communicates a slight vibration and jar to the whole body, while the foot has subsequently to balance the figure, as the other leg is being lifted and drawn forward.

In "Flexion" marching the trunk of the body is inclined well forward, which necessitates the prompt advance of the leg to keep it from falling, while, with a bent knee, the whole foot falling flat on the ground, as the advanced foot of the fencer, produces less shock and jar.

Some examples are given of results attained by systematic training in "Flexion" marching.

In the winter of 1889-90 two officers, two sergeants, and thirty rank and file of the 116th Regiment of the French army were put under training at Nantes. After three months' instruction, they marched, in the presence of General Fay, carrying their rifles, bayonets, one hundred rounds of ammunition per man, and food for one meal, along a hilly road, a distance of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles in an hour and forty-six minutes, which is at the rate of rather over 7 miles an hour. Not one man fell out by the way. After a rest of two hours, they returned in three hours and five minutes, including two halts of ten minutes each, which gives an average speed of over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. Two days afterwards these same men, in the presence of General Colonieu, in heavy marching order, covered a distance of  $6\frac{3}{4}$  miles across fields on hilly ground in an hour and twenty minutes, which works out at about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. At the end of their march they were at once told off to target practice, when their shooting proved superior to that of the best company of marksmen in the regiment; this was done to test whether the exertions of their rapid march had injured their capabilities as riflemen.

To show the results attainable by drill for a short period of men no longer young, a body of reserve artillerymen of the 16th Fortress Battalion were placed under training; after a course of eighteen lessons they marched 5 miles in forty-six minutes, with arms only, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in twenty-six minutes with full equipment, giving rates of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  and  $5\frac{3}{4}$  miles per hour respectively. But in this case the officers who directed the training were under the disadvantage of having no help from experienced instructors, as had those of the 116th Regiment; they had only theory to guide them, and they were not universally successful: the failures were due to the men having been too rapidly pressed on; troops can only be effectually trained by each lesson being made a slow and calculated advance on its predecessor.



Nevertheless some officers, with little or no practical training themselves, have been able to achieve excellent results. Captain Faure, of the 138th Regiment, at Bellac, after a single lesson, undertook on August 3, 1896, to train 87 men and three officers: beginning with a distance of 3000 yards, he increased it to 5000 on the fourth day: his men were chosen at hazard, and included tailors, shoemakers, and others brought up to sedentary pursuits: on the 11th he reports having travelled 7 kilometres ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles) in forty-five minutes, the first kilometre in  $8\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, the second in  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , the third in  $6\frac{1}{2}$ , the fourth and fifth in 6 each, the sixth in  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , and the seventh in 5; giving an average of nearly  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. He took with him every day his son, a lad of 13, who was able always to keep pace with the others without inconvenience.

Captain de Soultrait, of the 60th Regiment, undertook the training of a small band of men, entirely from theoretical study, without having himself received a single lesson; his difficulties would be akin to those a man would encounter if he tried to learn and teach fencing from a manual only. But he was able largely to succeed; the effect of his training in most cases resulted in an increase of weight to the men, and in no instance was there any diminution; they became the most athletic and active in the regiment, they were unanimous in declaring that never was their health better, never did they feel more vigorous, more alert, or more fit to withstand fatigue whether in marching, fencing, cycling, or intellectual effort. Captain de Soultrait declares that with thoroughly trained men, in light marching order, an average speed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour may be counted on for several consecutive hours, on any ground, and across all obstacles. In his experience he found that the "Flexion" march induced the highest degree of health, vigour, and energy; it developed the lungs and hardened the muscles; in a short time it brought the man up to his maximum of physical energy. His trained men he styled "*éclaireurs de vitesse*," which may be rendered "lightning scouts"; he maintained that a few hundreds of such men, enrolled as a special corps, would be a formidable weapon, capable of confusing cavalry, of destroying a harassing battery, and of wholly misleading masses of infantry. An enthusiastic French writer, commenting on this system of training, insists that it should be applied to the whole army, so it should no longer be said of moving infantry that they march, but always that they run.

Rapid movement is of prime importance in field manoeuvres, and more so to-day than ever: the time is gone by when heavy troops composed the main body of an army; the lesson of all recent campaigns is that great celerity of movement is indispensable. Two and a half miles an hour is the average that may be depended upon for peace manoeuvres, but not more than 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in war time, even on a good road;

if this be exceeded, many fall out by the way. The importance of great mobility is brought home to us by the consideration of the space occupied by troops marching in column along a single line of road; an army corps of two divisions occupies a distance of over 17 miles, and will take seven hours to pass a given point. If the advanced guard starts at 6 A.M., the rear-guard will not move off the ground before 1 P.M.; if the van encounters an enemy it will be hours before the troops in the rear can be brought up to support the advance, and, if unduly pressed, they will be exhausted when they at last reach the front, and of very little service; any system, therefore, that will hasten their movements, and enable them to be brought up "fit" and in good form, will certainly turn the tide of victory. Equally important is it to be able quickly to concentrate scattered troops, to deliver a blow in a weak spot.

The forced marches of the armies of the First Napoleon are amazing records: in 1797, the division commanded by Masséna fought three battles in four days, besides marching for two nights and a day, covering 54 miles; this same division, in the previous year, executed a march of 235 miles in thirteen days, with one single day's rest, which gives an average of 18 miles a day.

In October 1806, the First French Corps, pursuing the Prussian Army, marched 419 miles in twenty-four days, taking but a single day's rest, and fighting more or less every day; this gives an average of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles a day, but on one day this corps marched 32 miles. In those days the soldiers used to say that their Emperor had invented a wonderful way of winning battles by the soldiers' legs, instead of their arms. One of the most striking incidents of the Indian Mutiny was the marvellous activity developed by the seamen of Peel's Naval Brigade: on more than one occasion they astonished Sir Colin Campbell's army by fighting their heavy siege guns with the first line of skirmishers.

It is claimed for "Flexion" marching, at the double, that after the first twenty minutes, when the men have got their wind, a speed of never less than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and up to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour can be maintained for several hours by troops carrying their knapsacks and in fighting trim; and that this speed may be relied on across fields, ploughed land, or roads covered with snow or slippery with ice; that this system of marching may be taught to every man who can march at all, and not merely to the young and vigorous, and that in most cases a twenty-eight days' training is enough to enable a man to keep up with his comrades.

Special corps might readily be trained to journey at least 30 miles a day, and often much more. In war they would be more valuable than cavalry for scouting: they could travel more noiselessly and quite as fast, over rough country that for cavalry would be difficult and laborious:

they could conceal their presence as cavalry cannot: they would require less food; the effect of these *corps d'élite*, suddenly and unexpectedly appearing among those who thought themselves secure, cutting off communications, and as speedily disappearing, would be very demoralising to the enemy. Modern improvements in weapons, the smokeless powder, the machine-guns, the long-range rifles, all tend to enhance the value of infantry and the importance of their being available for rapid movements.

For the escort of field artillery such a force would be invaluable. Every infantryman knows what a laborious duty it is to escort field artillery, even when moving at a walk; how impatient the gunners become at the slowness of the pace; it generally ends in the infantry escort toiling behind, the gunners going on and picking up a fresh escort. It has been known for three escorts to have been employed in this way, and temporarily lost to their units.

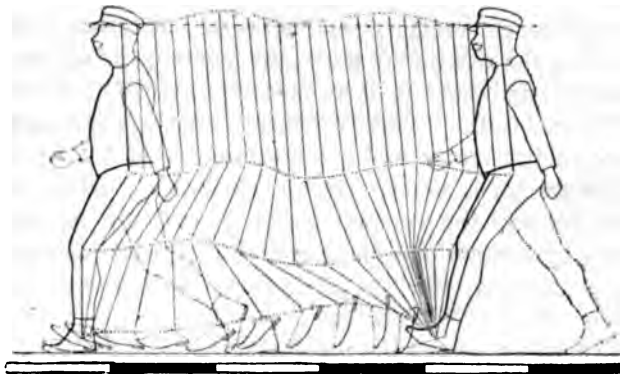
In offensive operations the greatest losses are incurred between the moment when the attacking party comes first under fire and the moment when it crosses bayonets with the foe: any increased rapidity of movement that will shorten that interval will increase the power of the attack; it is evident that if it be possible to double the speed hitherto practised in an infantry charge, the value of the foot-soldier will be enormously increased.

In every country may be observed a marked difference between the ordinary gait of the rich and of the poor; in London may be seen the slouching of the unemployed by the side of the erect carriage of the prosperous merchant. In African tribes the humble bearing of the slave contrasts with the haughty stride of the chief. It is this upright posture that is admired and taught to the soldier, but it is the one that demands the greatest expenditure of physical energy, and is the worst adapted for prolonged effort. Toiling men unconsciously assume the walk which saves them most, and enables them to perform their day's work with the least waste of force. The soldier returns to his home with a well-set-up figure that excites the admiration of the village maidens, but he cannot take his place at once among the wage-earners; he too soon tires; he must in a measure conform to the rural gait and bearing. No one would enter a high-stepping horse for a race. Horses noted for speed and endurance have but little knee-action: indeed, some of the purest-bred appear almost to shamble along.

The reason of this is made clear by chrono-photography, which enables us to trace the relative position of each portion of the body at very short intervals during every part of a single complete step.

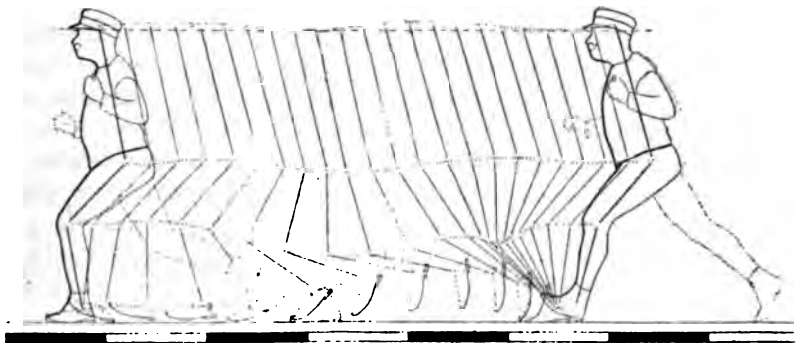
The instructions given by the authors for "Flexion" marching are avowedly inadequate: they state clearly that the best results can only be arrived at by the employment of trained instructors, but in

the work under notice the method to be followed is very distinctly set forth. The knees must be always bent; the feet lifted no higher than necessary to clear the inequalities of the ground; the advancing



A.—ORDINARY MARCHING.

foot must be placed flat on the ground, the step being made neither by the toe nor by the heel. The footfall should be noiseless, and the steps at first short and frequent. The body must lean well forward,



B.—FLEXION MARCHING.

the back must be straight and the head erect, the chest open and shoulders low. It is recommended that, when at drill, a short stick be held with both hands in front of the chest. The lessons should not be more frequent than two or three times a week. A table is given of the distances to be traversed in each of the thirty-six lessons, beginning with 3000 yards and going up to 12,000; also showing how in the early lessons ten minutes is allowed for the first kilometre, nine and a half for the second, and seven and three-quarters for the third; these times steadily diminish with each lesson, as the pace increases, until finally the first kilometre is travelled in seven and



three-quarter minutes, the second in six and a quarter, and the third in five and three-quarters. Now one kilometre in  $5\frac{1}{2}$  minutes is a good six and a half miles an hour. A course of three months' "Flexion" drill is necessary for thorough training.

By the use of chrono-photography it is possible to form exact comparisons between ordinary and "Flexion" marching: selecting the moment when the right foot takes the ground, the difference in the two postures is striking: it is at once seen that (1) the body is more inclined forward in the "Flexion" march than in the ordinary march; (2) the leg taking the ground is more bent at the thigh; (3) the leg leaving the ground is more inclined. It follows, therefore, that the jar to the body by the leg taking the ground will be less, as it is transmitted by a more bent lever, while the greater inclination of the other leg is more favourable to propulsion. Owing to the knees being always bent, the head is nearer the ground and the man appears to be smaller. Chrono-photography also shows that in "Flexion" marching the vertical oscillations of the various parts of the body are smaller than in ordinary marching, and the less these oscillations are the less must be the fatigue incurred, the less must be the force expended. The total of the vertical oscillations of the body in ordinary marching is about 74 yards per kilometre, while in "Flexion" marching it is but  $34\frac{1}{2}$ , less than half; in "Flexion" marching, therefore, there is an economy of work done, besides diminution of the jar at each step; and, further, owing to the greater inclination of the body, the action of each step has a greater propelling power. Experiments with a dynamometer have confirmed this view, and proved that the man who practises "Flexion" marching presses at no time so heavily on the ground as he who marches in the ordinary way: his muscular efforts are therefore chiefly applied to propulsion. Without scientific apparatus this may be observed in wet sand, where the footprints of the man marching in flexion are notably less deep. Two soldiers were made each to carry a metal box containing a few nails; the one who marched in flexion made less rattle than the other. It is a fundamental principle in mechanics that the speed of vehicles increases as jerks and shocks are diminished. The greater speed attained by pneumatic tyres for bicycles is a well-known instance of this.

We know that the handsome uniforms of our army are mostly unsuitable for active service in any part of the world, or even for autumn manœuvres: this is patent to the man in the street every time a regiment embarks for foreign service: but we like to see our soldiers dressed out in quaint costumes: they themselves don't seem to mind it; and if we like to pay for this bit of folly I suppose we can afford it: we can dress them reasonably when they are wanted to fight, at an expenditure of a few thousands. But if their military training is unsound, if they have been laboriously taught to march with a heavy

mechanical step that quickly exhausts their strength and reduces their speed, no money will remedy that. In the face of an army of active scouts they will be as helpless as an old wooden line-of-battle-ship surrounded by torpedo-boats, and they will be as surely mown down and destroyed as were the heroic Dervishes by the trained forces of the Sirdar, notwithstanding their mediæval array and burning enthusiasm. It is well worth while to examine the claims advanced on behalf of "Flexion" marching, and to compare again and again the results of M. de Raoul's theories with those attainable by any of our own most highly-trained corps.

EDMUND VERNEY.

## ENGLISH-SPEAKING WOMEN AND FRENCH COMMERCE.

IN looking over the statistics of the French custom-house it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that a very small portion, comparatively, of the special industries for which France is famous are consumed on the continent of Europe. The figures show that, outside of Belgium, which by race, language, and taste is affiliated to France, and by commercial treaties is virtually an extension of France, the manufactures which European countries demand of France in reckonable quantities are of the more ordinary sort, objects of mediocre art or of inferior quality. The Continent takes but small or inappreciable amounts of those objects that make the reputation of French industry. It acknowledges in theory the supremacy of French taste, but it pays little tribute. Its homage is mainly confined to imitation, and it is not by its pecuniary encouragement that French industry is able to keep up to the level of its reputation.

The situation is very different with the exports from France to England and to the United States. Whether we look at the bulk, the exchange, or the quality, France's most advantageous clients are the English countries. The entire French export is valued at 3 billion 373 million francs (table of 1895), of which amount England takes 1 billion 2 millions and the United States 288 millions, or the two together more than a third of the entire export. The export is divided into three categories—food stuffs, raw materials, and manufactures, and the value of the manufactures is one billion 909 million francs. England takes of the manufactures the value of 577½ millions, or more than the best client of the Continent takes of all three categories together, and the United States takes the value of 216¼ millions, a greater sum of manufactures, in proportion to her whole purchase, than is taken by any other client of France, and the two together take nearly one-half of all the manufactures exported. And if there

were added the value of the manufactures sold directly to the English colonies, 43 million francs, the proportion would be still further increased. Moreover, where some other countries—notably Russia, Italy, and Spain—in commerce with France sell much and buy little, and drain France of money, the balance of exchange with the United States is even, and England leaves, over and above the exchange, 300 million francs of money in France.

Not only do we take a third of the entire French export, not only do we take nearly half of the exported manufactures, in our purchase is included the greater portion of the art industries that France sells abroad. The statistics of these industries we shall look at in detail. They show that in ratio to the art and the intrinsic value of the manufactured objects is the proportion of our patronage. It is no exaggeration to say that the most delicate, the most intrinsically precious, the most artistic fabrications of French export are consumed in English communities; that the industrial taste of France, after her own people are served, is expended chiefly for England and the United States.

The art specialities of French industry, some minor exceptions made, are objects of decorative dress. For a long time French industry has carried its efforts in this direction. Formerly, when commerce was small and the patrons for art objects few, such concentration of labour with an entire people was not possible, and French industry was divided among a greater number of subjects. Furniture and other trades were arts. But, once a world in epitome, France is to-day an industrial community in a larger world; and as such a community works, like an individual, to better advantage when its labour is specialised, it has neglected its other arts, and, consulting its inclination and its opportunity, has precipitated itself in a single direction. It has made luxurious dress industries its especial field.

A circumstance peculiar to this century has modified these industries; decorative dress is to-day demanded only by women. Men, who once formed the most important part of the patronage, now demand no more than the comfortable, and decorative dress industries, if dependent on them, would long since have died out. At the time that the patronage of men has failed, a large public of women has advanced to take their place. These women are, as patrons to these industries, what the upper ranks of the men were before Louis XVI. A community that produces decorative dress to-day must necessarily address itself to women, and the increased demand of women has been the opportunity of France.

This public of women outside of France is found mainly in English-speaking countries. The women in other countries stand with relation to these products in the case either of being too insufficiently developed or too poor to form a large *clientèle*, or else of having developed in a direction to which these products do not cater. The patrons on the



Continent are of a privileged class, or else they are exceptional in habit, and are comparatively few in number. To constitute such a public it is necessary that wealth be distributed among the masses, and at the same time that the women have a large degree of social freedom and a large part in public social functions; it is necessary also to the French patronage that this public should have been educated to find the satisfaction of its tastes in France. These conditions, outside of France, are found best fulfilled by the English-speaking countries. English-speaking women, then, are the principal patrons of the art industries of France; and, as French industries are at present constituted, their patronage is a necessity to the prosperity of French commerce.

It is for our women that, after her own are served, France expends her ingenuity and her taste, and it is our patronage that enables her to keep her industrial reputation up to its high theoretic standard in the world. Whereby falls of itself the charge often made in French literature that the Anglo-Saxons have no taste. The client that buys the most beautiful objects offered in the market is, on the contrary, the client with the maximum of taste. The character of our commercial relation with France differs from that between France and her other clients notably in this, that it is a relation of artists and critics. The French artist works for the English critic, and the only way the French could justify their raillery at English want of taste would be to start from the proposition that their own best efforts are disdainable. Until they do this, or until our public ceases to buy in overwhelming proportion their best products, it must be true for the French that the Anglo-Saxons have the best taste in the world.

To show that our women stand in this relation to French industry we have the statistics of the French export trade. The figures to follow are taken from the French Custom House Report for 1895, the latest table furnished by the Paris libraries. These figures, compiled with great care, are eloquent on the thesis here posed. They will inform us on the proportions of the industries in question that go to England and the United States, and the difference in quantity and quality between these and those distributed over the rest of the world, notably over Europe. And to show that this dependence on our women is not accidental but necessary, we have the witness of the French economists, who, writing on the temperament of the French artisan and the nature of his work, admit this dependence inadvertently. If the reader is satisfied with these illustrations, he will have the basis for a judgment as to which side, in the matter of this exchange, is most essential to the other, and may deduce for himself the probable consequences if, on the one side, the French supply should cease, or if, on the other, the English patronage should fail. It will, perhaps, appear to him that the dependence which might be reasoned equal weighs in reality most on one side; for, while it is true that



France being gone no other country could give us the art products of France, these products are after all luxuries, while without us France would lose the market on which depend a large proportion of her best artisans. Speculation as to a possible modification of the English patronage must be based on the evident transition state of English-speaking women. As France has to thank the present social condition of these women for the brilliance of her commerce, she must look, as that condition changes, to a necessity to modify her industries.

The specialities of French industry are tissues, imitation furs, garments and underwear, millinery and artificial flowers, accessories of dress, including jewellery, gloves, buttons, and fans; a class of articles known as *Articles de Paris*, and another listed as "articles of collection outside of commerce." All but the two last are articles of women's dress, and these two represent but a small fraction of the value of the rest. Of the commercial superiority of these objects there is no question; they command a premium in every market, and are the models that other countries imitate.

The most considerable of these industries is tissues, the export value of which is 711 million francs. Of this value England takes 281 millions and the United States 123 millions, making four-sevenths of the whole tissue export going to the two countries. Of the divisions of this industry, incomparably the most important is silk, for if the cotton or the wool export sometimes equals or surpasses it in bulk value, silk is an industry peculiar to France while the others are not, and it is the foundation of luxurious dress. The reader should note here, as in general in the other categories to be cited, how the English proportions increase in ratio to the artistic and intrinsic qualities. The value of the silk export in the year from which these figures are borrowed is 270½ million francs, of which amount England takes 120½ millions and the United States 75 millions, or the two together about two-thirds of the silk export.

Of the elaborated silk weaves, England takes of gold and silver brocade nearly half the export, and of pure silk brocades the value of six out of a total of eight millions, which, added to that taken by the United States, makes a total for the two countries of seven-ninths of the silk brocade. Of gauze and crape England takes five-sevenths of the export; of tissues in artificial silk, more than four-fifths; and England and the United States together take one-half the silk tulle, each a value of five millions. The silk hosiery and other silk *tricot* garments (*bonneterie*) are absorbed, one-half in the United States and seven-tenths in the two English countries; while of pure raw silk tissues England takes practically the whole. Ribbons, that Richelieu fostered artificially to trim the doublets of the men, have become so large a proportion of the silk export for women as to be valued at 30½ millions, of which amount England and the United States take four-fifths. Of the *passementeries*, which have a similar history, the

English countries take well on towards two-thirds ; of silk lace, England takes fifteen out of the value of nineteen millions, and the two English countries take eighteen-nineteenths ; of silk lace mixed with gold and silver England and the United States are the sole clients, the bulk going to the United States ; while of the pure raw-silk tissue export England takes nearly the whole.

The wool tissue export is registered at 323 millions, of which amount the two English countries take well on towards two-thirds, the larger proportion going to England. The cotton tissue export is 118 millions, of which 8 millions go to England and 9 millions to the United States, and if these amounts of cotton appear small, either of them is more than all Europe together takes, with Belgium excepted. The bulk of the cotton goes to the French colonies and South America. These tissues are addressed in general to utility, and yet French industry has developed some specialities in each. In wool are some elaborate and costly weaves, exported, it is said (I have not found the statistics), in great part to the United States ; also a speciality of *passementeries*, of which half the export goes to England. The elaborations in cotton are embroideries and lace. Of hand-made lace England is one of the three only clients registered, and of the 3½ millions of embroidery the two countries take the half. It would be negligent to pass this subject without mention of the enormous business that France does in cotton embroideries, which are brought into France and re-exported. The general statistics show, in fact, an entire export of cotton embroideries to the value of 128 millions—a larger value than the entire cotton manufacture besides. One may well ask with stupefaction where all this embroidery is consumed ? The Customs register says that England takes of it the value of 46 millions and the United States the value of 80 millions ; this embroidery, then, borders the garments of English and American women.

London is reputed the fur market of the world, but France imports less and exports more prepared skins, and objects in skin, leather and fur than England. The French owe their prosperity in this industry to the art with which they are able to make imitations of expensive furs. Thanks to the perfection of their processes the French turn every year 80 million rabbit-skins, 15 million hare-skins, and a proportionate number of cat-skins, according to finish, into Canadian martin, Prussian martin, Swedish martin, Russian sable, North Sea otter, &c. The cry of "*Marchand peaux de lapin !*" is legendary upon the streets of Paris. This merchant buys of the cook for a few sous the skins, which he sells by hundreds to other merchants, who sell them by thousands to others who buy them by hundreds of thousands. It is said that two-thirds of the fur used in the world is rabbit. It may be hazarded, then, that the greater number of fur jackets and muffs have their starting-point in French kitchens.



The export of tanned skins is valued at 105 million francs, of which England takes 32 millions and the United States  $6\frac{1}{2}$  millions, and that of objects in skin, leather, and fur, at 83 millions, of which—the proportion always rising in ratio to industrial value—England takes 39 millions and the United States 18 millions, making the Anglo-American consumption of manufactured objects nearly two-thirds. This last item includes fur garments, more than half of which go to England alone, but it does not include gloves. Women's gloves are the most renowned French speciality in skins. The export is rated at 49 millions, of which England takes 29 millions and the United States 18 millions, or the two together practically the whole export.

The smaller objects of feminine dress, with the exception of jewellery, all show the largest values to the Anglo-American side. Thus England and the United States take of the exports of corsets one-third, of buttons four-ninths, of prepared whalebone the whole. Of the 35 million francs' worth of feathers for dress England takes  $15\frac{1}{2}$  millions and the United States 13 millions, making this export depend entirely on our women; and as for the fan export, though the bulk of it is in cheap materials, and is directed to feed the Spanish and South American markets, yet the small proportion in weight that goes to England so outranks the rest in preciousness of material and in art as to amount to one-fourth the entire registered value.

The figures do not show the largest proportion of jewellery to the Anglo-American side, but the registration bears mainly on cheap and imitation work, sold in great part to Mexico and South America, and the figures in this industry are incomplete. French authorities expressly state that the amount of jewellery sold to foreigners cannot be definitely computed. The costliest jewels are carried away as personal luggage and escape the Customs. As an off-set there is in this category a series of useful objects, of which the major portions come to us. Thus England takes two-thirds of the silver watch-boxes; more than one-half the gold watch-boxes; one-fourth the watch-boxes other than gold and silver; all the chronometers and pedometers, and equally large proportions of the clock-works.

Garments, including under-wear, are so large an item of French export that, in the list of sixty-four industries, they figure as eleventh in importance. The declared export foots up to a value of 98 millions, all of which, but a small fraction, is attributed to women. The register gives of this value to England 17 millions and to the United States 8 millions. This is already a very good proportion, being more than a quarter, and more than all Europe takes together, but it is far from representing the amount of garments our women actually buy in France. In this industry more than in any other, except in millinery and in jewellery, which are in the same case, the sales to foreigners escape registration. It is estimated by a member



of the Permanent Commission of Customs Evaluation, in a pamphlet printed in 1895, that nearly two-thirds of the sales in women's garments made to foreigners are carried away as private luggage, and are, therefore, unregistered. This direct trade is principally with English-speaking women. If there were no other proof, it would be enough to know that the English language, and that exclusively, is as much a requisite for the attendants in the polite shops of Paris as the French. An interesting side-light is thrown on the matter by the following statement, made in 1884 by one of the Delegates of the Syndical Chamber of Sewing before a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry :

M. WORTH.—“The death of the Duke of Albany, in point of view of our affairs with England, means a loss to Paris of 15 millions, and I am certain that, in saying this, I am well inside the truth ; exportation will suffer, because of this event, a sensible diminution. English society gives us a great many orders, but all these orders will be stopped because of the mourning of the Queen. Our industry may appear to you foolish because it relates to *chiffons*.”

M. LE PRÉSIDENT.—“An industry that means 250 million francs of business has nothing foolish in it.”

M. WORTH.—“I am sure, and I repeat it, that this mourning of three weeks will occasion a loss to Paris of fifteen millions from the point of view of exportation ; and in what concerns me it is a diminution of 200,000 francs of business ; the orders will not come, and the season is ruined.”

Millinery, with its adjunct, artificial flowers, stands eighteenth in importance on the list, and comes in value directly after the combined industries of silver ware and jewellery. In this exclusively Parisian industry the registered export is 66 millions, of which 48 millions goes to England and 10 millions to the United States ! Here, also, the statistics fall short ; the sales are made above all to direct clients, and these clients come from London and New York.

Finally, the report gives, under the head of “Divers Articles of Parisian Industry,” a value of 2½ million francs, of which 2¼, or nearly the whole, goes to England ; and under the head of “Objects of Collection Outside of Commerce,” a value of 12½ millions, of which 4 millions go to England and 3 millions to the United States. Hence, fine arts, and the famous *Articles de Paris*, are directed in the larger part upon our markets, but their money value is insignificant beside that of any one of the industries of dress.

Thus the figures establish that the superior industries of France exported are consumed by English-speaking women. And these proportions are far below our real tribute ; for what is true of dress-making and millinery is true of all these other dress industries ; they are sold in large proportion directly to English and American women in the shops of Paris. An incalculable amount of money is left by our women in these shops.

Of these exports, which make the pride and renown of France, the

entire world outside of England and the United States takes but small fractions, and small as these fractions are, they are still more than Europe can absorb. The twelve States of Continental Europe take but three out of the five-eighteenths of the silk export we leave to them; of the garments they take only an amount equal to that which the register attributes to us, while of the millinery, of which we leave them but eight millions out of 66, they take but six. Where we consume the value of 49 millions of gloves they take less than two; they take less than one-seventh of the ornamental feathers; less than one-ninth of the buttons. The vast Russian Empire takes of French millinery less than a quarter of that sent to Algeria, and the Algerians make no great demand on the bonnet trade, and of gowns they take less than the value sent to England for a single Drawing-room.

Continental Europe takes of French industries, in large quantities, objects of the commoner type, the cheap and the false. To these sales a disadvantage pertains that does not exist with the sales made to us; they are subject to competition and to imitation. Of the objects of common utility the market is disputed by all industrial nations, while the inferior decorative articles are near the level of production of these nations, and form models which they imitate at a less price, to the undermining of the French market. An example is found in the industry of cheap jewellery. Of this industry M. Marius Vachon, in an investigation made for the French Government on the crisis of 1883, says: ". . . the reason for the decadence of our commerce [in Brazil] is, as in other countries, the high price of our merchandise, and the German imitation of products of secondary order sold at a much lower price." And, in fact, though cheap jewellery is a French speciality and Brazil a traditional French market, yet to-day but 25 per cent. of the import is from France, Germany having usurped the remainder with imitations of French models at a lower price.

In the art specialities which France sells to us no competition is to be feared. These objects could be made only by an equal skill and taste joined to a similar creative fancy, a combination which does not exist. As long as our women want these things they will buy them of France; and when the French congratulate themselves that, although the business of France has shown in the last few years an excess of imports over the exports, still the export of manufactured objects has remained constantly greater than the import of the same, this means simply that the Anglo-American demand has not lessened. It has, in fact, constantly and enormously increased.

A superficial glance at the temperament of the French artisan and at the quality of his work makes it evident that this address to our women is a necessity. The French complain that while the world of commerce grows wider and wider they make little headway in new markets. "For long years," says one of their writers, "French products enjoyed a universal reputation. Paris imposed its laws, its

caprices on the entire world. To-day still, in what concerns purity of taste, artistic distinction of form, and subtlety of work, French industry holds the sceptre. As always it excels in the exquisite, but the exquisite is not an article of consumption for the masses." The hyperbolic idea that France once imposed her caprices on the entire world means only that formerly the world was small, the masses did not count, and commerce was addressed to the rich and the privileged. To-day the whole world is open to commerce, and commerce is directed principally to the masses. Only masses exceptionally developed can appreciate the industrial qualities the writer so justly vaunts.

It is not difficult to understand that if the market is limited in Europe, it is not in South America, thinly settled, nor in Africa, nor in Cochin China that there is a demand for millinery and Paris gowns. France may sell cotton cloth to China, but she will never sell embroidery or porcelain there. This inadaptability of her industries to new markets is to-day a vital question to France, and it is a reason for her strenuous efforts at colonisation. The French believe that the growth of the English population, and the consequent prosperity of English commerce, is due to colonisation. The mediocre success of these efforts is set down to sentimentality, but the French colonised willingly enough in the past; it appears rather to be due to the extreme art development of French work. The French artisan does not want to colonise, because he is an artist. If he transports his work and his aptitudes he loses his patronage; his clients would not buy French fashions made in Dahomey; on the other hand, he cannot sell his work to the natives, because of the price he must have for it. It is said that more than one French house has established itself in far-off countries, and, after unsuccessful efforts, has ended by selling only English merchandise, because the French products were too dear; the paradoxical advantage of our products being that they are addressed to common utility, and if sometimes artistic, are so as a surplus. In sum, France has been led by art into a blind alley, and her predicament may well raise the question as to what part art should play in the newly organising modern world.

The French may modify their industries so as to enlarge their markets, but their consular reports show that this is the thing they are least willing to do. Their ideal of production being art, it is difficult for them to propose to themselves vulgar necessity as an end. The more artistic one is the less one wants to follow dictation. The only modern nation with a finished art development, France pays in her commerce, as she pays in her unsuccessful colonisation, the penalty of the creative artist; she must depend on a special and limited public.

The commentaries of the French themselves sufficiently confirm this view. Side by side with the lament that their commercial influence



does not keep pace with the growth of the world one finds such observations as this of the Commission of Evaluation of Customs for 1894: "French industry is particularly adapted to produce tissues of superior quality and great price. These are the traditions and the genius of French manufacture." This was also the opinion of Thiers, who, before the Legislature of 1870, expressed the opinion that, as France was powerless to sell her merchandise cheap, she should direct her efforts principally to the development of her production of luxuries.

The industrial activity of France is by instinct and by education narrow, or we may say, special. It does not, like vulgar industry, address the whole world. Though the field of commerce widens, it continues to depend, as it has done for long years, in largest part on English-speaking women. It is over our women that the French sceptre is held.

If English countries should drop out of existence, as a writer in *Le Petit Journal* wished not long ago—he prophesied a day when the foothold of England should be confined to her ships' decks—if this not very gracious wish should be realised, it may be asked whether the supremacy of French industry would not cease at the same time. The suggestion will not be thought out of reason by Frenchmen belonging to the industrial world. French artisans do not share the professed jealous hatred of England, but know well that the latter, when he pits France against England, stakes French prosperity in directions for which, having no training, the French have no inclination. It was a few leading artisans that forced the politicians to change their hostile attitude towards the United States at the outbreak of the recent war, and the artisan world would look on any trouble with England as a catastrophe. To them England is simply the great patron, who employs their industry to a larger extent than others employ it, and pays better wages, and by whose concurrence they are richer than they ever were before.

The result to French industries would be the same if our women should outgrow the taste for them. This event is probably not imminent; at the same time it may be recognised that a public of women that consumes the above specified amounts of ribbons, of millinery, of artificial flowers, of curiously woven and cobweb tissues, is a public of women in a special stage of development. Thus far they have followed on the traces of the men, who once also were dependent on France for their dress. When masculine dress cast off the luxurious and the purely decorative, it freed itself at the same time from French dictation and from dependence on French industries. If the women go on they must do the same. It may happen to the critic to modify his taste; it will be less easy for the artist to change his principles of work.

ADA CONE.



## THE PRUSSIAN RURAL LABOURER AND THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

**I**S the lot of the mass of the people in rural Germany as good to-day as it was in the Middle Ages? Janssen's great work, "*Geschichte der Deutschen Volkes*," leads distinctly to the negative. The farmhouses in the fifteenth century were spacious, the farmers lived well and dressed luxuriously. A labourer's weekly wages equalled in value a sheep and a half. Public baths existed, not only in the towns, but even in the villages. The peasants were not only prosperous, but greater part of the concessions they had obtained were hereditary. However, they wanted fuller personal liberty, freedom from obligation to feudal service and from numerous restrictions. They also felt the ground won was imperilled by the introduction of Roman law, and, the times being full of the spirit of rebellion, they were constantly at strife with their feudal superiors.

Many minor and partial insurrections preluded the great outburst which ended in the complete defeat of the peasants. After this, their lot, as a whole, tended to become as rough and miserable as it had formerly been easy and comfortable. Instead of good farmhouses, their habitations sank to huts of mud and wood thatched with straw. And in place of the sumptuous fare of former days, they had to content themselves with rye-bread and milk. No longer able to dress like the wealthy in the land, they returned to smock-frocks and hobnailed boots. Worst of all, their forced services were increased, and the fixity of tenure, which in the previous century was mostly regarded as hereditary, came to be questioned.

In the fall of the peasant the labourer was included. The cotters found their fetters tighter. The lords rose in power. The people at their feet, the theory of compulsory service was so elaborated that little by little the rural classes in East Prussia and Silesia were

reduced to a kind of hereditary semi-servitude, the lords obtaining or recovering absolute rights over the lands of the tenants great and small. The process was slow, beginning after the Peasant War and continuing into this century, but it was sure, for the changes were legalised. Before the Reformation the Mecklenburg nobles left their estates in the hands of the peasants with no other obligation than to pay the rents. But finding their lands rising in value, and the independence of the peasants broken, the lords began to push their legal rights, and got the principle admitted that they were absolute proprietors of the soil, and that the rights of peasants cultivating it were only personal. Thus fixity of tenure as regarded the peasant family ceased to be certain, and this claim of the landowner to do with the land in his possession as he chose was recognised in 1606 by the Grand Duke, who decreed that Mecklenburg peasants should no longer be considered as persons having a perpetual right in the lands they held, and for which they paid a fixed rent, but only as persons inseparably attached to certain lands for which they paid rent and other dues, but from which they could be removed to other parts of the estate, and even sold with it to another lord; and even if their lands had been granted to them, or they had been in possession of them from time immemorial, they were yet without power to claim any rights of perpetual lease. The Mecklenburg nobles further increased their power by purchasing from the sovereign a share in his high domain rights, his rights of confiscation, and in his privilege to force free peasants to give their services. In ways like this the *Bauernlegen*, or deposition of the German peasants from the comparative freedom of the fifteenth to the comparative servitude of the seventeenth century, was effected.

Thus at the time serfdom began to disappear in England it obtained a new lease of life in Germany. Whatever the territorial constitution, whether the peasants lived in villages or isolated in farms, their pretensions to freedom more and more vanished. In the Prussian provinces to the east of the Elbe the lords had invited settlers, making with them certain conditions, which, however, naturally got interpreted in course of time in favour of the strongest, and in the end the soil was nearly everywhere cultivated by people in a state of serfdom. The Prussian sovereigns tried to arrest a movement which tended to the enslavement of the entire agricultural population to those who had possession of the land, and to the consolidation of the soil in a few great estates. But the terrible reverses suffered by Prussia in the battles of Jena and Auerstadt awakening at last a sense of national solidarity, the Prussian Government was able to effect something like an agrarian revolution.

If the agricultural population and the area covered be considered, Prussia, the region of great estates, is pre-eminently the agricultural

portion of Germany. Here in 1890 the agricultural population amounted to 60·64 per cent. of the total agricultural population of the empire, the remaining 36·36 per cent. representing that of all the other States. Again, the agricultural land in Prussia amounts to 34,845,837 hectares, as against 19,204,605 hectares in the rest of the empire.

How completely the land in the old Prussian provinces is given up to great estates appears from the following statistics, taken by T. F. von der Goltz from the Trade Statistics of 1882, and given in his "Landarbeiter Frage." The estates in which more than 247 acres are in cultivation, the mean size being 617·75 acres, occupy of the land cultivated—in Pomerania, 57·4 per cent.; in Posen, 55·3 per cent.; in West Prussia, 47·1 per cent.; in East Prussia, 38·6 per cent.; in Brandenburg, 36·3 per cent.; in Silesia, 34 per cent.; in Saxony, 27 per cent.—the percentage for the whole of Prussia being 31·8 per cent., for the whole of Germany, 24·4 per cent. Heinrich Sohnrey, in "Der Zug von Land," gives the number of the great estates in Prussia, excluding Hohenzollern, as 32,488, and the amount of useful land they comprise as 9,073,187 hectares, or 37 per cent. of the entire soil. Quoting from the "Handbook of Landowners," he says that in the seven Eastern Prussian provinces 2498 owners possess 5320 estates, amounting to 4,684,254 hectares, or one-fifth part of the entire soil in cultivation.

It is on these great estates that the modern Prussian day-labourer, without personal interest in the land and only attached to the soil by the bond of so much wages, has been evolved. Not, of course, that he cannot be found elsewhere, but it is on these great estates in Prussia that he is most required, and it is on them that his genesis in modern times can be studied.

When in 1807 the Prussian Government resolved on the emancipation of the peasants, they found themselves face to face with this difficulty: If all the peasants were freed and endowed with a portion of the land they cultivated, where was the labour to come from necessary on the great estates?

The Government therefore determined that, while declaring all men free, which was done Martinmas 1810, they would only secure proprietary rights in the land to the highest strata of the emancipated peasants, all the smaller holders of land to remain with the more or less doubtful legal titles they had—that is, at the mercy of the owner of the estate on which they were settled. The object was to render it possible for the lords to form a new labour class. The course to be taken was plainly indicated in the Prussian House of Representatives in 1811. After describing a certain class of small rural occupiers as in reality servants and day-labourers paid with land, and necessary to the great estates, the speaker said: "Why not out of day-labourers of



this kind form day-labourers of another kind?" And this was just what was done.

In 1808 the Prussian Council, considering how to ensure the great estates this all-important supply of labour, thought the best plan was to get more families settled on the estates. But the way of bringing about the creation of a new labour class the Council left to the local magistracy, who, in these eastern provinces, were the landowners themselves. The matter was therefore in their hands, and all they had to do was to keep within the law, and work to bring about such arrangements as were most to their advantage. In course of time, therefore, day-wage labouring families were established on the estates, bound to a fixed wage and a fixed service to their masters in preference to all others. To this condition it was now sought to reduce the various kinds of little peasants still existing, many of whom had for generations held land, and to which by continual inheritance they had acquired a sort of right. To obtain the cession of these claims was not always easy, and it was generally found best to wait until the existing holder's death, when the new claimant, not having enjoyed his supposed rights, and perhaps hardly knowing what they were, was more ready to surrender them for present personal advantages—that is to say, for a regular income and the landowner's favour. And thus, between 1816 and 1850, all the small holders of land having anything like fixity of tenure disappeared—that is, all the little peasants whose claims were left unsecured by the new law.

The partition of the common lands, authorised by the law of June 1821, gave a *coup de grâce* to these little peasants. In former times the Pomeranian *Häusler* was in summer allowed to feed his sheep on the pastures which stretched far and wide round his village, and in winter to get fodder from the straw thrown away in the lord's barns. The wool of these sheep his wife spun into stockings and other warm garments; but when the common lands were enclosed the sheep had to be sold, and all this clothing had to be bought. For the same reason the *Häusler* could no longer keep a cow, pigs, or geese, and was thus deprived of milk, bacon, eggs, and feathers for his bed, unless he could earn in some other way the extra money they cost. The forests had supplied him with fuel, but now all was rigidly enclosed. Finding his resources thus diminished by the new conditions, the little peasant ended by accepting them entirely. And now the bonny cheeks and robust figure of the old Pomeranian carle is becoming a memory of the past.

No wonder the landlords energetically carried out the new arrangements, for the enfranchisement of the peasants had proved for them a splendid stroke of business, since by it they exchanged the unwilling labour of persons whose positions made their ill-will of importance for an indemnity reckoned to amount to more than thirty millions of



pounds sterling ; and this was, perhaps, the least part of the benefit, for it left them free to consolidate their estates, and to get rid of all the little troublesome claims to ownership which had grown up under the old system ; and, above all, to get a new form of labour, willing, industrious, and cheap, because it would have no hold on the land, and could be held to its duty by the fear of starvation—a more potent form of punishment than flogging.

And thus, while all things seemed to work for the increase and strengthening of the position of those who had much property, everything worked to destroy those who had very little.

The Emancipatory Act had not been in force many years when the question was asked, "Has it made the fate of the worker any better than it was ? From a serving man bound to a certain estate, he has become nominally independent and free, but his real position is that of a lord-owned and homeless hireling." And in 1850 the agriculturist Koppe remarked : "Every one who chooses must know that, though the rural poor are to-day in freer conditions than formerly, they have now to battle with greater care and privation." But it was the great landlords' interest to have labourers who merely rented a house and a garden, whereas what the labourers desired was a place that they could fall back upon when out of work. But this was what Prussian landlords have, ever since 1807, been determined to prevent.

The conditions under which the new farm-labourer on the great estates first started were a cottage, fodder for a cow or a horse, the use of a modicum of land, a small variable amount of the corn he had to thresh, and a small money wage amounting to about 60 pfennigs a day in summer and forty to forty-five in winter. In addition to his own services, he had to supply another day-labourer called a *scharwerker* or *hofgänger*, and in case of necessity to bring his own wife also. The result of this plan was that he was at the employer's commands with a larger or smaller contingent of labour as wanted, but, since the wages were paid by the day, they ceased whenever there was no work. According to Golz, who has bestowed great pains on the subject, the average daily wage of a rural labourer in the six eastern provinces of Prussia is a trifle over 1·17 mark ; the highest is Pomerania, 1·46 mark ; the lowest, Silesia, 0·82 mark. In another estimate from seventeen districts in 1873 he gives the average wages of a labourer with no land as amounting to 1·68 mark the day, and that of a labourer with land as amounting to 1·97 mark the day.

A woman labourer rarely gets more than a mark a day. In the Prussian province of Saxony wages are from 1·25 to 1·70 mark a day, and at harvest time 2 marks. They are thus a little higher than in the eastern provinces. In Mecklenburg the young farm servants

are said to be fed somewhat luxuriously, but in the Prussian provinces the labouring families living in cottages on the estates must live in absolutely opposite conditions, for, according to Golz, the amount considered necessary for the support of a labouring family of five persons is—in Gumbinnen district, Pomerania, 213 marks (about £10 13s) the year; in the Potsdam district, Brandenburg, 444 marks (about £21 16s.) the year—the average of sixteen districts being 333 marks (about £16 13s.). They live mainly on rye-bread.

Blondel, a more recent authority, in his "*Études des populations agricoles d'Allemagne*," says wages in the Saxon villages amount to about 180 marks (about £9) a year; in some villages they fall as low as 70 or 80 marks. He remarks, speaking of Saxony, that rural proprietors, contractors, and employers, seeing prices persistently falling, seek to lower wages. It is certainly wonderful what human beings can live upon; but decline, physical, mental, and moral, nevertheless takes place.

The process may be seen at work in the Prussian rural labourer. There may have been some elevation of the original money wage, some improvement in the older cottages, and better treatment than formerly, but the balance is on the side of the losses. The greater part of the acre once allowed the Prussian labourer has been withdrawn; foddering cattle is no longer permitted; cow-keeping is forbidden, and dear milk supplied instead. If the labourer is discontented, he can leave. He gets work, perhaps, on another estate; but, once uprooted, he begins to wander, and, as he gets old and less capable, his chances decrease, and he is plainly told that he has nothing to expect but what parochial charity may afford.\*

Thus the change which at first seemed to promise some improvement in the lot of the little landholder proved a mere will-o'-the-wisp, and from enjoying a fixity of tenure, sanctioned by at least long custom, he was turned into a landless wage-labourer. And that he should be so and always continue to be so has again recently been made clear. In 1890 a law was passed to enable working men to start on the land or establish little businesses, but in the course of the next year the operation of the law, as regarded the taking of land at a rent, was confined to great or middle-sized undertakings, the Finance Minister expressly declaring that, for the beneficial operation of the law, the day-labourer must be excluded from the opportunities it gave. What occurred in 1807 and 1816 was repeated in 1890 and 1891.

To what kind of life this despairful condition has shut up the German labourer two volumes published in 1895 on the "*Sex Morality of the Evangelical Rural People in the German Empire*" bear painful

\* In Germany the poor of each parish are relieved by the parish church council or by the poor relief officers.



witness.\* This work—edited by Pastor C. Wagner, of Pritzerbe, in the Mark of Brandenburg; Pastor H. Wittenberg, of Liegnitz, pastor in charge of the Silesian provincial Association of the Inner Mission; and Pastor Dr. Hückstadt, of Poseritz, near Rugen—arose out of a paper read by Pastor Wagner at the sixth annual conference of the German Association for the Promotion of Morality, held at Colmar in September 1894. In consequence of the information he then brought before the association, it was determined to extend the inquiry to every parish in Germany, and the three pastors named were requested to undertake the work. They agreed upon a series of questions, of which they sent out 14,000 copies. The two volumes in question are founded on the replies received.

Before 1807 landless labourers were hardly a recognisable element on great estates in Prussia, but by 1863 they numbered 2,000,000, and the vast proportion were to be found on the great estates east of the Elbe. They may, in fact, be described as the creation of the estate-owners, who farm their own lands and are the great employers of labour. The peasants, except those who own much land, rarely employ any but unmarried men and women, who live with them on the farm and take their meals at the household table. The castle or mansion in which the landowner lives is called the "court," and overlooks a farmyard surrounded by barns and stables. As quite a staff of officials live at the court, a large number of servants are required. Great estates employ as many as twenty-eight to thirty families, and from thirty-six to sixty young people of both sexes as at the court. The village girls find places there as chambermaids, kitchenmaids, dairymaids, &c., the young men as coachmen, grooms, carters, stable-boys, &c. The village street begins at the entrance to the court farmyard, and on either side of the way is a line of gable-roofed cottages, made of a framework of wood filled in with mud and cobbles and thatched, the walls being thick and whitewashed within and without. Work is from sunrise to sunset, with time for a midday meal.

The mother being often required to work on the farm, the household suffers, and were it not that the schoolmaster steps in and claims the children from their sixth to their fourteenth year, they would probably be hurried off every morning in gangs to the fields. The landowner, however, is allowed to utilise their services for a month in the autumn, and they get a week's holiday at each of the three great festivals. Rural children in Germany have thus a fair opportunity of being well grounded in elementary knowledge. Whether they are able to take advantage of their opportunities is another thing.

Singing appears to play an important part in rural schools, and the church singing seems mainly sustained by the children. This and

\* "Die geschlechtlich sittlichen Verhältnisse der Evangelischen Landbewohner im Deutschen Reiche." 2 Bände. Leipzig. 1895.



the love of the young villagers for dancing suggest that in childhood and youth these dull, shy, heavy-looking labourers had more than the usual gaiety of heart. At twelve years of age the pastor takes the child in hand, and during the next two years teaches it the greater Catechism and instructs it in German Protestant religion and the duties and morals that religion requires. Unless a child is able to make a fair show of knowledge in these matters it is refused confirmation and sent back to school, a disgrace it has the greatest reason to avoid, and which rarely therefore happens. It is the duty of the Parish Church Council, as well as of the pastor, to watch over the religious education of the young, and to bring defects in their moral conduct to the notice of the school authorities. Otherwise the farm lads, from fourteen to seventeen years of age, grow up without any further education or guidance.

Such is the outward aspect of things in a village on one of the large estates; the reports in the volume just referred to take us a little deeper, and enable us to see more really the stuff life is made of, and the moral anarchy that troubles it here as everywhere.

To the cottages, which are given by the landowners as part of the wages of the labourers, and which at best consist only of two rooms, with either a stable or a little kitchen, and sometimes only of one room, the editors of these reports on rural morality largely attribute the social evils they relate. These cottages are frequently so wretched, so insanitary, and in such bad repair that the inhabitants lose all care for order and cleanliness. The little furniture they have is dirty and broken, the beds are in a miserable condition; sometimes they possess only one, and in it, not unfrequently, three generations have to sleep. The mortality of children in the rural parts of the Prussian provinces is nearly double that in the Rhinelands and Westphalia, and these wretched dwellings are to a great degree answerable for it. But nothing will be done, because debt and new machines, together with the ease with which additional labour can be obtained from Poland, Russia, and Galicia, render landlords indifferent as to whether the labourer stays or goes.

And thus the labourer loses all sense of a home. One year he lives in a cottage on one farm, next year he occupies another some miles distant, and so he moves from place to place as if the curse of Cain were upon him. His five children are sprinkled at five different fonts and confirmed at five different altars, and each of them during the seven years of their school life attends seven different schools. Father, mother, children die and are buried in different graves. It seems superfluous to bewail this impossibility of cultivating the idea of a home when rural homes are in themselves sources of physical death and moral ruin.

Children who have all, more or less, been bred under such influences



minge together, going to and from school often long distances; and the education of the cottages, together with that resulting from these daily journeys, often undoes any good the children get at school. The children on leaving school at once become saleable labour; but, soon taught by the commercial ideas under which they work that they each individually have certain capacities possessing a market value, they consider their Confirmation as giving them a right to assert their independence, and from that time they only give a portion of their wages to their parents in exchange for food, lodging, and working-clothes, keeping all the rest for spending on pleasure and dress, the girls acting in the same way, and even refusing any help in housework beyond attending to their own meals.

Boys and girls sent on to a farm and used to look after cattle, sheep, or swine are put through a development of their education which is not only morally destructive but often arrestive of their mental and physical growth. The loneliness in which they pass the day is in itself a condition of temptation, and if they return at night to the farm, it is frequently to sleep among scenes calculated to complete their ruin, for the young farm servants are, with respect to sex-morality, described as dissolute. The women's rooms are surrounded in the evening and often invaded at night. Not only do the female servants on the farm accept this as the natural course of things, but the same may be said, with rare exceptions, of village girls in general. The reports use the strongest and most graphic language in describing the licentiousness which prevails among the young. It is, according to these volumes, universal and equally marked in both sexes; such exceptions as there undoubtedly are seem confined to a few districts, and, apart from those districts, to a certain select few. The young women are often themselves the seducers, prompted thereto by their own mothers, for, according to the rural code of morality, as soon as such relations have results legal marriage ought to follow. And this generally occurs.

The statistics of illegitimate births and of the marriages at church in which such relations have previously existed afford some criterion, though far from complete, of the degree to which this condition of things prevails. In East and West Prussia the illegitimate births amount to 8 per cent. of all births; such marriages to 38·94 per cent. of all marriages. Comparison with other Prussian provinces, together with that of the contiguous Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, shows this state of things to be more or less general. In Mecklenburg the illegitimate births are 13·80 per cent.; such marriages, 46 per cent. In Pomerania illegitimate births are 11·41 per cent.; such marriages, 45·80 per cent. In Silesia the illegitimate births are 8·80 per cent.; such marriages, 37·50 per cent. These are averages, and give little idea of some parts of the provinces mentioned as compared with other parts

of the same, while in the districts of Stralsund (Pomerania), Königsberg (East Prussia), Liegnitz (Silesia), and Magdeburg (Saxony) they average 51 per cent.

These figures speak for themselves. It certainly looks as if there must be a vast amount of moral disorder prevailing where such marriages average, in the three provinces of East and West Prussia, Pomerania, and Silesia, more than 40 per cent. of all marriages. In Posen, owing, it is said, to the Lithuanian element in the population, the average sinks to 25 per cent.

This last fact shows that the peculiar immorality indicated by these statistics is to some extent a matter of race. The Lithuanians are so free from it that it is said they have no word in their language to express adultery, but are obliged to have recourse to a circumlocution, while as far back as the Middle Ages the German race was remarkable for its proneness to the sins of the flesh.

In what light do the people themselves regard the state of things indicated? How far is it a defection from their own standard of morality? The general testimony is that it incurs little or no blame, especially in cases where such relations only begin after betrothal, or where marriage is intended. A report from Hoya Diepholz says that "according to old Saxon custom such relations after betrothal are not regarded as immoral." It would in itself appear to be considered a way of betrothal, not only among the labourers, but to some extent also among the peasants.

If this be so it somewhat modifies the nature of German rural immorality. However, the cruel circumstances under which the people exist, and the condemnation of their standard of morality by the ecclesiastical and dominant one, render the old Saxon custom a sanction to licentiousness and a means of the moral ruin of the people. The reports relate facts which show how thoroughly the admission of two opposing standards of morality has destroyed the very idea of there being any moral standard at all, until at last the moral tyranny exercised among the young is frightful. Dr. Hückstadt, in his report from Magdeburg district, says: "The elder lads and girls often directly force the younger ones into immorality." Girls who will not do as others are boycotted and at dances get no partners; in fact, they stand little chance of being married.

Bad as all this is, it is something quite different from the corruption in towns. This is manifest from the fact that the marriage bond is as a rule everywhere faithfully observed among the German rural people, the women hardly ever failing in it and the men rarely; and still more from the fact that the labourers have even larger families than the peasants, whose conduct is some degrees less disorderly.

At the same time, a worse preparation for descending to the lowest levels of town vice can hardly be imagined. Thousands of these rural

youths go up to the high school of immorality—the Army—bringing back with them its barrack vices and reckless indifference to human suffering. The rural girls who go into the towns, according to the reports, either return with illegitimate children or sink into still lower depths of vice, and their descent in the paths of shame and of vice is conspicuously attributable to soldiers.

German rural girls largely supply, it would appear, the world's marts of prostitution. Wilhelm Joest, a German traveller and writer on ethnology, says :

“People fume about the slave trade, but in no land is there such a trade in white slaves, nowhere such an amount of human live stock exported, as from our moral Germany. South America takes the largest supply ; in North America the competition in New York leads to the cargoes being dispersed along the Mississippi to New Orleans and Texas, and westward to California. Mexico and the West Indian Islands are supplied from New Orleans. Under the name of Bohemians German girls are exported over the Alps into Italy, and from thence to Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, as far as Hong Kong and Shanghai.”

That these girls come sometimes direct from the rural districts, as well as drift into the fatal current after a residence in the towns, is not merely a probable surmise, for we are told that

‘Russia is supplied from East Prussia, Pomerania, and Poland. At Riga the dealers from St. Petersburg and Moscow make their selections and send those chosen in large numbers to Nischnij-Novgorod and over the Ural to Irbit and Krestofsky, and even into the interior of Siberia. This business is fully organised and carried on by means of agents and commercial men.’

Allow that there must be many exceptions to the great indictment so many Lutheran pastors unite in bringing against rural morality, allow that they have so focussed the evil as to make it seem overwhelming—allow this and every other rebate or attenuating circumstance it may be possible to imagine—there still remains a dark picture of widespread demoralisation. Who is to blame? The people themselves, the employers, landowners or peasants, the Church or the State?

Of course the people are themselves to blame. But what has been their history? For hundreds of years they were toiling upwards, then they began to find the ground undermined beneath their feet. They struggled to maintain their position, were conquered, driven down, and forthwith began to degenerate. At last a certain number were selected and made into a superior class; the rest thought their turn would come, but, so far from that being the case, the few fragments of land they held were wrenched from them, and they were compelled to become day-labourers. And thus a vast class in rural Germany was not only left aside by the tide of progress, but really forced into a new and more bitter kind of servitude than before. “The agricultural labourer,” says



Pastor Wittenberg, "is almost as much a slave as the old serf was. He must work from morning to night; if he does not, he must go, and be driven from the soil." The serf was bound to the soil, but the soil was bound to keep him to the end. To-day the labourer is free, and the chief result is that he must work like a mill-horse or starve. He and the land are divorced, and he has become a wandering wage-slave. With no permanent dwelling-place, lodged in wretched little cottages where there is no living decently, each recurring generation gives itself up to sensual enjoyment. In the last twenty years there has, says the summary of the reports from the province of Saxony, been no marked alteration—indeed, it has been the same through the century and is an old evil. A Berlin pastor, nearly forty years ago, told the Evangelical Alliance that in Eastern Germany "debauchery is spread over the country among high and low, adults and children, in towns and villages." Eleven years earlier the East German labourer tried to emphasise his misery and discontent by nightly making the sky lurid with the flames of castles he had set on fire, but it failed, as such passionate action always does, and he has fallen now into a mood worse than discontent—the mood of hopeless resignation.

Of this hopeless resignation the following extract, culled from the "Rambles of a Student," an American, in rural Prussia in 1871, gives a graphic picture. Wandering in the province of Saxony, he thus describes the appearance of a number of labourers at work :

"You see far out in the magnificent long sea-rolls of brown loam, gangs of labourers, seventy or eighty in a row, men and women together, dressed in blue Saxon linen, hoeing in the beet rows, which reach away until they disappear under the blue horizon. It is the same sad, hopeless, trip-hammer stroke which one might have seen some twenty years ago in our own sunny Carolinas. To complete the delusion (for it is so distant you cannot distinguish complexions) there is the identical overseer (how much he looks like Legree!) moving slowly to and fro along the line, berating the careless, now stooping down to crook his finger under a sorrel, now replanting some precious beet-plant chopped up by the clumsy hoers.

"What volumes of unwritten despair, of heart-crushing, hopeless poverty there are in these languid motions, in that frequent stopping on the most frivolous pretences to gape and gaze about, in that drowsy uplifting of the heavy *Hacke* to let it descend of its own mere weight! Yet it is not that there is, except in winter and in unusual cases, such an amount of excessive physical suffering, but the circumstance which is lamentable is the intellectual vacuousness, the stupidity, the lubricity, and the utter crushing out of noble ambitions wrought by this never-ending drudgery for another. It degrades human nature to be always a hireling. As the sun nears the horizon and *procul villarum culmina fumant* with supper-getting, how many a wistful glance is turned towards it! Yet when the village bell rings, forthwith they throw up their heels, leap and jump and stand on their heads, and butt one another like bellicose rams, showing that they lack much of exhaustion.

"The peasants who flocked into the village inns to fuddle themselves with beer were more glib and oily of speech than the sour-blooded boors about Wittenberg, and far more lascivious and without their sterling honesty,



The unchastity of the South Germans is partly accounted for by their climate, but here the same temperature prevails as at Wittenberg. The Germans seem to suffer in their moral nature under a purely hireling system more than any other people in Christendom. They are . . . brutalised by peonage."

And it has been to reduce them to this condition that the great landowners have ever worked. And once in this state, they have given themselves little concern as to the labourer's weal or woe. To the employers he is a machine into which a certain amount of fuel must be put to keep it going. And yet they complain of the labourer's indolence, and sometimes of his hard drinking, and often of his breaking his contract, all direct results of their own indifference to the labourer's moral and physical well-being.

It is on the great estates that immorality reaches its worst phase. Here the people are drawn together as in a factory, and the results are as disastrous. Stewards, farmers, inspectors really rule—the latter a class frequently complained of in the reports as, at times, using their position for immoral ends. In a former article I have given an extract from a letter describing the immorality prevailing on great estates, which seems mainly to refer to Mecklenburg. Statistics tell a similar tale of the Stralsund district, Pomerania, another region of great estates, a landless proletariat, and hordes of domestic servants. In this district estates of 250 acres and more occupy 76·1 per cent. of the entire area of the soil. One great nobleman owns no fewer than sixty estates. The average of illegitimate births in Stralsund district is 13 per cent. of all births; the official report is 14·39 per cent.; and, out of 100 marriages, 53·6 are of parties who have already lived as married. The unhappiness prevailing in this large estate district is further illustrated by the fact that emigration from it has been greater than anywhere, reaching to one out of every eighteen of its inhabitants.

All Eastern Germany is notoriously churchly. Further Pomerania is pre-eminent for its religiousness. However, says Pastor H. Grasshof, referring to the reports from Hanover, "Churchliness has in itself, speaking generally, very little influence, or none at all, on morality. Many of the most churchly districts of Hanover stand no higher morally than those where there is hardly any kind of churchliness." It is from Hanover that the statement comes, "Illicit connections between the young farm servants are the order of the day"; and another report comes from a parish where in 74 per cent. of all marriages the parties already lived as married. Attendance at church in the rural districts of the province of Saxony reaches 20–30 per cent., while the communicants number from 15–30 per cent., and, side by side with this churchliness, unchastity everywhere prevails, and in some parts is not considered a sin, but a natural necessity.

Excepting Further Pomerania and the diaspora in Posen, there is nowhere a greater zeal for church attendance and church ordinances than in Silesia; in not a few parishes the communicants number 25 per cent. of the population. Leaving out of consideration the Oppeln district, which, though industrial, is singularly superior on this point, the rest of Silesia is morally as bad as any part of Germany. The young are so far gone as to believe that they have a right to immoral relations. Pastor Wagner, in the *Schlusswort* with which he closes these two volumes of reports, says:

"There are very few parishes in Germany where the influence of decided moral views and of chaste living is felt. We are saddened by the awful pictures of the disorderly conduct of rural youth. These inquiries show, moreover, that neither a greater nor less degree of so-called 'churchism,' or religiousness, manifested in regular attendance at public worship and the Communion, has any definite effect on the prevailing moral conditions. Not unfrequently churchism is found coupled with all kinds of depravity."

"How is it," he asks, "country people go in troops to church, listen to the preaching of God's Word, join with regularity in Confession and Communion, if to them it is all ceremony and formalism, by means of which no serious effort after holy living, no power of self-restraint in thought, act, and deed, grows up?"

And he further asks:

"How is it church-goers sacrifice thousands of marks on missions to the heathen, and yet, after listening for a thousand years to the preaching of the Gospel in their own land, remain themselves uncleansed?"

From various parts of Germany come in melancholy monotone answers to the questions sent out, revealing a hopelessness as profound in the clergy as exists in the people. "Gospel preaching," some say, "helps nothing"; "tract distribution—only does harm"; "organising societies—useless"; raising the age of confirmation—impossible." Others say: "God's Word alone and leaving the work to the Holy Spirit can effect the desired result." "There is no help," others exclaim, "in medicines and plaisters, no help but in preaching the Word of God 'in demonstration of the Spirit and in power.'" But this does not satisfy the editors of the reports, who ask: "Can we open the hearts of the people to receive the Word? How can we bring the Spirit of God and the Word of God into the lives and actions of the people?" To which the rejoinder comes: "By converting men individually." But, urge the editors, "Conversion itself is a miracle; all we can do is to pray for it and prepare the way."

And "to prepare the way"—this is the task they set themselves. And the first thing they urge may be summed up in the words of a Pomeranian pastor: "I am thoroughly convinced that all remedies will prove quackery if, first of all, the social position of the working-

*man is not changed.*" And by this they not only mean that the labourers must have better cottages and more land, but that as a body they must be so organised that they will be able to stand by each other and resist all oppression. This, it is urged, will give them self-respect and a keener sense of personal honour and dignity. Statistics, they show, prove that sex morality is considerably higher among the peasant class than among the working class. In Pomerania and Mecklenburg illegitimate births among the latter are fifteen times as numerous as among the former, in Schleswig-Holstein sixteen times, and in West Prussia fifty-seven times. It is argued from this that a higher status and a recognised position give the women of a class more self-respect, and render them more tenacious of their honour. If the pastors who have conducted this inquiry tend to Christian Socialism, as seems probable, they would not only support the cry, "The Land for the People!" but they would demand a vast increase of peasant proprietorship and co-operative farming. Above all, they would suppress the money-lender, without which their little peasants would soon be as flies in the web of a spider; they look, therefore, to the State to become the capitalist, and to found banks which would help these small proprietors to start. From the Church they ask for more teaching concerning the life of Jesus, rather than so much doctrine about Him, and stricter carrying out of certain Church methods of showing honour or reproach to those who come to seek her blessing on their wedlock; but what they seem to urge most of all is the raising of the age of Confirmation, with a view to lengthening the period of religious education.

Most of these proposals seem excellent and are much required, but considering that the long continuance of the evil has made it inveterate, that it is widespread, almost universal, and quite irrestrainable—that, moreover, it has in all probability its root in an ancient code of morals—these propositions do not appear adequate.

Raising the social status of the labourer *in order* to make him amenable to the influence of respectability will only remove the outward scandal and increase the volume of a worse form of vice. For although statistics show the peasant class to be less openly indifferent to their reputation in the world at large, there are other facts which make it manifest that the evil is only in consequence more hidden, and that a deeper and more soul-destroying immorality prevails.

The volumes so often quoted declare that, with reference to the question to which they relate, the Church possesses the mightiest moral potentiality. No doubt there are powers in the kingdom of heaven which a Church believing in that kingdom and living according to its moral law might exercise. But these powers fail in a Church which is double-minded and has two standards of morality. To



moralise the world a Church must begin by being moral itself. But how can the Evangelical Church be moral when her claim to be a Church of Christ obliges her to teach the moral law as set forth in the Gospels, while her position as a department of the Prussian State requires her to teach and uphold the official and national standard of morality?

The confusion of thought this double-mindedness produces may be seen in the writings of Evangelical clergymen against Social Democracy, in which they identify with Christianity a social and political order of things which may or may not be good and useful for Germany at the present time, but which might more truly be identified with paganism. Who can doubt that the foundations of the German Empire and the nature of imperial power are much rather to be found in pagan Rome than in Christ's conception of the kingdom of God on earth?

The immorality of the Prussian rural labourer, gross as it is, would be only skin deep had he not seared his conscience by admitting two opposing moralities—the morality of the Church and German society side by side with his own traditional class morality. Is not this the lie that eateth in, an inward immorality, far more destructive of the soul than the sensuality in which he is sunk?

But this deeper immorality is just that of which the Evangelical Church is herself guilty. The morality of the kingdom of heaven is a romantic ideal which pleases her imagination, but the practical morality which she really maintains is that embodied in the law of the land and the practice of so-called civilised society. She looks, therefore, to the State and its officials to do all the rough work, she being always behind them with a sanction and a blessing. Fifty years ago Pastor Kuntze told the Evangelical Alliance that there was no discipline in the Evangelical Church in Eastern Prussia except police punishment. "When in trouble the orthodox clergymen say, 'The police ought to interfere. The State must help us'—a way of thinking very natural to a Church which is itself a department of the State. And recently a peasant, a former estate inspector, having related to Pastor Wagner the proceedings that nightly went on in farmhouses, concluded by saying: "Believe me, with us there is no help but in the police. What authority does not maintain will not be done."

To this what can a pastor say? The policeman is his brother official, and he himself represents both the law and the Gospel. The Evangelical Church is Prussian Christianity organised by the State and made part of its established social system, and is, in fact, so completely identified with it as to become responsible for everything, good or bad, that may be done by the German State and German society. In intimate solidarity with the whole apparatus of law and punish-



ment, with the army and the Kaiser, how can it rightly represent an entirely opposite order of things—the kingdom of heaven?

The Nemesis has already begun. The Evangelical Church is as a man in a dream who sees something horrible approaching and is spell-bound. Social Democracy is the peril it fears—the avalanche that is falling on the Church. It pictures it as a preacher of the night—the night of atheistic materialism. Yet this preacher, it is admitted, has a message for the Evangelical Church.

“Which,” this preacher might say, “is most likely to moralise a people so lost to self-respect as the East German rural labourers—a great national movement which teaches that the community should care for all its members, and that all its members should care for the community—that the towns are responsible for the rural districts, and the rural districts for the towns—that men are everywhere responsible for each other, and that men are bound to live by this law of human solidarity instead of making it their aim in life to become independent one of another; or a Church which teaches men to regard themselves as the creatures or subjects of some imperious person to whom they owe a sort of semi-worship, and who is reflected in every powerful individual who has assumed or inherited a similar kinship, a factory lord or a landlord—a Church which teaches men that class distinctions and private property are a part of Christianity—which makes idols of ‘the State’ and ‘the Family’—which has bound up its lot with the army and the law courts, and which it is therefore hard to identify with Christ and His kingdom.”

And the history of Social Democracy in Germany has another lesson for the Evangelical Church. What has the Social Democratic movement offered the millions who have flocked to its banner? It has not proposed to help the cleverest, the more steady, the most industrious individuals to special advantages; it holds out to them no reward beyond what the weaker, intellectually and morally, will share. All it offers its followers is the joy of struggling for the general good, a good of which the great majority cannot expect to get so much as a taste; and what is the response? “A look,” says an Evangelical pastor and a most decided opponent, “in their *Zentral-organ* reveals a long list of offerings for the Agitation or Election funds. The Social Democrats already collect proportionally a greater support in money than the Christian Church does.”

Is there not a real moral education in this appeal to the disinterested love of justice in man, in this appeal to his altruism rather than to his egotism—is it not in effect the evocation of the God in man?—the very work the Christian Church exists to do, but which, since it refuses, an opponent who rejects the very name of “Christian” is doing in its place?

Golz remarks that the reason “Socialism has not succeeded better



in the rural districts is owing to the fact that the labourer in the East Prussian provinces believes in God and fears the magistrates." What state of mind this fear produces the following conversation between the American student already quoted and a Prussian labourer on a beetroot plantation near Strassfurt gives a tragic notion :

"Couldn't you get along without a king?—think."

The labourer looked quite vacant, and replied, "The king gives alms to the poor."

"But suppose you should elect your king and allow him regular wages such as you get yourself, only higher in proportion to his place?"

"Oh," he rejoined, "I think that would be bad, for the poor would get no alms."

"But suppose your Diet in Berlin paid him wages, not half so much as he has now, and saved the rest for the poor?"

He gave a glance to be sure we were not overheard, and said, "If we did not vote for the king, but another, his police would come and catch us and put us in prison."

This particular Saxon labourer may have been an exceptionally servile soul; but Knapp,\* speaking generally of the Pomeranian labourers, says that they are so peculiarly stamped with the marks of servitude that nowhere is there such a distance between employer and employed, so that the poorest woodcutter in the Black Forest appears to belong to a higher class than the *Insten* of the East.

Compare this condition of things among a population the Evangelical Church has had for generations in her hands, and which she has at last succeeded in rendering both devout and loyal, and the progress of mind among the town workers brought about under the influence of Social Democracy. An article in the *Nation* for August 17, 1893, shows how indefatigably the people it affects work to educate themselves. They hold in Berlin, it is said, no fewer than six meetings for discussion every evening, at which—fact most noteworthy in Germany—*women* are present as well as men, and sometimes even speak. These meetings, mainly carried on by working people, who must be up again at six in the morning, rarely close until midnight, and are distinguished by the grave, earnest behaviour of the debaters, who constantly punctuate the speakers' remarks with such expressions as "*Sehr richtig*," "*Ganz richtig*." The article speaks also of a people's free theatre maintained by Socialist work-people who wish to develop in themselves and their class a taste for literature, poetry, and art. And, finally, it gives an account of a Socialist rural holiday. In the pleasure-grounds, to which the people flocked by thousands, there was among other attractions a street of the City of the Future; and in the great hall of an old castle was enacted every half-hour a play called "Upward to the Light," setting forth the struggles of a young workman to escape the counsels of modern political economy, and to follow Truth, Love, and the Muses.

\* G. F. Knapp, author of "*Die Fauern Befreiung und der Ursprung der Landarbeiter*."  
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All this may sound very thin, and so it is compared to what a Church could do which, instead of resting on human authority, rested on the illimitable powers promised to faith. The lessons, however, taught by Social Democracy appear just the lessons the Evangelical Church needs, and she must be blind indeed if she does not profit from them. Inspire the people with a great cause; ask from them great sacrifices; show them how to educate themselves. Is not this the very plan upon which Christ seeks to save the world?

The justification of a National Church, such as the Evangelical Church of Prussia claims to be, consists in its really being the conscience of the country, the actual dwelling-place of the Shekinah, whence judgment and light proceed on the past history and present condition of the people. But if the Evangelical Church were the conscience of Prussia, she would long ago have shown the rural population that the greedy absorption of the land by the rich, the avarice of the peasants, and the sensuality of the working people, together with the general indifference of every one to the common good, had brought about the expatriation of millions, and is at last bringing to ruin those who—themselves or their predecessors—are chiefly responsible for the sufferings of rural Germany. Between 1885 and 1890, that is, in five years, the strictly agricultural districts of Germany lost no less than 872,800 inhabitants: about 300,000 emigrated beyond the sea, while about 540,000 went to seek work in factories, &c. Of the total number thus leaving agricultural Germany, 640,000 came from the Eastern provinces. From Prussia alone the emigration to lands beyond the seas has in less than ten years, 1881-90, amounted to 798,759. To the United States alone, between 1820 and 1890, 5,230,000 persons emigrated from Germany.

And, just as the landowners, by the miserable conditions under which they exploited labour, expatriated so many thousands of labourers, so now, by the decline in the price of cereals and the rapid growth of their mortgage debts, they are themselves being expropriated. Between 1871 and 1895 wheat has fallen 36·28 per cent., and rye 42·03 per cent., and a Foreign Office report tells us the market price of grain in Germany has now fallen to such a point that, even with the greatest care and economy, profitable farming has become impossible. The estimated loss on the wheat and rye harvests of 1893 and 1894 was about £13,800,000. The great domains, belonging mostly to absentee lords who are spending more than the revenue of their estates, are sinking loaded with mortgages. In 1897 Blondel said that the mortgage debts of Prussia surpassed that of the State, which in 1897-98 amounted to £324,906,931. In some districts of Eastern Germany the debts contracted by rural proprietors average 68 per cent. of the value of the soil. The increase in the debts on landed property in Prussia in the course of eight years amounted to £65,454,000. In

the last three years of the period (1891-92 to 1893-94) they increased by no less than £31,666,000. Peasant properties are in the grip of the usurer as well as the great domains. If Niagara has not yet been reached, it is that the selling price of land is too low for the mortgagee.

That the Evangelical Church has not been able in all this to see that there is a God that judgeth in the world, and that it is her duty and calling to awaken the Prussian people to see it also, shows that her claim to be the organ of God's Word either has a most limited and conventional meaning, or that, as already pointed out, her effort to obey at the same time two masters and two laws has destroyed in her the prophetic vision.

RICHARD HEATH.



## HABITUAL INEBRIATES.

**F**EW important measures of reform, probably, have been brought about so quietly and with so little public discussion as the Habitual Inebriates Act of 1898. Its hour had fully come, and the passing of some such measure could no longer be deferred. For years past the method of dealing with those who constantly stood in our police-courts charged with drunkenness had become a national scandal and a cruel farce. The magistrates were helpless in the matter, the law allowing them no choice but fines or short terms of imprisonment. The fines were rarely paid, and a race of beings, principally women, were called into existence whose lives alternated between the streets, the public-house, and the prison. Time after time these unfortunate women were charged and sent to gaol, until the records of their convictions amounted in many cases to several hundreds.

My personal knowledge of these women extends over many years. In the cells and out I have met with them. I have seen them drunk. I have seen them sober. I have tried in every way to help them—not even denying them the shelter and comfort of my own house; for it has been a refuge for some of the worst. I have, therefore, had special opportunities of judging them, and to some extent have made a study of them.

Year after year they lived their wretched lives and died their lonely deaths. Occasionally one with two hundred or more convictions died in a cell at the police station, and there was a little commotion. But I could tell where many of the others died, and their manner of dying. Mostly they were helpless, hopeless, homeless, and penniless. Dirty and sordid in their appearance, unspeakably wretched in their ways—there was nothing picturesque about them—they went to their doom, unwept and unhonoured. By-and-by

one or two appeared who possessed strange characteristics and remarkable personality. These caught on with the reporters. Innumerable paragraphs appeared about them, and England was in glee because demented women said strange things and behaved themselves unseemly before the magistrates. Again and again they were sent to the refining influence of a prison to be redeemed by the delightful task of oakum-picking or of scrubbing floors.

For a few years the notorious "Tottie Fay" strutted on life's stage and masqueraded before our magistrates. We were familiar with her tawdry finery, her ball dress, and her satin slippers. Ultimately she found obscurity in a lunatic asylum; and so she passed. While she was graduating for her brief notoriety, another demented woman had long been queen of this domain. For years the name of Jane Cakebread had been familiar to the public; she claimed and held the attention of the country, not only from the number of times she had been in prison, but also on account of her foolish yet laughable talk when placed in the dock. Now Cakebread dearly loved a police-court; to her the hum of amused wonder and scarcely suppressed laughter when "No. 12, Jane Cakebread, your Worship," was announced by the gaoler, was the very breath of life, and worth all the discomfort of the cells. A strange being was Jane, yet withal worth the knowing. A hopeless mixture of sense and nonsense, sanity and insanity, of good and evil. A simple child, a shrewd woman. Sometimes half a saint, at other times half devil. Calculated to inspire disgust or provoke profound pity, to raise a merry laugh or stir fierce indignation, the sport of fools, the despair of magistrates, an annoyance to the police, an incomprehensible jumble, she held the field against all comers. Her quips and cranks, loquacity and sense of humour, made her dear to reporters, and Jane became national property. Her movements were as regular as the motions of the planets. From police-court to prison, from prison to the streets, thence again to the court. Her physical powers were as strange as her mental, for she bade defiance to the elements and laughed disease to scorn. If out of gaol for a month, she spent it out of doors night and day unless I gave her shelter. During the whole of the Great Frost her lodging was the bare ground, her bed a bundle of sticks, her dressing-room the banks of the Lea, where morning by morning she broke the ice that she might wash. Time after time at midnight I have made some provision for her comfort. I have found her at other times wet through lying on a bed of shavings, shivering with cold, yet hot with fever. Next day she would smilingly accost me in the police-court, where she cheerfully awaited her month. She had given herself into custody—a not infrequent occurrence.

The story of her death, and how Lady Henry Somerset in the vastness of her pity vainly essayed to care for her, need not to be told. Jane

had grown old and grey in the service of the State, and the State rewarded her at length with something other than a prison—a lunatic asylum. There, sane enough to realise the horror of her position, but too insane to be fit for liberty, nature had its pound of flesh, and her life ebbed out.

I have briefly alluded to the mental derangement of "Tottie Fay," and have enlarged upon that of Cakebread, for two reasons. First, because these two women had much to do with the making of the new Act; and, secondly, because they are types of many that will come under the provisions of the Act. Let me be understood. I do not mean that there are women who have exactly the same mental disease and bear themselves in the same manner as these two unfortunate women. Nay, we shall never have another Cakebread, but experience makes one bold to affirm that some of the women who are constantly charged with drunkenness are not victims of the drink craving at all, but of mental disease, and are absolutely incapable of realising their position. True they all take drink, and they have this feature in common: the smallest amount of alcohol affects them; and the ape or tiger that lies dormant is called into active existence. The ape may be laughable, but the tiger is dangerous.

Let me give an example of the latter. It, too, shall be typical. Here is a woman standing in the dock, torn and bleeding, no hat or bonnet, her hair hanging down, her eyes full of fury. She has been in prison many times and has been in most of the "Rescue Homes." Yet she is not immoral, dishonest, or drunken, though often charged with drunkenness. She is clever, high-spirited, and generous, but subject to fits of despondency and paroxysms of violent rage. Her prematurely grey hair tells its story. She has pains in the head and periods of unrest, outbursts of temper, then drink, then all the furies are at work. There is latent madness in her, and one day she will either commit suicide or murder. At present she is called an habitual inebriate, and may be detained in a certified reformatory; if so, let the managers beware.

Good religious folk speak lightly about the rescue of these women, as if it were an easy thing. Ardent temperance reformers say, "Take away the drink and they will be all right." Will they? I have taken some measure of the difficulties in the way, and have found that you may surround such women with religious influence, you may bring to bear upon them the almost almighty power of human sympathy, but you are powerless. You cannot minister to a mind diseased. Not the prison, still less the workhouse, and assuredly not the certified inebriate reformatory, should be the home of these women. Sooner or later the State will provide a "halfway house" for those who live in the borderland between sanity and insanity. When this is done rescue work may be easier.



But there is another cause that lies at the root of the condition of most of the women who are qualifying for detention under the Act—a cause not pleasant to think of and extremely difficult to write about, but which must not be ignored. Let me state it at once and plainly. Eighty per cent. of the women charged with drunkenness four times in one year are not victims so much of drink as of an even more terrible tyrant. Some molecules have come down in their blood, or some unclean spirit has entered into them, and they are slaves to a gross overmastering passion. From every corner of England these women come to London, often mere girls, not seldom of middle age; the labourer's daughter, the merchant's wife, the child of the slum, the clergyman's widow mingle here, and all their friends and native home forget.

Should you doubt it, then come with me into the female prisoners' waiting-room of a police-court. Here are a number of women all classed as habitual inebriates. You shudder, catch your breath, and feel sick and faint; and well you may. Never mind the two old women from the workhouse, they are outside the scope of our inquiry. Look at that wretched being curled up in the corner, clad in rags and dirt, smitten with disease, "neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human." She has been in most of our courts, her age uncertain, her name unknown. She wanders London over, creeping out of the purlieus of our streets by night to satisfy the only passion now left to her, the crave for alcohol. Ere long her blighted body will be found in the Lea or the Thames. Now this woman is typical of the 80 per cent. I have spoken of; true, none will have arrived at her stage of physical and mental decay, but they are victims of the same evil, slaves to the same vice.

Here is a bright-looking, well-dressed young woman of twenty-five, charged first when but sixteen, and then with indecency. She has kept it up, and last year was here seventeen times. The only child of her parents, who pay £60 a year rent. Bolts and bars will not keep her from the streets. With unerring instinct she seeks her prey at the public-house. What is that mark under her right jaw? Scrofula! The sins of her forefathers are visited upon her.

What about that meek-looking little woman over there? She is thirty years of age and has been here a hundred times. Her husband is a merchant, and she left the delights of a seaside home for the streets of London. Prison, rescue home, workhouse have been useless. Kind friends took her into service and paid her well. She tried to hang herself, and came back to wallow in the mire.

Here is a frowsy, heavy-faced woman of fifty; she has been here scores of times. Years ago she said, "I have never had a chance." I gave her one. Providing her with good clothing, I brought her home. She stayed with us seven months. I furnished a room for



her, paid her rent, and found her decent and remunerative work. In less than a month she was back on the streets.

Here are two smart lasses, half women, half wild cat. When sober their conduct passes, but let them have a dose of alcohol, and all their grossness comes out. The possession of one devil is no bar to the entry of another. Nay, the one in possession eagerly welcomes a comrade, and the dual control takes place. But by-and-by, when they come to the wayside of life and their physical powers fail, the original passion decays and they are left alone to the drink demon.

Such are the women to whom the new Act will mainly apply—women not essentially drunkards, but who drink because they must drink; their miserable calling demands it, and the gratification of their passion depends on it. There are about 400 such women in London who fulfil the requirement of being charged four times in one year. Of these, 10 per cent. will be elderly women from the workhouse; 80 per cent. will be women from the streets, some of whom will be of the Cakebread type, quite irresponsible, but the great bulk vice-dominated; the remaining 10 per cent. only will be otherwise decent women, and of these a few will be epileptic.

The men who are qualifying for the Act are few compared with the women, but they are the worst of their kind. I have carefully noted these men, and find that—with the exception of a few epileptics and a few that are quite irresponsible—they consist of three classes: 1st. Men who are loafers, hangers-on at the public-house, ready to drink with any one who can be persuaded or terrorised into treating them; ready to rob a drunken man or assault an innocent woman; doing no honest work, and having no regular home. 2nd. Beggars, habitués of the "shelter" or cheap lodging-house; men who sell laces, matches, &c., for pretence; men who have gravitated to London from all parts of the kingdom. 3rd. Men who live on the immorality of women, the most contemptible of mankind.

Such are the men who get charged four times in one year. Drink to these has its delights, but gross idleness is their common complaint. It is not pleasant to learn that these fellows are to be provided with comfortable quarters and decent food for at least a twelvemonth. Society ought to be protected against them, but in a more drastic manner. Some method ought to be tried to make these work out their own salvation, without the grant of 10s. 6d. per week each which a too kind Government offers on their behalf.

The Act gives the magistrate no power to send these people to "inebriate reformatories"; they must be committed for trial before judge and jury, unless, indeed, they plead guilty to being "habitual inebriates," and consent to the magistrate dealing with them. Then, and then only, may the magistrate send them into retirement for a period not exceeding three years and not less than one. The magis-



trates might safely have been entrusted with the power of dealing summarily with them, as, from long and weary experience, they know them, and the power would not have been abused. While the Act reserves to the State the power to provide "reformatories," it appears that the Government has no present intention of so doing, but is preparing to hand them over to "religious organisations, philanthropic societies, or private individuals"—to all and sundry who can establish institutions that answer to the requirements of the State. These will be certified as "inebriate reformatories," and will be open to Government inspection.

This, in my opinion, is a grave mistake; these outcasts are the wards of the State, and the State should take charge of them: it does so in prison; why not, then, in the reformatory? A payment of 10s. 6d. per week per "inebriate" is to be paid to those who keep certified reformatories. Let us look at this offer. Here are a number of individuals whose existence and treatment have long been a scandal—victims of dementia, sensuality, idleness, drink. The State takes a new departure, and proposes to cure them all of the drink craving, leaving untouched the real causes of their sad condition. But it means to leave the work to others, for, with purse in hand, it goes begging to outside organisations, offering the substantial bribe of £27 6s. per annum for each offender taken off its hands. Doubtless there will be plenty of people ready to take charge of these cases, for 10s. 6d. per week, *plus* wood-chopping for men and *plus* the wash-tub for women, should leave a good profit. But are they likely to be "reformed"? Not by any religious or social organisations that I know of. Why? Because they will be dealt with superficially, and treated for the effect, but not for the cause. The officers of these organisations or societies may be good and zealous, but zeal without knowledge is not likely to lead to success. Estimable as many of them undoubtedly are, they will be asked to do a work far beyond their powers, when they are told to restrain, discipline, and reform these "habitual inebriates." The State, and the State only, can deal in a satisfactory manner with them. Large-hearted medical men, who have made a study of dementia, sensuality, &c., should have charge of them in institutions where they could be properly classified and controlled and treated. Any hope of their reform lies with the faculty. Science and human sympathy may do much for them, but zeal of itself can do nothing.

I have given a fair idea of the men and women likely to be detained under the Act, and I have shown the way in which the Government propose to apply it. Now let me say that this Act does not touch the fringe of inebriety. The really inebriate are still to go uncared for, and from thousands of homes comes the despairing cry for help. Day after day honest industrious men come into our courts

asking the magistrates' advice and seeking relief from drunken wives. Alas! there is no relief for them: the law moves not its finger to help them. Though their money be squandered, though their goods and clothes be pawned, though their children be neglected, and their homes turned into veritable hells, the law gives them no hope and the State no redress. Scores of letters that I receive tell of the same hopeless sorrow: letters badly written and queerly spelt, but which for sheer pathos cannot be surpassed by any master of our language.

And from the inebriates themselves comes a poor pitiful plea for help. Since this Act has been talked of numbers of men, mostly young men, have consulted me personally, wishing to be committed to some Inebriate Reformatory. And when I have told them the conditions—four times in one year before a magistrate—they have gone away sorrowing, for self-respect was not yet dead within them. I have on my list of friends a number of men, splendid fellows in every sense but one; good workers, with intelligence more than common; good husbands and loving fathers when free from drink. During the years of my work and in the byways of life they have gathered round me. I see their struggles to conquer their enemy. I know their remorse at their frequent failures. I witness the poverty of their families and the intensity of their sufferings. I have nothing but pity for such men. Again and again I have spent the silent watches of the night with them to give them companionship and moral strength. Again and again have I locked them up in one of my rooms for the drink-craving to pass. These men cannot afford to pay the charges of an Inebriate Retreat, yet twelve months in a well-managed reformatory might mean to them social salvation and hope and comfort to their families.

Vicious women and vile men then are to be cared for; dementia and sensuality are to be treated as drunkenness; but to the great army of the drink-smitten comes no relief, no ray of hope. Though the sorrowful sigh of men, women and children goes up unto heaven, though wrecked lives and blighted homes are all around us, to all this the law has nothing to say. Like Gallio, it cares for none of these things, unless the wretched victims get charged four times in one year.

THOMAS HOLMES.

## SIR ROBERT PEEL.\*

ENGLISH politicians, though of the first rank, must usually be content, like the heroes of the mimic stage, with full houses and loud cheers ; with the verdicts of their contemporaries ; the enthusiasm of their supporters ; the respect of their opponents ; with the loves and hates and jealousies of an active life ; the sense of full days and stirring events, of proud moments and realised ambitions. Opportunists they all were, of course, else had they not been British statesmen, and pilots in the dark hours. We do not search their memoirs for pregnant sayings, and if we read their speeches at all, Burke's only excepted, it is for purely party purposes ; certainly not for intellectual profit or æsthetic enjoyment. To survey the comely series of volumes which contain the orations of our great parliamentary figures from Pitt to Gladstone, is to summon up the same thoughts and to create the same atmosphere of melancholy pleasure as when in some Green Room library you take down from a seldom-visited shelf copies of the old plays in which a Betterton or a Garrick, a Siddons or a Jordan, once took the town by storm. Charles Lamb has moralised on old play-bills, ; old Orders of the Day might well provoke kindred reflections.

When a great politician dies, a man whose name has been on the tongues of all, and in every kind of type for scores of years, the good-hearted British public makes the matutinal observations conventionally described as "mourning a loss," attends his funeral or memorial service, and then, after scratching his name on the Abbey stones or elsewhere, is well content to leave him alone for evermore with the epithet or attribute it deems most appropriate to attach to his name.

\* "Sir Robert Peel from his Private Papers." Edited for his Trustees by C. S. Parker. Three vols. London : John Murray.



Thus, Pitt is majestic, Fox generous, Canning splendid, Palmerston patriotic, John Russell plucky, Disraeli romantic, Gladstone religious; and so on. Nor are these epithets open to revision. Whatever records leap to life they are not in the least likely to be altered. The fact is, Englishmen understand their political leaders down to the ground. They have never mistaken them for saints, heroes, or philosophers. Indeed, they know them to be sinners, usually as blind to the future as the grocer down the street, and occasionally as ignorant of the past as the publican at the corner, but who, for all that, stood like men for their brief hour on the quarter-deck of the big ship which is still groaning and grunting on its way. *They* at all events never ran her aground.

Sir Robert Peel was born in 1788, in the old world, as one may say; and now, 111 years afterwards, in a quite new world, in a country which takes every year from the pockets of its people £110,000,000 sterling, we are for the first time supplied with the materials necessary for forming what is called an instructed opinion upon his most remarkable public career. Everything is placed at our service; all is well arranged and clearly expressed—nothing seems kept back that relates to a public life; and yet, for the purposes of reviewing contemporary judgments, or of revising the careless tradition of the street, or of enabling us to sit with confidence in the seat of judgment, I do not know that we find ourselves much better off than we were before. Affidavit-evidence is now universally despised, and to form an opinion of a public man from his memoranda and speeches is to rely upon the same dead-alive testimony. A good portrait, as Carlyle used to say, is half the battle, but there is no great picture of Peel—the best is the word-portrait of Disraeli.

The angry passions of 1829 and 1845 have not disfigured the character of Peel. They were fierce enough. Politicians who have lived through the years 1886–94 can have no difficulty in appreciating the fury with which Peel was assailed by Protestant bigotry and Protectionist zeal, or how old friendships (so-called) were severed and party ties broken. He was fortunate in one respect. Through it all Wellington stood by his side. It was no doubt hard to hear Sir Edward Knatchbull exclaim, "*Nusquam tuta fides*," almost intolerable to have to submit to the heartless raillery of Disraeli, hardest of all to look into his own heart and know that his ill-timed obstinacy had (perhaps) robbed Canning of what in his hands might have been a glorious triumph, and his well-timed conversion deprived Villiers of what would have been a famous victory. It is, however, the business of politicians to do a good deal of night-poaching, and it is a pardonable weakness to believe that an intelligent providence must have meant *you* and not gentlemen opposite to save the country.

Peel entered Parliament for an Irish borough in 1809, when he

was just of age. Is this a good thing? Lord Halifax, the Trimmer, thought not, and, in his shrewd hints for the choice of Members of Parliament, gives his reasons. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, thought it was. Certainly few men become parliamentary hands quickly. For the business of a statesman ten years is a short apprenticeship, but it is a good-sized slice out of a life. There seems no very obvious reason why a seat in the House of Commons should either arrest a young man's intellectual development or ossify his imagination, yet if the young man is by the order of his mind slow-moving, prim, frigid, and mechanical, if he possesses none of that dangerous but precious acid which dissipates platitudes and disintegrates falsehoods, if he is apt to be a little uncomfortable in the presence of actual fact but very much at his ease when amplifying and expounding in sonorous periods bookish conceptions and notions, and if to these positive and negative qualities he adds a liking for office and an aptitude for business, then it is that an early adoption of party creeds and party connections and a complete immersion into the affairs of the hour are certain to impede the free swing of the mind and the full muscular development of a truth-loving intelligence.

Robert Peel had an orderly mind, quick to absorb, ready to assimilate, and slow to deny. He never revolted from a lie, but slowly ceased to believe in it. He merely entertained his ideas, and therefore never found it hard to cease to be "at home" to any of them. He had none of the vehemence of his great pupil, who, none the less, was equally destined to do a great deal of unloading. It has been said of Mr. Gladstone, and with perfect truth, that he was never either a Whig or a Protestant. He arrived at his Liberalism by paths untrodden by the huge hosts of his followers, who had to be content to cheer the result without studying the process. Peel, like Gladstone, was brought up among Tories, and received a sound classical education in Tory strongholds from port-wine dons and divines bent on being bishops, the very last people in the world to teach their pupils to verify the accepted *formulae* of Church and State. The remark used often to be made that Peel was sprung from the people. In the already old-fashioned days of which Mr. Samuel Smiles was the popular *vates*, "the rise of the Peel family" was a favourite subject for the thrifty muse, and there were sentimentalists ready to attribute Sir Robert's genuine devotion to the cause of Labour and his fierce desire to cheapen living to his ancestry. But in England, where we are all woven strangely of the same piece, these things count for very little. Between a decent agricultural labourer and a decent duke there are no differences which cannot be easily accounted for by those different personal habits which are engendered by their way of life. Twenty years in big houses, in labourers' cottages, in merchants' villas, in artisans' dwellings, in Whitechapel tenements, will explain all the differences noticeable

between the different ranks of her Majesty's lieges. Peel is said to have had a provincial accent. Of the three great Lancashire orators of our own time, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright, the last alone was spotless in this matter, for a quick Lancastrian ear could easily detect his native accents in the scholarly tones of Gladstone, whilst they flourished unabashed in the manly discourse of the Rupert of debate. The Peel pedigree need not detain us. The gentleman-commoner of Christ Church of 1806 was like the rest of his brethren, except in one fortunate particular. He was the heir to great wealth not made out of the ownership of the soil. Peel was destined to fight the landed interest, which then sought to throttle the nation, even as his high-spirited son is now engaged in fighting the drink interest which seeks to throttle us. What made Peel's contest especially bitter was that the wounded country gentlemen had to confess that the pinion that impelled the fatal steel had been nourished in their own nurseries, and awarded the pet diploma of the greedy monopolist—the representation in Parliament of the University of Oxford. And yet never was statesman more truly Conservative in all his mental methods than Sir Robert Peel, whose tortured spirit never sought to escape from the blunt brutalities of the squires or the poisoned invective of their hired bravo, by the simple expedient of throwing wide open the windows of his mind and letting the free air of heaven sweep through its chambers. The history of the landed interest in England from the date when it plundered the Church of the territories that were intended to be, and often were, the support of the poor and the shelter of the aged, to the unhappy hour when it turned a deaf, because a selfish, ear to the Report of the Devon Commission, has never yet been written; and to write it now would be, so far as the agricultural interest is concerned, to trample on a poverty-stricken race, who barely contrive to go on existing by avoiding those contributions to the Navy which, under the name of Death Duties, are levied upon cash values only.

Insolent in the hour of its prosperity, the landed interest has become mean in more straitened circumstances. But, even had this history been composed in Peel's time, he would have taken no pleasure in its perusal, so rooted was his love for the order of things as he found them. The Conservatism of most men is based on fear and a lively sense of the risks to which all Governments are exposed. The surprising thing is that society should exist at all, and that dividends should go on being paid at the Bank. Any condition of things that has proved itself to be compatible with a social *status quo* is to be respected by statesmen, and if possible revered by the populace. Sobriety, security, and peace were the real objects of Peel's devotion. Had the Dissenters of England been as strong as the Roman Catholics in Ireland, Peel would have disestablished and disendowed the Church of England on the best terms he could get for her, nor would his pillow



ever have been haunted by ghosts in lawn. He had a true statesman's horror of enthusiasts and martyrs. So that he might dodge revolution and avoid bloodshed, there were few sacrifices he was not prepared to make. He had not, indeed, reduced the art of capitulation to the simple formula of his colleague the great Duke, who, whenever driven into a corner, was content to put the question, "How is the Government of the King (or Queen) to be carried on?" and then, having answered it in a particular way, proceeded to repudiate all his former political notes-of-hand with the effrontery of a South American Republic. Peel was a man who intellectualised his apostasies. True it was that he was taught by circumstance, and trod the tortuous paths of party rather than the narrow way of truth; still, he had a mind which, like some plants, instinctively turned to the light. Seriousness has not been a common quality with English Prime Ministers. The lightheartedness of most of them is amazing. Even the horrors of the criminal code have never turned a politician's stomach. Peel was a serious Minister, always, so Mr. Disraeli complained, "absorbed in thought." The Condition of England Question weighed more heavily on the statesman than ever it did on the novelist, although the imaginative genius of the latter enabled him, without pain or labour, to see deeper into the cauldron than could the former. But Disraeli did nothing for England; Peel saved her. "There was always," says Mr. Disraeli half-contemptuously, "some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind." Forcible is the retort made by Mr. Thursfield in his short *Life of Peel*, the authority of which remains unimpaired by the elaborate publications of Mr. Parker: "To have learned the principles of currency and finance from Ricardo, Horner, and Huskisson, the principles of criminal legislation from Romilly and Mackintosh, and the principles of free trade from Villiers and Cobden, was not Peel's reproach but his everlasting honour."

No statesman of the century has left his mark so plainly inscribed upon both the Statute Book and the life and business of the nation as Sir Robert Peel. He it was who resumed cash payments, established a gold standard, and told us "What is a pound." He was the author of the Bank Charter Act, and of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents. We owe it to Sir Robert Peel that the Income Tax is always with us, and that a policeman is, or ought to be, at the corner of every street. The Budgets of 1842 and 1845 are chapters in our financial history, for was it not Peel who taught us to fight hostile tariffs with free imports? Across Ireland the names of most Chief Secretaries are writ in water, but Peel left behind him that constabulary force of which we hear every year when the Irish Estimates come on for discussion. The law reformer loves the name of Peel, who humanized the criminal code, and showed, at least, a



willingness to listen to the voice of Bentham and to recast our judicature. Finally, he emancipated the Catholics, and carried free trade in corn. Here is a programme, indeed, by the side of which that of Newcastle may well pale its ineffectual fires. Yet we are always told there was something sinister about the career of Peel. There is a slouch in the gait of our deliverer. What is it? It is to be found in Greville's famous maxim, "The Tories only can carry Liberal measures." The men behind Peel cried "Traitor!" and the men in front of him murmured "Thief!" "The right honourable gentleman's life," said Mr. Disraeli, "has been one vast appropriation clause."

It was the subsequent boast of Disraeli himself, one of the most light-fingered of the fraternity, that he had educated his party, though what he really thought of the process to which he had subjected them it is better only guessing. Peel could not honestly say that he had educated his party, but as he succeeded in coercing it, no good Liberal will grudge him his splendid record of great achievements or his imperishable fame. In these respects we consider Peel to be an exception to the general rule that encompasses departed statesmen in a trailing cloud of forgetfulness.

Mr. Parker's three capacious volumes enable us to form (if we are sufficiently imaginative and have any knowledge of affairs) an estimate of the great compass of Peel's public interests and his devotion to business. We see Mr. Gladstone's schoolmaster abroad in every page. Peel had a passion for good government and for competency in high places. In his disposition of patronage he was "a kinless loon," and passed over his brethren after a fashion which must make Lord Halsbury stare. Nor was it only his own brothers; those of his colleagues fared no better.

We find Goulburn, who wanted his brother made a Judge, writing to Peel in 1835:

"When there are no superior qualifications evidently marking out a man for an office, it is, I think, impolitic to select for appointment those men who have been uniformly opposed to a Government or only recently converted. I may live [*mark the sarcasm*] in a peculiar society, but I can assure you that I find nothing more prejudicial to our interests than the impression which prevails that such is our course. It deadens the exertions of zealous friends, and it makes the large mass, namely, those who act on interested motives, oppose us as a matter of profitable speculation. I believe that we have suffered more from making Abercrombie Chief Baron than from any act of our last Administration. So much I have thought it right to say on public grounds" (Vol. II. p. 273).

How familiar are the accents of the jobber! Mr. Goulburn was quite right in hinting that it was Peel and not his Chancellor of the Exchequer who kept peculiar society. Nothing is rarer in our public men than a genuine devotion to *all* branches of the public service.

Peel kept his eye on everything, even meditating a reform of the Scottish judicature. One disadvantage of the democratic system is that a Prime Minister no longer feels himself responsible for good government. He awaits "a mandate" from a mob who are watching a football match.

Full, however, to overflowing as was Peel's public life, the three most interesting things in its retrospect are his handling of Catholic Emancipation, his attitude towards Parliamentary Reform, and his dealings with Wheat. It was the way he dealt with these questions that puzzled his friends, piqued his opponents, and brought down upon his head the wrath of Oxford Combination-rooms and the fury of farmers' ordinaries. Peel was long a puzzle. "What will Peel do?" was for decades as provocative a question as his own famous query, "What is a Pound?"

It cannot be said that Mr. Parker's volumes throw any entirely new light upon Peel's attitude, but they enable us at our leisure and in the ample detail of Peel's own elaborate diction to follow the mental operations and digest the conclusions of a cautious, sagacious, and ambitious man whose lot was cast in perilous times. Nor can we help being repeatedly reminded of incidents in the career of Mr. Gladstone and of similarities both of style and in the treatment of public questions existing between the Master and the Pupil.

The Catholic Question stared Peel in the face from the very beginning. It was, like the Catholic University Question of to-day, left open. Cabinet Ministers were free to be Emancipators if they chose so long as they made no attempt upon the King's virtue. Peel had no passionate convictions about anything save the public credit and the administration of just laws by honest men, but his early associations with the stupid party, and the company he kept whilst Irish Chief Secretary from 1812-18, had taught him to regard Protestant ascendancy as a condition of government not lightly to be disturbed. In 1817 his political education was sorely encumbered by his proudly donning the chains which Canning had gloriously renounced, which Gladstone was destined too long to clank—the parliamentary representation of the University of Oxford, a constituency which has never consented to be represented by a man who has saved his country. The University muzzled Mr. Gladstone, it hindered and delayed Peel, who saw clearly enough that Catholic Relief was only a question of time. Canning openly espoused the cause, even as Mr. Balfour has done the kindred question of the present day. The House of Commons was at least equally divided; the House of Lords, despite a majority of forty against Relief, has never really fought any measure of reform recommended to it by a Tory Minister; and as for the Crown, Peel's lofty spirit scorned an opposition which should be founded (to use his own words) "merely on the will or scruples of the King." The contempt entertained both by Peel and



Wellington for George IV. and William IV. gives quite a literary flavour to many of the letters of the two statesmen. But though Peel saw Emancipation afar off, he had no mind to be mixed up in it. It was Canning's question, and between Canning and Peel there was a very imperfect sympathy. Mr. Disraeli tells us that Canning was jealous of Peel, and that Peel did not like Canning. This need not surprise us. Peel was not famous for his friendships. The good old Duke, whose behaviour to Peel was angelical, never could be got to believe that Peel did not actually dislike him. To keep Wellington and Peel on speaking terms was quite an occupation for a number of wealthy gentlemen, and inspired many a dull dinner-party in the thirties and forties. The old Tory party hated Canning, fierce anti-Reformer though he was, with the hatred it has ever felt "for d——d intellect." Arbuthnot writes to Peel just after Canning's death to remind him "that our great Tory and aristocratical support was caused by the dislike and dread of Canning." Peel relied upon Tory and aristocratical support, and, consequently, when Lord Liverpool retired, and Canning fiercely claimed the succession and obtained (somehow or another) a great hold upon the King, Peel and Wellington cleared out and left Canning to make terms with Lord Lansdowne and a section of the Whigs. Peel did not leave on the Catholic Question, for that was not to be agitated; he left because he would not work with Canning. The old King of Terrors dominates Parliaments. Death came to Canning's assistance, whose sudden removal from the playhouse of St. Stephen's made it much easier for Peel to add a new part to his *répertoire*, namely, the character of an emancipator. Canning died in office in August 1827. In January 1829 a complete measure of Catholic Relief was decided upon by the Duke's Government, and the man to introduce it to the House of Commons was the statesman who, whenever Canning had advocated Emancipation, had risen from the same bench to protest against it in language which drew down upon him the benedictions of the Protestants of Ireland. Oxford revolted. Peel resigned his seat, and after a contest the University found a much fitter representative in another Sir Robert whose surname was Inglis. The Bill became law in March 1829. Does anybody ask what became of the majority of forty against Emancipation in our second Chamber? The answer must be that in 1829 the House of Lords was Wellington's pocket-borough just as in 1899 it is Lord Salisbury's. Had the Whigs introduced Catholic Emancipation in 1829 the Lords would have treated it as they did Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1894; but as the measure was countersigned by Wellington they treated it as they did Lord Salisbury's Vaccination Bill in 1898. Were I a Tory adverse to Radical measures I would rather rely upon the sober deep-rooted Conservatism of the English people than upon the House of Lords.



Peel's vindication is, of course, that fascinating river—the Father Tiber to whom all politicians pray—the course or current of events. The Clare Election, the revolt of the tenants, the transfer by the will of Parliament of political power from one party to another! Let us listen for a moment to the grave voice of Peel:

"This afforded a decisive proof not only that the instrument on which the Protestant proprietor had hitherto mainly relied for the maintenance of his political influence [the forty-shilling franchise for tenants] had completely failed him, but that through the combined exertions of the agitator and the priest—or, I should rather say, through the contagious sympathies of a common cause among all classes of the Roman Catholic population—the instrument of defence and supremacy had been converted into a weapon fatal to the authority of the landlord."

"However men might differ as to the consequences which ought to follow the event, no one denied its vast importance. It was foreseen by the most intelligent men that the Clare election would be the turning-point in the Catholic Question, the point *partes ubi se via findit in ambas*."

"'Concede nothing to agitation' is the ready cry of those who are not responsible, the vigour of whose decisions is often proportionate to their own personal immunity from danger and to their imperfect knowledge of the true state of affairs."

"A prudent Minister before he determines against all concession, against any yielding or compromise of former opinions, must well consider what it is that he has to resist and what are his powers of resistance. His task would be an easy one if it were sufficient to resolve that he would yield nothing to violence or to the menace of physical force."

"What was the evil to be apprehended? Not force, not violence, not any act of which the law could take cognisance. The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder."

"In such an exercise of that franchise, not merely permitted, but encouraged and approved by constitutional law, was involved a revolution in the electoral system of Ireland, the transfer of political power, so far as it was connected with representation, from one party to another."—Vol. II. p. 48.

"If the Irish Government could neither turn for aid to the then existing Parliament, nor could cherish the hope of receiving it from one to be newly elected, could it safely trust for the maintenance of its authority to the extreme exercise of its ordinary powers, supported, in the case of necessity, by the organised and disciplined force at its command, namely, the constabulary and military force?"—Vol. II. p. 49.

"I deliberately affirm that a Minister of the Crown responsible at the time of which I am speaking for the public peace and the public welfare would have grossly and scandalously neglected his duty if he had failed to consider whether it might not be possible that the fever of religious and political excitement—which was quickening the pulse and fluttering the bosom of the whole Catholic population, which had inspired the serf of Clare with the resolution and energy of a freeman, which had in the twinkling of an eye made all consideration of personal gratitude, ancient family connection, local preferences, the fear of worldly injury, the hope of worldly advantage subordinate to one absorbing sense of religious obligation and public duty—whether, I say, it might not be possible that the contagion of that feverish excitement might spread beyond the barriers which, under



ordinary circumstances, the habits of military obedience and the strictness of military discipline oppose to all such external influences."—Vol. II. p. 50.

This surely is convincing. But should Peel have been the man to tackle the job? He did not want to do so. He begged hard to be allowed to stand aside. The Duke was a plain soldier, ready enough, as Huskisson once found, to take even a politician at his first word; but the Duke would not take Peel at his first or second word, but made it plain to him (as perhaps it was plain before) that without him the Relief Bill must be abandoned. "I entreat you, then, to reconsider the subject, and to give us and the country the benefit of your advice and assistance in this most difficult and important crisis." So wrote the Duke (Vol. II. p. 81).

Peel consented. It required enormous courage.

"We were about to forfeit the confidence and encounter the hostility of a very great portion of our own party. The principle of concession had been affirmed by the House of Commons in the last discussion by the very smallest majority—272 to 266. It had been negatived in the House of Lords by a majority of 40. The King was hostile, the Church was hostile, a majority probably of the people of Great Britain was hostile, to concession."—Vol. II. p. 85.

Oh for an hour, in these cowardly days, of a statesman with a tithe of the courage of Sir Robert Peel!

"In a single session Peel and Wellington overcame the resistance of a hostile Sovereign, a hostile Church, a hostile House of Lords, and a public opinion fast becoming hostile." So writes Mr. Thursfield, who also reminds us of the fine compliment paid by Peel in his speech on the second reading to the injured "shade" of Canning. "Would he were here," cried Peel, "to enjoy the fruits of his victory!"

"Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur Achille."

Admirably does Mr. Thursfield proceed:

"The tribute was well merited and not ungenerously expressed; but perhaps, if the shade of Canning could have revisited the House of Commons and could have watched Peel, shorn of the prize for which both had contended, writhing in agony at the whips and scorns of time, the irony of circumstance, the revenge of neglected opportunities, and the reproaches of friends who felt themselves abandoned and betrayed, the words to rise almost unbidden to his phantom lips would have been

'Pallas te, hoc vulnere, Pallas  
Immolat, et pœnas scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'"

There is no end to capping verses. The compliments rival politicians occasionally pay one another are apt to be a little overdone. Great questions belong to the nation and not to individuals, however eloquent or long-winded. Besides, it is always easier to be generous to the

dead than just to the living. Peel's conduct in this matter gave an envious stab at his reputation. He was "suspect" from that hour. One of his friends took on so about it that he had to be blooded (Vol. II. p. 94). He (the phlebotomised friend) got over it, for we find him in 1834 breathing a fervent prayer that Peel might be "destined by the Almighty to save the country at the moment of peril" (Vol. II. p. 262). Peel was the most prayed-over politician of recent times.

In the matter of Parliamentary Reform Peel was from the first a Moderate. He was the last man in the world to share Burke's romantic attachment to rotten boroughs or the Duke of Wellington's babyish aversion to big towns; nor was he gifted or cursed with the foresight of Canning, who perceived that a reformed House of Commons must eventually prove fatal to the pretensions of the landed interest in the House of Lords. Speaking at Liverpool in 1820, Canning had asked:

"When once the House of Commons should become a mere deputation speaking the people's will, by what assumption of right could three or four hundred great proprietors set themselves against the national will?"

Peel was in favour of going slowly in the matter, and, when opportunity offered (as it frequently did), of giving large towns parliamentary representation; but the Duke was obdurate, and the omniscient Croker was certain that the country was indifferent. We all know what happened. The flames of Nottingham Castle and the Bristol mobs intimidated the House of Lords, who in 1832 yielded to fear as in 1829 they yielded to the Duke.

Peel's opposition to Reform can best be explained in his own words:

"Why have we been struggling against the Reform Bill in the House of Commons? Not in the hope of resisting its final success in that House, but because we look beyond the Bill, because we know the nature of popular concessions, their tendency to propagate the necessity for further and more extensive compliances. We want to make the *descensus* as *difficilis* as we can—to teach young inexperienced men charged with the trust of government that, though they may be backed by popular clamour, they shall not override, on the first springtide of excitement, every barrier and breakwater raised against popular impulses; that the carrying of extensive changes in the Constitution without previous deliberation shall not be a holiday task; that there shall be just what has happened—the House sick of the question, the Ministers repenting they brought it forward, the country paying the penalty for the folly and incapacity of its rulers. All these are salutary sufferings, that may, I trust, make people hereafter distinguish between the amendment and the overturning of their institutions."—Vol. II. p. 201.

When the second Reform Bill had been defeated in the Lords on Lyndhurst's amendment, and Lord Grey resigned, the Duke of Wellington, whose political stomach could digest anything, was ready and



willing, and even anxious, to form an Administration and become responsible for "an extensive measure" of Parliamentary Reform. He could not do this without Peel, and Peel would not on this occasion come to his assistance. The Duke never quite forgave Peel for this. Even Croker was on the Duke's side, but Peel was adamant. When reminded of his behaviour in 1829 he replied emphatically :

"It is *not* a repetition of the Catholic Question. I was then in office. I had advised the concession as a Minister. I should now assume office for the purpose of carrying the measure to which up to the last moment I have been inveterately opposed."—Vol. II. p. 206.

There can be no doubt he was right. It was all very well for the hero of Waterloo to play what pranks he chose in the political arena, but Peel was not a soldier but a statesman. Besides, after the events that had happened a compromise was impossible.

Peel's connection with the duties on corn is a thrice-told tale. If he is the victor who remains in possession of the field, nothing can now be said to impair the fame of the great statesman who, though surrounded as he was in the House he so dearly loved by men impervious to reason and indifferent to human suffering, resolutely thrust them behind him, and pursued amidst "detractions rude" the path of Free Trade and gave the people bread. His conversion may have been slow, but it was sure. His face was always turned to the cheap markets. Cobden, a not too generous foe, as early as 1842 pronounced Peel a free-trader. His Budgets made it plain; his speeches were full of Free Trade. Corn, doubtless, always stood by itself. The staple produce of the land could hardly do otherwise in the mind of the leader of a party which, as Lord Ashburton put it in 1841, "was pledged to the support of the land; that principle abandoned, the party is dissolved" (Vol. II. p. 507). It may well be that it was bad harvests and wet seasons that eventually forced Peel's hands, but it was not Peel's hands for which we may thank God—but his open mind. Let us listen again to the voice of Peel :

"The Tariff does not go half far enough. If we could afford it, we ought to take off the duty on cotton-wools and the duty on foreign sheeps' wool."—Vol. II. p. 529.

"We must make this country a cheap country for living and thus induce parties to remain here, enable them to consume more by having more to spend."—Vol. II. p. 530.

"The danger is not low prices from the Tariff, but low prices from inability to consume."

"If Sir Charles Burrell had such cases before him as I have of thousands and tens of thousands in want of food and employment at Greenock, Paisley, Edinburgh, and a dozen large towns in the manufacturing districts, he would not expect me to rend my garments in despair if 'some excellent jerked beef from South America' should get into the English market and bring down meat from 7½d. or 8d. a pound."—Vol. II. p. 531.



To the Marquis of Ailsa Peel wrote in March 1842 :

"Whatever the future may be, no one can think the present state of things very satisfactory. If I were a landed proprietor in the West of Scotland, and saw 17,000 persons supported during the winter, as in one Scotch town, Paisley, by charitable contributions, I should seriously inquire whether the continuance of such a state of things was quite compatible with the security or, at least, the enjoyment of property."—Vol. II. p. 527.

Such sarcasm was quite thrown away upon the Marquis of Ailsa ; might as well have been addressed to the Craig of that ilk.

To get a complete understanding of the progress of this question, Mr. Parker's volumes must be supplemented by Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," and by the speeches of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Bright. But the more the times are studied the more will Peel, as a practical statesman and a man of judgment and devotion, stand head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

An able writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* is indisposed to call Peel a great man because he lacked imagination and preferred to co-operate with Wellington and Sir James Graham than to bluster with Palmerston or hob-a-nob with Disraeli. It all depends upon your standard. What is a pound? In the currency of Parliament and in the estimation of the country Peel was a great man.

Mr. Parker has done his work well. There were difficulties in his way. Peel's own "Memoirs," for example, being already in print, could hardly be reprinted *en bloc*, and yet they are all needed to explain the correspondence. Mr. Parker's own notes are admirable, always explanatory, always terse. If the observation is just that Mr. Parker's nature has become so subdued to what it has worked in for the last ten years, that it is now a little difficult to recognise in the editor of "The Peel Papers" the former Home Rule member for Perth, no one will be surprised. Peel was a man with an atmosphere—and with an atmosphere it is an education to breathe.

In one respect only do I find myself like Mr. Goulburn "in a peculiar society." I (no doubt I am wrong) deeply regret the publication of the Disraeli letters. Magnanimity is so beautiful a thing that its essential privacy should be preserved as a noble family tradition even at the expense of the public. Had Peel chosen in 1846 to produce the letter of 1841, of the existence of which he gave Disraeli a pretty broad hint, nobody could have complained and Disraeli could have replied. Peel did not do so, and what he magnanimously in the heat of conflict and in the face of insult forbore from doing Mr. Parker does in 1899. It is of the essence of magnanimity that it should be complete and eternal. Unless it is that it is no magnanimity at all. To suppress a document for fifty years and until the man who wrote it is dead is no kindness. No



good has been done by publication. For a couple of days the Tadpoles and the Tapers, that breed of curs, ran about sniffing and snuffing over the letters; the young lions of the press roared over them, rejoicing that their many-headed client should be let behind the scenes. But the many-headed Beast is not nearly so big a fool as those who cater for his capacious maw would often have us believe. The many-headed knows its Disraeli perfectly well, and how he never pretended to be a man of nicety. He ate his peck of dirt and achieved his measure of dignity. In the vulgar struggle for existence Disraeli did some mean and shabby things; the letter of 1841 was perhaps one of them, the denial of it in 1846 was perhaps another, but a mean and shabby man Disraeli was not, and his reputation, such as it is, stands just where it did before these disclosures. The two letters are out of place in these stately memorials of a saviour of society. They jar upon you like a vulgar word scribbled on the pedestal of a noble statue. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day made his annual reference to the rise in the value of our shares in the Suez Canal, never were the cheers louder. Disraeli, too, had his day; and though, for my part, I would as soon think of coupling Dr. Johnson with Jacques Casanova as Peel with Disraeli, I can still, remembering all the differences in the circumstances of the two men, find room for a regret that these memoirs should be made the vehicle of seeking to cast an unnecessary slur upon the memory of a man who, when all is said and done, will remain the author of the finest literary tribute to the character of Peel ever likely to be written.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

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## RELIGION IN INDIA.

THERE is nothing so little possible, even to the man of trained intelligence, as to get to understand in the course of a single brief and crowded visit either a land or a people—especially when the land is a continent so large as India and the people a multitude of races so different in blood, in history, in political ideal, in social order, in speech, and in religion as those we so commonly, but incorrectly, classify as Hindus. The grand tour may help to educate a man, but it does not qualify him to teach or to govern a State. I am not surprised that the English resident in India should so strongly object to be judged by the vagrant sight-seer, who, as a rule, is, in the very degree that he is greedy of sights, incapable of seeing justly; but we need not waste our pity on the resident, for he is a person well able to take care of himself. Those who deserve it more are the people the vagrant misinterprets and the public he misinforms. Happily, the politics, the services, military and civil, the social, economical, and industrial condition of India were matters on which I had too little knowledge to be able either to observe with intelligence or to report with accuracy. My special concern was with a subject which may here provoke less passion, though it involves more penetrating principles and vaster issues than any, or even than all, of these—viz., the religions of India: what they are in character and influence, how they live and behave in relation to each other and the people.

The opportunity to go to India on such a mission was like the realisation of an early dream. I had learned to know the Hindus, their literature and religion, from a civilian of the old school, who was therefore even more a scholar than a civilian, Dr. John Muir. He rises before me now as he lived in the Edinburgh of the 'sixties and 'seventies, a gentleman distinguished by his old-world courtesy, his

gracious hospitality, his sympathy with sorrow, and tenderness to all forms of suffering; a scholar remarkable for his extensive learning, his keen intellect, his eager interest in all religious questions, and especially for his industry in the region his own research had explored, an industry but faintly represented in the five volumes of "Sanskrit Texts" which we owe to his erudition. He was a scholar who tried to make scholars, who encouraged learning both at home and abroad, who did more than any other man of his time to endow research in the University of Edinburgh, and who carried into all he did his own noble ethical spirit. I am one of the many he helped and befriended when friends were few, and the few there were had little disposition to help a mind which could not but try to look over the lofty and well-guarded fence of the ancient beliefs. His love of freedom in thought and inquiry was but a form which expressed his love of man; for, of all the men I have known, John Muir was the most possessed by a pure and disinterested enthusiasm for humanity, though his enthusiasm moved in a region untrodden by the shrill criers of the market-place and the street. He believed in knowledge and in its saving power. He thought that we could not serve India better than by sending out men who loved her because they knew her, and knew her not in her outward face and changing features, but in her immortal part—the mind through which she had sought the eternal, the literature which embodied her ideals, and the customs by which they had been at once realised and defeated. His was thus a greater love than could be satisfied by the building of a synagogue, or by flattering the vanity of either England or India; for it sought nothing less than the discovery of the truth by both, the removal of ignorance as to India at home and of ignorance as to both herself and England in India.

I need not say that it was with something more than the feeling of admiring curiosity that I took my way Eastward; it was with a very sincere desire to learn. And I did learn much, though it would be a sheer impertinence to say that there was any real proportion between the desire and the actual degree of the learning. I had been asked to go by the University of Chicago as Haskell lecturer on Comparative Religion, and no little part of what I learned was due to the attempt to teach. How this happened may become apparent before I have finished; but meanwhile I must attempt to indicate how the problem grew upon the mind and how the mind opened towards the problem in our progress through the country. It is not, of course, my purpose to write an itinerary, or to describe places which have already been described from every possible point of view. Guide books may be useful, but it needs a genius to turn them into literature. Yet there must be a background if a picture is to be intelligible.

Our visit fell in the "cold weather," and in most parts of India

the cold is perfect weather, the days clear and sunny, the nights cool and refreshing. The temperature, indeed, varies immensely; in November we were more tried by the winter cold of Bombay than by the summer heat of home, while in January the air of Lahore had a keener bite in it than the winds of our own frozen North. The sunshine and the cloudless sky tend to become monotonous, things we may begin by admiring but are sure to end by being ashamed to speak about: indeed, one has to go to India to discover the intellectual stimulus and conversational uses of variable weather. But the stars never lose their brilliancy or the moonlight its charm, for it works the most weird effects, throwing over the sleeping earth what seems now a fretwork of frost and now a lucid haze in which all things become mysterious and vast, and sounds grow too rude and material to break agreeably upon the ear. The sunlight was too powerful and penetrating to leave in the daytime any mystery in nature, but we never dared to be familiar with the nature the moonlight made, for then all earth became ghostly and clothed in unearthliness. Our wanderings were more extensive than we had intended; but our only regret was that our time was too limited to let us loiter on the way, especially when we escaped from the Anglicised cities and found ourselves face to face with Indian nature and history.

We landed at Bombay, which is beautiful and picturesque, as we expect the East to be, and as full of energy and interest as commerce and law, local government and education, and a marvellous mixture of races and religions, can make it. It is so Eastern that the fresh Western eyes which come to it fail to see its most significant features. The Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsee, and Christian dwell together yet live apart; their modes of sepulture differ, and one may read through their attitudes to death their different views of life. The Hindu burns his dead; the Mohammedan and the Christian bury theirs, though the former in a way which emphasises his stronger faith in the uprising and the Judgment; the Parsee leaves his to be consumed by the fowls of heaven, then scattered and absorbed by the elements of earth. The Hindu caste system has affected the Mohammedans; their theism has influenced the Hindu. The fine naturalism of the Parsee has compelled him to make the most of time, to study the forces which most work for the amelioration of life; his plastic hand and practical mind may be seen everywhere—in schools, colleges, and the university, in charity and in trade, in the adornments of the city and the enrichment of society. It does not yet appear what the Christians may do. They are too young, too foreign in their inspiration and mind, to be fairly placed alongside the better men of religions which are so ancient as to have become, even where immigrant, naturalised. But one thing is obvious: the Christian mind from without has set all the native forces working on new lines, under new forms, and towards



ends which are not as yet apparent. It has made education a factor of change, has forced it forward, increased its efficiency, and loaded it with new formative influences. It has made the Hindu more public-spirited, the Mohammedan more beneficent, the Parsee more practical and philanthropic. In the very consciousness of the need of reform—religious, moral, domestic, social—and in the number of the recent agencies which have been created to secure it, the action of the Christian mind can be seen. And this also becomes obvious: that it is the most potent factor as yet at work for the reconciliation of the Hindu to the English rule. Such at least was the testimony of a native gentleman who was everywhere regarded as one of the most distinguished and enlightened citizens of Bombay.

From Bombay we crossed to Calcutta, which was then enjoying its most perfect weather, and its society, with its energies renewed by rest and change, was assembled to dismiss one Viceroy and welcome another. The city had much in it that was attractive: the Maidan with its statues and palaces and crowds, its gardens and racecourse; the majestic river which gives dignity even to the mean banks between which it sweeps; the extremes of pomp and squalor that jostle each other on the streets; the co-existence without contact of several societies, native and European; the one divided here by caste, there by religions; the other by classes, minds, or functions. The Babu is a most interesting person, as highly educated as his conditions will allow, acquisitive rather than inquisitive, with more imaginative than speculative subtlety, which is fostered rather than repressed by the very utilitarian education he receives at the hands of the university. We became conscious in Calcutta of a tendency which was hidden by the more cosmopolitan commercial spirit of Bombay—the Hindu reaction, as it was termed. This is the antithesis to the Brahmo Samaj, but is quite as distinctly due to Western influences, though to these resisted and resented rather than adopted, adapted, and modified. It is the assertion of the Hindu mind over against the spirit which is its negation; and the assertion is most definite where the negation is most direct, in the sphere of religion. The English rule is an immense disintegrative and levelling force; it does not spare, even where it means to be most conservative, the ancient institutions of States or the customs and beliefs of the people. The civil service and the railway system, education and the competitive examinations, bear hardly upon the laws and the regulations of the castes; the Sudra may be set to judge the Brahman, or the low-born may in the Honours lists stand high above the twice-born. English policy and justice may combine to secure its endowments to the temple or the mosque, may protect Hindu and Mohammedan alike in the exercise of their religion; but in doing so they change the whole historical situation and create a condition of things where nothing is as it was before. In the

native state the ancient framework may stand, but the English resident transmutes the blood in its veins; and where the blood is changed the whole life is different.

Now, the people instinctively feel a revolution to be in process and to be irresistible, and they do not love the power by which it is being effected. Their own customs and institutions become the dearer to them that they are threatened with extinction or radical change. They are people with an ideal, and like all people commanded by idealism, they seem to their more prosaic over-lords sentimental; but their ideals turn into passionate emotions the moment revolution touches the realities amid and through which they live. For this reason the rule, irresistible in the region of civil and social life, has quickened native enthusiasm in the region of thought and religion. Here is a point where British power cannot come. It may in politics compel its will to be obeyed, in law its justice to be respected, in education its speech to be learned, but in religion it does not, dare not, shall not compel. Here the English Raj may be neutral, but the English people are not; they would convert the Hindu and the Mohammedan to their religion, though by a very different process from that which their State has followed in politics; for in the one case the conversion has been effected by force, in the other case it is being attempted by persuasion. The force which cannot be resisted must be obeyed, but the force which seeks to persuade can be contradicted. And why, the Hindu asks himself, should he accept this Western religion? He has one of his own, ancient, potent, elastic; it embodies his instinctive genius, suits his special needs, is older than the Christian, rests on thought he has elaborated and many Western men have learned to admire. To surrender his religion would be to make a complete surrender of himself, his past, his separate mind and being, and to become a mere echo of the civilisation he despises. The Hindu reaction is thus a very real force, moved by reasons we cannot but respect. Patriotism lives behind and within it; in it the Orient stands up against the Occident, defies it, challenges its right to come East and impose itself on what is older, more congenial to the Oriental nature, and too deeply rooted to be plucked up by alien hands. And so we need not be surprised to find the reformer succeeded by the reactionary, though behind the veil of his reaction the spirit that would reform still lives. For the Hinduism he defends is not the Hinduism of the multitude, the religion of the street and the temple, of Kali Ghat and the Durga *puja*, of the sacred river or caste; it is an idealised system, eclectic, clothed in garments which are heirlooms from the past, but quickened by a spirit which belongs to the present. Not all it finds in Hinduism is Indian, but some of it is very Occidental indeed.

In Calcutta then we began to feel that there was in process, especially in the sphere of religion, a rejuvenescence of the native

spirit, which was in its essence a reaction against the hard and grinding masterfulness of the British will. And it found its justification not only in the divided state of that will, which was here imperious and coercive, and there evangelical and persuasive; but also in the ideal and often actual contradictions between the offices and officials which governed and the persons and agencies which tried to persuade. From Calcutta we ascended to Darjeeling, lived for five days within sight of the snows, the grandest sight in all India. We rose every morning and watched the sunlight break upon the crest of Kinchin Junga, run east and west along the ridge, and creep down the breast of the mighty range, softening the whiteness it illumined with hues of the most exquisite purple; while between us and the heights lay an immense amphitheatre out of whose bosom there slowly emerged a succession of dark summits, each lower than the other, broken into a multitude of ranges divided by deep valleys, which, as they came towards us and warmed to the sunlight, blossomed into green and cultivated hillsides, the tea gardens which now clothe the lower slopes of the Himalayas. Here we came upon new and curiously intertwisted strata in the religious formation of India. We were on the borders of Tibet and the outskirts of Buddhism, where people from the hills and the plains, Bhutias and Nepalese, Lepchas and Tibetans, men of fixed castes and men of uncertain origin, customs belonging to one faith and beliefs belonging to another, the old naturalism of the mountain valleys, the mythological symbolism of the Hindu, and the monastic individualism of the Buddhist dwelt together in a unity unordered and undesigned, yet spontaneous and real. The prayer-flag waved from the trees, the prayer-wheel spun by the wayside, the Scriptures were stored in the monastery; while over the altar presided a Buddha who had the face of the contemplative sage but the attributes of the war-god. Fortune made us spectators of a most interesting sight. We had climbed one morning to a hill-top where stood a sort of sacred grove, whose branches were clothed with coloured flags and written prayers, while underneath stood the lingam, Siva's symbol. Evidently it was a place where Hindu and Buddhist alike came to worship, and, as if to illustrate its use, two women ascended and began their *pūja*. The one was married, and came with the commonest and simplest of all the desires of a woman's heart—to ask for a male child. They made a fire, threw upon it incense of various kinds—for the gods differ as much as men in the smells they prefer—placed upon a stone above it little heaps of rice, sprinkled over it some liquid they carried and some clarified butter, thus offering to the gods the food they themselves liked and lived by. Then, in honour of the gods who dwelt on the mountain peaks, they hung flags upon the trees with their colours thus arranged, blue, white, red, green, orange, the highest



position being given to the blue, which seemed to typify heaven; while the last, the orange, signified renunciation. Beside the flags, and in the trees round the grove, prayers which had been written by the husband were displayed. As soon as these sacred objects were arranged, the elder woman unfastened a girdle from her waist, put it round her neck and brought it down her breast until it looked like a priestly robe, the symbol of the lama's office; they then both stood fronting the grove and the hills beyond it, anointed themselves, said some *mantras*, prostrated themselves to the earth, in one case ten, in the other three, times, and finally broke into a weird chant which ended in a curious sort of hullo, a half exultant, half defiant shout. This ceremonial over the elder woman retired by herself to another angle of the hill, where she had the grove partially behind her and another mountain before; and there, though on a reduced scale, she went through what seemed the same ritual. When asked as to this duplication of the service in her case, she explained that her companion was living where she had been born, and needed to worship only the spirit of the hill that commanded the valley where we were; but she, though now living here, had sprung from another home, and so had to do double homage, to the deity of the place where she lived and to the deity of the place whence she came. The women who had thus worshipped together ended their devotions by a beautiful act of mutual courtesy, the elder woman poured some liquid into the hand of the younger, the younger then did the same to the elder, and each having saluted the other, they descended to the plain and the prosaic work of the day. What made the ceremonial so interesting was the way in which it illustrated the mixture of customs and beliefs; the women were nominally Buddhists, but what lived in them was the ancient naturalism, the sense of mystery in the presence of a vast and mighty nature. The Greek throned Zeus on Olympus, the Bhutia was moved to worship by the sublimity of his mountains; and though Socrates might impersonate a new ideal to the one and Buddha bring a new religion to the other, yet in neither case was the old order superseded by the new, the two lived side by side, blended together by the marriage of the mind within to the nature without. Inconsistencies that may vex the conscious logic of the philosopher, have no terrors for the men who follow nature in the modes and objects of their worship.

Our next stay was at Benares, which may be described as at once the Athens and the Mecca of India, the most instructive and historical of all its cities. It is as full of temples as of pundits, and exhibits Hinduism on both its outer and its inner sides, in its social organisation and customs, in its worship and its thought. What, perhaps, most perplexes the Western mind is the relation of the thought and the worship, the uniformity of the thought alongside the extraordinary



varieties and even antagonisms in the worship. In a sacred city like Benares the worship appears in its most offensive forms : and when one watches in the crowded and filthy temples where Kali or Siva is adored with a devotion that knows no reverence ; or beside the stagnant and turbid tanks which are esteemed as singularly holy ; or from the bosom of the sacred river where troops of pilgrims bathe all unconcerned that on the bank behind them some corpse is being burned or its ashes thrown into the very water which the bathers drink—the emotions excited are not those of admiration. Ascetics are there, men with matted hair and covered with ashes, practising the austerities which are thought to please God. These are rather hideous than severe, the worst of them being of a kind it is better to leave undescribed. We were told of one literally clad in chains suspended from an iron ring round his neck, a new chain being added to his burden every year ; once the railways carried him as a passenger, now his weight has grown so enormous that he has to be conveyed as goods ! But alongside these grosser rites there stands worship of another order, and here a simple narrative may be illustrative. Two courteous and learned Hindu friends acted one morning as my guides. They took me to visit the famous Swami Bhaskaranandaji Saraswati. One of them told me that this Swami was his *guru*, or spiritual guide ; that he was a holy man and profound philosopher, who had early renounced the world and become a *sannyasi* ; that he had by crucifixion of the flesh and meditation attained perfection, and was believed by him and many others to be an incarnation of deity. Indeed, there was already a temple built in his honour where man could worship him, and as soon as he died this custom would become general. My friend was quite willing to concede that Jesus Christ was likewise an incarnation of God ; and he anxiously inquired why I should deny to his guru what he ascribed to my Saviour, why I should restrict incarnation to the one while he extended it to a whole multitude of saints and sages. I could only reply that beneath this lay a still deeper question touching what God was and what man, and prosecute my inquiries as to the grounds and forms of his own faith in this special case. Meanwhile we had reached the Anand Bagh, the garden where the Swami lives ; and after he had been duly prepared to receive an English visitor, my two friends prostrated themselves before him, touching with their foreheads the ground at his feet. My introduction followed, but what was my surprise to find him in face, and still more in manner, exceedingly like the late Cardinal Manning, and later I found that the facial resemblance had struck others besides myself. It was the spiritual ascetic's face, delicate, refined, simpler and more ingenuous than Manning's, with eyes fuller of kindly human interest and innocent pleasure in the honours he received. My signature was added to his large diary of

visitors, and I came away pleased with the character of which I had had a glimpse, but perplexed not so much at the philosophy which justified his divine dignity as at the practice which embodied it.

We next visited another recluse, a man who had held office under the English Government, an accomplished man, rich and highly cultivated, who knew the best Western thought, who had loved books and all they signified; but a sorrow came which would not allow him to enjoy the things of the world, and he forsook all that he might seek a higher peace. In his presence I felt the power of a goodness which nothing I had met even in Christendom surpassed; and though our faiths might divide the goodness had a strangely subduing and unifying influence. We spoke about Hindu religion, and I confessed that its unmoral and barbarous worship had shocked me; but he inquired, with a plaintive and reproachful look in his fine eyes, whether the religion were without ethical qualities and forces. And as I looked at him there in his retreat, so placid and resigned, the perfect picture of peace attained and enjoyed—as remote from the smells and the sounds and the mean symbolism of the temple as from the hideous asceticism which drew the admiration of the crowd—what could I say but that there were, no doubt, schools and persons who found somewhere within the religion a moral power that could take out of the world, if not lift above it? Though even then I could only feel and maintain that it seemed a nobler thing to conquer the evil within by doing battle with the evil without, than to leave the conflict in order to the saving of one's own soul. Of the asceticism of the Roman church he had knowledge, and with it he showed a sort of gentle sympathy; but he believed mysticism and renunciation to be more ancient, more native, and on a grander scale in the Hindu than in any Western religion. When we parted I felt as if I had passed out of the presence of one who certainly enjoyed inward peace. But I was destined soon to feel that we were in a land of violent contrasts; for our way took us past a temple of Durga. I had seen Kali Ghat at Calcutta, and wanted to study the cult of the female deity at Benares, and so proposed to enter. But the friend who had hitherto acted as the chief *cicerone* said, "I cannot take you, the Munshie may;" but the Munshie was silent, and I turned the thing aside with some trivial jest. We went on, and my friend by-and-by explained that he abhorred the worship of Durga, that he could not bear the sight of blood or the riot and the ecstasies of her devotees, and so he never crossed the threshold of her temple. Hence came new problems and perplexities to the Western mind; what is religion to the people, is its negation to the educated and the refined—which also is not without parallels among ourselves. But where the difference comes in is here: it is easier to create a new worship in India than a new saint in Europe, and he

who uses the new worship may sit very loosely to the old. It was easier to sympathise with the disciple of the Swami than with the devotees of Durga.

On the relation of the thought and the worship I may have something to say later on; but here it may be well to repeat what a distinguished Hindu said when I stated to him my perplexity: "It is in the East as in the West—the more sacred the place, the more degraded the worship. In the cathedrals and churches of Italy I have seen sights which were as incompatible with the worship in spirit and in truth which Jesus inculcated, as anything that can be seen in India is discreditable to Hinduism. The figures of Christ on the cross are often so hideous and so horrible as to be more offensive than any image of a Hindu god; the votive offerings, the dolls and silver shoes, the crutches and the tinselled virgins, on and about and above the altar, are alike in taste and ideal on a level with our symbols and decorations; and the priests and the people that frequent the place do not seem to my eye very unlike our own." It was a retort, whether fair or relevant need not here be discussed; but it ought certainly to be duly considered by him who would form a just and comparative judgment between the religions of East and West.

From Benares we went through Allahabad to the cities and scenes made memorable by the Mutiny, and they kindled the imagination with the vision of the sufferings and the heroism of our own race. We watched and endured with the besieged in the Residency at Lucknow, and walked in the footsteps of the relieving column of Havelock and Outram. We followed the army that first rescued the besieged, and returned later to capture the city, now riding in the staff with Colin Campbell or Frederick Roberts, now marching in the ranks with Forbes Mitchell. We saw the places of cruel massacre and death which will make the name of Cawnpore an undying pain to the memory of Britain. We explored the ridge at Delhi, and marvelled at the tenacity which, in spite of the summer heat and the Indian rains, stuck to a place which the winter's sun made hardly tolerable at midday. We stood beside the spot where the magazine had been, examined the battlements, the battered Cashmere gate and the water bastion; and we thought with pride of the bravery which feared neither numbers nor fortifications nor racial hate nor religious fanaticism, but dared all and overcame all through love of a name that could not be tarnished and in maintenance of a kingdom that must not be moved. But the places appealed to other interests than those of national pride, for, side by side with the things that moved our pride, were others that bade us be humble; and these concerned not simply the imbecilities and mistakes and lapses from duty of men who were our kin: they related to the genius and history of the place. We were at the very focus of the collisions between the Hindu and the Mohammedan, and between Mohammedan and Moham-



medan; the very ground still seemed hot and trembling with the shock of battle. We were, too, in the region where art in India had performed its most notable feats; yet the art was not Indian either in origin or inspiration or achievement. For the Moslem architecture at Agra and Delhi, so splendid yet so short-lived, is so distinctive of a dynasty and so alien to the country as to be chiefly significant of the influence of the West on the East; and stands, alike in its permanence and in its feeling or ideality, in remarkable contrast to all that was before it, is around it, and has come after it. It is indeed curious how young India is in art, and how old in her literature, her customs, and her social framework. There is no social institution surviving in Greece or Italy that can, in respect of age or of interest, compare with the Hindu castes; and there are no buildings or monuments in India that can boast an antiquity equal to much that can be found in the Latin, and even in the Teutonic countries of Europe. Only a few of the ruder and smaller rock temples go behind the Christian era, the greater and more elaborate belonging to a more recent date; and it is but what the later history would lead us to expect when we find, as regards some recently recovered Buddhist sculptures, that a sense of form begins to appear just as Greek influences become active in India, though the imitations stand at an immense distance from the originals.

But with the art and architecture of Agra and Delhi I had no special concern. What did, however, concern me was their significance for history and religion. From this point of view, the most instructive thing was the series of forsaken and ruined cities that lie to the south and east of the modern Delhi. It is not, as it stands, an old city, dates only from the second quarter of the seventeenth century, when it was built by Shah Jahan, and named, so as to distinguish it from its many forerunners, after its builder, Shahjahanabad. These forerunners are scattered over an area of forty-two square miles, and form the most melancholy and impressive panorama in India, or, perhaps, in the world. What the Mohammedan signified for India may here be seen in epitome. Long, indeed, before he appeared as an invader, the Hindu had discovered the value of the position, and built on it a city to watch the gate of the south and guard the valley of the Jumna. But the Musulman came and conquered, and those dead cities are the record of his conquests. Here they stand with walls and houses and mosques still intact, yet forsaken of inhabitants; and there they lie, heaps of shapeless ruins, barren and desolate, the haunt of wild beasts; yet each heap bearing the name of some fierce potentate, who may have begun as a slave and ended as an emperor. Two things impress one greatly in these forsaken cities—first, the tombs, marble, massive domed, the last homes of the builders, now standing proudly amid the death and the decay, symbols of a will that would rule even from the grave; or, again, rising, broken and defaced, amid the green fields which the



labour of man has here and there charmed out of the desolation : and, secondly, the mosques which, either as ruins or as shrines, survive as witnesses to the faith which came in with the invaders. But what do all these dead cities, deserted mosques, and stable, yet neglected, tombs mean for religion and history ? They mean that they were all built in a time of turmoil and ceaseless conflict, when dynasties swiftly rose and swiftly fell, each being inspired by an insolence that would not stoop to occupy the city built by its predecessor, or by a pride that only a home of its own making would content, or by a policy that struck at an enemy by the destruction of his capital and its supersession by a newer and stronger city. They mean that these conflicts were those of a wild race, which had broken into the country, broken up its ancient order, and trodden down its old religion, and had reigned, as it had conquered, by virtue of its strength and according to its own wild will. They mean that this race was no single and united family, but rather a multitude of warrior bands, which depended for their victories on their leader, and were ever prepared to follow the man of strongest will and craftiest brain, investing him with autocratic power. They mean that, while these invaders could produce from within themselves any number of rival leaders and permit them to found dynasties, arbitrary and short-lived, they yet all showed as little respect to the places and modes and objects of worship revered of the ancient inhabitants as to their social and political system. Their wars were manifestly the wars of religion, for their victories were celebrated by the demolition of old shrines and the appropriation of the material to the service of their own god. It is characteristic that the oldest mosque which the invaders had here built for their worship—and it does not stand alone, for it has an almost exact counterpart at Ajmere—has been formed by pillars which must have been taken from some ancient temple, probably Jain, for they are covered with Hindu carving and figures which have either been defaced or concealed, fronted by a magnificent gateway, flanked by arches, Musulman in design but Hindu in workmanship ; while over all rises a tower, huge and grand, yet with something barbaric in its very grandeur, the Kutab Minar, whence, at an altitude of 238 feet, the Muezzin could call to prayer. Here we see the religion of the conqueror proclaiming that the religion of the conquered had no right to its own shrines ; that it ought to be expelled from them ; that the symbols it had carved in piety were things idolatrous and abhorrent ; yet we also see the conquerors using the conquered as craftsmen, compelling native skill to work upon foreign designs. These ruins mean, then, that these invaders brought to the country an art alien in its ideal and its associations ; that this art, with the lapse of centuries, grew less barbaric without growing more Indian, became ornate and classic in form while avoiding the shapes and the



figures loved of the Hindu; and that the cities and monuments which this art created must have been built by forced labour, for their quick construction and easy abandonment speak of a service exacted by a power which recognised no right and no justice save the behests of its own will.

Nor are those the most intimate lessons as to the immigrant religion to be learned from these ruins. The mausoleum was a new thing in India; it represented an idea strange and even obnoxious to the Hindus. They burned their dead, which meant that they conceived the use of the body as at an end; it was to have no other life, fulfil no other destiny, and so could at once be resolved into its natural elements. Death was but a single event in the life of the soul, the sloughing of one body that another might be assumed, a stage in an infinite process which reached back into a measureless past and stretched forward into a no less measureless future. But the splendid homes which the Musulmans built for their dead signified that death was not the end of the body, that there was life in its very dust, that the man was not done with it any more than it was done with the man, and that both soul and body would meet again in the eternal judgment. They also signified that the dead still lived, had a personal being which could not be dissolved or lost, and that as the man had been here so was he to be for ever. And the absence of the graven image showed that the God believed in was a God who had no fellow, was too vast to be shaped or symbolised by any device of man; while the word whose texts were everywhere written, carved in the solid stone of temple and tomb, signified that the religion was one of ideas to be believed and of positive laws to be obeyed, rather than of social institutions and customs to be followed. And, finally, as we roamed through these fallen cities, still overawed, as it were, by the lordly tombs of their dead founders and masters, while the palaces they lived in had perished, we saw that these warriors had confessed their faith to be mightier than the sword; though the faith itself was warlike, merciless in its iconoclastic zeal when it faced the homes and the symbols of that native religion which to it was but a worship of lies!

Benares is the sacred city of Hinduism; Delhi and Agra are the cities that most illustrate the historical life of Islam in India (though, of course, neither of them can be localised or studied as mere local cults); and Amritsar, which was our next point, is the seat of another religion, the Sikh. The Sikhs are not a distinct race or family, a community formed by unity of descent and speech, but a society of disciples, a body of believers, a people constituted by a religion. They became warriors because otherwise they could not have lived; unless they had fought the Musulman they would have perished at his hands. Their religion is, in a sense, a synthesis of Islam and Hinduism, rose out of attempts to reform both, has elements it owes to



both, though it can be identified with neither. It may be described as an adaptation of the theistic ideas in Islam to the genius and soil of India, or, conversely, as Hinduism modified by the theistic ideas of Islam. The incorporation of the two changed the parts taken from both, and produced a result which has distinctly enriched our religious history. It originated in an inspired teacher, a Hindu guru charged with the functions of a Semitic prophet; and when the line of the gurus ended the Granth, the Sikh Koran, was enthroned in their place. The Sikh hears and obeys his sacred book, but it is to him no mere letter, a written and closed word, but a being in whom is the breath of life. The Hindu imagination has quickened and personalised it, made it into the immortal guru, who dwells amidst his people, their teacher and guide, receiving their worship, and, as a living voice, responding to their prayers. Every morning he is called from sleep and reverently carried in procession to his hall of audience, the temple, where he is to be found daily, surrounded by his court, with ministers to wait upon him and musicians to amuse him, while he admits his people to the presence and solemnly, when the word is opened and read, discloses to them his mind and will. Nightly he is carried back to his chamber, laid to rest, and left to his divine repose. And so the prophet dies not; he is, as it were, the voice of god broken into eternal speech. But though the Sikh has become a disciple of his immortal guru, he has not ceased to be a Hindu. He knows no caste, for how could a brotherhood of believers be built on the distinction of blood and descent? Yet the cow to him is sacred; to kill it is to do a most unholy thing. And so the man who wears on his feet shoes made from the skin of the sacred beast cannot be admitted into the temple; he must leave them at the gate. But the Sikh here shows how rigour and laxity dwell together in the conscience concerned with religion. We had to put our shoes from off our feet, but as we passed round the pool of immortality, in the middle of which the golden temple stands, we found a Hindu who had erected his altar to Vishnu and was worshipping before the emblems of his god; and another, an ascetic, bearing upon him the marks of Siva, engaged in his devotions; while certain of the musicians who played in the divine presence were said to be of the faith of Islam. The marble of which the temple was built, with its curious and beautiful inlaid work, was suggestive of another art and architecture than the Hindu. The Musulman, when he took from the temple of the idolator material for his mosque, set an example the Sikh followed; and he spoiled the mausoleum of the hated Moghul that he might build a fit home for the divine voice. Religion has indeed been the passion of India; in it and through it she has suffered the baptism of fire and of death. At Sikandra, where the mighty Akbar lies buried, they show you beautiful groined and



painted ceilings blackened with smoke—the smoke of pigs which victorious Jāts had roasted in the hour of victory to express their scorn for the Musulman and his religion; and the Hindu will show you temples where the Moslem, in the insolence of hate, had slaughtered the sacred cow, or where he had defaced the divine image or symbol. And the Sikh was a true child of his land and race; he plundered his foe that he might honour his god, and he considered that what most insulted his enemy's deity was most agreeable to his own.

Lahore is but a step from Amritsar, and there one may study the interaction of the native and the newer English mind. The services in the Punjab can boast great deeds and great names, and still thrill to their touch; and here one can note the statesmanship of some of our Empire-builders, men like John Lawrence and Charles Aitchison, of whom we have no need to be ashamed. And the most considerable contribution to contemporary letters made by the Anglo-Indian community was made from Lahore; and though Kipling is not a Thackeray, yet he is much more completely a product of his time and place, with a temper and imagination more characteristic of the Englishman who has lived with the services abroad, than of the Englishman who has been bred amid the humanities at home. The native community has had, however, too many upheavals, military, political, and religious—some being of comparatively recent date—to be under a reign of caste and custom quite as rigorous as prevails in the South and East. The Arya Samaj is strong, and is a much more conservative body than the Brahmo Samaj; yet conservative is a relative term, and what would appear re-action in Bengal may seem radical reform in the Punjab. For the Hindus, here outnumbered by Mohammedans who have still the temper of the ruling race, have developed a severe tenacity of Vedic beliefs; yet have been unable to resist the modifying power of the atmosphere which the Musulman and the Christian have combined to create. Hence the men of the Arya Samaj, learning from these two the advantage of restricting authority to the oldest and simplest parts of their sacred literature, have tried to turn the Rigveda into a sort of Bible or Koran; and have attempted to find in it a monotheism which was lost in the later mythology, and a doctrine of transmigration which enables them to claim continuity with Hinduism. Yet the most conservative change which seeks to adapt an old body to new conditions is a step towards revolution. The native mind is always most susceptible when it appears most hostile, and assimilates largely where it means to resist to the uttermost. And so the Arya Samaj tends to dissolve the very system it would fain conserve.

The Punjab and Rajputana are neighbours, but the religious and social distance between the two would be hard to measure. The Rajput States are the most distinctively Hindu in all India; the



people are tenacious of their religion and its customs, proud of their blood, their history, their social order, and their independence, shadowy though it be. The Mohammedan has but a feeble foothold in the land, and so Hinduism has developed here more according to its own genius than in the provinces where Islam has been mighty. In Jaipur, indeed, we have the most modern of native cities, founded by a crafty king in 1728, with broad streets and stuccoed fronts, and a great palace which has won the rapturous praise of Sir Edwin Arnold. But if modernity has made its home in Jaipur, romance dwells in the ancient seat of the race, the forsaken city of Amber. High up among the hills it stands, its houses and temples clinging to the face of the rock, out of which they seem to grow, while over all towers the palace, forsaken, save for an occasional royal visit, like the city, with its marble courts and mirrored rooms empty and forlorn. From the palace windows we can look down into the lake, which reflects the city and the hillsides, and along the pass by which alone the city is approached, and survey the fortifications which girdle the hills and of old made security doubly secure. The old and the new cities are not related here as at Delhi; they do not mean that the dynasty which ruled above was vanquished by a dynasty which built below. The change represents the transition from a military or feudal to a more industrial State. The men who ruled in the rock-bound fortress cultivated the art of war, and lived by the plunder of the plains; the monarch who built the new city designed to cultivate the arts of peace. He saw that in the struggle with Imperial and Mohammedan Delhi they opened a surer way to victory than war. And history has justified his wisdom; the Moghul has ceased to govern, but the native dynasty still reigns in Jaipur. Yet though his people walked into his new city and forsook their ancient home, the most conservative of human instincts would not be denied; religion clung to Amber. The place centuries had held holy could not be suddenly wiped from the memory; and though strong towers and palaces have turned to desolation, there are shrines still frequented where pilgrims bring their offerings, and are shriven of their sins. But the most significant fact is this—the shrine which gives dignity to the deserted city is not the seat of a Vedic or Brahmanical, but of an aboriginal or, so to say, vernacular cult, older than the Rajput Supremacy, the worship of Kali, in which a goat is daily sacrificed in place of the man who had once been the offering. The Brahman may minister in the temple, but the worship which, as nearest to the heart of the people, most persistently survives is in origin and spirit theirs, not his. Significant, in a quite opposite sense, is a sect peculiar to Jaipur State, the Dadu Panthi, a sect of preachers and warriors, men who are at once saints and soldiers, celibates who maintain their force by adopting those who are to be their sons

and successors. Their founder, Dadu, born 1544, was a reformer who rejected polytheism, idolatry, and caste, and formed a band of disciples who itinerated and preached, and wrote books. He denounced images, which were no more gods than a figure made of paper with a crown on its head was a king. God was the Father of all men, and the men he made were all brothers. To forget him was sin, and only by departing from sin could we please him. Dadu would be neither Hindu nor Mohammedan, but a moral man. Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva had themselves once on earth worshipped the one God; and he was the only being men ought to worship. He was the husband, the soul was the wife, who longed for his coming. "Sweet is my beloved to me, and when he appears I will embrace him." The warrior saints of Dadu still survive, Hindus without Hinduism, Monotheists apart from Islam; yet with a militant character suggested by the one, and an ascetic spirit and celibate ideal which would probably filtrate through the other from Buddhism. Yet though Dadu did not love the priest or his methods and his gods, the Brahman still flourishes in Jaipur, and is in wealth and lands the equal of the noble and the king.

But in Udaipur the old order of Hindu society can be perhaps better studied than in any other part of Rajputana. Amid its hills the Mohammedan met with the fiercest resistance he anywhere encountered, and the men clung the more to the customs and the faith they and their wives so often died to defend. Of all the regions we visited it made the most powerful appeal to the historical imagination. The place looked a very home of romance; and it was what it seemed. Thrice had its ancient fortress-city of Chitor been stormed by the Mohammedan, and thrice had its women immolated themselves rather than fall into his lustful hands. After its last storming the people returned no more, but built them a city in a more sheltered place, where they could by dwelling in quiet dwell in safety. It would not be easy to find a lovelier spot than Udaipur. We shall not readily forget the days we spent there: the green and well-watered valley; the hills which lend to it grandeur, and whose dark sides glow in the purple sunlight; the lake, which smiles to the heaven whose radiancy makes a glory upon the waters; the palace, which gives a dignity to its banks and forms a fine contrast to the dark woods that line the opposite shore; the old civilisation which had here crept to its utmost limit and touched the ruder life of the ancient hill-man—the Bhil, who here dwells on the very skirts of the Brahmans, unassimilated and unsubdued. But the State has a significance and an interest independent of its home. Its head, the Maharana, represents the oldest and most honoured royal line in all India. He only can boast that no daughter of his house has ever wedded the hated Mohammedan and defiled the purity of the sacred line. He springs of the old solar race, the blood of the divine



Rama flows in his veins, and makes himself divine. Hence come certain peculiar functions. He is worshipped because of his descent. But more remarkable than the deity in him is the priesthood. There are sacred functions he only can discharge, a temple where he is supreme priest. Of course this is explained by a legend which makes an ancestor of his a favoured nursling of the Brahman who guarded and ministered at the shrine, and who transferred to him his powers. But the function did not come in so arbitrary or accidental a way; it is a survival, a reminiscence, fitly preserved by the oldest and the purest of all the royal races in India, of the time when the king was also the priest, and the sacred office could be filled by men other than those of Brahmanical blood. It is again significant that he serves Mahadeo under a symbol—the lingam—which may be aboriginal, but is not Vedic; custom is here older than literature, and the hand potent to change what is written may be helpless against what is observed. We shall hope that so ancient a function, which has withstood the levelling hand of time, the plastic force of the mythical fancy, the transforming action of the Brahman, and the destructive fury of the Moslem, may not perish before the rigour of the British rule, which may the more tend to inflexible uniformity in the social order that it is so tolerant in matters of religion.

It is not possible to continue these sketches into Southern India, as there our time was briefer, the places visited were few, and fewer still were the opportunities of observation. This we deeply regretted, as we wanted to see the great seats of religion in the south, to study the action of the Brahman on the Dravidian, and of the Dravidian on the thought, the worship, and the social order of the Brahman, as well as to observe the form and effects of both the older and the more recent Christian missions. But speaking only in the most general way, I may say we were struck with the difference between the southern and the northern races, and the as marked differences between the men of the eastern and those of the western sides of the peninsula. The causes of these differences are many. The men of non-Aryan blood in the south were more capable, more cultivable, more able to hold their own in matters of art and thought against the Aryan immigrants than those of the north. The Aryans, too, came late, and in comparatively small numbers, into the south, and as colonists rather than as tribes or peoples or migrating States. Then the Mohammedan, though for centuries a strong political power, was never a rooted and efficient religious force; while the success with which the rival Mohammedan kingdoms annihilated each other supplied the condition favourable to independent Hindu development. And it is here where the causes which distinguish the men of the western provinces from those of the eastern may be found. The men who first overthrew the exhausted Mohammedan



kingdoms of the south and then broke down the empire at Delhi were the Marathas, but the Marathas were organised and made into a State and engine of war by the Brahmans of Poona. The Poona Brahman is in character and mind more akin to the Musulman of Delhi or Lahore than to the Brahman of Benares—*i.e.*, his qualities are more those of a race which has fought and ruled than those of a race which has thought and studied and taught. He has rather the temper of the camp than of the school, more the spirit of the forum than of the temple. In Madras both the physical and the historical conditions have been kindlier, caste character is less strongly marked, there is more social freedom, a keener intellectual and intenser public life, more vivacity and openness of mind, due perhaps to longer exposure to western influences and the less violent form they assumed to the Hindu in the east than in the west. For we ought not to forget that the foe of the English on the eastern side was a Moham-medan Power, but on the western a Hindu. Whatever the causes of the difference we could not but admire the freedom and flexibility and active rationality of mind in Madras; the public life seemed healthy and wholesome. In no place were we so impressed with the high tone and argumentative power of the native press. I speak mainly of the principal Hindu organ, and can honestly say that it seemed to me patriotic, of course, both in its political and in its religious views, but in purpose just, and in expression never wilfully mean. Its criticism could hardly be other than helpful to a government which wanted to rule in the spirit of freedom and justice.

This paper has been occupied with what we may call general and first impressions; but I hope to return soon to weightier and more specific questions. Even this rapid external sketch will have made evident the impossibility of applying formal Western categories to Eastern races and religions. The rise of differences in belief and worship, though constant and rapid, is not so remarkable as their incorporation into what may be described as a body with a common structure but without any community of life—*i.e.*, any life which has a common seat and a uniform quality. Hinduism, indeed, is not a single religion, but a huge encyclopædia of distinct and independent worships; it is not a unity either of thought or custom, but an immense multiplicity of sects and their observances. It may be described as the amalgam of all the religious ideas and usages of all the Indian peoples through all their past. To no two classes in no two places is it exactly the same thing. Its one permanent and distinctive feature is its social order; where caste is Hinduism is, where caste is not Hinduism will not condescend to be. Grant this fundamental institution, and it will be tolerant beyond the wildest occidental dream of toleration. It spreads not by the conversion of individuals, but of tribes or peoples. Its unit is not the person but the



family; for the individual it has no place, with him it can do nothing, and for him it does not care; but the family, or the aggregation of families which we term caste, is to it all in all. It is more by his fulfilment of his domestic duties, his fidelity in his paternal functions and obligations, than by his ritual conformity that a man's orthodoxy is judged. Hinduism is neither a philosophy, nor a particular worship, nor a belief, nor any specific theology, but simply caste. Of course, caste may carry with it most of these other things, but not in any uniform or authoritative shape. There are various philosophies, but they are concerns of the school; there are many worships, but they are affairs of the temple or the shrine; there are an infinity of beliefs, but they are conditioned by time and place; there are a multitude of theologies, but they belong to the sect. The one thing inviolable and universal is caste; it fixes the lines within which a man must walk, the customs he must observe, the social laws he must obey, the means by which he must earn his living. It is at once ubiquitous and invincible, has lived amid the wars and divisions of States, keeping the people one while the kingdoms were a multitude; it has continued and spread in the face of linguistic and racial differences, and has thriven by means of the agitations and controversies that have in Europe created heresies and schisms. But the one thing caste will not allow to be touched is the family; its omnipotence lies in its power to isolate the individual and reduce him to a condition of more absolute helplessness than could ever be experienced by any solitary in any solitude—the helplessness of living in a teeming world which has no place for him, and where he is known of no man. This is a power which may grow, but which could not be made; which the conversion of individuals may do more to confirm and define than to change; and which can be dissolved only by a process as gradual and as inexorable as the process which formed it.

Islam is in almost every respect the antithesis of Hinduism. It is a violent and inflexible individualism; in it the man is everything, and the family only in and through the man. By it the subordination and isolation of woman was introduced into India. The harem supplanted the household. With it came, too, a special type of empire, an empire that reposed on alien ideas, and contended against all that was to India native and historical. The men of Islam were strong through their faith, and accomplished marvellous things, created new arts, new ideals, a new faith, and a new political order. Their empire forced India to conceive, if not to feel, itself a political unity; but the unity in the only form the Mohammedan could conceive it, that of an imperial will, speedily broke up, or, rather, broke down in the very process of being realised, because of its repugnance to the system, at once social and religious, which the peculiar Hindu genius had created as the body and basis of its own historical life. There is

nothing even in the career of Islam more remarkable than its conquest of India, more marked by strength of will and military capacity, unless, indeed, it be the success which attended the missionaries who there preached its word; but there is nothing more tragic than the decay which came upon the power, and the corruption which overtook the word it had preached. The Hindu had conquered the Musulman before Britain had sent a single soldier against him; and Hindu customs had made grievous inroads into the simplicity and the severity of Moslem observances. Caste had established itself in certain of their societies, and the curious phenomenon had begun to make its appearance of communities Mohammedan in belief, but Hindu in social law and usages. There are things that armies and empires can never change, though they can change both empires and armies; and the deepest of these are the beliefs, the customs, and the order of an old and historical society—in a word, its religion.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

## THE SEAMY SIDE OF "IMPERIALISM."

EVER since the Queen's "Diamond Jubilee" "Empire-builders" have been having a high old time, which has grown still higher and older since the great *coup* of Omdurman. The representatives and reproductions of Mammon, Nebuchadnezzar, Mrs. Jellyby, and Mr. Pecksniff, of greed, glory, "telescopic philanthropy," and cant; the people who want to add field to field and province to province, Egypt to India, the Soudan to Egypt, China to the Soudan, and anything else we can seize to China, to "peg out claims" and secure "open doors" *ad infinitum*, anywhere and at any cost; the people to whom it is a positive intoxication to think of "an Empire whose drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the globe with an unbroken chain of martial airs," and who delight to say with their prototype, "Is not this Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?"—forgetting that the boaster whom they copy had to come to grief and grass before he came to his senses; the "Borriboola-Gha" people, whose "eyes are in the ends of the earth," and who are not complementarily described in the source of the quotation, to whom the conversion of home heathens and the civilisation of home savages are dreary and insipid occupations compared with doing the same things among even more repulsive aliens, provided they are thousands of miles away and have never been seen by their Quixotic benefactors; the more or less consciously insincere people who profess that their real aim in depriving coloured races of their tribal or national independence is to work out what they call their "destiny"—which they seem to have ascertained in ways unknown to ordinary mortals—by getting the chance of "educating" their victims, of delivering them from oppressors, and securing them the

blessings of peace and justice, and not appreciably or at all to increase our wealth at their expense, or pamper our vainglory by the annexation of their territory, a view of matters credible, perhaps, to "simple Simons" or "the Marines," who are curiously assumed to be more gullible than other sections of the population, but not to average men of the world—all these classes of people have been swaggering about for months past, brandishing the Imperial sword and beating the Imperial drum, giving so-called "Little Englanders" many bad quarters of an hour, and declaring that the suns of Peel and Cobden and Gladstone have respectively set for ever, while the star of Beaconsfield is in the ascendant, flaming in the forehead of the morning sky.

Such proceedings are not surprising on the part of inheritors and avowed champions of the Beaconsfield tradition; and it is well to bear in mind what, for them, Imperialism means. A well-known man of letters, with many bright qualities, to whom the Government has assigned its best prize in the literary Pension List, has, *à propos* of the Jubilee, put the matter very vividly:

"The British Empire," he says, "is by way of realising the fact that it is the greatest and the strongest which the world has seen. . . . We have renewed our old pride in the Flag, our old delight in the thought of a good thing done by a good man of his hands, our old faith in the ambitions and traditions of the race. . . . To the national conscience, drugged so long and so long bewildered and bemused, such men as Rhodes and Kitchener are heroic Englishmen. The one has added some hundreds of thousands of square miles to the Empire, and is neck-deep in the work of consolidating what he has got, and of taking more. The other is wiping out the great dishonour that overtook us at Khartoum, at the same time that he is 'reaching down from the north' to Buluwayo, and preparing the way of them that will change a place of skulls into a province of peace. . . . The Minister who essayed to famish the Services would find no following now. We have made our Navy the greatest ever made—though not yet great enough, we think, for the work in front of it. Our Army, ridiculously depleted, is bettering and getting more efficient year by year, and we are resolved that the bettering shall go on, and the efficiency shall be increased, as increase it should. . . . We are not one of the 'dying nations'—we! Our tradition is alive once more; our capacities are infinite. . . . It is written, or so it seems, that the world is for one of two races, and of these the English is one."

Russia, of course, is the other visible to the seer's prophetic eye; and he closes the vision with this exhortation:

"Let us English, then, consolidate—consolidate—and still consolidate. History repeats itself. And, in proportion as we 'respect the future,' accordingly as we are found preparing for the inevitable Pharsalia, so shall the question, which of the twain shall come forth Caesar, be answered."

There you have Imperialism at its frankest and best. "Be faithful to the 'ambitions and traditions of the race,' of the Vikings and Norman William and Strongbow, of Clive and Hastings and the



Rovers of the Spanish Main—all 'good men of their hands,' whose great object, of course, was not conquest, or plunder, or slaves, or the better housing of the marauding classes, but the holy one of 'changing places of skulls into provinces of peace.' You have the strength of a giant—'your capacities are infinite'—use it as a giant. Knock down every rival, partly for the love of it and to keep your hand in, and chagrin your and his neighbours by the sight of the international land-grabbing champion's belt still in your glass case, and partly to rifle his pockets while he is on his back. You are quite safe. 'Robbery with violence' is merely a municipal offence. 'There's never a law of God or man goes North of Fifty-three,' nor South of it. Play Alexander the Great, play world-devouring Rome, play Jenghiz Khan, play Timour the Tartar, play Napoleon—only better, play the devil—only worse; then with those 'infinite capacities' of yours 'smash' Russia at 'Pharsalia,' or 'Armageddon,' or wherever else you have the chance, and finish up by annexing the planet for yourself and your relations. Only, in the interests of cosmical morality, deny that you have done all this from cupidity or inability to see any good bargain go past you, or from sheer delight in fighting, or the glory of 'whipping creation' and humiliating it by letting it see and feel that you can; and declare, with all the solemnity that upturned eye and uplifted palm can convey, that your real and sole object all through has been to 'change places of skulls into provinces of peace' and every Golgotha into a Paradise, and that to secure that end you have been obliged forcibly to prevent all incompetent though would-be peace-and-Paradise-making nations—that is, all nations except you—from attempting a task in which they can only fail." Such is logical Imperialism, working Jingoism, as expounded by one of its chief hierophants, and it is simply splendid—from its own point of view.

The "stricken field" of Omdurman and the "Fashoda incident," and the wild and militant clamour which arose over them, alarmed me into the belief that this Beaconsfieldian Imperialism, or Jingoism, had found its way into quarters where I had hitherto supposed it was an unwelcome stranger, and had even reached the inmost *penetralia* of the Liberal or Radical party, of which I am a humble member. I had followed my leaders—self-appointed, by the way, not democratically chosen, except, of course, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—in all their opposition to the invasion of the Soudan; but, to my astonishment, when that most unjustifiable expedition had become a military success, and this extensive wilderness, so very moderately appraised by Lord Cromer, had become ours by "right of conquest," they all, with one consent—with the doubtful exception of Sir William Harcourt and the undoubted exception of Mr. John Morley—began to glorify the Sirdar's victory as at once a suitable vengeance for Gordon's death, although exacted against people who had never seen



or known, far less injured, Gordon, and a great opportunity for diffusing Christianity and English civilisation. I could not help feeling that if these were sufficient reasons for justifying the conquest after it had taken place, they were also sufficient to have made the attempt at it proper, or even imperative, and I was thrown into a state of mental bewilderment that was truly painful. Of course there were distinctions drawn between a "pinchbeck" and a silver, a "bastard" and a legitimate Imperialism; but I confess they did not give me much relief. I reflected that if the Imperialism in question were a bad and anti-Liberal thing in itself, it did not matter greatly whether it were expressed in terms of real or pretended metal. I noticed also that the difference between bastard and legitimate is purely formal and legal, and that, in point of actual nature, both are of the same blood, and, if that blood be evil, the legitimate may well be a worse thing than its nominal antithesis. In this state of perplexity, accordingly, I welcomed an article on Imperialism which appeared in the March issue of this REVIEW from the pen of my parliamentary colleague and fellow-Liberal, Mr. J. Lawson Walton, Q.C., who represents a division of Leeds. Here, if anywhere, I felt that I should get a trustworthy definition and defence of Imperialism as held by the official mind of the Liberal party. Mr. Walton has not hitherto held office under a Liberal Government, but I have noticed that he enjoys the confidence of the ex-Cabinet, and that they often entrust to him the raising in the House of delicate and difficult questions which it is convenient should have the appearance of coming from a private member. This, it need hardly be said, he has always done with the conspicuous ability and eloquence which have won him his high position at the Bar; and the essay to which I have referred is a very eloquent production, approaching in certain passages that style of oratory which is often considered specifically American, and, for some reason or another, is associated with the conception of the "spread eagle." I have studied it with much respect and care, but feel bound to say that if, as seems likely, Mr. Walton's account of Imperialism is that which prevails in the headquarters of Liberalism, it has a larger number of Beaconsfieldian features about it than seems desirable to such a Liberal as myself, and I think that in this matter I share the views of a considerable number of much better Liberals than I am. Of course it is only as one of a class that I have any claim to a hearing.

My excellent colleague analyses the mental state of an Imperialist into the four elements of an emotion, a conviction, a determination, and a creed. The Liberal Imperialist's emotion is a "profound pride in the magnificent heritage of empire won by the courage and energies of his ancestry." I must confess this is not how the spectacle of the Empire affects me. There is as much of regret as of pride in my

feeling about it. That our "ancestry" showed a great deal of courage and energy in conquering the vast and various countries and huge populations that make up the Empire is certain, and there is ground of gratification and hope in having come of such a stock. It may be easier on that account to be courageous and energetic when necessary than if one had, as it were, to be constantly creating the courage and energy by new and deliberate efforts of volition. But I am afraid our ancestors brought other and less admirable qualities to bear on the formation of the Empire. There was the initial and irremediable injustice of depriving the subjugated peoples of their freedom, and our past record is not unstained by tyranny, cruelty, and fraud. Is our present rule everywhere free from oppression and demoralising influences? Where it does make for peace and order, are the "silent, sullen peoples" contented and happy? Are we really making them strong and self-reliant? Or are we enervating them and rendering them less capable of standing alone? Might it not have been to their benefit had we not interfered in their historical development? Have we not trampled out of existence long results of time that might have told with advantage on the evolution of the race? Would Japan have been in a better way to-day had we annexed it, instead of leaving it to grow as nature would have it, and assimilate such parts of our own and other Western civilisations as it is able to adopt?

If my pride in the Empire is somewhat dashed by its history, the discouragement is not made up for by disadvantages to which it exposes the Kingdom and our own highest progress. It notoriously involves us in an enormous expenditure of money and service which is seriously marring our own civilisation and prosperity. This is a consideration which especially concerns Liberalism, whose great work for a century has been the political emancipation of the masses of the people. That work, though still incomplete, both theoretically and practically, is nevertheless in an immensely advanced position. It was mainly valuable as a means to an end—that end being, of course, the improvement of the condition of the people. Improvement has, no doubt, been effected in liberty, in physical comfort, in more and better food and clothing. But the "condition of the people" question is still in a very backward state. Ignorance, vice, crime, poverty, overcrowding, semi-civilisation, positive barbarism, are disastrously abundant. The standard of popular civilisation is all over much too low, in certain social strata infinitely too low. Something on a far larger scale than now exists has to be done to bridge over the gulf between the cultured few and the uncultured or semi-cultured many. There should be nobody in this country who has not what is as far as nature makes it possible thought necessary to keep a clean



water in a brutalised condition lest they should be above their work. No labour comes amiss to an instructed mind. A population redeemed from intellectual and therefore to a large extent from moral degradation, by a strengthening and enlightening educative discipline, literary, scientific, technical, would solve for itself many problems, social and industrial, which an empirical legislation, beginning at the wrong end and groping in the dark, is now vainly endeavouring to settle, and really surrounding with new difficulties and entanglements.

This raising of the standard of popular civilisation I do not regard as either Quixotic, extravagant, or unattainable. It seems to me the highest function of the State, and peculiarly the charge of Liberalism, in its assertion of essential human rights. If it is worth having education at all, it is worth having it thorough. But it would require immensely more and better husbanded money than we are spending on it at present—none too wisely or effectively, it may be feared, either as regards standard or compulsion. But this we cannot get, because we must have huge armaments to secure our overgrown Empire against neighbours whom we have infected with our megalomaniac possession, and Chancellors of the Exchequer are driven to their wits' end to find what is wanted. In this matter, as in others only next to it in importance, it looks as if the Empire were going far to throttle the Kingdom. And not only is it doing so as regards money, but as regards enthusiasm and work as well. The Ganges and the Nile draw off civilising energy from the Thames and the Clyde, where it is more clamantly and rightfully in demand, if charity does indeed begin at home. The attention of Parliament and the sympathies of the nation are continually being diverted from great questions of Home interest to Oriental complications or the brawls of African savages. It has repeatedly happened to myself that no sooner have I set myself to master some educational, industrial, Church, or land question than a fresh Blue-Book comes in from China or the equator, and I must inquire how its contents affect our relations with Europe or America, and national problems must go to the wall. In such circumstances I must be pardoned if I view the Empire with a modified admiration. I have little pride in owning a white elephant.

Besides an "emotion," Mr. Walton's Imperialist has a "conviction." He is "convinced that the discharge of the duties of his great inheritance has an educational influence and a morally bracing effect on the character of the British people, and that the spread of British rule extends to every race brought within its sphere the incalculable benefits of just, liberal, and considerate government." If the this without very large qualifications, which may save him trouble in the and his important errors. Granted



their right to be there at all, British law and government may easily be expected to make a better show than those of an aboriginal race, although native customs, where not absolutely anti-human, may be better for the people affected than a system that is nearer the ideal. But everything depends on administration. The British judge may usually be trusted. The British governor and his staff are the better for having the eye of public opinion on them. But the British trader and financier needs a very great deal of looking after indeed. He exploits the native in many ways. He "conveys" his acres. He sells extensively to him a maddening poison under the name of gin, and then "expansionists" boast that trade is "following the flag" and going up "by leaps and bounds." So is the death-rate. He exacts forced labour from him when he can and dares. Sir R. Martin's Report on the South African risings showed that plainly enough. I should like more information about the military labour arrangements under which the Soudan railways are now being constructed. One hears every now and then of tortures inflicted on native labourers by British masters. The most recent is the case of a Westralian squatter J.P., who escaped with a light penalty for mercilessly and repeatedly flogging an indentured aboriginal; and no doubt many similar cases escape detection. In Pemba and Zanzibar their views on slavery are crude. High authorities at home seem to be of opinion that a fugitive slave may return to slavery if he likes. That is not a British idea. We should forbid a man here to enslave or re-enslave himself as *pessimi exempli*.

As to "tolerant trade," my learned fellow Liberal and those who think with him must not speak too vauntingly. We have failed to secure it even for ourselves in our great self-governing colonies, New South Wales having apparently surrendered it as a condition of federation, and Canada having granted only an instalment. In our military empire, a bad beginning has been made in India, where, to enrich landlords of cane-sugar estates—for, as everybody, except, perhaps, Sir Howard Vincent, and probably Lord George Hamilton, knows, it is only the land-owning class who ever ultimately gain by Protection—the whole population is by our despotic decree to have the price of so important a food as sugar raised against it. The argument that, by destroying foreign bounties, a victory is won for Free-Trade principles is really too ingenious. I desire the spread of truth everywhere, but to ask me to pay a new sugar tax to paralyse the action of an economic heresy in foreign countries, which is highly profitable to me, and to do this against their convictions and wishes, is drawing too largely upon my altruism, and is simply Quixotic. It is not even spreading economic truth, for truth is only spread where it is intelligently believed. In fact, with the exception of the Crown colonies and possessions, the Empire has now become a huge protectionist institute, maintained and defended by us at enormous expense and the sacrifice

of the best interests of the great masses of our own people, for the purpose of destroying by teaching and example those doctrines of Free Trade which are, beyond dispute, the main factor in our great commercial prosperity. With this new Indian protectionist propaganda, approved by the Viceroy and the Indian Secretary, apparently endorsed by Mr. Balfour in name of the Government, an overwhelming Tory majority might at any moment set up the beginnings of an exclusive tariff system, which might spread with the rapidity of an American hotel or palace fire; and the Powers, who did not meddle with our seizure of Egypt, very much, no doubt, because they thought we were certain to keep an "open door" for their trade, may have something to say to us when they find that long-disused piece of commercial carpentry slammed in their faces. It would require a good deal of that "educational influence and morally bracing effect on British character," which Mr. Walton says Liberal Imperialists of his type are convinced is exerted by the discharge of "Imperial duties," to reconcile me to the disenchanting dangers that seem to be associated with the possession of Empire.

Of course, our dealings with the races we have conquered have inevitably had, and will have, an "educational influence" on our national character, but whether it is exclusively of a "morally bracing" description is another matter. Take the mode in which the Empire generally has been acquired, excepting, perhaps, the larger part of the Australasian section. Look at how we have seized the Soudan—and it is merely a repetition of what we have often done before. Lord Salisbury blurts out the truth, in what I may call a brutal way, when he says it is ours by "right of conquest"; and that is our international position in the matter at present. As to our "sharing" the fruits of conquest with Egypt, gravely set down in the Convention, nobody is likely to be taken in by that. In other respects Lord Salisbury does not indulge in cant. One set of apologists profess that they were so shocked at the Khalifa's "barbarous and bloody despotism" that they thought and think it necessary to exterminate him and his Dervishes. If that was really all they were after, why are they staying on permanently as rightful masters? The natural course, from a Liberal point of view, would have been to leave the people whom they had emancipated to set up a free Government of their own, and pass a vote of thanks to us for our kind, if officious, interference in their affairs. But we claim to have conquered the oppressed as well as their oppressors in the same battle—or *battue*. For his "despotism"—if it was really worse than the ordinary Oriental, or earlier European, including English, type, or than others with which we have never seen it our duty to meddle—we have substituted our own. Clearly it was something else than the emancipation of the native people we wanted. Lord Salisbury does not greatly, or at all, pretend that it was for the



sake of religion and civilisation that he has, with a prodigal and reckless destruction of human life, taken the country from its natural possessors. Perhaps he does not think the Maxim gun a very suitable precursor of the Gospel of Peace, especially as its tendency is to send unregenerated out of the world all the people who seem most in need of conversion, and who are the most civilisable. Perhaps he knows that in India Anglican and other missions have failed to imbue the subtle Hindoo mind with faith in the Thirty-nine Articles in any of the mutually destructive senses in which they are professedly held by their adherents at home, and that, though they have made few Christians, they have made many Agnostics. Perhaps he knows the contempt with which the Mohammedan, with his pure monotheism and rigid abstinences, looks upon us—in so many cases glaring hypocrites, with brazen audacity calling ourselves Christians—as a mere horde of gluttonous and gin-swilling polytheists, and that he is not likely to be proselytised in the Sirdar's "godless" primary school, bombastically called a "college."

Lord Cromer's Report shows that it could hardly have been with the expectation of finding in the Soudan crowds of suitable subjects for that interesting experiment called "tropical civilisation," from which the Colonial Secretary thinks it "selfish" in us to abstain, even to do justice to our own, or of obtaining in that region a land flowing with milk and honey, and irresistibly tempting to annexation and dividend, that Lord Salisbury resolved to take so firm if, as I must also hold, so outrageous a stand upon the "right of conquest." It must have been the evil—or most evil—genius of the Cabinet who managed to change what was at one time undoubtedly its honest intention to quit Egypt at the earliest practicable moment into a resolution to seize the Soudan *per fas aut nefas*, as part of the now famous "wild cat" scheme of the Cape to Cairo Railway, and the ultimate appropriation by us of all the intervening territory. Anyhow, the thing has been done, and done by violence. And not simply violence, but violence accompanied by insincerity and breach of faith. We pretended that we were acting as "trustees" for Egypt, when the intention was, and is, to appropriate the trust estate to our own uses. What else was it that made so many of us willing, if not anxious, to fight France to our last ship and our last battalion over Fashoda? Was it merely a trustee's zeal to do his duty by his *cestui que trust*? No sane trustee ever litigates to his own ruin for the cause. But we were acting really as trustees for ourselves, and ready to enter into any lunatic struggle in behalf of our own dreams of Imperial expansion, fancied gain, and empty glory. We broke our evacuation pledges to the Powers. Perhaps they have condoned the breach—and perhaps not. But we were also pledged to the masses of our own people, much in need of attention, and for



whom also we are "trustees," that if they would wait a little and sacrifice a good deal, until we had secured certain usurious dividends to certain rapacious money-lenders who ought to have been left to the usual fortunes of adventurous contractors, we would return to them and their just claims in a brief space. That was eighteen years ago. We have not returned, and do not mean to. We say that we are the victims of circumstances, and cannot keep our word, but we never explain the circumstances nor how they have victimised us.

As for the Soudan, we have thought, rightly or wrongly, that it was for our own interests to take the country. We felt strong enough to do it, and so we did it, and now we boldly maintain that might is right, and that the weak must go to the wall, like the ancient and invading savage who pointed the ancient and inquiring representative of civilisation to his sword as his title. We have even less excuse than the savage. Gaul and Goth, Hun and Viking, not only did not know any better, but they needed a place, or at least a decent place, to live in, and might have said that necessity knows no law. But we have a very good place to live in. As the emigration statistics show, very few of us want to leave it, and if we do, we are not likely to choose the equator for our terrestrial heaven. But it suits certain of our purposes, and we take it by "right of conquest." Is this the morality of Liberalism or of "Christian" civilisation? It may be "educational," but is it "morally bracing"? Old Fagin was a great "educator," but was he much of a "moral bracer"? The two functions are not always united. And I think it is so here. Our aristocratic, military, and annexing classes have been having a splendid lesson and drill in the violent and unscrupulous and, I will add, ungenerous treatment of the weak and the less fortunate; for to make Egypt pay for our appropriation of the Soudan for our own purposes is to add meanness to lawlessness.

That is the general lesson taught by our military empire. The members of the dominating classes whom we send out to the various conquered races that constitute it, to exercise despotisms in our name, who boast ourselves a nation of freemen and lovers of freedom, learn quickly and fully the despotic temper and the overbearing ways of the petty despot. To a man of democratic spirit there cannot be a more reactionary and intolerable "puppy" than the average Anglo-Indian, unless it be the average member of the permanent Civil Service. But if the weaker classes may be treated despotically abroad, why not the same classes in the same way at home?—is the natural query of the dominating classes here, filled with this more intensified Imperial instinct and spirit. The masses of the people may rely upon it that Empire is no friend of their further emancipation and social elevation, and if they were as highly educated as they should be, they would understand that it is one of the most potent



auxiliaries of that spirit of reaction whose nature it is to return, if in other forms, still in substance, to that system of feudal aristocracy which exploited the weaker classes, and kept them down, and went as near to formally enslaving them as it dared.

The Liberal party took up the cause of the oppressed masses. They said the feudal lord might destroy vermin, and exploit game and domesticated animals at his pleasure; but they drew the line at a man. A man, they said, was sacred; he had primordial rights which must be respected at whatever cost. Even a negro had a right to freedom and property, despite his black skin. On that footing of the rights of man as man they fought the battle of the people, and their toast was civil and religious liberty *all over the world*. But all that is changed now. The Liberal Imperialist holds that man as man has no rights if he is in another country, and is weaker than ourselves, and has anything which the Liberal Imperialist can put in his imperialist but not liberal pocket. Is that man with his divine right of conquest, and gospel of driving the weak to the wall for the gain of the strong, a likely one to fight the battle of the degraded or oppressed at home? The Liberal Imperialist says: "But you know these savages are *such* savages." I answer you out of your own *quondam* creed: "They are men;" and I go further, and say that a London mob of a century and a half ago, and in some respects still, was, and is, a far more degraded collection of barbarous bipeds than the heroic men whom you killed off like rats in thousands at Omdurman—with the applause and benediction of the most distinguished of orthodox divines—merely because they stood in the way of your schemes of ambition or self-aggrandisement. "But," you say, "the conquered races welcome us as their rulers." Do they? Read the "White Man's Burden" again, and ponder what your own favourite bard says of the "silent sullen peoples." Even if it were as you say, it would only prove how successful you had been in degrading them that you had actually brought them down to the point of hugging their chains.

Nowadays, if there is a whisper of some conceivable thousand pounds to be made anywhere, even in such a desert as the Soudan, a thousand firms, financiers, adventurers, and company promoters, will start up out of the Invisible, like Roderick Dhu's plaided clansmen from the heath and fern of the Trossachs, each yelling at the top of a greedy and stentorian voice, "Hooray for a New Market!"—all of them having through stupidity or indolence failed to improve the old ones—and shouting how disgraceful it is that the British workman should be deprived of the lion's share of such unspeakable tropical blessings prepared for him by the hand of bountiful Nature, through the slowness and incompetence of the races in possession; and as it is ridiculous to wait for the action of more regular influences,



insist on the Government, without too punctilious a consideration of national expense, hurrying up a few fleets and armies to enable them to secure the prize, of course as fiduciary intermediaries between it and the working man in question, before foreign claimants can appear on the scene. Although there is only one thing to be had, the terrible clamour made by a thousand people touting for it simultaneously creates the impression that there is really something valuable and important going; and, apparently to meet such an emergency of demand, a distinguished occupant of our Liberal front bench has in effect declared that it is a sound Liberal doctrine that you may set to and conquer a backward race without more ado, and exploit them, if they have anything, provided you civilise them afterwards—by teaching them, I suppose, the Nicene Creed and possibly algebra up to quadratic equations.

In the Middle Ages, Christian people who coveted other people's territories got a regular commission from the Pope to take them, and, armed with this authority, they proceeded with a good conscience to exterminate, in the name of God, all impious aborigines who refused to obey the divine decree, very much as the chosen people did with the Canaanites. But our modern Liberalism requires no authority. You simply go, conquer, take possession, and utilise as you like, paying your way, of course, with "civilisation." But the misfortune is that the Liberal British civiliser, in the given circumstances, cannot pay the price, because he cannot impart a Liberal British civilisation, the primary element of which is that a man is free and can call his soul his own. The old Roman slaves were often taught the liberal arts by masters anxious to improve their property, but the poor creatures could not, of course, call their souls their own, and all that the sharpening of their wits did for them was to make them more conscious of their degradation, but they had no standing in the normal and recognised civilisation of the time; and I say to the Liberal Imperialist who relies on his civilising services to justify his conquering aggressions, "You are not making a civilised man of the Hindoo—often a much cleverer man than yourself—nor will you do any better with the Egyptian, the Arab, or the Soudani. You are not making men of them. You are training them to be permanent babies in leading-strings, able perhaps to read a little and do a few pothooks; but they will never be civilised men, or men at all, until they pick up courage, and kick you out of doors, and pitch your primers and copy-books after you. On your own showing you are a trespasser: you cannot pay the purchase-money which you admit to be due."

In such circumstances, I cannot, as one of the "British people," share the "conviction" of my hon. colleague's typical Imperialist that the discharge of duty to the Empire, after his conception of it, and as

usually effected, must be "a morally bracing educational influence" for me, and not something considerably the reverse. I should tremble for myself, for example, if I found myself sympathising with the Sirdar's decapitation of the Mahdi's corpse and throwing the skeleton into the Nile, a performance more ghastly, to my mind, than even the digging up of Cromwell's body and hanging it on the gibbet at Tyburn after the Restoration. Even though approved by Lord Cromer as a police expedient for preserving social order, I should think that I had reached the very zenith of contempt for the weaker and less civilised classes of humanity if I could acquiesce in such a barbarous trampling upon their undoubtedly genuine religious feelings, and should not feel myself greatly helped by the Sirdar's statement that orthodox Mohammedans were gratified by this treatment of the remains of a Mohammedan Nonconformist. That is the way of the privileged ecclesiastic; but Liberalism has always condemned it—hitherto. An empire that can only be ruled in the spirit of this transaction, or that can tempt its ablest civil and military authorities into such a state of feeling towards its subject classes, excused by saying, "Oh, they're only a lot of wretched Arab Mohammedans," is an empire which I should feel the safer for not meddling with in the normal fashion, as one that, so far from giving a "morally bracing education" to my sense of political duty, might tend to degrade it, and possibly seduce me into despising the masses of my own people and sacrificing their highest interests, or if it did not, would make me regard myself as a sort of international bandit, destined, in a political sense, to leave

"A Corsair's name to other times,  
Linked with no virtue and a thousand crimes."

A different effect would no doubt be produced if I did what seems to me my real duty by the Empire, which, however, I apprehend, my hon. colleague's full-blown Imperialist would scorn, as I fear his "determination" and his "creed," as stated by his expositor, are, if possible, even less to my taste than his "emotion" and his "conviction." These may conveniently be taken together, as, after what I have said already in trying to explain the divergence of view between the orthodox Liberal Imperialist and myself along with those whom I may possibly, however humble, represent, it will not be necessary to say much by way of indicating the remaining points of difference.

The "determination" of our model Imperialist is "to accept readily the burden of inherited dominion, with every development and expansion to which the operation of natural and legitimate causes may give rise," and to use the army and navy in effecting those purposes. As to his "creed," he "believes that the strength and resources of our race will be equal to the weight of any obligations which the sense of duty of our people may call upon our Government to undertake."



which "sense of duty" he no doubt further "believes" would be co-extensive with his own in any supposable case. To call this a "creed" is a neat way of canonising self-confidence. And, indeed, the Imperialist, as drawn by his Liberal eulogist, is a boundlessly self-confident and desperately determined person—a very terrible fellow, in fact, at once an unyielding retentionist and an irrepres-sible and insatiable "expansionist." He will not yield an inch of empire to anybody for any consideration. "The spirit of the people which won empire will never relax the grasp which holds it." Slightly prophetic this, but sufficiently indicating the intention of the Imperialist prophet. Indeed, he prophesies at large, and does not mind though he does not know. "If the time ever comes when we are content to let our dominion slip, or cast it from us, the day of the departure of our country's prosperity will be at hand. We shall have then commenced our mournful, and perhaps inevitable, passage into the region of history and tradition and perished splendour in which reside the great empires of the past." "Horribly beautiful!" as Byron said of the Falls of the Velino, and quite equal to Lord Eldon's prediction that the sun of England would set for ever if the first Reform Bill became law; but what are the facts? Edward I. lost Scotland; we let France "slip"; we virtually "cast" the United States "from us"; yet here we are, with by far the greatest commerce in the world, of which scarcely a fourth, and that proportion diminishing, is with our gigantic and boasted Empire, in spite of the vast additions made to it in comparatively recent times, to the astonishment and perplexity of eager annexationists who believe that "trade follows the flag," as on the Atbara or at the Goktik gorge for instance.

But never mind. Our magnificent friend can still protest against "laying down the burden of empire in order to retire into the insular security of a little England in the Northern Seas." This seems a little rough on the "Northern Seas." They are really very respectable and sometimes formidable waters, and have seen memorable things, especially the collapse of a mighty empire, once as proud as ours, but which perished through grasping at too much. Then why "little" England? Is greatness measured by bulk? Athens was greater than Australia, because it was morally and intellectually greater. There is more true greatness within two miles radius of the British Museum than in the whole of Asia; and England, lifted up to the height of a universally diffused civilisation, higher than the world has yet seen, would be really greater than the present Empire of which she is the overburdened and not over-fortunate centre. And even as to mere extent, her ships, combatant and commercial—floating sections of herself—would still be in every sea and visiting every port, and no sensible nation would seek to injure its best customer.



Ah! but "a little England will tend to produce Little Englanders." Was it not a "little England," however, that produced the founders of the alleged "great England"? But who has proposed to "lay down the burden of empire" in these absolute and unconditional terms? We cannot decently throw off at once the conquered peoples whom fate or folly has thrown on our hands. As our Imperialist says, we have inherited an estate, and we must perform a landlord's "duties." But even a landlord is not all duty, and if his estate is proving a ruinous concern, he will try to diminish or get quit of the liabilities of it in a proper way. And if our Empire is becoming too much for us—and it looks like it, when, with the most enormous income on record, we cannot, on account of its demands, honestly pay our way, even though we sacrifice the infinitely more clamant rights of our own people—or if it threatens to keep us for an indefinite vista of time in false positions, politically and otherwise, are we to go on for ever, without chance of relief or attempt at change? If we absolutely cannot go on, we shall, of course, have to stop at the point of impotency. If morally we cannot go on, we ought to stop, and consider how we can extricate ourselves.

But no; our model Liberal Imperialist will hear of no mitigation of the "burden," no compromise of the difficulty. Instead of "contracting" the Empire under necessity, or at least stopping further expansion, he is for going on expanding, not only where "necessary"—a necessity of which he is certain to be very easily persuaded—but expanding for expansion's sake. Hear him. He "accepts readily"—some of us do very reluctantly—"the burden of Imperial dominion, with every development and expansion, &c., *ut supra*." "Where is the 'Little Englander,'" says this 'Bloated Englander,' "who will find the chair of Canute and say to the rising tide of Imperial expansion, 'Thus far and no farther'? By what standard will he determine the high-water mark of its flow? How can you confine the development of a nation whose capacity grows with its bulk? Are you, by a 'little hoard of maxims,' to preach down the aspirations of the race?" Not likely, thinks our high-reaching and high-flown Imperialist. It is only the "race" itself that can "preach down" its own "aspirations"; and from what our Imperialist has to say about it, the race is not likely to indulge in homilies of that sort, and our Imperialist would evidently be disappointed if it did. He is really sublime about the "race" and its "genius," and its "destiny," and their achievements, results, and prospects. "The basis of Imperialism," it seems, "is race. . . . The genius of the people will find scope in developing and, as duty or legitimate interest demands, in extending its possession"—where duty and "legitimate" interest may be relied on to come up to time when wanted. "The path indicated by the legitimate development of our dominion is the path



we shall tread, because that way lies the genius of the race"; and as the "genius of our race" has the definition of "legitimate" in its own hands, we shall probably do pretty much what we please in the "development of our dominion," and no doubt have the blessing of our delighted Imperialist Mentor on our performances.

Then given the "race" and its "genius," there is no difficulty in deducing our "destiny." Having a certain bent and certain capacities, it is clear that nature or whatever else gave us them meant us to follow our bent, and do whatever our capacities enable us to do. And accordingly "we are Imperialists in response to the compelling influences of our destiny." "Destiny is our mother, and we must take her hand and face the future." Of course. Would you be so wicked as disobey your mother? Besides, you can't; for Mother Destiny has "compelling influences," and so into the "future" you must go—that future, as our Transcendental Imperialist has told us, being one of unlimited "legitimate" development and "legitimate" expansion, you being your own judge of the "legitimate." Into the metaphysics or the ethics of this high doctrine of "destiny" I cannot enter, although I have always understood that both men and nations could and should regulate their "bents" by some standard of right and wrong, or at all events by some rule of ordinary prudence. Following your destiny may lead you into collision with another and stronger destiny, as was discovered, to go no further afield, by the criminal in the venerable chestnut, who pleaded in arrest of judgment that he had been "destined" to do the murder, but found that the judge, as that official put it, had been equally "destined" to hang him.

Being a plain man, not well up in "destiny" matters, I put a plain question to Mr. Walton's Liberal Imperialist. "Can we afford this endless expansion, taking Egypt to secure India, the Soudan to secure Egypt, somewhere else, perhaps Abyssinia, to secure the Soudan, and so on for ever? Where is the money, where are the soldiers and the sailors to come from?" Here our Imperialist falls back on his "creed." He "believes that the strength and resources of our race will be equal to the weight of any obligation," &c., *ut supra*. He admits—a great admission for him—that "we cannot expand beyond the limits of our own powers and resources;" but then he believes us to be "a nation whose capacity grows with its bulk," and that we shall of course be equal to anything we undertake. In short, there is no end to us, whether in men, or money, or whatever else. This is a strong proposition. What are its grounds? Simply that "history has shown us that our resources are developed and our powers stimulated by the expansion of the area of our responsibilities." History has shown us that expansion has so eaten into our resources and drained away our powers that we have never been able to perform our highest



task—the work of raising our own national civilisation. While the Empire is vast and showy, our national education is small and contemptible, and, as the trade statistics show, the Empire fails to replace what it has taken away. We spend a sovereign to get back half a crown, as Sir William Harcourt nutshellously put it. It was Free Trade, not Empire, which gave us the resources with which to maintain Empire. Besides, were it not so, you cannot assume that the future will perpetuate the past. That is not what is meant by history repeating itself.

Our typical Imperialist, indeed, seems rather to regard the diversion to Empire of the resources which ought to go to home civilisation as a good thing. He thinks that "should Britain flinch from the burden of wide and even wider dominion, she may claim to have raised her people in the scale of refinement, but she will have attained those heights of accomplishment at the cost of the sturdy fibre which gave her race its place in history." It is curious that while he does not think "our public schools, 'the playing fields of Eton,'" where some "accomplishment" and "refinement" may be supposed to find a place, inconsistent with the turning out of "the stuff out of which great administrators are made," he should consider the same transformation dangerous for "our non-puritan, pleasure-loving, easy-going—it may be unthrifty—political masters in the great cities, who would say Heaven forbid!" to any proposal for prudently restraining Imperial expansion, and would "course their dogs, fly their pigeons, drink their beer, and play football," I suppose by way of showing their fitness to judge on great questions. I do not believe that "no brain" but "sturdy fibre" in the dog-coursing and beer-swilling, and other sections of the industrial classes, is essential to Britain's "place in history," nor that high education would make diminish an artisan's fitness for the practical any more than that of a frequenter of "the playing fields of Eton." That the masses must remain uncivilised in order to maintain and extend the Empire may be a very proper doctrine in an aristocratic reactionary, but seems strange in a professed champion of the people, and serves to show what too much Empire may do when it goes to a good man's head. It also helps to throw light upon the value of his judgment when he declares that, no matter how much expansion we go in for, we shall always be fit to deal with it, whether as regards money or men, while meeting every proper claim at home. And accordingly when he tells me that I must take the hand of "Destiny," my mother, and face the future, and that in doing so I must advance "in the calm confidence that the qualities which have sustained us through the struggles of our national progress in the past will not desert us in any crisis of our country's fate which may await us in the unknown," I shall require something better than his word to give me this "calm confidence"; I shall count the cost, and

calculate my abilities and probabilities, and not put my hand farther out than I can draw it back.

Most probably I shall do nothing at all. I shall be unfilial enough not to take Mother Destiny's hand. I think we have sacrificed enough for Empire, and that we must make a stand for the sake of the Kingdom. And there is the more need for this that the Liberal Imperialist, as we have been viewing him, is so strong in the Liberal party. Even men who refuse to be called Jingoists say that they will stick to what we have, but will not expand unless compelled. Will they be difficult to compel? The Liberal expansionist was at his greatest in the Fashoda days. If ever Jingo speeches were made in the name of Liberalism, or almost anything else, they were those made by ex-Cabinet Ministers over Fashoda. And no wonder. It was their own policy that was succeeding. It seems clear that when Sir E. Grey made his famous declaration, endorsed by the Liberal Government, the resolution—subsequently carried out, at first reluctantly, by Lord Salisbury—had been formed to make a great Imperial expansion, through worthless Uganda previously and purposely seized, from the Mediterranean to the Cape. That will not be easy to undo. But one can at all events live in the spirit, not of acquiescence, but of protest. For in these days every triumph of expansionism is a rebuff to Democratic Liberalism. Expansionist Imperialism means more Despotism abroad and more Aristocratic recrudescence at home.

R. WALLACE.



## THE SOCIAL NOVEL IN FRANCE.\*

PEOPLE in England are constantly complaining that French novels are not what they were. And that is true: the crop is slighter, and the quality has abruptly varied. "Ye cannot gather grapes of thistles." A few months ago one of the first of French novelists told me how impossible he found it to lose himself in an imaginary world while such ominous rumours fill the streets of Paris. The intricate Chinese puzzle of fashionable psychology seems, after all, a trivial thing compared to the tremendous issues of reality. And if the author feels this, judge of the sentiments of the reader! The effect of the *Affaire Dreyfus* on literature has been the sudden disappearance of the *roman-à-trois*, the old Provençal theme of the married lady, her husband, and her lover. After a brilliant renaissance, after occupying almost the whole area of fiction, this theme has subsided; and if people read and write novels still, to a certain extent, these novels, or at any rate the best of them, have a wholly different motive, interest, and intent.

Only last April, M. Gaston Deschamps, in a brilliant essay, compared this sudden ebb-tide of imaginative literature with a similar phenomenon, of which we possess the record, a century old. In 1785, no less than in 1899, letters in France were stricken dumb; they were dumb because, had they spoken ever so loudly, they would have found no one to listen to them; for every one was aflame for *l'Affaire*; the diligences and "water-coaches" carried to the depths of the provinces the latest details and revelations concerning *l'Affaire*. In the salons of Paris no other subject was mentioned, and to mention *that* was dangerous, provocative of stormy passions. The whole Diplomatic Corps of Europe was in travail of *l'Affaire*. The Cabinet Councils were occupied with nothing else. The butterflies of Ver-

\* A Lecture delivered before the Women's Institute, May 26, 1899.

sailles, and the wiser ants of the profoundest courses of learning and philosophy, were equally impassioned, fevered, and thrown out of their normal round, by the tragic, the fantastic, the scandalous, the impenetrable mysteries of *l'Affaire*. On August 19, 1785, the Prince de Condé writes to the Princess of Monaco: "*Ah! mon cher amour, quelle horreur que cette Affaire! Je m'en doutais bien, c'est une atrocité! Ah! cher amour, quel temps que celui-ci!*"

The *Affaire* was the affair of the Diamond Necklace. Shortly afterwards there was a revolution in France.

In such a crisis, the intrigues of Madame de Moraines, or even of Madame Bovary, will pall upon minds accustomed to more searching problems and more violent sensations. It may be, indeed, that evolution is carrying us beyond the limits of what I have called the Provençal theme. It was Auguste Comte, I think, who first predicted that the art of the future would produce, as its triumph, the sociological poem: that is to say, the work of fiction which shall occupy itself less with the comedies and tragedies of sentiment, or with the incidents of history, than with the gradual evolution of a society. I doubt it. In every state of society the human heart remains the same. And, so far, I believe, almost every novel-reader, in his inmost self, prefers the novel which is a love story. Yet Auguste Comte's ideal novel has begun to exist; it persists and flourishes in despite of our resistance. Nothing is more significant in art. Many of us can remember the coldness, the bewilderment, the sheer boredom, with which the mass of the musical public greeted, some twenty years ago, the epic operas of Wagner. There was then more scorn than homage in the voices that proclaimed the great trilogy the music of the future! Wagner continued none the less to beat out his meaning; and, as I have said, the form of art which, in spite of opposition, exists, persists, insists, is nearly always destined to triumph in the end. Now we are all Wagnerians. In twenty years, perhaps, we may all of us admire *the social novel*.

## I.

As an introduction to a form of art still somewhat harsh and crude and new, we have, by a great good fortune, the masterpiece of a master. We can all read the exquisite satires of M. Anatole France. And yet, no less than "*Les Déracinés*,"\* the unreadable epic of M. Barrès, these delicious pages compose what Comte would have called a sociological poem. The still unfinished series of social studies, which so far consists of "*L'Orme du Mail*,"† "*Le Mannequin d'Osier*,"‡ and the quite recent "*Anneau d'Améthyste*,"§ appear

\* "*The Uprooted*."

‡ "*The Wicker Dummy*."

† "*The Elm Tree on the Mall*."

§ "*The Amethyst Ring*."



under the general title of "Histoire Contemporaine." Contemporary History! The title might serve for almost every important work of fiction which has seen the light during the last four years in France, including (besides the novels of M. Anatole France and M. Barrès) M. Bazin's "La Terre qui Meurt,"\* and two extraordinarily strong, harsh, and vivid studies by a new writer, Edouard Estaunié (a name to remember), called, respectively, "L'Empreinte"† and "Le Ferment."‡ We may extend the title to M. Paul Adam's Napoleonic novel "La Force,"§ and perhaps even to such dramas as M. Octave Aurbeau's "Les Mauvais Bergers,"|| and M. François de Curel's "Le Répas du Lion,"¶ for all of these are, in truth, sociological poems, studies in contemporary history. And we could cite others, such as "Le Sang des Races," the colonial novel of M. Louis Bertrand, which pictures French Algeria, peopled by Spaniards and Maltese. These are the best; and the list, though incomplete, suffices to show the recent growth and the vigour, already mature, of the sociological novel in France.

With the exception of the three volumes by M. France, every book on our list is a novel with a purpose. M. France is as incapable of a purpose as Laurence Sterne himself; his fancy has a myriad eyes, and beams genially to-day on that which it will delicately dissolve to-morrow. No writer was ever more aware of the relativity of things in general. He sees that, taken as a whole, Nature everywhere is much of a muchness. The party which is always in the right; the course of action which is invariably just, disinterested, and intelligent; the country which never causes its truest patriots a pang—these be phantoms due to a limitation of our vision. M. France is a clear-sighted critic: he believes in none of these. And yet, in his latest novels he has taken a side; he has assumed the part of a man of action, almost a leader; he has thrown in his lot with a definite body of men—although, it may be, somewhat in the spirit of M. Renan, who, when asked if he would vote with his party were he elected Senator, replied sagaciously, "Sometimes."

M. Anatole France begins his Contemporary History in 1895. At that time there were not, as there are to-day, two great parties in France engaged in a vital struggle, the one fighting for the maintenance of authority as established, the other striking out for an enlarging of the bounds of liberty. No; four years ago France was in a ferment of inchoate factions. Panama had completed the discredit of the Parliament; and the different fragments of the Republican party held together chiefly through fear of the Socialists and Anarchists, having no common aim or unity of purpose. Disgust of the corruption of politicians had done much to attract the thinking class towards a possible Orleanist monarchy; while the Army was known to be disaffected

\* "The Decay of the Land."

† "The Stamp."

‡ "The Ferment."

§ "Might."

|| "The Unfaithful Shepherds."

¶ "The Lion's Meal."



towards a Republic, which dreads and distrusts a victorious General as completely as it condemns an unsuccessful one. The Church, on the other hand, by an unexpected evolution, had gone over from right to left, apparently in the hope of transforming a Government which it had found itself unable to overthrow. And all over France, but especially in the South, the poorer classes, while profoundly distrustful of the Parliament, were distinctly Republican, inclining in Provence and Gascony to a shade of Radicalism almost Socialist in the redness of its flag. Such is the state of affairs when M. France, taking us by the hand, leads us to his anonymous "Cloud-Cuckoo-town," and especially to that shaded seat beneath the Elm-tree on the Mall, where the principal personages of State, Army, Church, and University love to linger awhile on quiet afternoons and talk over the affairs of the nation.

Such is the *milieu*; the theme of the series is the election of a bishop to the historic See of Tourcoing; the theme may sound bald and dry; trust M. France! No theme equals it in variety of wit and play of imagination. It may appear void of what is called feminine interest. Trust M. France again. It is only too full (*much too full*) of feminine interest of the most startling kind. "L'Anneau d'Améthyste" is no book for the young person. It is a cinematograph from which all the most conspicuous features of French society unroll themselves and flash before our faces; the clerics with their tact, their learning and their falsity, beginning with the Archbishop, unparalleled for his exquisite manner, vacuity of mind, and gingerly knack of handling human souls and interests—*ad majorem Dei gloriam* . . . the General of Division, a true General of the Third Republic, spectacled, lean, formal, exact, and timid; of so abstract a turn of mind that the troops he commands scarce seem real to him, till he has docketed off every man jack of them on to a separate card, like books in a library catalogue. Then, indeed, there are no manœuvres he cannot accomplish with his phantom armies, shifting and sorting his little packs in their tin boxes, while he contemplates officers, sergeants, and men in a form superior to reality in its exactness, regularity, and ease of manipulation. . . . the University, split up into endless factions in 1895, but some three years later cohesive and solid over three parts of its bulk, owing to the—may I say?—*coagulating* action of the *Affaire Dreyfus* upon the class which recent slang has dubbed intellectual . . . the country gentleman, whose open mind contrasts so quaintly with his inherent prejudices; indeed, M. de Terremonde makes us suspect an English strain connecting him with all the Brookes of Middlemarch. . . . Strongest of all is the unrivalled portrait of the Jewish Prefect, Worms-Clavelin, wise enough in his generation to affect no vain zeal towards Ministers—for Ministers in France are false and fleeting phantoms; so Worms reserves his confidence and service for the great Government offices, the *Bureaux*, which outlive a score of



Ministries, and in reality accomplish the administration of France. Towards these humble and invisible omnipotences Worms bears himself assiduously; but the dearest aim of this little Republican Jew, grown up in the garrets and the *bouis-bouis* of Montmartre, common to the core, with the mind and manners of a traveller in imitation jewellery—his true ambition is to be on good terms with the few fine old Royalist county families he is called to rule over. And he is not unpopular in these exclusive spheres. After all, for a politician, Worms is fairly honest. He is honest enough to be respectable, and yet not too honest to be serviceable and good-natured. He is tolerant, accepts good-humouredly the monarchical principles of the Duc de Brécé and the Marquis de Gromance, knowing that these principles are purely platonic, and, like the matches of his Government, warranted not to strike, either on the box or anywhere else. Facetious, indulgent, indifferent, and infinitely sceptical, he admits without rancour the variety of human judgments. He is even almost *bien-pensant*, and the daughter he has by his marriage with Noémi Coblentz is educated in the strictest shade of fashionable Catholicism in the Convent of the Sacré Cœur at Neuilly. Loud as he is, familiar, grotesque, absurd, his vulgarity is somehow a point in his favour and passes for a sort of unpretentiousness. The county nobles admit him more readily than a starched University Professor, or a Cabinet Minister *nouvelle couche*, who, one or other, might possibly suppose their hosts looked upon him as an equal. And when, by some lucky shot, the Prefect does not fire his loaded gun in their faces, or insult his entertainers downright in the indulgence of his sense of humour, then these well-bred and agreeable persons say that Worms is, after all, less awkward than one would suppose, and at bottom not devoid of a certain tact and *savoir vivre*. And the odd thing is, they are right!

Worms is a snob, and therefore anti-Semitic. "*Les Juifs ne sont pas mes amis*," he says. But to every one of his *administrés* Worms is himself a Jew, a foreigner, a cuckoo in the nest. Personally he is popular enough. The Conservatives prefer him to some red-hot Radical from Marseilles; the Radicals think him less dangerous than a *Rallié*, always suspect of a latent tenderness for the altar and the throne. Worms-Clavelin belongs to no one and compromises no one. Just as the Florentine Republic used to choose a foreigner for Podestà, the French Republic long ago has found out the utility of the tolerant, easy-going Hebrew as a "fender" to prevent the clash of parties. But all the while the future is preparing her revenges. And, before long, poor Worms will discover that he was but a tool, a very cat's-paw, for all his slipperiness. Already his one hope of justice lies in the sole party he has always consistently despised, neglected, and discouraged—in Socialism. And there is an irony, particularly dear and delicate to the palate of M. France, in this



transient importance of the political Jew who so largely administers an anti-Semitic France.

Worms-Clavelin, of course, has his candidate for the See of Tourcoing. He, or rather his wife, inclines towards Monsieur l'Abbé Guitrel, owing to whose good nature the Salon at the Prefecture is re-furnished with marvellous old chasubles and church furniture, bought really, you know, for an old song. But it is another little Jew, M. de Bonmont, who gives the affair the last turn of the screw. Ernest de Bonmont (he has had the social tact to translate his Austrian name of Gutenberg) is one of the richest young men in France. Though still occupied for the most part in grooming his horse, making a bran mash, or peeling potatoes for the regimental mess, in company with youthful ploughmen or mechanics of his own age (M. de Bonmont, you divine, is undergoing his term of military service), still our young man has had time, at twenty-one, to have exhausted the pleasure-giving powers of almost everything that money can buy, and the list of them is long. "The things that money can't buy easily," said Swift's Stella, "are the things to choose for a present." It is on a present of this sort that young Ernest de Bonmont has set his resolute, tenacious, adroit, ingenious mind.

The one thing he wants and cannot buy is the silver hunt-button of Brécé; the *bouton* which gives the right to wear the colours of the Ducal Hunt, and to join the pack, not as a mere guest, but as a member, one of the inner circle. The difficulty of the thing is its spice. For the Duc de Brécé, if not as ingenious, is as obstinate as young Gutenberg—I mean Bonmont. In vain the young soldier induces his mother to offer to the Ducal Chapel a magnificent gold *ciborium*. The Duke is half offended and growls out: "What mania sends these Jews poking in our churches?" Nor, when the Abbé Guitrel observes that, after all, Madame Jules de Bonmont is a good Catholic, will the Duke say more than:

"Converted or no, a Jew's a Jew for a' that!"

Therefore when Ernest de Bonmont quietly asks M. l'Abbé to procure him the hunt-button of Brécé, the wise cleric shakes his head, and hints that the thing is not easy, nor to be obtained through so slight an influence as that of a poor Professor of Eloquence at the local seminary. The will is his, indeed, but the means are insufficient. Bonmont looks at the shabby priest in admiration and surprise, for he recognises a spirit as subtle as his own.

"I see! I have it, M. l'Abbé! For the moment you can do nothing. But, once a bishop, you would just flick me off the hunt-button as easily as a hoop from a merry-go-round."

And the "Anneau d'Améthyste" chronicles the efforts of young Bonmont, private soldier and archi-millionaire, to obtain the Bishopric of Tourcoing for his advocate and client.

But what has happened? I have not said a word of the most important, the most living, the most singular personage of these novels—of a character as truly a type as an individual, as completely an individual as a type. And that is natural enough, for in relating the intrigues, the manoeuvres, the party politics, which form, so to speak, the woof of these studies, M. Bergeret inevitably slips through the meshes. He is elusive, detached, indifferent as a stoic philosopher. But M. Bergeret's is an elegant stoicism, dashed with an epicurean grace—the philosophic irony of a Sterne, which turns more and more to the scathing satire of a Swift. M. Bergeret, you gather, compared to his illustrious creator, is as the image in the glass to the object it reflects: one surface and one appearance of a complex reality. M. Bergeret is M. France; and yet M. Bergeret is a modest Professor of a provincial university, at once timid and distant, stoical and sensitive, indifferent and susceptible, affectionate and rancorous. He gives but a scant attention to the affairs of the world about him. He is absent-minded; he is remote; M. Faguet has even complained that he is stupid. But we know that a paradox is dear to the heart of M. Faguet. This century, as a fact, has known few spirits more intelligent than M. Bergeret; but this intelligence of his is usually concentrated on the probable degree of civilisation attained in Mars, or the systems of naval architecture which Virgil had in view when describing the fleets of the *Æneid*. Meanwhile he dwelt obscure:

"M. Bergeret was not happy. Honours had not been thrust upon him. It is true that he had small esteem for such honours. But he felt the better part would have been to have despised them, whilst in receipt of them. He was obscure, and less known in the town than M. de Terremondre, author of the *Tourist's Guide*; or than General Milher, locally distinguished in more than one branch of letters. He was even less celebrated than his own pupil, M. Albert Roux, of Bordeaux, whose decadent poem, '*Nerrea*,' had at least seen the light. Certes, he had scant esteem for the fame of letters, knowing that the universal glory of Virgil reposes upon two misconstructions, one fantastic misreading, and a sort of pun. Yet he suffered in having no commerce with such writers as MM. Faguet, Doumie, or Pellissier, in whom he fancied he detected some affinity with his own mind. He would like to have known them, to have lived in their society in Paris, to have written like them in the great reviews, to have contradicted them, equalled them—who knows?—perhaps surpassed them. He had, he knew it, a certain delicacy and fineness of mind, and he had written passages which he felt to be agreeable. He was not happy. He was poor, crowded with his wife and three daughters in a narrow set of rooms where he tasted to excess the incommunities of family life. He liked not to see his writing-table bestrewn with ladies' hair-curlers, and his manuscripts shrivelled at the edge where the curling tongs had been tried upon them. In all the world he had no place to himself, no agreeable retreat, unless it were the shady bench beneath the old elm tree on the mall, or the corner where the second-hand books were piled in Paillot's book shop."—(*"L'Orme du Mail,"* p. 239.)

Solitary, melancholy, and a lover of solitude and melancholy,



M. Bergeret has scant desire to impose his opinions even on his dearest friends, and has too much taste ever to wish them adopted by the common herd. A man accustomed to look into the core of things, quietly passing by the explanations which habit and fashion pass off upon the most of us, he is well aware that current evils spring from profound and hidden causes, and that even those who most cavil at them will have, when it comes to the point, neither the strength, nor the patience, nor the boldness, to uproot them. Therefore, M. Bergeret accepts things as they are, with the tranquil ataraxy of a stoic philosopher. Only once or twice in his quiet days does some considerable injustice so inflame him, and spur him to such a passion of impatience, that, for a while, he conceives it possible to do something, after all, in the way of a reform. The second novel of M. France's Contemporary History, "*Le Mannequin d'Osier*," contains the recital of Bergeret's tilting against the institution of matrimony as by law established. It might have been written by a New Woman—only I never met the New Woman who could have written it. The third volume, "*L'Anneau d'Améthyste*," in which M. Bergeret appears as a champion of Dreyfus, has a tilt at *most* institutions as by law established—and gives a fairly true picture of a human society in which war is a recognised and honoured institution, wealth a badge of merit and a title to consideration, credulity and ignorance expected in people of taste, and ambition or intolerance apparently the only forces capable of stirring men to public action.

M. France has looked upon contemporary society and has seen that it is bad, and not only bad but ludicrous and ineffectual. The basilisk, they say, when it sees its own image reflected, dies of horror. So, with this charitable purpose well in mind, our Academician holds up the mirror to modern society.

## II.

M. France, as we said, has had a tilt at most things with that delicate lance of his which shines as keenly as it dislocates. But, of all the great forces of a State, Army, Administration, Church, or School, that which he attacks the least is education. M. Leterrier and M. Bergeret, both professors, are the two most sympathetic characters of the "*Anneau d'Améthyste*." Five years ago they detested each other, for the one is an idealist and a philosopher, and the other a critic and a sceptic. Over the *Affaire Dreyfus* they have buried the hatchet; and in the union of these two devoted servants of Pallas-Athene, in the creation of the party of the *Intellectuels*, M. France sees the brightest feature of the future.

Meanwhile another body of novelists, headed by M. Maurice Barrès and M. Estaunié, is engaged in a formidable warfare with the public schools, attacking them with serious reasoning and vivid demonstration.



According to them, a false system of education is at the base of all that is wrong in France, and by a timely reform the national character may yet be strengthened and a social crisis averted. I hardly know whether M. Barrès or M. Estaunié was the first to maintain this theme. At the very time when M. Estaunié, a young inspector of telephones, little known to letters, brought out in the *Revue de Paris* the novel, "L'Empreinte,"\* which first revealed his dry, powerful, acrid, and indignant talent, M. Barrès published that great book, "Les Déracinés,"† which it is impossible not to consult if one wishes to study modern France, and almost as impossible to read—should one wish to enjoy a novel.

"L'Empreinte" arraigns the system of religious education, as illustrated in the fashionable schools of the Jesuits—a system which extracts the principle of volition from the human soul, and substitutes obedience to authority. The pupil of the Jesuits is the pupil of the Jesuits all his life—the officer at the staff college, the author of talent, the man of action, no less than the missionary, obeys the impulsion of a conscience that is not his own, of a will imposed by a higher power infinitely respectable, it may be, a court of higher appeal constantly deciding what is right and what is wrong. But this court of higher appeal ought to lodge in our own hearts: it is that unwritten law which Antigone dared obey. The noblest and most disinterested education, which disregards this inner tribunal, and substitutes the authority of any ready-made moral code, is of a necessity condemned to be second rate, and can only bring up a generation of *Cleons* and *Ismenes*.

In his second novel, just published, "Le Ferment," M. Estaunié brings much the same charge against the education supplied by the State. Here, too, the individual is brought up, not to be an individual with the free play of all his faculties, but a definite part of the mechanism of the State. "Le Ferment" is the tragedy of ultra-specialised education, the sad history of young minds formed, at infinite expense, to fill one definite place in the complicated wheel-work of the social machine, and to find that place already filled. Poor little useless heap of cog-wheels, in a world that has already more cog-wheels than it wants! What use or beauty is there in a surplus cog-wheel? The thing is trash. . . . But *these* cog-wheels feel and think and reason, with a rancour and indignation not given to the leavings of machinery. For, after all, no education, however imperfect, can *really* make a man into a machine. However complete the process of professional deformation which has stunted or thwarted his development, Nature will assert her power, will try to redeem matters, perhaps in a startling, a formidable, fashion of her own. The young engineers out of work, who are the heroes of M. Estaunié's new book,

\* "The Stamp."

† "The Uprooted."



are, one and all, and each in their degree, destined to swell the ranks of anarchy.

Listen to Chenu, the Socialist, the best of this band of the State-maimed, State-blinded, and State-starved; hark what he says:

"Every year, whatever the commercial demand, the number of State manufactories, the condition of private enterprise, every year alike two hundred beings, precisely similar, are turned out of our Engineering School. That is nothing! The Technical School, the School of Mining, the Schools of Bridges and Highways, the innumerable private schools with which Paris is covered, send forth at least five hundred more. And that's nothing still! The provinces have caught the complaint. Lille, Marseilles, Nancy, Bordeaux, are full of Chemical Institutes, Technical Schools, Schools of Engineering. If there were a Mop Fair for engineers at the end of the year, there would be at least a thousand seeking employment. And every one of the thousand exacts a due interest on his expensive education; every one of them, armed for conquest, is resolved to succeed in the struggle for life. . . .

"Ah, you can't throw them on the dust-bin, all these strong young lives, who have toiled and learned and mastered—and who starve! They have lost their colour over their books and problems; their bodies are stunted and enfeebled by an exaggerated production of brain.

"What will you do with them? Throw them on the dust-bin as so much mere surplus and rubbish? No; that shall not be! That cannot be! There is more life in them than *that*! Cast them away on the dunghill if you will. They'll germ there and sprout there, and you'll see yet their strange harvest! And your honest *bourgeois* turns pale when he thinks of the workmen who have 'got no work to do.' Imbecile! The workman is the right hand: *we* are the brain that prompts! The workmen are the dough. The yeast is such as *we*—the yeast, the invisible ferment, that, in the struggle for life, transforms, decomposes, recomposes, the matter that surrounds it. Ah, ah, have you ever thought of it, this yeast of a novel sort? All the out-of-work and the over-worked of science, all the dupes, all the disabused and disenchanted, who, knowing no justice awaits them after death, claim from this world their due share of all this world can give? Have you ever seen it, this intellectual yeast, secretly preparing the new bread of the future—a ferment of death, or a ferment of life, I don't pretend to say? The essential is that it shall modify the dough and transform the food of the world; for the food *must* alter."\*

No less than the two novels of M. Estaunié is M. Barrès' "*Déracinés*" concerned with the problems of education; in this case, too, the State-school is the villain of the plot. And it may be thought strange that the three most successful novels of the last three years should be occupied with this question. But in France it is a burning question. All this last winter ministers and professors have been holding solemn conclave, inquiring into the causes of this insufficiency of public education. This very year, during the April Session of the Councils-General, many departments (departments, you know, are the French counties) formulated the hope that the public schools might be re-modelled, rendered less uniform, decentralised, and adapted, in the different regions and provinces of France, to the

\* "*Le Ferment*." Edouard Estaunié. Paris: Perrin. 1899.



special needs and situation of those regions and provinces. Then there is the question of what we call in England the "modern side." Not only in the provinces, but among the eminent *savants* and professors consulted in Paris, we hear at every turn of the necessity of improving and raising the standard of the modern side. There is no doubt of it, France is weary of the centralised and rhetorical form of education which, for near a hundred years, has developed the memory, the elegance, the orderliness of France at the expense of her initiative and her critical faculty. Under the Second Empire there was a famous Minister of Public Instruction who used to impress his friends by suddenly drawing out his watch, glancing at it, saying:

"Ah, it is just a quarter to eleven [for instance]; at this moment every Fourth Form in France is busy construing [say] the third book of 'Cæsar.'"

And now France is tired of so much uniformity. She has at last remembered that she is, perhaps, the most varied country in the world by nature and history. And she sees no reason why at Lille and at Bordeaux, at Nancy and at Nantes, Aix en Savoie, and Aix en Provence, all these little schoolboys who are so unlike each other by tradition and habit, by race and by the requirements of their future lives, should be forced into the same mould and compelled, willy-nilly, to learn just the same tasks at just the same hours. "Less rule," she cries, "and more liberty! Let us follow the diversity of Nature! Let us teach our children, not only to think with freedom and to reason with exactness, but let us teach them also to observe, to invent, to feel, to act, and to dare! Away with the generation of State-bred functionaries, who can be excellent civil servants, but nothing else: let us breed up a race of *savants*, inventors, farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and colonists, as befits a modern nation, great in peace no less than formidable in war!"

All this may seem a digression in a paper on French novels. But French novels are full of these things nowadays. In fact, to understand them at all one has to begin by reading Mr. Bodley's "France"! There is hardly any love-story in any of them, and least of all in "Les Déracinés." This romance of the "Uprooted" narrates the fortunes of seven young Lorrainers educated together at the Lycée of Nancy. The attraction of Paris draws them from their natural provincial orbit, for the end and aim of their education has been to prepare them for Paris and to estrange them from Lorraine. The society into which they were born no longer suffices them. And, if it is insufficient, no one has thought of showing them how to improve it and make the best of it. So Paris takes them, and then they are as young foxes without a den, as young coneys without a warren. They, too (no less than the heroes of M. Estaunié), swiftly become fresh candidates to Anarchy. . . . If



there is indeed to be a revolution in France, as the English papers love to say, we may say that the State has done her best, involuntarily, to foster and nurture and breed such a revolution. I speak of the stormy sort. Myself, I believe as firmly as any one, that there will be one day soon a revolution—a great revolution—in France: a turn of the wheel that will push things on surprisingly. But then I believe it will be wholly pacific, wholesome, and profitable, to France, and thereby to Europe.

The seven young "Uprooted" do not go down without a struggle. Ah no! they believe in the struggle-for-life: they believe in it not wisely, but too well! Their education has been denuded of the religious idea—of what Renan used to call the Category of the Ideal. They have little inner life, but they have tremendous undirected energies, and they are determined to use them. Several of them are young men who, so to speak, stick at nothing. Listen to Racadot, who supposes himself imbued with the scientific spirit:

"Everything in nature lives and succeeds at the expense of something else, and behaves as if self-preservation were the one law, the end it was made for, and as though its own duration were the chief object of the universe. To each of us, at heart, other people are only *means*, only conveniences, or obstacles!"

Ah, Racadot, that might be true, in theory, if, beyond the individual, beyond *man*, there were not a *society*, "bound by every law of self-preservation," as you would say, to safeguard the rights of the weak! Racadot forgets this, and—in an evil hour—he commits the crime of Dostoevsky's student-hero: he assassinates a light woman, in order by her gains to assure his own well-being and expansion. And the sharp snap of the guillotine ends the theorising of Racadot. Thereupon M. Barrès solemnly assures us that the real criminal was the Minister of Public Instruction. If Racadot had been brought up to his natural position at Nancy he would not have gone to the bad in Paris. M. Barrès continues:

"A wise administrator attaches the animal to the pasture that suits him, gives him a reason for living and persisting in his natural surroundings, and places every human being in such a situation that he recognises his native place as naturally his. Such a one finds for every man under his control an employment among the group he was born into, and thus educates him not only to respect a society of which he feels himself a part, but, if needs be, to waive his own interests before those of the collectivity.

"But we bring up young Frenchmen as though they might some day be called upon to do without a mother-country. . . . The University, so pious, so indulgent, so hospitable towards the civilisations of antiquity, has not yet ventured to own an enthusiasm for the various forms of national life in France."



This page from a novel as yet barely two years old might have inspired more than one of the Councils-General last April.

If novels in France are less read abroad to-day than they were ten years ago, they make up for that by the different and superior influence they have acquired at home!

### III.

What M. Barrès and M. Estaunié have done for educational reform, a younger novelist still, M. Louis Bertrand, in his new novel, published last month, has done for another question of the hour—for the Colonial question. M. Bertrand, a young professor of rhetoric at the Lycée of Algiers, has been, I think, much impressed by the genius of Kipling. What Kipling has done for Anglo-India he has striven to do for French Algiers. And he has, in truth, produced an extraordinarily brilliant and moving and animated picture of France Beyond the Seas, which, by a *tour de force*, is at the same time a social thesis of an ingenious audacity.

According to M. Bertrand, the French colony of Algiers is a sort of magic bath, in which exhausted Spain, almost dead on her own shores, wakes to a new life, to a wonderful renewal of youth. The characters of this remarkable book are chiefly carters, carriers, or muleteers, and almost all Spaniards. A few Maltese, Piedmontese, and Arabs diversify the scene. But—here is the point of the story!—in this French novel of a French colony *there are hardly any Frenchmen!* By no display of rhetoric could M. Bertrand have brought home his point so convincingly as by this impressive silence, this clinching argument of the empty place. France holds a colony, one of the fairest in the world, rich, splendid, beautiful, temperate, the glory of Africa—capable of regenerating the most effete and impoverished of nations—and, excepting some few hundred functionaries, there are no Frenchmen there! Thus, with the natural heightening of all true art, but yet with an emphatic sobriety, with that “exaggeration of under-statement” which, of old, Greek taste admired—M. Bertrand puts the case. Colonisation has had many advocates across the Channel of late. One is almost ashamed to stay at home in France—and especially in Paris—so many eloquent apostles bid us sell all we have and go plant the vine in Algiers, or corn in Tunis, or coffee in Madagascar, or india-rubber in Dahomey. This gospel has been preached by the whole army of explorers, by more than one man of science, by an Academician as brilliant as M. Jules Lemaitre, and a novelist as well known as M. Hugues-le-Roux. We doubt if any of them have pushed the matter home so closely as this young professor from Algiers, unknown six months ago.

"Le Sang des Races" \* came out this winter in the *Revue de Paris*; at the same time the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was bringing out a novel by that pathetic and charming writer M. René Bazin, an Academician of to-morrow. No less than all the other novels we have spoken of, "La Terre qui Meurt" † is a sociological poem: it treats of the decay of agriculture, of the desolation of the under-worked country districts whence the big towns and the colonies (*pace* M. Bertrand) drain the necessary hands. But it is also an exquisite love-story, an admirable landscape of a country unique in its kind: the salt marshes of La Vendée, a misty land all palest green, where the roads are canals and the waggons are punts—a land of meadows and water and willows. And you may read it, if you like a novel, whether or no you care for a sociological poem.

Well, of all things there must be an end, even of sociological poems. Time and space are nowadays too closely crowded for any one subject to venture on an epic length. I will say no more of the social novel in France. But I hope to have suggested that French novels are not extinct. They have only

"Suffered a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

Something more complex, more earnest, more intellectually stimulating, deeper, too, and more opulent in ideas and information, if less sentimentally interesting, than their immediate forerunners. Should the subject appeal to one, there are plenty of them to study. I have not said a word of M. Paul Adam's extraordinary Napoleonic novel, "La Force"; ‡ nor of two remarkable plays (which treat of the relations between capital and labour), "Les Mauvais Bergers," § by M. Octave Mirbeau, and "Le Repas du Lion," || by that extraordinary and unequal genius, M. François de Curel, the man who, perhaps, with M. France, has the most original mind of any living French writer. His play, also, is a sociological poem. But what does that matter? And, now I come to think of it (a little late in the day, to be sure), what a pity it is I did not devote this hour to M. François de Curel, instead of prosing away about the social novel in France!

MARY JAMES DARNESTETER.

\* "The Genius of the Race:" *Le Sang des Races*. Bertrand. Paris: Calman Levy. 1899.

† "The Decay of the Land:" *La Terre qui Meurt*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calman Levy. 1899.

‡ "Might."

§ "The Unfaithful Shepherds."

|| "The Lion's Meal."



## “AS ESTABLISHED BY LAW.”

ON the eve of the first meeting of the so-called “Court” of the Archbishops, we were confronted by two defences of the “lawless” party among the clergy. The one was by a layman, Sir George Arthur,\* the other by a very distinguished cleric, Canon Gore.† The latter appeared in these pages, and the former in the *Nineteenth Century*; but as the two arguments have much in common, I shall have occasion to refer to both.

The two dominant features in the attitude of the “lawless” clergy are, I take it, at the present moment, (1) that they conscientiously reject, in the words of Lord Halifax, “the authority of the Privy Council and of courts subject to its jurisdiction;” (2) that they will conscientiously reject the authority even of a spiritual court, if it decides against the use of incense and the practice of “reservation.” The latter point has been made clear by Lord Halifax himself, and a late chairman of the Canon Law Committee of the English Church Union is reported as saying in his speech at Brighton (February 23) that if even “the Provincial Synod forbid incense . . . they would disobey.” Lord Halifax, in the House of Lords, taunted his opponents with his own willingness to submit to the Archbishops’ decision, but even in praising his attitude the *Spectator* (March 4) incidentally admitted:

“It is true that Lord Halifax goes on to say that ‘Of course no one can pledge himself to a decision before it is given,’ and to put a hypothetical case in which the clergy could not obey their bishops.”

In other words, the “lawless” clergy will only obey the decision if

\* *Nineteenth Century*, April 1899, p. 558.

† *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, April 1899, p. 457.

it accords with the view of those who have explained away, to their own satisfaction, the facts of the English Reformation.

Now is not this "conscientious" attitude towards the authority of the Privy Council, and towards any decision conflicting with certain views, the result, largely, of imperfect knowledge and often of garbled information? That is the question I wish to ask.

"Let us listen," Canon Gore exclaims, "to Dr. Stubbs, than whom there is no greater authority on constitutional history." And he quotes from the "conclusions" to the Bishop's "Historical Appendix to the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission." Sir George Arthur appeals to the same Appendix as establishing his position "beyond a doubt." Neither of these writers, it would seem, has even heard of Professor Maitland's epoch-making work, "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England." Those who, like myself, yield to none in admiration for the work of one whose friendship I have the honour to enjoy, were startled to find his whole case there challenged and overthrown.\* When the brilliant professor of the laws of England published his studies in collected form, the verdict of scholars may be gauged by the words that Mr. Rashdall, himself a University preacher and a doctor of civil law, was allowed to use in so sober an organ as the *English Historical Review*. After observing that it was on the strength of the Bishop's Historical Appendix that "the Commissioners chiefly based their report," he goes so far as to say, of their conclusions:

"The reader of these pages will wonder how such a view could have survived the study either of the 'Corpus juris canonici' or of Lyndwood himself. . . . Not only is the theory in question one which is refuted by well-known and easily accessible facts, but there is literally not a vestige of evidence in its favour.

"Professor Maitland is not content with merely exposing the baselessness of the Anglican position . . . the history of the mediæval Church in England must be re-written in the light which this little volume supplies." †

Painful as it is, and ever must be, to any student of history to criticise the bishop gravely, it is peculiarly painful to one who looks on him as his master. Yet, the fact that it was essential to his argument, in his report to the above Commission, to deny the jurisdiction

the Pope in heresy has led to a treatment of historical evidence which it is not easy to explain. In the Historical Appendix to the "Report of the Commission" ‡ we learn, of appeals to Rome, that—

"We fail to find any recorded case of appeal against a sentence . . . for heresy or for direct disobedience of any kind."

Sir George Arthur boldly asserts, on the strength of this Appendix, that

\* Professor Maitland's papers were first issued in the *Law Quarterly Review* and *English Historical Review*, 1896-7. † *English Historical Review*, January 1899.  
‡ Vol. I. p. 30.



"it is established beyond a doubt that in Pre-Reformation times such cases never went to Rome at all. . . . So the Pope had nothing to do with them before the Reformation; they were not included among the causes transferred to the King after the Reformation" (p. 561).

But what, then, of that famous Lollard and follower of Wycliffe, Nicholas Hereford, master in theology, "paginae sacrae professor," and University preacher at Oxford? At the head of the heresies for which he was condemned in 1382 we find that famous proposition: "Substantia panis manet post consecrationem,"\* which is, since the Reformation, the doctrine of the Church of England. Sentenced here by the Archbishop of Canterbury (a council having found their views heretical), he and Repingdon, in the words of Dr. Stubbs, "appeal to the Pope."† And now comes the point to which I have to call attention. Dr. Stubbs adds that "he is said afterwards to have made his way to Rome, and to have complained to the Pope."‡ But why this evasive phrase, "he is said"? And why this strange suppression of the fact that, whether the Archbishop of Canterbury objected or not, the Pope did re-hear the case on Hereford's appeal?

I must ask leave, as I am challenging the version of so eminent an authority, to quote the very words of Knighton himself:

"Cumque hæc ita agerentur videns prædictus Nicholaus Herford sic se mortis acerbiter cum Lancastrensis ducis juvamine et verborum subtilitate evasisse, et ulterius in suis superstitiosis prædicationibus et doctrinis inanibus se non posse proficere, viditque quod non posset opiniones sive conclusiones præactas in Anglicana ecclesia cum honore suo defendere, cum archiepiscopus Cantuariensis cum consensu et assensu coepiscoporum suorum et cleri sui eas pro falsis damnaverit atque omnes eas faventes excommunicationis vinculo innodaverit, pedem erigit, gressum dirigit, Romamque petere disposuit, et sic tandem viam arripuit. Cum igitur venisset Romam, in consistorio coram papa, conclusiones antedictas proposuit, et se ab itinere longinquioris terræ fatigatum asserebat ut eas veras et irreprehensibiles contra quoscunque, cum protestatione præhabita ut usque ad mortis periculationem defenderet. Igitur papa fecit convocationem de cœtu cardinalium et de clero, et cum consilio eorum, in tam arduo negotio fecit plenam deliberationem et crebram discussionem et summam diligentiam ut veritatem investigaret in negotio tam sublimi. Discussis omnibus et articulatim discisis invenit eas a sanctis patribus damnatas, et in præsentem dignas damnari, et sic cum consensu consistorii fecit eas damnandas et damnatas promulgari, et quasdam ut hæreses, quasdam vero ut errores, omni populo publicari. Ex quia gens Anglicana dicto Urbano papæ favebat et ipsum ut verum papam amplectabatur et colebat, papa, quasi vicem rependens in hac parte, noluit Angligenam licet hæresis defensorem ignis flamine consumere; sed quasi aliquantulum indulgens, ob reverentiam quam genti Anglorum gerebat, remissius cum eo, licet merito agere voluit, perpetuo carceri tamen irremissibiliter ipso adjudicato et publice coram omni populo condemnato." §

Does Dr. Stubbs accept the authority of Knighton, or not? If he does, why, in his Report, does he partly suppress his evidence, and

\* *Fascicula Zizaniorum*, p. 303, cf. p. 319. + "Historical Appendix," p. 55. † *Ibid.* § Knighton. Ed. Prof. J. R. Lumby, D.D. (Rolls Series [1895], II, pp. 172-3.)



partly cast a slur on its authority? If he does not, why does he cite it, for this period, without question in his "Constitutional History"?

Further, if, in these cases, there were no appeal to the Pope, why did Hereford journey all the way to Rome, if a reversal of his sentence by the Pope could have no effect, while its confirmation would expose him, as we have seen, to a far more severe punishment—that of being burned alive?

Again, what are we to say of Sir George Arthur's argument that "questions of doctrine and divine worship . . . were not included among the causes transferred to the King after the Reformation"? He cites Elizabeth's Act of Supremacy, but is careful, of course, not to quote the essential clause:

"That suche jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and preheminences spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by *any spirituall or ecclesiastical power or auctoritie* hath heretofore bene or may lawfully be exercised or used for the visitacion of the ecclesiastical state or persons, and for reformation, order, and coreccion of the same and of all maner of *errours, heresies, scismes, abuses, etc.* . . . shall for ever by *auctoritie of this present Parliament* be united and annexed to the imperiall crowne of this realm."\*

Thus this great revolution, which is part of our statute law, and by which the reformation of errors, heresies, and schisms was transferred from the ecclesiastical power to the Crown, was wrought by the authority, not of the Church, but of *Parliament* acting as supreme. What a comment on the Church Union's claim, "We have denied, and we deny again, the right of the Crown or of Parliament to determine the doctrine, the discipline, and the ceremonial of the Church of England," and on Canon MacColl's attempt to justify that claim against Sir William Harcourt!

Again, Sir George is pleased to be sarcastic on the subject of the Ridsdale judgment:

"Their Lordships contended that this 'other order' was taken in the Queen's Advertisements of 1566, abolishing the vestments. But a most eminent scholar, Mr. James Parker, of Oxford, after an exhaustive investigation, proved conclusively that the Queen never took 'other order.' Mr. Parker appeals to a draft of Archbishop Parker's Advertisements, endorsed by Lord Burleigh: 'These orders were never published.' Yet on the strength of this curious historical reading five clergymen suffered imprisonment."

Mr. Parker's letter to Lord Selborne, "Did Queen Elizabeth take other order in the Advertisements of 1566?" lies before me. The wording, we learn from it, of Cecil's endorsement was: "These were not authorised or published." Thus Sir George, out of six words, can only quote correctly three. Yet on the strength of this curious inaccuracy he comes forward to instruct us in Church law and history!

\* 1 Elizabeth, cap. i.



But the really important point is that Mr. James Parker knew better than to rest his case on Cecil's endorsement, which related, as Lord Selborne observed, to the "rejected form" of the Advertisements (which, indeed, had not then assumed that name), and not to the form in which they were actually published, as we know, a year later. Whether Mr. Parker proves his case as against Lord Selborne must, of course, be a matter of opinion; but I cannot imagine any question more peculiarly the province of the trained lawyer and historian than the issue whether these Advertisements received the sanction of Elizabeth, and, if so, whether they constitute a taking of "other order" under 1 Eliz. cap. 2. Sir George Arthur's demand for a court, "competent by virtue of its spiritual origin and consequent spiritual jurisdiction to decide spiritual causes," is amplified by Canon Gore in his simultaneous contention that the decisions of the Privy Council, though professing only "to declare or interpret the law," must always involve "a real act of spiritual judgment, and not a mere legal interpretation of a formula," . . . which "requires, therefore, the exercise of the spiritual at least as much as the legal, or even historical, judgment." It is on this ground that the decision of these cases by ordinary lawyers "seems to many of us an intolerable instance of misplaced authority, which it is our sacred duty not to admit."\* I reply that the very question selected by Sir George Arthur is one that essentially requires to be treated by the legal mind as a question only of law and of documentary evidence.

And if this was obviously a point for the lawyer, no less obviously is that which follows a point for the historian alone.

Sir George Arthur appeals to Grindal's well-known letter to Queen Elizabeth, when she had ordered him to suppress the "prophesyings," or clerical meetings for the exposition and discussion of Scripture, in favour with the Puritan party. After expressing his gratitude for her "suppressing of idolatry" (*i.e.*, the religion of the Pre-Reformation Church in England) the Primate ventures on "two short petitions," the first of which Sir George quotes (with an inaccurate beginning). Now how did Elizabeth reply to this petition? Sir George tells us that "Elizabeth accepted the rebuke, and withdrew the matter in dispute from the House of Commons." Where can he have dreamed all this? The only parties concerned were the Queen and the Primate: there was no question of the House of Commons. As to the Queen; the above assertion not only bears no recognisable relation to the facts, but is the exact converse of the truth. Sir George will, at any rate, accept the version of the present Bishop of London:

"Elizabeth answered on May 7, 1577, by issuing letters to all the bishops ordering them to put down 'prophesyings' within their dioceses. In June

\* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1899, p. 462



Grindal was suspended from his functions for six months for non-compliance with the Queen's orders, an unheard-of interference with an Archbishop." \*

Now when such a statement as Sir George Arthur's is made in absolute good faith, and made in so prominent a quarter as the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, may we not form some conception of the errors upon which a clergy or a laity, which takes its facts from such writers as "Father" Puller † and Dr. Littledale, ‡ or from the columns of the *Church Times*, base their "conscientious" attitude? When we find that even the Church Union, by the admission of one of its own champions, garbles the evidence on which it takes its stand, we may realise to what an extent is carried this "poisoning of the wells."

All honour to Canon Gore, who writes thus plainly on the Church Union declaration:

"Again, the Declaration minimises excessively the amount of ritual and doctrinal change involved in our Reformation settlement. It is not true that the famous Canon of 1571 addressed to preachers declared that nothing was to be taught except what could be collected from the Catholic fathers and ancient bishops. It declared that nothing was to be taught which they should require to be devoutly held and believed by the people, except *what is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testament*, and what the ancient fathers and Catholic bishops have collected out of the said doctrine." §

The words "it is not true" are surely plain enough.

I select, at a venture, another instance of the *bond-fide* ignorance of historical facts on which the apologists of sacerdotalism too often rest their position. Speaking in the House of Commons (February 9, 1899) Lord Cranborne said:

"The honourable gentleman speaks of the idea of the dictation to the Church by the State. . . . I do not think the honourable gentleman will find any Low Churchman to agree with that—not one—nor any other Churchman. How could it possibly be? The doctrines date back to very much earlier times than the history of Parliament." ||

Even Mr. Griffith Boscawen, who spoke subsequently, though repudiating everything "alien to the letter and to the spirit of the Common Prayer-book," and disassociating himself from the Ritualists, asserted that

"a State Church, as I understand it, only means that Parliament has sanctioned changes which were made in the first instance by the Church itself." ¶

Now we have only to turn to Mr. Wakeman, an extreme High

\* "Dictionary of National Biography," xxiii. p. 263.

† See *Nineteenth Century*, May 1897, pp. 846-7.

‡ It is on these and similar writers that Sir George Arthur relies.

§ The italics are the Canon's own. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1897, p. 465.

|| "The Parliamentary Debates" (Authorised Edition). ¶ *Ibid.*



Churchman and champion of the sacerdotalists, to find the admission wrung from him as to "the Elizabethan compromise," and the re-introduction of the second Edwardine Prayer-book by the "legislation" of 1559, that

"the arrangements thus arrived at could boast of no sort of ecclesiastical sanction whatever. They were purely the work of the civil Government. Convocation had not been consulted either about the Prayer-book of 1559 or about the Act of Supremacy. . . . Neither in its original form of 1552, nor in its revised form of 1559, did it receive any ecclesiastical sanction whatever. Convocation was not consulted, and the vote of the bishops in the House of Lords was given unanimously against both the Act of Supremacy and that of Uniformity."\*

The facts, indeed, were too notorious for even Mr. Wakeman to ignore them; but the emphasis he lays upon them is almost startling in its strength.

Let us, bearing his words in mind, turn to Canon MacColl's "Reformation Settlement," which has just issued from the press. Assailing Sir William Harcourt for his statement that "the Crown and Parliament . . . enacted the Prayer-book in the teeth of the bishops and clergy"—a fact which knocked, he urged, the bottom out of the Church Union manifesto—the Canon asserts

"that it is incorrect to say that 'the Crown and Parliament enacted the Prayer-book in the teeth of the bishops and clergy, and that neither Crown nor Parliament has ever claimed or exercised the right of determining the doctrine, discipline, or ceremonial of the Church without the Church's own sanction.'"†

In support of this "proposition" the Canon produces fifteen pages of argument against the "fatal flaw" in Sir William Harcourt's theory,‡ and ends with the somewhat unfortunate remark that "it is ill luck for a controversialist to turn his head against the stone walls of history."

Now let me insist that to refute Canon MacColl's "position" we have but to turn to Mr. Wakeman, the champion of his own side. The Bishop of London is at the head of those who recommend Mr. Wakeman's book. The *Guardian* has lately described it as "accurate"; the *Church Times* declares that it will "occupy a foremost place as an accredited text-book." It is true that in the pages of this REVIEW I have impugned it as a partisan production of the sacerdotal party; it is true that Mr. Wakeman underrates the hostility of Convocation and the Church to Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity.§ But the point is that when Sir William makes a statement which is virtually made, and emphatically made, by even Mr. Wakeman himself, Canon MacColl vehemently assails it, and claims to laugh it to scorn. Let me, then,

\* "Introduction to the History of England," 1896, p. 312.

† "The Reformation Settlement," p. 333.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 338-353.

§ See also the *Nineteenth Century*, February 1897, pp. 194, 195.

ask the clergy and laity of the High Church party to compare the words of their own champions when they thus, in dealing with the Reformation period, flatly contradict each other. Let me also ask Mr. Balfour himself, as one of his political supporters, on what ground he asserted, in his reply to Sir William Harcourt, that

"the right honourable gentleman never gives this House or the country his views upon the Reformation settlement without falling into historical errors so gross and extraordinary that it is really with the utmost difficulty that I restrain myself on the present occasion from endeavouring to deal with them."\*

Sir William Harcourt had insisted on "the fundamental fact" of "the transference of the authority of the Bishop of Rome to the Sovereign, as representing the laity in this country." Does Mr. Balfour deny this fact? And is his authority Canon MacColl, or what he has been told by the Bishop—let us say—of Rochester?

We have seen that Sir George Arthur appeals to Grindal's letter as upholding the rights of the Church and conveying a successful "rebuke" to Queen Elizabeth. Only a month later, in "The Reformation Settlement," Canon MacColl, writing as a champion of the same cause, informs us, of the same episode, that "his lawless temper . . . got Grindal into trouble; the Queen suspended him for the rest of his life" (p. 415)† Such is the Canon's view of Grindal's "dignified" remonstrance (as the Bishop of London terms it) to which Sir George Arthur appeals as a plea for the rights of the Church! This is history "as she is written" by the sacerdotal party, and as she is retailed on the platform by the English Church Union, or in the parish by callow curates who accept as gospel the statements of men who contradict one another flatly.

When we find that, even in the Bishop of Lincoln's case, the Archbishops' Court actually accepted as evidence a garbled extract, from a printed book, by an avowed Ritualist writer, how can one look with other than grave misgivings on the amateur law and history of these fancy "Courts"? We want, as Sir George Arthur says, a court "capable by reason of its sufficient knowledge of the subject-matter of forming a correct judgment, and sure to deliver the same with fairness and impartiality." For technical questions of law and evidence the training of a clergyman is as unsuitable as is that of a life-guardsman. As to "fairness and impartiality," we have only to remember that the Archbishop of Canterbury appealed, in his recent charge, to the Bennett decision (or rather his own strange paraphrase of it) of "The Supreme Court of Appeal in matters Ecclesiastical" as binding, and yet announced that in the ritual cases, the

\* *The Times*, May 11, 1899.

† The Bishop of London, we have seen, says it was "for six months."

"Archbishops will give an independent judgment as Archbishop Benson did," and has accordingly gone into the question *de novo*. The authority, therefore, of the Privy Council is binding when it be represented as on the sacerdotal side, but is of no account in opposite case. An opportunist policy of "graceful concession" may be the height of wisdom, but it cannot and it must not usurp place of Law.

J. HORACE ROUND



## REALISM IN PAINTING.

**I**N history nothing is isolated. You may or may not choose to indicate the antecedent phenomenon, but you can never start afresh and say, "Our career begins from to-day."

Realism in the pictorial art flourished in very remote times, but we have no authentic or reliable account of it earlier than the time of Van Eyck (1390), and that great artist may be considered as the type of the Realists. If you want anything earlier you must fish about in Egypt, where Realism certainly flourished in the second century of the Christian era, as we may see for ourselves at the National Gallery.

For the present occasion we will shut off Egypt without scruple, as we cannot do justice to it, and let us try to determine whether realistic painting can be wisely cultivated in our own day.

Just now we are in that balancing state where no theory is firmly established, and where, therefore, anybody's influence may tell.

It behoves us in the first place to have a clear notion of the use of the pictorial art and why pictures are painted. Suppose we compare painting with the sister art of literature. Although there are some radical differences, both these arts are related. Both are servants of the understanding, both are capable of conveying information more or less true, both are vehicles of sentiment.

The primary use of both is to represent things that actually exist, but both may also be used for the exhibition of unreal images, distorted images, or images rearranged in unnatural sequence; and the word in common use to describe the last is Fiction.

This word does not mean untrue to nature, for outside the region of mathematics no representation can be guaranteed quite true, by reason of the imperfection of our observing faculties and of our skill



in representation; but both these faculties are capable of unlimited expansion by judicious training and long practice.

It should be noticed that there is one very conspicuous difference between the pictorial and the literary arts, since all men are accessible to the inspiration of language whether audible or written, being practised in the use of it from earliest childhood. Indeed, the constant exercise of the faculty of speech is inevitable even in the commonest conditions of life, and the thoughtless, unconsidered abuse of the gift is so common as to pass quite unnoticed, whereas an equal facility in the use of drawing or painting for the portrayal of images is quite phenomenal, and can be attained only after immense labour.

Suppose two men set out to go to St. Ives. The purpose of one may be simply to get there as soon as possible, and he will be guided chiefly by the hearing of the ear, and dependent on the related experiences of previous travellers as read in guide books. The other man may be supposed to go as a student, with a desire to see all the beauty that nature has displayed all along the road, as well as the nine wives and the cats and the kittens he may expect to meet with.

The latter of the two travellers will have to be equipped with the seeing eye and the trained memory to store up the images that interest him, which gifts constitute the artist and the realist; and if he have not the skill of a rapid draughtsman his expedition will be a failure and waste of time.

It is obvious that the latter will be an unusual sort of traveller, and the former the common one.

The common one is the more useful in a limited practical sense, inasmuch as he will probably want to ship a cargo of pilchards, but the other is a contributor to the delightfulness of life for all of us. This delightfulness is the reason for the existence of art, and we are now to show how far it is essentially dependent on the study of realities.

There is, of course, an alternative pursuit. If we are too idle to study these things, and especially if we hate science or the mechanism of nature, as many weak persons do, and if we care only to be the passive recipients of a sensation or a sentiment, the origin of that impulse may as well be fiction as fact; but as the more sane and intelligent section of mankind are coming by degrees to take an interest in the real world unadulterated by philosophy, it will probably come to pass that, as tradition fades away, ordinary matters of experience will come to be regarded as the mainspring of artistic enterprise.

Still, fine art is not primarily addressed to the understanding, and information as to facts is only incidentally connected with it, the primary purpose being purely technical,—intended to show the supremely skilful handling of the brush in the portrayal of images.



Beautiful images are often evanescent, indeed generally so, and the skill that can render them permanent obviously adds immensely to the intrinsic wealth of the world.

The theory of realism is that where certain facts underlie the sentiment that your picture is intended to convey, you have only to represent the facts faithfully in order to ensure the sentiment following as a matter of course.

It is a mistake to suppose that sentiment is a sort of condiment to be stirred in among the facts, like curry-powder amongst the prawns before they are served. A given sentiment is the inevitable effect upon a human mind of a certain association of facts. However prosaic the facts may be in themselves, they may be so disposed or arranged as to develop a fascination over the mind, which is called Poetic. Any distortion of the facts is capable of dissipating the poetry straight away. Of course there are some sensations or sentiments arising out of natural occurrences that cannot be represented in pictorial art—such, for instance, as the sentiment of awe arising from the hush or silence in the interval between the flash of lightning and the roar of the thunder. That contrast, though beyond the pale of the pictorial, may very possibly be represented easily in some other art.

What I want to insist on as regards painting is, that if a sentiment is to be effectively and impressively awakened in the spectator, it is of the first importance that the solid facts out of which it arises be faithfully portrayed. Your anatomy must by all means be correct. Imagine the disastrous consequences if, whilst trying to convey the tragedy of Rachel weeping for her children, you bungle the anatomy and depict one of Rachel's eyes wrong side up! What would become of the tragedy? It would dissolve in a contemptuous smile.

For some centuries before our time men's minds had been so deeply engaged in philosophy and the contemplation of the unseen that their artistic instincts (at least in England) nearly died out or were obliterated; only a lingering, flickering flame of pictorial art being sustained by the patronage of the Church for purely didactic purposes.

The keynote of the current doctrine was expressed in the phrase, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." The unexplored resources of the real world were neglected; very few people, except Galileo and Copernicus, took the least interest in them; so that realistic art in its modern developments may be said to owe its origin to science.

The principle that an artist's business was to show us an improved and exalted world becomes supremely ridiculous in the light of modern science, so the distracted philosopher, in the early part of this century, took refuge in the doctrine that the real, as a subject for imitation, was quite out of range, and that the pictorial representation of it



was impracticable. This was the attitude of those who remained of the picture craftsmen at the time when our own school arose, some half-century ago. I was a novice in those days, and when I seriously set out to represent the real as accurately as I could, my master assured that I was merely wasting my time, as no such thing could be done.

About that time an important revolution occurred, since known as Pre-Raphaelism. Modern systems of thought and methods of practice were thrust aside with violence, and what remained of pictorial art was cut down root and branch, and grafted afresh on the stock of Van Eyck. This, roughly, is the history of modern realism in painting.

It has since become well understood that, if you want beauty, you have only to seek it in the real world, where its reserves are inexhaustible, and the more diligently you work this mine of beauty the more precious are the treasures you can bring to the surface. Thus the work of the Pre-Raphaelites was to rehabilitate the real as the one source of artistic inspiration.

The word "ideal" will probably fall into disuse; everybody knows that it only refers to a defective representation born of a torpid imagination. Such enterprises as an improvement in manners or customs, an improvement in demeanour or expression, are rational enough, or even feasible; but a suggestion to improve on external nature can only provoke a smile.

Of course there is the choice before you of the rose that you like or the thistle that you don't like, and if you choose the latter you need not be surprised if people laugh at you, for you still have the power of selection. I do not know whether ghosts exist or not—most people think not; but I have never heard anybody pretend to disparage memories, and it is obvious that memories form a group of phenomena especially adapted for treatment by art.

A well-stored library is a grand possession, but a well-stored memory is a far more useful one, out of which you can "bring forth things new and old." It is mere silliness to say they must be true memories, for they can only at best be approximations; still, it is a worthy pursuit to refine and filter our hoard as we go along.

I believe there is a realistic school of music, and that the disciples of Wagner hold that the intimate association or combination of several arts can be managed with success, and used to represent a scene in the most impressive way. It is not for me to say whether this is true or not; but there is another view of the subject which we should not overlook, as it has been held by good artists of all periods, and it is known as the doctrine of abstraction. This theory is based on the idea that our vital energy should not be taxed by the entertainment of several of our faculties at the same time, instead of

having one of them impressed to its utmost capacity. Thus, you might be so interested in the melody of a song that the profound meaning of the words would be missed, and this probably explains why good music is so often annexed to trivial words without offence.

A very well-recognised instance of the principle is to be seen in the case of sculpture.

The sculptor holds, and quite reasonably so, that if you want to appreciate the beauty of form to its highest degree you should have it abstracted, or cut off from the intrusion of other entertainments at the same time, and especially from the distractions of colour. So he resorts to the expedient of a white material that shall hold your colour faculty in abeyance whilst he works his divinest magic on your sense of form. This doctrine is generally accepted as sound; at least it holds the field at present.

It is evident, then, that this doctrine of abstraction, which appeals strongly to cultivated people in the instance of sculpture, does not carry with it any reflection to the discredit of realism in the pictorial art, which is in itself an abstraction, since it does not at all appeal to the sense of touch. It deals only with lights, darks, and colours in *extension*, not in thickness, so that in pictorial art you can only have a limited realism.

If anybody sets out to say that the Venus of Milo is more beautiful than any modern lady of England, he is merely talking idly, for the living lady would have many charms not capable of expression in sculpture, which would be very likely in practice to mask our vision of the mere loveliness of form which is secured to us in the abstraction of sculpture.

Which of the two you prefer is not in question; but I hope I have indicated the theory clearly.

Now, permanence, or rather longevity, is one of the radical standards of value in the world. The reason why in our own time gold is used as a practical standard of value is that it retains its size and weight longer than almost any substance we know. It does not oxidise, tarnish, or turn to dust. You will find a large share of men's energies is devoted to making things last a long time. Diamonds last longer than anything; but then, unfortunately, they are as obstinate as they are old, and will not lend themselves to ordinary uses. You cannot melt them or hammer them into shape.

An oil picture is a very enduring thing; nothing short of cremation will destroy it, and this is one reason why it is deemed of considerable value.

If you can crystallise and clearly revive your memories of the hayfield where you used to play, and of the sea shore where you used to paddle, you will not lightly say that the "glory of this world passeth away." And later on the memories are liable to become more



evanescent, and more priceless when well painted. They may, perhaps, dry up, and escape the despairing clutch of old age. There are few things men cherish more than the early portraits of their companions or their children. What we cannot hope to see repeated must obviously be beyond price. The value of art in the perpetuation of memories is so obvious as to need no comment, and would justify the devotion of a large proportion of energy and wealth to its cultivation.

All of us have lived through scenes that we would gladly recall; but the meshes of the net of verbal record are so large that a certain proportion of cherished sentiment inevitably escapes through them, and would be lost if not caught up and perpetuated in the pictorial art; therefore we may reasonably encourage realistic painting on the simple ground of the interest of our own history.

This is the practical view of the question, affirming the usefulness of realism as compared with the representation of phantasies.

But, on the other hand, it may be argued that phantasies are, or can be, more beautiful than realities, and beauty, after all, is the primary consideration in art. The simple test of endurance will suffice to expose the weakness of that contention.

Phantasies hold their own well in literature, where the meshes of the net are large; but when you come to fill in the complete image, as you must do in painting, so that no bare canvas should be left to mar the scene, you find that the distortions involved in the phantasy are revolting, and the more familiar they are the more does our taste turn against them as unnatural and unwholesome; but the external tangible world grows with our own growth, and is ever ready to turn up fresh and unfathomable sources of beauty.

We in London are very favourably circumstanced for investigating this subject, for the greatest master of phantasy that the world has ever seen is Turner in his later days, whilst at an earlier period he was no less distinguished as a simple realist, and examples of both periods may be studied at the same time and in the same room at the National Gallery.

It appears to me a fair remark that none of us are so sane after the meridian is passed as at middle age—but let us not theorise; let us examine fine examples. Probably there is no more superb example of what the fancy can produce than Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," dated 1829. We have admired, we have wondered at it for many years, but these old legends do not renew their youth on canvas.

In literary form they constitute the oldest treasures that the world contains, but there is a difference between the story related and the same translated into form and colour. The world is not likely to discard the story of the Cyclops; but when you repeatedly look at a

picture of a giant with one eye in the middle of his forehead your instinct rebels against such a monstrosity, and will none of it, and no greater degree of familiarity will render it tolerable. You come to find Polyphemus a tiresome personage. So that in the realm of the pictorial it will be found that phantasy does *not* wear well.

Even if Turner were still with us, no one, I suppose, would ever ask for another of the same series. Then there is the "Dido Building Carthage," which I admit to be the finest landscape picture in the world, but it is not so acute an example of phantasy, and my admiration prohibits criticism. Then we come to a specimen of unmitigated realism dated 1813, "A Frosty Morning." Here we can meditate in peace. There is no attempt made to excite our imagination. There is no display of fervour, not even a flush of enthusiasm. This picture is sane and sober down to the canvas. It does not even say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." It quietly and simply says, "My soul doth love England, and when I am well there is no time so delightful as a frosty morning."

There is nothing here that will ever pall or lose its interest. Each winter will reproduce the scene, and, if we continue in health, will afford us ever new pleasure.

But the most important argument that can be advanced in favour of realistic painting is that of its intrinsic value as an exhibition of technical achievement called by the French "*tours de force*," or, in English, "craftsmanship." There are people who hold in contempt anything not immediately intellectual, using the word *material* to express its inferiority, forgetting that materiality is one of the fundamental mysteries of the world, and quite outside our intellectual reach. There is, however, no section of craftsmanship where such extension of human faculty will not be recognised as of the first importance, and the strong point in realistic painting is that the work can be tested by direct comparison with nature.

There is a development of the pictorial art of recent date called Impressionism. It has the advantage that it cannot be called in question or criticised, as there is no standard for reference, and, if your observing faculty is sufficiently blunt and your eyesight sufficiently bad, there is no sort of production which will not pass muster. Such, at least, is the manifestation of impressionist art at the present time both in England and France.

There is a prevalent misconception as to realistic painting which assumes that quantity of detail is of its essence. No statement could be farther from the truth. It is quite possible for two temperaments or classes of mind to be engaged equally in admiration of the real, and interested in its reproduction. If you see an artist interested in a quantity of minute details that never attracted your attention, you may be quite sure of one thing: he has a keen organ of vision; he

can see with ease many things that you could not see without close and laborious attention and an effort that would be painful to you. This is not a reflection upon *him*, but upon *you*. If you try to make an impressionist of him, of course you will fail, for the energy that he spends in the pursuit of what you deem trifles is that which affords him keenest pleasure, and if you think such pleasure is of an inferior order to that which *you* take in the contrast or the modulation of broad masses of colour or light and shade, you are quite welcome to your choice—nobody will grudge it you; but to go about saying that your preference is nobler than his is merely a commonplace impertinence.

If your pictures only show the relative intensity of light or colour between the heavens and the earth, they will show truth of tone, the highest quality attainable in painting; but, because you are a realist, you are not guaranteed to set forth images of the thousand and one insects that flutter "twixt shine and shade." But, if you do, the other poor people can only admire and be astonished at your wonderful endowment.

A powerful physical eyesight is accountable for a good deal of the controversy on this subject that has disturbed students for some years past. Eyesight in our own time is probably in a state of decadence, owing chiefly, in my opinion, to the pernicious habit of wearing spectacles to alleviate a temporary disability which a little perseverance would soon overcome.

There is a growing tendency to see everything blurred and muzzy, so that people feel hurt and insulted if you offer them pictures of what they cannot see in nature, nor ever hope to see. This, I think, accounts for the "Impressionist movement." It is hardly worth while to review the art of the antecedent school—that of the Idealists, who set out to imitate everything Greek.

Greek art holds its own now as it has always done; but the question immediately before us is not one of criticism as to the past, but the practical one as to how our young students should order their pursuits in the interest of the further development of pictorial art; and the answer that I offer you to this question is, By all means try your best to represent the real in its naked reality.

JOHN BRETT.

## WITHIN WORKHOUSE WALLS.

A FEW years ago the Local Government Board, urged on by the force of public opinion, decreed the breaking up of the large district schools of the Sutton type. It was felt, and rightly felt, that to herd together vast masses of children under a single roof, to subject them, regardless of health or temperament or intellectual capacity, to a uniform and rigid discipline, was an act of incalculable folly. It was the negation of the whole family ideal. The common sense and the humanity of the English people revolted against a policy which had proved at once so expensive and so inefficient, and to-day the best minds in our Poor-law system are devising fresh schemes of training, fresh methods of stamping out the old pauper taint in the rising generation.

What we are doing for our pauper children I would plead for on behalf of our adult pauper population. For them the old inhuman policy is still in force. They, too, are herded together in vast barrack-like buildings; they, too, are subject to a rigid discipline; they are at the mercy of an army of paid officials; they are deprived, to a great extent at least, of their natural liberty. The English Poor-law is no respecter of persons. On young and old alike, on worthy and unworthy, on the idle vagabond and on the broken-down worker, it stamps the brand of pauperism. The State provides but a single refuge for the aged and infirm members of the working classes, and it practically penalises those who are driven by necessity to take advantage of it. To the Poor-law official the inmate of the workhouse is but one degree removed from the inmate of a prison cell. His need is as great as that of the "children of the State," and it is time that he too benefited by the more enlightened spirit which we bring to bear on the social problems of the day. He is the victim of



a system which was devised to meet a special social evil, and the need of which has almost entirely passed away. The English Poor-law belongs to that brutal legislation of the past, which bit by bit is being erased from our statute-books. It is in direct conflict with all the humanitarian ideals of the age, and its worst features are intensified in the huge barrack-like buildings which have sprung up in every urban parish. When the day of reform comes—and with the rapidly growing movement in favour of old age pensions, and the recent appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire once more into the whole subject, we may hope that the day is not far distant—it will be seen that the first and most urgent need is the breaking up of our present enormous institutions, and the redistribution of the inmates on a system which will take some account of the needs and the deserts of the men and women concerned.

Since the passing of the Act of 1834 the workhouses of the Metropolis and of our large industrial cities have steadily increased in size. Most of the London workhouses contain over 1000 inmates, although within recent years the workhouse infirmaries have been in nearly all cases erected into separate establishments. In St. Marylebone, when the present building operations are completed, 1900 persons will be herded together on  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres of land. Holborn (City Road) is certified for 1593, St. Pancras for 1983. These figures do not include children, nor yet the inmates of infirmaries and asylums. They merely include those who are known technically as the "aged" and the "able-bodied"—*i.e.*, those who are over and those who are under sixty years of age. The latter are, roughly speaking, in proportion to the former as two to five. It is with these two classes that the Poor-law problem of the future lies. It is for them that I would plead for a more rational, a more humane treatment. I do not forget that very great improvements have taken place in recent years in our Poor-law administration. We have improved in all hygienic and sanitary matters. We have improved immeasurably in the nursing of the sick, and in our care of the imbecile and of lunatics, and we are improving year by year in our education of the children. But we have done nothing to remove the pauper taint from the aged and infirm. We have done nothing to take away from them the bitter sense that their presence in the workhouse is a disgrace to themselves and to their families. We have been guided in our treatment of them by a narrow sense of what is due to the morally worthless, and we have taken a grim satisfaction in making our doles as unpalatable as possible to the unwilling recipient. In a word, we have been the hardest of stepmothers to those who, according to all the ethics of our Christian faith, have a first claim on our care and our charity.

How bitterly the respectable poor hate the workhouse no one knows who has not had some experience on a relief committee. It is only

starvation that compels them to go in. If it is asked why they should hate it so much, the answer is that it is intended that they should. It is the spirit of the English Poor-law to make things as uncomfortable as possible for paupers short of absolute cruelty or actual starvation. And although a certain grudging indulgence is now conceded as a right to the "aged," it is still the deliberate practice of many boards in their treatment of the technically "able-bodied." I am not denying for an instant the kindness of heart of individual guardians, nor, here and there, of individual boards. I am speaking of the average attitude of the average board towards the people under their charge, and of the recognised tradition on which their attitude is based. The assumption of the English Poor-law is that every pauper is a pauper through his own fault, that he has been guilty at some time or other of his life of idleness, or drunkenness, or improvidence, or he would not be where he is. And then it goes a step further and decides that it is never too late to make a man suffer for his past failings.

I do not think any one can enter the "aged" wards of a workhouse without being oppressed by the melancholy atmosphere of the place. Rows of old men and old women sit in a gloomy silence on the long benches, on their faces for the most part an expression of sullen indifference. There is no genial garrulity about old age under the Poor-law. When I was first elected to the St. Marylebone Board a walk round the wards filled me with despair. I have been over institutions innumerable both in England and abroad, but for sheer depression of spirits there is nothing to equal the workhouse. It was almost impossible to win a smile or a friendly word from any one; nowhere have I found it so difficult to establish a pleasant and cordial relationship. Nearly every inmate nurses a grievance, but the real standing grievance is that he should be there at all. They feel degraded in the eyes of the world, often through no fault of their own. They have little to fill their time, to occupy their thoughts; their days are spent in brooding over their misfortunes. It is true they have airy wards, good fires, decent beds, and a sufficiency of food, but nothing consoles them for the loss of their liberty, and their own fire-side, and their self-respect. And who can wonder at it? These old people for the most part have had homes of their own, with a certain measure of modest comfort; they have brought up families; they have ordered their own lives and disposed of their own means, and now, in their old age, past work, with their children perhaps dead or emigrated, they have had to turn reluctantly to the workhouse, driven by actual physical want. At once they fall under the iron hand of Poor-law administration. Rules have to be observed; hours must be punctually kept; their dietary, their clothing are all different from what they are accustomed to. Their most cherished

little possessions are snatched away from them; they have no possible privacy; all day long they are jostled by their companions in the crowded wards. There is no room in the workhouse for the little fads and prejudices and habits which grow upon each one of us with advancing years. Where hundreds—nay, thousands—are concerned, it is impossible to make exceptions. Can it be wondered at, I say, that sometimes these old people are irritable and obstinate, and that they cling tenaciously to those few rights that Acts of Parliament and the decisions of the Local Government Board have conferred upon them? For my part, I am amazed, not at the recalcitrancy of the few, but at the passive submissiveness of the many.

Another evil is that the very severity of the Poor-law defeats its own ends, and a mass of little abuses are constantly springing up which seldom reach the ears of the guardians. The whole house is more or less in league to cheat the officers, to smuggle in little dainties, to break the rules, while the officers on their side are constantly on the watch to "catch out" offenders. Inmates pay each other in halfpence which they have received secretly from friends, to render each other little services, to receive a more tempting bit of meat for dinner, or a less worn garment at the weakly distribution of clean clothes. Inmates employed in the kitchen pilfer the food, if only in infinitesimal scraps, and sell it to their companions. The "able-bodied" scheme perpetually for some of the little privileges to which the "aged" alone are entitled. It is all petty and degrading; yet who can blame the old people? With a little more *humanity* and common sense in our Poor-law administration they would receive openly and as a matter of course that which, as things are, they can only obtain by secret means. A vast amount of useless friction would be avoided if only the Poor-law would condescend to temper its Draconian rules with a more generous infusion of common human sympathy.

One of the worst evils of the whole system is the extent to which the inmates are at the mercy of the workhouse officials. These are, as a class, superior to the officials of the past, but they are, at best, half-educated people, who are endowed with almost limitless authority. Many of the female attendants show considerable kindness of heart in the discharge of their duties, but of the male officers I confess that I have, as a class, a very poor opinion. England, as a rule, suffers far less from narrow officialism than any nation in Europe, but if it flourishes anywhere among us it is in the Poor-law administration of the country. The average Poor-law officer seems to me to concentrate in his person all the worst traditions of the system. He is by training opposed to all reform: the fact that a thing has not been done before is for him a conclusive reason why it should not be done now. He has a ludicrous conception of his own



dignity, and of the immeasurable gulf that lies between him and those over whom he is in authority. These tendencies are encouraged by many boards, who deem it essential to support their officers at all costs for the sake of the discipline of the house. In other words, they always accept the word of an officer as against the word of an inmate. The knowledge that such is the case, is, I need hardly say, exceedingly demoralising to the officers. Personally I should be prepared to accept the one as soon as the other. An officer may have quite as cogent reasons for saying what is untrue as an inmate, and as few scruples in doing so. Even where the master and matron are themselves above suspicion, which is not always the case, one cannot be certain that abuses do not exist, for in these large workhouses a very great deal has to be left to subordinate officers. The most energetic master cannot be personally cognisant of all that occurs. And though I should be sorry to believe that actual cruelty is more than the rarest of exceptions, I am, from my own observation, fully convinced that there is on the part of officers a great deal of petty bullying and unnecessary tyranny, accompanied by a lamentable indifference to the comfort of those under their charge. Where an inmate has already given trouble once or twice, he is entirely at the mercy of an ill-tempered officer, who can bully him with impunity, knowing that there is a black mark against his name. There is a certain class of rather truculent pauper who takes satisfaction in writing lengthy complaints to the Local Government Board on the slightest provocation, but, as a general rule, to expect helpless old people to make complaints against the attendants placed over them is like expecting children to bear witness against their own nurse. And there are cases where for an inmate to be seen even speaking to a guardian excites the disapproval of the officer in charge, who fears that his own conduct may be under discussion. In a general way I may say that it is the constant effort of the workhouse officials to act as a barrier between the guardians and the inmates: there is nothing they dislike and dread so much as direct and personal relations between the two.

If the lot of the "aged" inmates is a cheerless one, that of the so-called "able-bodied" is infinitely worse. For them no one professes any sympathy. For them there are no alleviations—no "days out," no visitors, no tea, no tobacco, no meat except on Sundays. Dry bread, suet pudding, pea-soup, gruel, cocoa—such is the extent of their weekly fare. The assumption of the whole Poor-law is that these so-called "able-bodied," whether male or female, are all sturdy villains who will not work, and that the conditions of life within the workhouse must be such as to act with a deterrent effect on the most hardened and the most obstinately vicious. In reality what are the facts? These individuals are, if you will, the failures of our social



system, men and women prematurely broken down by over-work and insufficient food, or the inheritors of diseased constitutions and feeble brains. They are men and women who from their birth onwards have been at a disadvantage in life's race. Most of them are physically incapable of doing hard steady work for a week at a time. The great majority suffer from some definite disease. Rheumatism, rupture, phthisis, impaired eyesight, ulcerated legs, deafness, are the most frequent complaints. Then there are, of course, the victims of alcohol, and the men who make the workhouse a place of temporary rest in which to recover from the effects of semi-starvation in gaol. There are sufferers from chronic bronchitis and rheumatism who spend the winter-months in the workhouse, and gladly go out when spring returns to earn their living once more, and there are many who have been discharged as cured from the infirmary but who are not yet fit for work. Many middle-aged women are there prematurely broken down by long hours and inadequate diet; many wives of men who are spending long months sick in the infirmary. One of the first cases, after my election to the St. Marylebone Board, to which my attention was drawn was that of a young man of twenty-six, nearly blind and in weak health. Moved by his own urgent entreaties the house committee ultimately sent him to one of the training-schools for the blind, where he is doing well, but not until he had spent many dreary months in their able-bodied wards. This afflicted well-conducted youth, surely a deserving object of pity, was subjected by the iron hand of the Poor-law to treatment specially designed for the punishment of the hardened loafer! He went to swell the list of those "able-bodied paupers" for whom we are told no severity is too great! He is only one out of hundreds. There is absolutely no classification of the able-bodied. The broken-down sempstress of fifty-eight is treated like the idle ruffian of twenty. The afflicted fare no better than the sound in body. Homeless girls of seventeen or eighteen who lose their situations or fall into temporary misfortune are herded together with women of the worst character. I am far from maintaining that every one in the workhouse is the innocent victim of misfortune. I fully admit that in every workhouse there is to be found a residuum of idle and dissolute characters, of men and women addicted to drink and vice and every abomination, and that the task of maintaining order and discipline among them is far from an easy one. For such as these I do not suggest for a moment that workhouse discipline should be relaxed. But I protest emphatically against the assumption, on which our whole Poor-law administration is based, that every person under sixty years of age who is compelled to seek the shelter of the workhouse is *ipso facto* undeserving of pity. Treatment that is suitable in the one case, is absolutely unsuitable in another, and may even degenerate into actual cruelty. To speak of

the "able-bodied" as though they formed a homogeneous mass and could be legislated for in the lump, shows either an extraordinary ignorance of the facts of the case or a lamentable indifference to the welfare of persons who have every claim on our consideration.

A few figures may help to make my contention plainer. The Kensington Union possesses a labour-test yard, where stone-breaking and corn-grinding are enforced, with accommodation for ninety inmates. It is, I believe, the only one in London, and to it male paupers who are really able-bodied are sent by all the metropolitan workhouses. From St. Marylebone only 16 per cent. of the so-called able-bodied men can be certified by the board's own medical officer as fit for Kensington. The remaining 84 per cent. all suffer from some blemish, some constitutional weakness which prevents them from accomplishing really hard work, and although this does not mean that they are actually incapacitated from earning a livelihood, it certainly does mean that they are seriously handicapped in the midst of the severe competition of modern industrial conditions. They are of necessity the first to go to the wall in the struggle for life. The advantage of a severe labour-test of this kind, where you may be dealing with men of such limited material requirements and such undeveloped moral consciousness that they deliberately prefer the certainty of bread and soup within the workhouse to the trouble of picking up even a precarious livelihood outside, is patent to all. But it is just because an adequate labour-test, under medical supervision, is so easily devised that I protest against the wholesale condemnation of the technically able-bodied with which we are familiar. And we may remember further that, as a general rule, the worst class of irredeemable vagabond has no legal settlement, and therefore never gains admittance into the workhouse proper at all. He spends his summers on the tramp, and his winters shifting from one casual ward to the other, but even with him exposure and drink and insufficient nourishment soon work havoc; he is seldom capable of anything more laborious than oakum-picking, and he rarely attains to old age.

When we come to the question of practical reforms within the workhouse, and of the best means for reducing the abnormal size of our existing establishments, we find ourselves at once confronted with the whole problem of old age pensions. Very much will depend in the future upon the way in which it is solved. If any comprehensive scheme were adopted—and for my part, the more comprehensive it is the more warmly I shall welcome it—it is certain that there would be, as a result, a great diminution in the number of those who now come directly upon the rates. If, on the other hand, a strictly limited measure be decided on, for the benefits of which only a select number of thrifty persons are to be eligible, it simply will not touch the Poor-law problem at all. We shall be paying pensions to persons who, even

without a pension, would never have entered the workhouse. But however wide the ultimate scheme may prove to be, a considerable number of old people will still have to be provided for by the Poor-law, as many are too infirm to live alone, and have no relations to take charge of them. For these I would advocate municipal old-age homes, quite separate from the workhouse itself. Within the walls of these homes the pauper taint should be held to have no admission. The inmates should wear their own clothes, supplemented, where required, by the guardians; they should each have a little cupboard of their own for their small treasures, and should be allowed to spend any money given by friends, so long as it was not spent in alcoholic liquor. The wards should be small, not more than ten or twelve beds in each, and they should be made as cheerful as possible. The diet should be good and varied, with a choice of food at dinner; visitors should be allowed every afternoon, and the old people should have all reasonable freedom in going out. Every home should have a well-kept garden attached; the attendants should all be trained nurses. There would be no difficulty in securing charitable visitors for such homes, who would brighten the lives of the inmates; the Brabazon Society, which at present supplies the one bright spot in workhouse life, might transfer its beneficent activities thither. The only condition of residence should be good conduct within the home; old men or women of quarrelsome habits, or who have been repeatedly guilty of returning home in an intoxicated condition, would be sent back to the workhouse for three months, and, when necessary, for life. It would be a punishment that all would dread, and that would facilitate the maintenance of necessary discipline. The aim of all concerned would be to make the home as home-like as possible, and to let the old people spend their last days in peace and comfort.

For old couples who desire to live together I would have municipal almshouses. They would resemble our existing married peoples' quarters, but they should be quite separate from the workhouse, and admittance to them should be granted as a right to all destitute and well-behaved old couples, instead of as a favour, as is generally the case at present. These almshouses would in no case be very large, as the number of aged couples to be provided for is never exceedingly numerous, and as the old people could wait upon themselves to a great extent, the staff would only have to consist of a matron or trained nurse, who would be responsible for order, and who would nurse the old people when sick, and of two or three young women to do the rough work. I would like the experiment made of providing each couple with a weekly sum for their food, and allowing them to purchase and cook it for themselves; it would give them an interest and an occupation, and would remove a fertile source of grumbling.

In a general way my aim would be to have no *permanent* people in



the workhouse proper at all. Already the sick are in the infirmary, the children are in the schools or scattered homes, the lunatics and the imbeciles are in the asylums. It would merely be carrying the process of devolution a step further to remove all the aged and infirm to old-age homes and almshouses. This would not abolish the workhouse, but it would vastly decrease its numbers. It would still leave there the large and difficult class of "ins and outs," the temporarily destitute, the inmates of the lying-in wards, and the few old people who through bad conduct would be ineligible for the old-age homes, or who would have squandered their old-age pensions in drink. As regards the so-called "able-bodied," I would have a careful system of classification, with labour in proportion to their powers. The parochial laundry, which could do the washing for the various Poor-law establishments, would provide a sufficient labour-test for all able-bodied women. It should be the first care of the workhouse visiting committee, relieved of some of its present duties, to make a determined and active effort to set on their feet once more all inmates in any way deserving of help. Very much needs doing in this direction. As things are at present, the difficulty of getting out of the workhouse, when once a person has drifted into it, is in many cases almost insuperable. For a man and woman to go out in the morning homeless and penniless, often with children to drag after them, and to secure work and food and shelter ere night time, is a task that may well dishearten all but the most determined. Frequently the kindness of individual guardians steps in, and the house committee has power to facilitate the process in certain directions; but I am convinced that many men and women remain indefinitely in the house simply from the lack of a little timely and judicious assistance. We make it practically impossible for them to go out, and we denounce them for remaining in. The difficulty might, I think, be met in two ways—by a much closer co-operation with outside charitable agencies, and by allowing inmates to earn certain sums by good conduct and hard work to be handed over to them on their discharge. At present, however admirably an inmate may behave, he still has to leave the house in a penniless condition. The guardians have no official power to help him with money. It is a well-recognised fact that many men and women in the house do a great deal more work than is sufficient to pay for their maintenance, work which, if they were not there, would have to be done by the officers, or by paid outside labour. In return they receive various little privileges in the shape of tobacco and extra rations, and the natural tendency on the part of the officers is to encourage these well-behaved people to remain. This is a serious evil which should be met in some way. If even a small sum could be earned—say a maximum of 10s.—it would be a great inducement to the more idly disposed to do their best, and it would facilitate for



all the difficult step of leaving the workhouse. I shall be told that the money would simply be wasted on drink outside the workhouse doors, and I admit that this would sometimes be the case. But I contend that the worthless inmates would be the least likely to earn the money, and I know, of my own knowledge, many cases where the small sum would have been an inestimable boon.

Under the reformed Poor-law of the future I trust a very definite effort will be made to abolish, instead of to perpetuate, the pauper taint. I can see no moral or social gain in branding people as paupers. Self-respect is too valuable an ingredient in human character to be recklessly destroyed. It should be considered no more degrading to live in the municipal old-age homes than to be an army pensioner or to have apartments in Hampton Court Palace. Personally I quite fail to see the difference. And in cases of genuine, though temporary, distress, it seems to me to be infinitely less humiliating and demoralising to those in need to apply directly to the Poor-law with a candid statement of the facts, than to drag round from one charitable person to another eking out a precarious existence by the repetition of a piteous tale.

Men live in idleness at the expense of their country on all sorts of pretexts; rich men enjoy sinecure offices and procure for their sons scholarships which were founded for the benefit of the poor, and no one protests. Yet if a man in real extremity turns to the rates for assistance he is supposed by some absurd convention to have brought indelible disgrace upon his name. As steps in the right direction I would suggest no distinctive pauper dress for any class of inmates, and no civil disenfranchisement for those who are compelled to have temporary recourse to Poor-law assistance. As long as a property qualification exists it is clear that the habitual pauper will never be in a position to vote. One of the most grotesque anomalies of our present system is that medical aid if obtained either from the parish doctor or through the parish infirmary is held to be pauperising and it therefore by law entails disenfranchisement, whereas medical aid through a hospital is considered the rightful privilege of every self-respecting working man. In reality there is no difference between the two—the modern infirmary does a portion of the vast work with which our voluntary hospital system, left to itself, could not possibly cope—and precisely the same class of people has recourse to the one as to the other. The determining factor in most cases is the nature of the disease. No one is considered pauperised by the free use of a hospital, but even where a man pays full maintenance for his child in the infirmary he loses his rights as a citizen as a penalty for having allowed it to go there.

To speak of the Poor-law and to say nothing of the guardians whose duty it is to carry the Poor-law into effect, were to omit the

most important factor in the whole situation. The guardians supply the one human element between the Local Government Board on the one hand, and the local Poor-law officials on the other. Within certain limits the Poor-law is what the guardians choose to make it. The welfare and the comfort of the poor depend upon them and upon the spirit in which they perform their duties far more intimately than upon any Act of Parliament. They have before them a splendid sphere of social work. How have they dealt with it? Tradition, it must be confessed, is not in their favour, and even to-day, in spite of many changes and many reforms, the shadow of the old bad traditions still lies upon them. In the past the Poor-law has been administered by an entirely wrong set of people, by men who merely wished to serve their own ambitions and trade interests. It is comforting at least to know that to-day this element is a vanishing factor, and that the more fully the working classes—who alone have a direct interest in good Poor-law administration—realise that under the reformed franchise the composition of the boards lies largely in their own hands, the less we are likely to be troubled with it in future. At the present time boards vary so widely both in their practice and in their attitude towards their office that it is difficult to pass any general criticisms upon them. A considerable number of guardians are filled with an honest ambition to do their best for the workhouse as an institution; a certain number centre their endeavours on keeping down the rates; a few are raddists. On every board competent and energetic guardians are to be found; on the other hand, on every board a certain proportion do not even approximate to a fair share of their work. Some simply do no work at all. Where guardians, as a body, are habitually lacking is in a genuine love for the poor. Probably it has occurred to very few of them that that is a necessary qualification for their office. They are for the most part successful business men, and your successful business man is, as a rule, the last person from whom it were reasonable to expect an infinite pity for the failures of life. And yet I think that if the inmates of the workhouse could be brought to feel that the guardians, or even any individual guardian, really cared about them, the cloud that hangs over their lives would be perceptibly lifted. If the iron has entered into their souls it is because they have lost all hope. They suffer the worst kind of loneliness, the loneliness of a crowd, and they feel that no one cares for them any more. They regard the guardians, as a rule, much as a prisoner regards his gaoler. I have observed that they are often curiously unresponsive to official acts of benevolence, but they are pathetically grateful for the smallest individual kindness, even for a kind word. It is the personal sense of love that men and women crave for. It is the chill officialism of the Poor-law that is its greatest curse.



Guardians do good just in proportion as they bring their own individuality, their own personal influence, to bear on behalf of the human souls committed to their charge. If they are content merely to carry on a system on its official lines, they are helping to perpetuate all the worst evils of the system. A guardian's official position should give him a unique opportunity for offering a helping hand to the most needy section of society. Unhappily it is just this personal aspect of his work that is so terribly handicapped by the vast size of our workhouses. How is it possible to befriend individually 1800 people? How is it possible even to know personally an appreciable proportion of them? The numbers are paralysing. Even to enter a ward containing from 50 to 100 inmates, and start general conversation, requires some measure of self-possession. It is scarcely possible to become in any real sense their friend, and unless you can bring it home to them that you are their friend, it seems to me hardly worth while to be a guardian at all. It is only by dividing the people among separate establishments, and placing each under a committee of the board, that it will be possible to arrive at satisfactory results.

If the Poor-law were purified of its worst features, I see no reason why the practical work of distributing old-age pensions should not be entrusted to the guardians. Whatever the amount granted, and whatever the restrictions as to recipients may be, it seems to me a *sine qua non* that the pensions should be paid weekly. And this will necessitate some local organisation if scandals are to be prevented. Old-age pensions are, after all, but a glorified form of out-relief, and if they are established on a sufficiently wide and popular basis, they will largely replace the present unsatisfactory and insufficient system of out-relief, which mainly consists in granting small additions to the very small means possessed by aged persons of either sex. For my part, my aim and object as a guardian is to keep respectable people at all costs out of the workhouse proper, around which, do what we may, dishonouring traditions will always cling. Old-age pensions, out-relief, infirmaries, municipal homes for the aged, are all means towards this end, by providing honourable and sufficient and suitable provision for our old and sick and infirm workers. No one single measure will solve the problem, but bit by bit we may build up a new and humane Poor-law policy, from which the old pauper taint shall be wholly absent. It should be founded on a spirit of social justice and of Christian charity, a spirit as far removed as may be from that of our English Poor-law of the past.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

## THE GARDEN REVISITED.

BACK, after a year of the Tropics, in the English garden which I know so well. I left it on a February day and have come back to it on another. Not a leaf on the laurels seems to have stirred all the time that I have been away among the humming-birds and palm-trees. My absence made no difference to my favourite hollies, and now that I am here again, neither yew nor bay nor box seems to have the least curiosity about me, my goings or my comings. They have been intent only on their own year's work—doing their duty—and have done it. In due season the nightingale came to them, and the turtle-dove and the golden-crested wren nested and flew away, and in due season the missel-thrush and the hawfinch found their branches thickly berried and held their annual feast. The bees, as usual, went crazy when the box-trees puffed clouds of yellow pollen across the path, and the wasps filled the silver spruces with humming as they gathered their aromatic lacquer.

In the elm-tops, swaying now exactly as they were doing when I went away, are the rooks' nests, and among the honeysuckles round the roots there is a wren's nest just where there was one last year.

How very irrelevant we human beings are with our doings and our undoings: and how superfluous! What do you think that walnut-tree on the lawn there would care if I were to tell it that since I last saw the nuthatcher popping in and out of the holes in its boughs, I had been a prisoner in a castle in Cuba, that I had turned the Bloody Angle when shrapnel and Mausers were dimpling the creek like raindrops, to see the Americans charge up the slope to San Juan de Santiago, or that I had seen great ships lie shuddering on the Spanish Main while the hurricanes came racing and shouting from the ocean through the funnels of the Leewards to vex the Cannibal Sea.



Lord ! how one could brag to these stay-at-home shrubs. But what use ? That walnut-tree there has been growing where it now grows for two hundred and fifty years. Some squirrel, contemporary with Oliver Cromwell probably, planted it—dug a little hole for it, stuffed it in, patted the earth down tight, whisked its tail over it in token that the nut had been well and truly laid, straightway scampered off and forgot the place. And from that little function, with only perhaps a robin for spectator, and no more ceremony about it than the whisk of a squirrel's tail or the benediction of a redbreast affords, there has arisen this noble palace of the birds. And to-day, all about under the walnut tree, and in the flower-beds so sadly adjacent, squirrels—the lineal heirs, it may be, to this vast accumulated Thellusson tree-trust—are scraping holes, looking for nuts they buried last Autumn, with all due ancient rite of patting of paws and whisking of tails. No, nothing in the garden seems to care where I have been or what I have been doing.

So it came on to be March, and the missel-thrush arrived, loud-voiced and hardy as "storm-cocks" should be, and tilted at all comers for the sake of the last fruitage of the hollies, and the month was mellow and dry. Kings' ransoms do not sell for much, it may be, nowadays, or dustmen had run shrewd risks of making fortunes. Grape hyacinths and squills, and "pride of the snow," brightened, like little glints of summer sky, the wintry drifts of snowdrop, each in the very spot where they used to do, and it was the same old snails perhaps, that came out and nibbled them.

Then April with daffodil, narcissus, and tulip flowering everywhere, in spite of storm and frost, and the rooks back in the same o'd nests, and tiny rabbits, a mere handful each of them, coming out of the same holes when the sun was shining, to wash their faces in the warmth. How prettily our little fellow creatures, all thanking God alike for His goodness to them in that state to which it hath pleased Him to call them, preach to us of the beauty of the enduring order in Nature. One by a flower, another by a song, a third by a gesture.

And now it is May, and I am back in The Garden, to find it again all aglow with new-old life. Up in the snowy cherry-tree, every branch a wreath of bloom, and the whole a great bouquet, swinging out waves of perfume like a censer, sits mounted a cock black-cap, but just arrived from the Riviera. Besieging the white bloom is a host of hive-bees, and here and there a "bumble," and aloft, at his ease, in a palace of almond-scented blossom, perches the bird, and levies toll of the honey-flies as they pass along the flowery highway. So intent are they on their sweets that the black-cap need not take the trouble to move to catch them. Standing between two "tuffets" of bloom, each much larger than himself, he has simply to turn his head this way or that to pick off the bees as they go clambering con-

scientiously over every separate flower. How preposterously leisurely he is, stopping, between bees, to scratch his little black poll, and how absurdly fatalistic the demeanour of the bees! Was ever insect overtaken by its kismet with more delightful suddenness, or sent to meet fate with such engaging innocence? Or was ever a bird of prey so delicately dawdling, such a dilettante, as our black skull-capped warbler? It does not look at all like murder, this serene, fastidious, selection of bees off the bloom, and as for the bees—hullo! *A fit?* What happened to the black-cap, sitting there eating honey-bags at his ease between two tufts of cherry-blossom? He nearly fell backwards off his perch, gave a cry, and skipped up several boughs higher. What ails him? The feathers on his head are all up on end; his cap is a crest, and he is dancing up and down as if the twig were hot, chirping indignantly. Well, it *was* rather a shock. A great female bumble-bee, as big as his head, was sucking honey, and only a little bit of her was visible among the flowers, and our dainty gentleman, having everything his own way, must needs take it for granted that the bit he saw belonged to a honey-bee. Out tumbled the big insect, thus unceremoniously assaulted, bumping consumedly, and the bird, with a chuckle of horror at his mistake, incontinently decamped. And, on the whole, I was pleased to see that it took him a very long time to steady his nerves and repair damages. For really he was having too good a time.

Besides, our honey-bees are not domesticated for black-cap's eating. Nor did I know till I saw this one eating them that black-caps were enemies of the "apiarist," and I fancy the fact may be new both to ornithologists and bee-keepers.

But this beautiful cherry-tree taught me the same day another lesson as to the danger of trusting to appearances and the perilous folly of circumstantial evidence. Here we have a cherry-tree laden with bloom, one snowy heap of bloom, a swarm of honey-bees, scores of bumble-bees, a few dipterous flies, a pair of chaffinches, and a cock black-cap. The cherry-blossoms are falling out of the tree like snow-flakes; the path-turf below are piled with them. On examination each is found to have been bitten through at the bottom of the calyx, the plunderer thus nipping out exactly the tiny fruit, at present not much larger than rape-seed. Now gardeners and books about birds are all agreed that chaffinches and black-caps are enemies to fruit trees. And here they are, hopping about in the cherry-tree, and the ground beneath them is dappled with the ruined blossoms.

Here is the case on circumstantial evidence, plain enough for hanging. But wait. Turn your glasses on to each bird in turn for five minutes. What do you see? As to the black cap, that he is busily catching bees. As far as he cares about the blossom, the cherry-tree might be a cedar of Lebanon. As to the chaffinches, that they do



not disturb a single petal, but pick and peck here, there and everywhere at some (to you invisible) insects or jump up into the air a few inches to take them on the wing. Through the glasses you can see that the blossoms are invaded by myriads of tiniest flies. Neither black-cap nor chaffinch is doing any harm whatever to the fruit-tree, but, on the contrary, both are with extraordinary diligence ridding it of insects. That the insects themselves are harmless to the tree is perfectly possible, but that is neither here nor there. The black-cap and the chaffinch (there are really two of each at work and in most complete friendliness) are clearing the blossoms of them at the rate, and a very rapid one, of about fifty to the minute each. *But the blossoms are still dropping out of the tree.* Somebody else is evidently at work.

Follow with your eye upwards the lines of the falling flowers. Walk round the tree as far as you can. Look up into it. Fix your glasses on the spot you think is the origin of the mischief, and lo! a glint of red fur. A squirrel! Yes, sure enough, completely embedded in cherry blossom, there sits Adjidaumo, methodically eating out the heart of each separate flower in the bunch. He does not go from tuft to tuft, but works steadily through one before going to the next. He bites each flower off singly, takes it in his two paws, nips off and swallows the bottom of the calyx and so to the next and the next. A single tuft, about the size of a cricket ball, will take him, at the rate of thirty a minute, about a minute and a half, for there are above fifty blooms (set on in fours and fives) to each tuft. Now, two hundred cherries make a good-sized pie, so that a squirrel in about six minutes (say ten to give him the benefit of the doubt) can gobble up enough tart *en petit*, potential tart, for six people, one helping each. But even supposing that all the cherries which the squirrel ate were destined to come to maturity, what does a tart per diem for a month or so matter when a cherry tree has three or four hundred thousand blossoms on it? After all, thirty days' tarts would only mean six thousand cherries for the squirrel and three hundred thousand for the kitchen. One-fiftieth of the crop, if it gives a squirrel a wholesome fruit breakfast every day for a month, is surely not to be begrudged. As a matter of fact, when the black-birds, thrushes and smaller fowl have, later on, had their will of that cherry tree there is never a pie left for anybody else. The tree is far too large for netting in, and it is enjoyed therefore in May for its bloom, armfuls of which come into the house for the vases, and not in June for its fruit. So Brer Squirrel is at liberty to eat as many of the flowers as he pleases.

In the meanwhile, I have established this interesting fact, that of two suspected birds in the garden neither of them touches the bloom for mischief. It is Brer Squirrel's "misbehavishness" only.



He, too, it is who desolates the gorgeous banks of primula and polyanthus, and sitting down on a stool of carmine and amber flowers fills his graceless little stomach with the tiny seed-pods, leaving only a bristle of headless flower stems and a drift of lovely fragments. Sometimes Brer Rabbit comes up into forbidden quarters and munches off a square foot of beautiful primulas, but you can tell in the morning who the visitor was because he never leaves a vestige of the petals behind. Neither squirrel nor rabbit is guided in its feeding by colour: they both graze without any invidious partialities as to tint.

Some of this devastation I had always set down against the blackbirds and thrushes, seeing them often so busy in the flower beds, but just now, at any rate, when they have their young ones to feed as well as themselves, they are most certainly innocent of blame. And, by the way, how comes it that the thrush always leads her brood out upon lawns and open spaces to feed them while the blackbird always hides her offspring under the bushes or in the tall grass? You will see the old ones of both varieties food-finding on the same plot of turf, but only the young of the thrush are visible. I wonder why this is? Some "protective colouring" enthusiast will no doubt suggest that the darker plumage of the blackbird makes shadows advisable for concealment, which would be nonsense. For if ever there was anything more obvious to the unassisted eye than the nose on a man's face it is surely a thrushling sitting on a tennis lawn. Nor have the conspicuous little fluff-balls any notion of making themselves obscure or indistinct. They spin along after their mother just as if they were on roller skates and tied to her tail, the funniest mechanical progression possible. Off goes the mother a foot, off start the little ones ten inches. Off she goes again for six feet, off go the chicks for five feet ten. And so they proceed zig-zagging, figure-of-eighting, and circumbendibusing all over the grass, till, one by one, each has had enough and, sitting down where it swallowed the last possible insect, refuses to run any more, worm or no worm. By this time they are squandered all over the turf, but the parent does not seem in the least concerned as she surveys her full-fed, grumpy little children with their heads down between their shoulders, dotted about like the plums in the sailor's pudding, "hardly within hail of one another."

Nor has the mother got them apparently under the control of her voice, for if an alarm occurs, and she flies off with a cry, the little ones join in the general stampede, but in as many different directions as there are birds. How the parents collect them all together again is a real mystery, if indeed they ever do so, for they receive no help from their brood. It is equally odd that the nestlings do not know their own parents, and, indeed, cannot always tell blackbird from thrush. You may often see a young thrush run up to a blackbird that has just found



something to eat, and look most fluffily aggrieved when the merle flies off with its prize to the shrubbery, where its own fledglings can be heard anticipating the arrival of food with gleeful chucklings.

In three or four days the little thrushes desert the lawns, and wherever you may go, "in garden, orchard, and spinney," you hear the heavy footed youngsters foraging noisily for themselves among the fallen leaves. This is the first and easiest lesson in insect-catching, for the dead leaves conceal an extraordinary multitude of creeping and flying things, and an infinity of eggs and chrysalids. Of these the small birds have their will, but the parents still come to and fro with patient frequency with larger mouthfuls than the juvenile foragers can find for themselves. Indeed, in the case of all the "soft-billed" birds the old ones continue, with of course diminishing regularity, to contribute to the young ones' sustenance, even after the latter are as large as themselves and as strong on the wing.

You cannot speak of young blackbirds with the same familiarity and fulness of acquaintance, for they are taught by their parents to keep under cover. Of course, like all children, they will stretch indulgence to its limit: while keeping to their instructions in the letter, break them in the spirit. For they come out to the uttermost verge of the cover wherein they have been placed, and their rusty-brown breasts all of a row at the extreme edge of the shade of a bush are pathetically conspicuous. Strictly enjoined, like the little pigs of story, not to stir outside the house lest the wolf should see them, they sit on the doorsteps and look out of open windows. You may pass as close to them as you please. They will not move. That little cough you hear—but where the ventriloquist is perched it were hard to guess—is the parents' warning to "lie low," and the fledglings will sit there sometimes with closed eyes and let you pick them up rather than budge.

This provision of Nature is very unintelligently exercised by the old birds. They make their infants sit still wherever they may happen to be, and it is as pitiful as it is laughable to see tiny speckled robins, with fluff sticking up all over their heads, sitting, as ordered by their chirping mother, in the middle of the path. The missel-thrushes are perhaps the worst offenders in this respect, for as soon as you hear their grunt of warning, you can go into the shrubbery and pick their family one by one off the low twigs where they had been sitting to be fed, and upon which their mother, in spite of their desperate peril, keeps on warning them to remain. But they are strange, half-crazy birds, these missel-thrushes, and so over-anxious to be wary that they are perpetually betraying themselves. When they are building, their stealth and rapidity are astounding. You may come and go as often as you like, but you will never see a bird at work, and yet the fork in the apple tree that was empty on Monday evening has a nest with an egg in it at noon on Wednesday. And such a nest! Larch-twigs stick

out at random a foot beyond it; and in front, on the side near to the path, eighteen inches of white string hangs out as a sign. The last Spring that I was here, a pair, perhaps the same, built in another apple-tree a few yards off, and hung out a long broad flock of sheep's wool, to let everybody know that the tree was tenanted. A dog that was with me one day saw the wool blowing to and fro and was very anxious about it, never forgetting in subsequent visits to stop under the nest and bark at the rag. It has occurred to me that perhaps this very untidiness, this ostentation of slatternly disrepair, is really only another expression of this bird's half-idiotic acuteness. A schoolboy on seeing it for the first time passed it by contemptuously, as "a jolly rotten old nest." A lady suggested its being pulled out, as it made the tree untidy!

And all the time it had eggs in it, as everybody could tell who understands the stupid fussiness with which the old birds announce the fact that they have started a nursery. When the eggs hatch, the voices change so completely that you know what has happened. Hidden at some short distance, the parents make curious grunting sounds, inaudible to inexperienced or unexpectant ears, which are to warn the nestlings to hide. As you come up to the nest, three little ogre-heads pop up, wobbling about ill-balanced on their weak necks, the yellow beaks wide open expectant of food. They heard you, and thought it was their mother coming. From somewhere suddenly comes a short low grunt, and lo! the nestlings are gone. Put a finger into the nest: all you feel is backbone and wing-bone, rough and granular skin, and till you have actually looked into the nest and seen the birds there, it is incredible that they could flatten themselves, *plaster* themselves down, in the way they do. But it is no use waiting to see the mother come and feed them. She and her offspring have both the leisure and the patience to wait you out, and they will.

Sitting ensconced, glasses in hand, in the hope of outwitting the old birds, I heard among some wild strawberry plants a feeble scuffling and squeaking as of mice when they foregather with their kind, and presently, out between my feet, came a pair of sbrews in bitter altercation. They are black and white, and as they rolled over one another, first showing one colour and then the other, they looked like some small presentment of the Egyptians' revolving globes representing, before the pied images of Anubis, the alternations of day and night. I did not know the rights or wrongs of the quarrel, so I showed no favour but I dropped some oak-galls which I had in my pocket upon them. They stopped at once, sniffed with long flexible noses as if to smell where the meteorites had come from and vanished in a little streak of black and white back into the strawberries.



How little one really knows of our few British "wild animals." One hears so much, for instance, of the enormities committed by field mice, and of the ferocious ingenuity exercised both at home and abroad for their destruction, that it came quite as a surprise to me the other day on capturing a field-mouse to find my prisoner so pretty and tame. It is almost as engaging as the dormouse and very nearly as docile.

As the gardener had just been sowing his peas, traps had been set along the rows, and the next morning one of them was found tenanted by a little forager. The same day it so happened that one of the maids, hearing much rattling going on among some old filberts which were in a basket in the larder, set a trap there, too, and next morning she also had captured a marauder. Both prisoners proved to be long-tailed field-mice, a pair, and as philosophically unconcerned at their kismet as opium eaters.

They were at once put into a spacious glass-sided "vivarium," and no sooner found their feet than they advanced, with every military precaution, towards each other, made friends with one brief nose-to-nose sniff, and then, side by side, as close as they could sit, commenced washing their faces. And how they wash! They scrub their pink noses furiously with their pink paws, and comb up their back hair in a perfect frenzy, stopping only for a second to scratch their cheeks, like lunatics, with their hind toes, and then recommencing on their faces and back hair with just the same astonishing enthusiasm as at first. Suddenly they stop, clean their fur here and there, pass their long tails through their mouths, and sit up, as who should say, "There! did you ever see a wash-and-brush-up done as quickly as that before?" When they were satisfied with their toilet, the new acquaintances drank water together, ate a piece of bread, and then proceeded to explore the cage, jumping up like gerbilles at the corners where they could see chinks in their ceiling, and climbing, not as the dormouse can, but, painfully, by sheer strength of clutch, up the wooden partitions between the panes of glass. Having found out all there was to find out, first one and then the other crept very cautiously, making their bodies ridiculously long, up to the little sleeping-box provided for them, and, after carefully sniffing at the hole, popped in and there remained invisible for the rest of the day.

Next morning, as it chanced, two more were caught, and again a pair. They, too, were put into the vivarium, a partition dividing it into two residences, but, before letting the new arrivals loose, I laid on its side an eight-inch flower-pot, with the hard cone of soil in which some plant had died still in it, but the "shards" at the bottom removed. Just like the old pair, they at once, on being released, indulged in a record-breaking "wash-and-brush-up," and then set to at their water and oats. Their amiability was really beyond all praise.



They sate nose to nose, like friends of years, eating oats as if for a wager, and when they had finished they sate side by side and washed again. Before leaving, I gave them a handful of dead leaves and fine bents, and in the other domicile I put moss and hay. Also food, as follows: bread, oats, filberts, a horse-chestnut, slices of apple and potato, peas, scarlet-runner beans, pieces of carrot, an onion, a parsnip, walnuts, a sod of grass, a tulip bulb, and some young shoots of hawthorn and plum. The order in which I have written down the viands is the order of preference of my little guests to this day, and, as a matter of fact, the last on the list, onion, parsnip, walnut, green-stuff, and tulip, were never touched, not even under the pressure of twenty-four hours' starvation. It was only then, indeed, that the beans and carrot were eaten. Of all that was given them, that which they could never have seen before, namely, bread, was the favourite, and next to it, oats, nuts, horse-chestnut, and apple, with all of which they were familiar as food when at large. The peas puzzled them. It was not, apparently, until they ate some that I had put to soak in their drinking-pan, after two days' immersion, that they awakened to the fact that dry peas were good to eat. But they then carried them all off one by one into their dormitory and there ate them, carefully husking them. This emboldened them to essay the beans, and they, too, were carried away and consumed in darkness. Of the potato they relished a little at a time from the first, but it took them several days to demolish one the size of an average walnut.

As they have never deviated from their likes and dislikes, it is evident that root-crops are in no danger from long-tailed field-mice. Also, in their manner of eating, it is interesting to note that, in captivity, at any rate, they have no idea of storing up food. They frequently take their eatables into their retreat, but only as much as they want at that particular time. The peas, for instance, they fetched in only one at a time, and, as each was finished, went out for another. The same with pieces of bread, with beans, and with the nuts. Everything else was eaten where it was found, and when their dormitory was examined it had no remnants of food in it except the husks of peas and beans, so small and shrivelled up that they did not inconvenience the inmates. The nut-shells, when emptied, were turned "out of doors," as also were the rinds of the horse-chestnuts. Indeed, I confess I am inclined to think that the provident "hoarding" habits of creatures have been greatly exaggerated. The squirrel, for one, does not "hoard," but has to go out foraging when hungry, in Winter and Spring, like any other "improvident" animal. I doubt if the dormouse hoards, and am inclined to believe that the field-mouse does not.

A point of special interest to gardeners is that my prisoners did not care for peas and beans when dry, and this reminds me of a factor



in the garden life of squirrels and mice which I have never seen referred to—namely, the fragrance of sprouting seeds. A handful of sprouting nuts, or soft, earth-swollen peas or beans have a strong scent which the dormant seeds have not, and it is partly by this scent, which has free passage through the sprout-pierced and loosened soil, that the little food-hunters, quivering every inch of ground with their noses to the mould, find their prizes. Partly, also, by the displacement of the surface-soil immediately above the expanded seed or the rising shoot. Have you never noticed how a gardener, stooping down, will, with his finger, uncover to show you one after the other sprouting seeds where none were visible to you? His expert eyesight has become microscopic in reading signs which are imperceptible to ordinary vision. To a much greater extent, of course, is this the case with mice and squirrels. They detect, with eyes not an inch from the surface, infinitesimal disarrangements of the mould, and the nose having arrested their first attention, the eyes confirm the information, and then the paws do the rest.

After all, there is nothing in this comparable to the nasal sagacity of the "smell dogs," as our Canadian cousins call their setters and pointers, or even of the grosser-nosed truffle-dog. In the case of the latter, the scent of the expanding fungus percolates upwards through the granular and incoherent soil, just as the strong racy odour of the bursting pea or bean, the splitting filbert or walnut does, and cries up to the passing seeker, "Here I am." It is with a foreknowledge of this that squirrels in the Autumn bury nuts at random all over the shrubberies, lawns, and gardens. They are now, in May, feasting the whole day long upon walnuts and nuts which are betraying themselves by sprouting, but which otherwise would have been lost to the creatures that buried them eight months ago. It is not therefore until his crops are actually beginning to sprout that the gardener need defend them from field-mice.

To return to my captives. They had not been in possession of their home an hour before they crept into the flower-pot through the bottom hole and at once began burrowing out a retiring-place or "nest" in the mould. More than half of the mould was thrown out and the dead leaves and bents dragged or carried in to fill the cavity. They worked with amazing energy, exactly as if they feared immediate attack from some enemy, and were barricading for dear life. The bottom hole was plugged up tightly and an opening scraped out at the mouth end of the pot.

Meanwhile, I had noticed the male of the original pair very industriously nibbling at the partition board, and the labours of house-constructing being relaxed for the nonce, the male of the second pair went to the spot and began nibbling too. I let them alone, wondering what would happen when their noses met, one from each side.

As it happened, this interesting rencontre came off during the night, for next morning I found the original pair had deserted their box, gone through the nibbled hole and joined the other pair in the flower-pot! Could sociability be carried farther? Anyhow, there they were, all four together, absolutely content with the queer arrangement. So I took away the sleeping-box and the partition and left them in joint possession of the whole vivarium.

A week later I put in a second flower-pot at the opposite end of the cage to the first, and lo! and behold, on the very first night, all four mice, not one pair only, but both, deserted the first flower-pot for the second! With the same frenzied haste as before, as if threatened by some imminent danger, they flung the greater part of the earth out of the pot and crammed up the space with moss and "fitted" in a quartet to their new apartments.

I allowed three days to elapse, and finding that they had really migrated "for good," I removed the discarded pot and put in a fresh one. In a few hours they had half emptied it, carried in a quantity of bedding, and were again, all four of them, in the new quarters!

This certainly establishes the fact that the long-tailed field-mice are not "solitary," but (so long as there are no babies in the nurseries to complicate the situation) deserve to be included among the "sociable" animals which combine for the construction of a common abode and co-operate in works of common benefit.

Their fortitude under circumstances which, to describe them mildly, were "upsetting" was most engaging, and their prettiness and gentle ways make one regret that they should rank as "pests," while in their pursuit of cleanliness they are delightfully fanatical. So, forgive me, rook-murdering farmers, I have let them go. Taking them up, all four in a flower-pot, I carried them—what quakings of little hearts there must have been on the journey—to a mossy bank in the meadow, and there gave them their liberty among the cowslips and buttercups. The kestrel often hangs hovering in the air over that meadow and the barn-owl beats its bounds every evening. But it was not I who put the hawk and the owl there, and if my field-mice should be eaten—is it not the will of Allah?

PHIL ROBINSON.

## CHRISTIANITY IN THE SOUDAN.

IN listening to the talk about the Egyptian Soudan, one is continually struck by the fact that all the speakers seem equally ignorant of its past history. All seem to be under the impression that the Soudan has been a prey to anarchy and ignorance from remote times, and that it has never known the blessings of civilisation, Christianity, or settled government. From the man in the street to the Quarterly reviewer we find the same assumption, that the attempt to give the Soudanese a stable and enlightened administration is now to be made for the first time. No one seems to be aware that in the sixth century, and for many succeeding centuries, two great Christian kingdoms, with tributary kings and governors, stretched from the southern frontier of Egypt at Philæ to the north and north-western frontier of Abyssinia, which had been Christian from a still earlier period.

It may be that some account of this ancient civilisation and its slow but sure destruction by the Arab and the Turk will be of interest to the English people at this juncture.

Both Abyssinia and the Egyptian Soudan were Christianised by missionaries from the Church of Egypt. The circumstances of the mission of Frumentius are well known, but the Egyptian missionaries did not enter the Soudan till nearly fifty years later, about the end of the fourth century. As so often happened in those days, the spread of Christianity was due to persecution. The two abbot rulers of Nitria and Scetis, Macarius of Alexandria and Macarius of Egypt, as they were called to distinguish them one from the other, were sent into exile into the pagan Soudan because they refused to become Arians. The frontier was then at the cataract of Assuan, and the island of Philæ, on which the two abbots were landed, was still an entirely pagan island, with one of the most celebrated of the Egyptian

temples upon it, whose priest was revered by the surrounding inhabitants almost as a god. The arrival of the exiled abbots caused great excitement in the island, and the priest's daughter came out to meet them in the character of a prophetess. But the girl fell to the ground in a fit at their feet, and was raised and cured by one of the two abbots, who was a renowned physician. During their stay they converted almost the whole population, and Christianity spread rapidly southward. Idol-worship did, indeed, linger in the island of Philæ as late as the reign of Justinian (527-566), but by that time Christianity was the established religion from Alexandria to the farthest confines of Ethiopia or Abyssinia. The authority of the Egyptian Patriarch was absolute in these southern kingdoms, and the Chalcedonian controversy, which resulted in the establishment of a branch of the Byzantine or Greek Church in the Delta, troubled them but little. Since the Church of Egypt rejected the decrees of Chalcedon, the Soudan and Abyssinia knew nothing of them. Nor did the Soudan suffer from the invasions of the Persians, who in the sixth and again in the seventh centuries overran Egypt: moreover, as the Byzantine emperors never attempted to enforce their authority beyond the first Cataract, they were freed also from the constant wars which the patriotic but unsuccessful attempts of the Egyptians to free themselves from a foreign yoke brought upon them. While Egypt proper was wasted year after year by war and famine, the Egyptian Soudan grew prosperous under Christian kings of their own nation. It was from these Soudanese Christians that the conquering horde of Moslems, flushed with victory over Byzantine soldiers, received their first serious check.

The first invasion of the Soudan by the Moslems was immediately after their conquest of Egypt in A.D. 640. Early authorities differ whether Amr ibn Aas conducted the expedition in person or whether he sent Abdallah ibn Saïd; but all agree that they met with so obstinate a resistance that they were compelled to give up all hope of adding that region to their new dominions. Ahmed el Koufi, author of the *Book of Conquests*, says that the invaders

"spread themselves on all sides and began to murder and pillage. But when the Nubians (Berbers) saw the desolation of their country they assembled to the number of a hundred thousand men, and attacked the Moslems with such courage that the latter had never met with so terrible a check. The number of corpses left upon the field was so great that it was impossible to count them. One of the principal Moslem warriors told me that he had never seen men discharge their arrows with such skill and accuracy as these Nubians. The general, in the whole of this expedition, did not take a single prisoner nor gain so much as a single coin."

A hasty peace was concluded and the Moslems retreated to Egypt. It would have been well for the Nubians if they had remained on the defensive. But in the course of the next few years they made several



attempts to drive the Moslems out of Egypt, and the latter, finding their southern frontier untenable, determined in 653 to advance to Dongola, the capital of the northernmost of the two Christian kingdoms of the Soudan. This time, however, they did not make the fatal mistake of despising their enemy. They set out with a large and well-appointed army, besides engines of war which had never been seen by the Nubians, and created a panic among them as being the works of sorcery and the devil. The Moslems penetrated to Dongola and laid siege to the town. It so happened that a terrible drought and famine at that time afflicted Nubia, and the exhausted people were no match for the invaders. Still they held out till a well directed fire of stones from one of the dreaded machines laid their principal church in ruins. After this the King of Dongola consented to treat, and probably neither party was satisfied with the result of the expedition. The Moslems found the conquest of the country as impossible as ever. They agreed to retire to Egypt, to make an alliance with the Nubians, and to permit trade between the two countries on one condition; but in this condition lay the future ruin of the Soudan. The King of Nubia agreed on his part to deliver at Assuan—Philae being agreed upon as the frontier—360 slaves a year, both men and women, for the use of the Moslem Kaliph. Forty more were to be sent for the Governor of Egypt.

Thus was laid the foundation of that Arab slave trade which slowly but surely reduced the Soudan to anarchy and ruin. In order to collect the stipulated number yearly the King of Nubia was obliged to make constant war on his neighbours, and delay or failure in the supply was a ready pretext to the Moslem ruler in Egypt for a plundering expedition. Still it took several centuries to transform the prosperous, hard-working and Christian kingdoms of the Soudan into a country of uncivilised fanatics, without settled homes, or any government except that of the strongest for the time being. Indeed, for some time, in spite of this enforced slave trade and its attendant evils, the Soudan maintained and even advanced its civilisation in proportion as Egypt retrograded under Moslem rule (as Moslem writers unintentionally reveal to us).

About 740 a worse persecution than usual of the Egyptian Christians aroused Cyriacus, King of Nubia, to action on their behalf. He heard that the Egyptian Patriarch—the unfortunate Michael I.—was begging on the confines of his country for aid in raising the enormous sum demanded by the Moslems as a bribe for the safety of the Christians; and that Michael himself had already endured imprisonment and torture. Cyriacus called his people to arms. At the head of 100,000 horsemen and 100,000 camels (such are the figures given, but we have our doubts) he descended upon Egypt, and the Governor of Egypt, Abd el Melek, hastily made peace. He liberated



Abrekkes, the ambassador of Cyriacus, on a solemn undertaking that he would persuade his master to retire, and promised the Patriarch Michael that he would remit the rest of the sum which had been demanded and allow freedom of worship to the Christians throughout Egypt, if he would write to the King of Nubia and forbid him to come any further. For all the Christian kingdoms—Nubia, Alouah, and Abyssinia alike—owed allegiance to the Patriarch of Egypt as their supreme head. All the bishops for the Soudan were consecrated by him, though Abyssinia only depended upon him for her Metropolitan, who might himself consecrate bishops in Abyssinia to the number of seven.

Michael wrote as he was desired, and not too soon, for the army of Cyriacus had already arrived on the outskirts of Babylon,\* and was threatening Fostat. All the Moslem officials and settlers in the Said had been killed or made prisoners; all the Nubian slaves in these districts of Egypt had been set free as he came, and by the Christian population he was everywhere welcomed as a deliverer. However, at the request of the Patriarch, Cyriacus consented to withdraw from the country. But he took with him, says Masoudi, all the booty which he had taken from the Moslems.

Michael, who had shown that he was no coward, no doubt did what he believed to be right, but a golden opportunity for Egypt to regain her freedom was thus lost. The time was never more propitious. John of Samanhoud was at the head of an army in Lower Egypt which had already beaten the Moslems in more than one pitched battle; and Merwan, the last Kaliph of the Ommyades, was already hard pressed by his successor, Abdallah Abbas. Experience might have taught both Michael and Cyriacus that the Moslems never kept faith with the Christians except under compulsion, and a few years after the retreat of Cyriacus, Michael, conjointly with the Patriarch of the Greek Church in Egypt, put himself at the head of a fresh revolt against the persecution of the Egyptian Governor. The matter became so serious that the Kaliph Merwan came in person with a fresh army, but lost ground daily, till, by an unexpected movement, he contrived to take both the Patriarchs prisoners. Cyriacus was too far off for succour, and the lives of the Patriarchs were only spared by the success of Merwan's rival, who followed him to Egypt and totally defeated him. Merwan's son took refuge in Nubia with the remnant of his followers and threw himself on the mercy of the King of Nubia. After three days he was informed that the king would visit his camp in person and hear what he had to say.

Abdallah, who felt his situation to be desperate, spread a carpet,

\* It need hardly be said that this is the Babylon of Egypt, one of the strongest cities of Egypt for about a thousand years, and now almost forgotten. The ruins of its fortress may still be seen a little south of Cairo, but the town itself was burnt to the ground by the Moslems in 1168.

and prepared to receive the Christian monarch with all respect. But when the king arrived he would not come upon the carpet, but sat on the ground, excusing himself by saying that it was the special duty of a king to humble himself before God, to whom he owed his greatness.

He then opened the conversation by asking why the followers of Abdallah drank wine, as he had observed, when it was forbidden by the book which they professed to consider sacred. Abdallah replied that it was only his slaves and some of his officers who sinned in this way.

"Why," asked the king again, "do you permit your soldiers to tread down the harvest under their horses' feet, when such conduct is forbidden in your sacred book?"

Abdallah made the same excuse, that he had been unable to restrain some of the officers and their slaves from this offence. But the king asked a third time:

"Why are you all wearing robes of silk and gold in defiance of the laws of your religion?"

"Because," answered Abdallah, "power has departed from us, and we have been compelled to call in strangers to help us, who, though they have adopted our religion, insist on wearing such garments as you see, in spite of our objections."

The king lowered his head and remained in deep thought for some moments. He was heard to murmur, "Our slaves, our officers, the strangers who have adopted our religion!" Then, raising his head, he cried:

"The thing is not as you have said! No, it is your family who have offended against God. You have broken His laws, in using power to exercise tyranny. For this cause God has taken the authority from you, and for your own crimes has covered you with shame. Who shall tell the day of His vengeance? And if His wrath break upon you while you are in my kingdom my country will suffer for your sins. The rights of hospitality must prevail for three days; take provisions and whatever else is necessary for your journey, and then depart out of my kingdom."

Abdallah was powerless to fight, and had no choice but to obey the order. He fell into the hands of the Abbasidae, and was kept in prison for the rest of his days. El Mansur sent for him one day to hear his own account of his expulsion from Nubia, which he gave, according to Masoudi, in the words which are translated above.

Egypt thus passed under the power of the Abbasidae, the Patriarch Michael was set at liberty, and the Soudan was left in peace and freedom.

We do not hear that the Nubians made any attempt to help the Egyptians in their last terrible struggle with the Moslem power,



though doubtless many who escaped from the merciless slaughter which left the Christians for the first time in a minority in Egypt took refuge in the free and prosperous Soudan.

The Soudan, roughly speaking, was divided into two great kingdoms with tributary chiefs. But the northern kingdom of Nubia fell into two divisions—the district from the first Cataract to the second, which had once been a separate kingdom, and was called Makorah or Maris; and the kingdom of Nubia proper, which had Dongola\* for its capital. Makorah was governed by a viceroy from Nubia, and the king was sometimes called the King of Makorah. Beyond Dongola, Nubia stretched away for another “fifty days’ journey” to the Gates, as the rocky frontier was called, but which Cataract this refers to is not clearly stated. It seems likely from the description to have been the fifth. The southern kingdom was called Alouah—its king is sometimes referred to as the King of the Gates—and its capital was Souiah, or, as some write it, Seriah. This town stood at the junction of the two rivers, on the site of the modern Khartoum.

In the year 826 a deputation was sent to Fostat by the King of Nubia to complain that the Moslems were not observing the compact about slaves. Private slave-dealers infested the country, and bought all the slaves they could get hold of. The king affirmed that while the stipulated tale of slaves was duly delivered each year at Assuan all further slave trade in his dominions was illegal, and he desired that it should be stopped. The question was submitted to all the great Moslem jurists of Egypt, and, as might be expected, their decision was favourable to the Moslems. Slave-trading in the Christian kingdoms of the Soudan was too profitable to be given up. But divisions arose between the successors of Haroun el Raschid, and they were unable to send an army to enforce the decision of the Moslem doctors.

The King of Nubia took the law into his own hands, expelled the slave-traders, threw off the detested Moslem alliance, and stopped the supply even of the 400 slaves. For fourteen years he did so with impunity, but at the end of that time the Kaliph Moutasem, being firmly established on his throne, demanded his slaves. The Governor of Egypt forced the Patriarch Joseph to write to Zacharias, King of Nubia, for 5600 slaves, the arrears of fourteen years. Such a demand, in whatever manner fulfilled, meant ruin to Nubia, and George, the son of the king, was urgent with his father to declare war at once. The old man, however, preferred to temporise. He had no more intention of supplying the 5600 slaves than his son, but he thought it might be wiser to renew the alliance and the yearly tribute of slaves

\* Not the modern Dongola. The old Christian town of that name was about eighty miles south of the present town. It was in course of time entirely ruined and destroyed by the Moslems.



for the future. George protested earnestly, and a compromise was agreed upon. George should go as his father's ambassador to treat with the Kaliph in person, and as he passed through the Moslem dominions he was to observe carefully their state and power, and be guided by his observation. If he was seriously of opinion that Nubia could safely declare war on the whole Moslem empire they would do so on his return; meanwhile he was provided with a case of complaint against the Moslem settlers at Assuan—a question of the legality of the sale of some Nubian lands near Assuan—and a demand that the fortress which the Moslems had constructed six miles within the Nubian frontier should be removed to the frontier itself.

George set out on his long journey to Bagdad, and the politic Kaliph gave orders that he was to be received everywhere with the honours due to a royal visitor from a friendly kingdom. The towns through which he passed were decorated in his honour; rich presents were heaped upon him; a house in Bagdad was assigned to him as a free gift, another in Gizeh, and another in Fostat. Prisoners were liberated in his honour; the demand for arrears of slaves was permitted to fall into oblivion; but the splendid gifts were counted over which were to be delivered to his father as soon as the 400 slaves arrived, which were doubtless already on the way. George was won over; the alliance was renewed, and the iniquitous slave trade was re-established.

Some years afterwards a Moslem adventurer, commonly called El Omari, a native of Medina and a descendant of the Kaliph Omar, equipped an army of slaves at his own cost, and invaded Nubia in search of the ancient gold mines. George, who had succeeded his father, sent his nephew, Niouti, to drive out the intruder. But El Omari bribed Niouti to desert his royal uncle, who then sent his eldest son. This son was defeated in battle, and, not daring to return to his father, took refuge with the King of Alouah. After some years, during which El Omari did much harm to the country, Zacharias, the second son of George, succeeded in expelling the Moslems by treachery. El Omari, after much fighting, both with the Nubians and with troops sent against him by Ahmed ebn Toulun, perished miserably by the hands of his own slaves.

After this the Christian kingdoms of the Soudan had peace for some time; and in the first half of the tenth century the kings of Nubia made more than one raid into Egyptian territory, and carried off the required slaves from among the Moslems settled there.

In 968 the Fatimite Arabs from Kirwan invaded Egypt, and established the Kaliphate and their own dynasty in that country. The new governor of Egypt, the founder of the town of Cairo, was a very different kind of man from the effete successors of Ebn Toulun. Like the first Arab conquerors of Egypt, he aspired to add the Soudan

to his dominions, and he sent the usual haughty summons to the King of Nubia (another George), desiring him at once to submit and embrace the faith of Islam. His letter, with a similar one to the King of Alouah, was entrusted to the hands of a learned Moslem merchant of Assuan—Abdallah ebn Ahmed ebn Solaim—who wrote an account of his journey and a history of Nubia. After describing how the country became more prosperous and better cultivated the further he went, he says that near Dongola, which was fifty days' journey from Assuan, he passed in less than two days' march more than thirty towns with well-built houses, churches and monasteries, with palm-groves, vineyards, gardens, and fields; also great herds of the most excellent camels. From Dongola, he says, to the frontier of Alouah is even further than from Dongola to Assuan; "and through its whole extent the towns, the villages, the flocks, the cultivated fields, vineyards, the palm-groves, and other plantations are infinitely greater in number than they are in that part of the country which borders on the territory of Islam."

The worthy merchant not unnaturally began to feel nervous about the success of his mission. But he held manfully on his way, much encouraged by the courtesy and hospitality which he everywhere met with, and at his first audience with King George boldly called upon him to renounce Christianity and embrace the faith of Islam. The king, "surprised at this proposition," closed the audience, but shortly afterwards called a council of the bishops and scholars of his country, and invited Abdallah to attend. In full session the king read aloud the reply which he proposed to send Abdallah's master, and in which he invited him rather himself to become a Christian. Abdallah then gives an account of the discussion which followed, in which he represents himself as having much the best of the argument, but candidly admits that he made no impression on the king or his subjects. He also tells us that during his stay at the Court of Dongola fell "the feast of the sacrifices," and that he called together all the Moslems within reach (to the number of sixty), and went out with banners and trumpets to celebrate the prescribed ritual. The Christians remonstrated with their king for permitting this public homage to the false prophet, but the king rebuked them, saying: "This man, for a good motive, has left his home and his family to come here. This is a solemn day in his religion; if he wishes to celebrate it with what pomp he can, I will not refuse him the satisfaction."

Abdallah ebn Solaim thus describes Souiah (Khartoum), the capital of the kingdom of Alouah:

"This town is full of magnificent buildings, of spacious mansions, churches enriched with gold, gardens; and there is one quarter in which live a great number of Mohammedans! The King of Alouah is more powerful and has a more numerous army and more horses than the King of Makorah (Nubia). The country of Alouah is also greater and more fertile. There are not so

many palms or vineyards. The most common kind of grain is white durra, which resembles rice, and of which they make both bread and beer. Meat is very abundant because of the great number of their herds. The plains are so vast that one marches across them for several days before reaching the mountains. They have excellent horses and very fine camels of Arab breed. The people of Alouah are Jacobite Christians. Their bishops, like those of Nubia, are subordinate to the Patriarch of Alexandria. Their books are in Greek, and they translate them into their own tongue. But these people are less intelligent than the Nubians. Their king exercises despotic authority over them; at his own will he can reduce any one who has offended to the condition of slavery. Whatever he orders they prostrate themselves and cry: 'God save the king; his will be done.' This prince wears a crown of gold, as that metal is very abundant in his dominions."

Abdallah then proceeds to relate various marvels which he assures us were told him by Moslem merchants who travelled in the country, and could be received without doubt. Other information he received from natives and from negro traders coming from the interior of the continent, of a less marvellous nature, yet, in his judgment, to be received with more caution. For instance, an African traveller told him that the Nile came from vast lakes in the black country, and that when it was in flood it brought down floating logs, not only of known but of unknown trees—large enough to make oars of. One of these, indeed, he saw himself, and on it was carved a strange figure. He found there merchants even from India, who described to him the route by which they had come. Some men also he saw at the court of the King of Alouah who came from countries which were neither Christian nor Moslem. One such, whose country, as he informed Abdallah, was three months' march from Souiah, he interrogated as to what he *did* believe. "'I believe in one God,' answered the man; 'the same as yours, for He is the God of all men.' I asked him where his God abode. He answered me, 'In heaven.' He further explained that in times of trouble the whole people went up into a mountain to pray, and 'their requests were always granted.' I asked him if no prophet had been sent to them. He answered, 'No'; on which I spoke to him of the missions of Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed; and of the miracles by which their teaching had been attested. He said, 'If what you say is true, it is worthy of belief. But,' he added, 'I also would have believed their teaching if I had seen them work these marvels.'"

Abdallah returned in peace to Egypt, and occupied himself in writing an account of all that he had seen and heard, which has been much quoted by Makrizi and all subsequent authors. But, on the whole, Moez concluded not to invade the Soudan.

During the first half of the eleventh century the persecution of the Christians in Egypt became more constant and more severe; and on the accession of the Patriarch Christodulus (1047) he sent a bishop (George of Natu) to ask for the aid of his Christian subjects in Nubia



for the distracted Mother Church of Egypt. King Solomon of Nubia readily responded to the appeal. He invited the bishop to assist in the consecration of a magnificent new church, and then sent him back with much money to Christodulus. This king was extremely religious, and after a time he abdicated the throne in favour of his nephew George, and retired to the desert church of St. Onuphrius, about ten days' march from Assuan. But the governor of that town became uneasy at the near presence of the King of Nubia to their frontier—which during this century they had pushed southward to about seven days' march from Assuan—and put no faith in the story of his abdication. So he hired a troop of Bedouin to make a sudden and secret dash for the valley of St. Onuphrius and take Solomon prisoner. The attempt was perfectly successful, and Solomon was sent to Cairo; but the Governor of Egypt hastened to apologise for and disavow the act of the Bedouin. Solomon was received with the greatest honour, and sumptuously lodged in Cairo, but he was never allowed to return to his own country.

"So when the king had lived here for the space of one year," writes Abu Selah, "he died, and was buried in the monastery of St. George, at Al Khandak (Abbasieh), in the patriarchate of Cyril, the sixty-seventh Patriarch. This king's tomb is within the wall that encloses the church, and is near the door, on the right hand as you enter. It is said that among his letters there was found a letter written with his own hand and in Nubian characters, which proved his learning, and his religion, and his asceticism; and he was designated 'the Holy King.'"

Still the Moslems continued steadily to encroach on Nubian territory, till the northernmost province of Nubia—the district between Assuan and Wady Halfa—became almost as much a Moslem as a Christian country. They bought land, traded in slaves in spite of the King of Nubia, and possessed them in great numbers. It was useless to appeal to Cairo, where the Fatimite dynasty was dwindling to an inglorious extinction, preyed upon by the lawless bands of slave soldiers whom they had brought from Europe and from the Soudan to fight their battles, and threatened on all sides by the Franks. Even the garrison was withdrawn from the southern frontier; the armed Arab slave-dealers and the hordes of predatory Bedouin had it all their own way, and had already well-nigh reduced this district to the state in which the whole of the Soudan is now. Once or twice the King of Nubia did, indeed, sweep northward at the head of his army to Philae, restoring order with a strong hand and making a great number of Moslem prisoners. And in 1172, after the accession of Saladin in Egypt, the black and Berber slaves of the Moslems in this district took the law into their own hands. They rose in insurrection against their masters, and, pillaging as they went, marched upon Assuan. But they had no leader, and did but precipitate their



destruction, since the new ruler of Egypt was no Fatimite Arab, but a warlike Kurd. Reinforcements were promptly despatched to the Governor of Assuan, and the war was carried into the Nubian territory. Deyr Ibrim, the frontier town and fortress of Nubia (now a little railway station about sixty or seventy miles north of Wady Halfa) was besieged and, after three days, taken. The place was given up to pillage, the inhabitants, man, woman, and child, reduced to slavery, the cross on the dome of the cathedral burnt, and the cathedral itself turned into a mosque. The governor escaped, but the bishop was seized and tortured to make him confess where his treasures were hidden. "But when they found that he did really possess nothing, they reduced him to slavery with the rest."

The Moslem general retreated with his booty to Assuan, but one of his followers, a Kurdish adventurer named Ibrahim, demanded to retain possession of Deyr Ibrim for himself and his followers. This was granted, and for two years Ibrahim maintained himself there in the state of a robber chieftain, constantly making plundering excursions into Nubia for slaves and booty. At the end of two years he was drowned in one of these raids, and his followers dispersed, and the Nubians resumed possession of the fortress.

The King of Nubia sent an embassy with presents to Egypt after this, desiring to make peace with the renowned Saladin. The Moslem governor of Kous—the same man who had headed the recent expedition into Nubia—intercepted the slaves and the letter, and gave the ambassador two arrows to take back to his master, with the contemptuous message that he had no other answer for him. But he insisted that the envoy should take back with him a Moslem, ostensibly in charge of this insulting present, but who was really commissioned to spy out the land farther south and report on the chances of a successful invasion. The old King of Dongola only laughed at the affair, and dismissed the spy in safety, but not before he had caused him to be branded on the hand with the sign of the Cross. Masoud, the spy, hastened to leave Nubia, and wrote a most unflattering account of the king and his country. But, on the whole, Saladin concluded *not* to invade Nubia, and the Christian Soudan was left for still a century in peace. Here is an extract from Abu Saleh's account of Nubia, written in the early years of the thirteenth century :

"The kingdom of Nubia is composed of Nubia, with its provinces, and the land of Alouah and Al Makorah and the neighbouring tribes. It is said to be the custom among the Nubians when a king dies, and leaves a son and also a nephew, the son of his sister, that the latter reigns after his uncle, instead of the son ; but if there is no sister's son, then the king's own son succeeds.

"The land of Nubia is under the jurisdiction of the see of St. Mark the Evangelist, which consecrates their bishops for them, and their liturgy and their prayers are in Greek. . . .

"In the town of Darmus there is a church of elegant proportions, beautifully planned, and looking on the river, and within it is a picture of George, son of Zacharias, King of Nubia, as an old man, sitting on a throne of ebony inlaid with ivory, and overlaid with pure gold. His age is eighty years. Upon his head is the royal crown, set with precious stones, and surmounted by a golden cross which has four jewels in its four arms. In the same town there is an ancient temple of great size." \*

And here Abu Saleh gives a long description of the temple, after which he describes other towns and cities of Nubia. Of Dongola he says:

"Here is the throne of the king. It is a large city on the banks of the blessed Nile, and contains many churches and large houses and wide streets. The king's house is lofty, with several domes built of red brick, and resembles the buildings in El Irak. This novelty was introduced by Raphael, who was King of Nubia in the year 392 of the Arabs (A.D. 1002)."

Of Alouah he says:

"Here there are troops and a large kingdom, with wide districts, in which there are four hundred churches. The town (Souiah or Khartoum) lies to the east of the island, between the two rivers, the White Nile and the Green Nile. All its inhabitants are Jacobite Christians. Around it there are monasteries, some at a distance from the stream and some upon its banks. In the town there is a very large and spacious church, skilfully planned and constructed, and larger than all the churches in the country; it is called the Church of Manbali."

At this interesting point Abu Selah, who is nothing if not discursive, breaks off to copy into his narrative some of the marvellous stories related by Abdallah Solaim on the authority of Moslem travellers.

In 1272, during the reign of the Mameluke Sultan Bibars, war again broke out between David King of Nubia, and Egypt, and almost equal damage was done on both sides before peace was concluded.

But David was an unpopular king, and three years later his nephew rebelled against him. Being unsuccessful, he went himself to the Sultan at Cairo, and begged him to invade Nubia, promising that if the Sultan would aid him to take the throne from his uncle, he would acknowledge the over-lordship of Bibars and receive a garrison of Moslem soldiers. This was the beginning of the end, for, though the Nubians recovered their independence with desperate struggles again and again, the fatal treachery of Alexander gave the Moslems that footing in Dongola which they had never been able to secure. Again and again, upon some pretext of broken faith, they poured fresh armies into the country, turning the European science and appliances of war which they had learnt in the school of the Crusaders, but, above all, the murderous "Greek fire" of Byzantium, against the brave but practically defenceless Nubians, who still fought with the

\* From the translation by Mr. Evetts and Mr. Butler published in 1895.



bows and arrows of their ancestors. Twice in the reign of Sultan Kalaoun—in 1290 and again a year later—his general invaded the Soudan at the head of those plundering, licentious armies, the mere passage of which was dreaded even through the friendly provinces of Egypt. Each time, on the withdrawal of his army laden with plunder, the Nubians rose in insurrection against the garrison left,\* rejected the traitorous puppet who had been set up by the Moslems, and recalled their rightful king to his throne. It is from the Moslem writers themselves that we derive the account of the atrocities committed in Nubia during these expeditions, of the wholesale plunder, of the people seized as slaves, of the banquets served for the Moslem officers in the Church of Jesus, the principal church of Dongola. In 1303, in 1311, in 1323, and again in 1365 the Soudan was invaded by the generals of successive Mameluke Sultans, and the same scenes were repeated. The faith of Islam was advanced in Nubia at the sword's point, and, though again and again the unfortunate Berbers drove out the invaders, rebuilt their churches, and restored some prince of their own faith and nation to the throne, the Christian kingdom of Nubia perished bit by bit, fighting to the last. The fatal slave trade had cut them off from their natural alliance with the Christian kings of Alouah and Abyssinia; and, indeed, the kingdom of Alouah was also slowly perishing under the anarchy occasioned by the constant wars of invading slave-dealers, the attacks of the Negroes from the south, and the decay of learning and Christianity, since they could no longer obtain their bishops from Egypt, and the priests died out.

The last Christian king of Nubia whose name we know is called by the Moslem historians Nasr ed din, who began to reign in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The kingdom of Alouah seems to have maintained a precarious existence for nearly a century later, till, about the year 1501, a Negro and Moslem dynasty established itself in the Soudan, and built the town of Senaar, as the capital of their new kingdom. This dynasty lasted till the close of the last century or the beginning of the present. It is possible, indeed, that it was only extinguished by the invasion of Mohammed Ali, who also desired to add the Soudan to his dominions.

Yet it must not be supposed that Christianity ever died entirely out of the Soudan. At the beginning of the seventeenth century there were still 150 churches in the kingdom of Alouah, and they made a fruitless appeal to the King of Abyssinia to send them the priests whom they could not get from Egypt. In Nubia the number is not likely to have been less. In 1833 the Egyptian Patriarch succeeded in getting a bishop through to Khartoum and maintaining

\* The Moslem writers record with evident surprise that they did not murder the garrisons, but merely drove them out of the country.



the succession there once more. In the old dominions of Alouah there are tribes who baptize their children and retain certain ceremonies and beliefs, though not the name, of Christianity. The final blow has been given, we are told, by ourselves. Before Khartoum fell in 1886 the Bishop of Khartoum brought away his nuns in safety to Cairo. He told me that he had still seven churches in his diocese, now probably all destroyed.

Whether, under Christian England, the Soudan will eventually be restored to civilisation and Christianity it is impossible to forecast, but the past history of the Soudan and the effects of Moslem dominion there should not be forgotten. At present it seems as if the only religion which will *not* be tolerated by the English in the Soudan is that Christian religion which the conquerors themselves profess, and which was for centuries the faith of all its inhabitants. The Soudanese Christians have, indeed, grave cause for complaint against us.

When the old bishop escaped in charge of the women he left a priest, Philotheus Claudius, in charge of the terrified flock. All those who refused any compromise or outward show of compliance with the Moslem faith were at once murdered. It is not known exactly how many perished in this way. The remainder "followed the example of Slatin and the Europeans," as they only too truthfully express it, and conformed outwardly to save their lives. But in secret they still continued to practise their faith, and Philotheus remained, at the daily risk of his life, to do what he could for them. The church was razed to the ground by the Dervishes, and all their books, &c., thrown into the river; but Philotheus disguised himself as a salt merchant, earning his livelihood by selling salt. He has steadily performed such offices of the church for his people as he could, and waited for help.

Then came the great deliverance, and to their dismay the rights of the Christian inhabitants were as absolutely ignored as if they did not exist. A great college, they were told, was to be built by the conquering English—for the Moslems. The sacred law of the Koran was to be administered;\* no word was said of the Bishop's Court, which even in the worst times of the Moslem tyranny was legally empowered to decide all matters of marriage and inheritance for the native Christians—though, of course, such legal rights were constantly disregarded.

An urgent prayer for help came down to the Patriarch that he would intercede for them with the English. The very site of their church, they aver, disappears in the construction of the new streets at Khartoum, and all the claims of the native church to land have been

\* This law, it should be remembered, sanctions slavery and the slave trade.



ignored. Philotheus entreated the bishop to come without delay and bring with him books and other things needful for the congregation.

The Patriarch sent this letter and several succeeding ones to Lord Kitchener's representative at Cairo, begging that the necessary permission might be at once given for the new Coptic bishop—who has been waiting in readiness for a year—to proceed to Khartoum. The letters were not returned, and the permission has not yet been given. Serapammon, the new bishop, though already a man of middle age, has been laboriously learning English for the last six months, in order that he may be able to communicate personally with his lay superiors in the Soudan.

It must not be supposed that this harsh treatment of the Soudanese Christians will do us any good with the Moslems, who neither understand nor respect our attitude towards that Christian religion to which Lord Cromer has assured them in our name that we are devotedly attached. It is supposed, I believe, to do us good with the British public, with that public opinion in England which is so tender to the followers of Mohammed or Buddha, and so stern to the failings of those who are not ashamed to confess themselves followers of Christ. It delights to honour Slatin and his fellows, but has not a thought to spare for Philotheus Claudius. It is anxious to send out a new missionary bishop to Khartoum, but cannot be troubled with the sorrows and burdens of the rightful Bishop of that ancient See, or spare a penny to help the Christian Soudanese to rebuild their ruined church.

Is it already too late to wipe out this reproach? Shall it be said that a Christian Church which has endured through centuries of Moslem persecution fell before the Christian English to whom they looked for deliverance? Those who died for their faith are beyond our reach. Those who desire to repent and return are calling to us for help. In the name of the Christ we both acknowledge, I appeal to my countrymen on behalf of the unhappy Soudanese.

L. M. BUTCHER.

## THE ART OF LIVING ON CAPITAL.

“THERE is no art in it,” the reader of casual mind will exclaim. “Any fool could do that; give me the man who can live without capital.” A sympathetic utterance, no doubt, but yet redolent of un wisdom. For the art of living on capital is as much higher than the art of living without it as a locomotive is superior to a labourer’s wheelbarrow. To live without capital is either to be dependent on the wages earned by daily exertion or on the alms extracted by shameless beggary—unless, indeed, we come to the workhouse, that inheritance common to us all, whereupon we attain to the grandeur of those who live upon an insurance fund created for the most part, and principally, for the comfort and safety of those who contribute least to its maintenance. We shall not now discuss the altruism of the poor laws; that is foreign to our purpose, which is, as usual, commonplace enough, being nothing more than an attempt to rake together some illustrations of the high manner in which we moderns contrive to set prudence at defiance and enjoy a right jovial time at posterity’s expense. Man was ever wont to think most of his ancestors, but only in these modern days has he learnt the art of gathering the next generation’s honey, and of eating up in one great revel the thrift at once of generations past and to come.

There has lately been much pursing of mouths and knitting of eyebrows in the City of London over the sorrowful tale of the Millwall Docks. “Scandalous affair,” everybody says, and the demand has not been uncommon that some individual, or individuals, should be treated as an example—*i.e.*, punished for the good of public morals. We have seen those attitudes assumed before, and much simulation of virtue when a sinner is caught in the act, but, as they never lead to anything being done, they have long ceased to impress us by their

sincerity. And in strict honest truth we cannot say that we have, in this particular instance, found the feeling of anger and disgust strong anywhere behind the words, save among stockholders who have suffered. They naturally thirst for some one's blood, and do not seem likely to get it. As for the world in general, it shrugs its shoulders and passes by: the sight of misappropriations, poetised book-keeping, romantically confiding audits, is far too common to excite much remark, still less moral reprobation of a genuine sort. We daresay many another group of directors have thought, "It will be, perhaps, our turn next," and deemed it prudent not to be heard too noisily in defence of joint-stock virtue. Mankind is unchanged and unchanging through the ages, and lives still—many of the most "successful" items in it, at least—principally by theft. We refine the method of stealing, that is all—joint-stock it, and sometimes call it a dividend. Our ancestors, not so many generations back, stole each other's cattle and sheep, cutting a few throats, or in other ways stopping windpipes in the by-going. Great "conquerors" slew their fellow men as Chicago pork butchers now slay swine, and never stopped to count the dead in their eagerness to plunder the living in the wholesale line; and it is but as yesterday since the gentlemen of the road waylaid travellers by Barnet, Epping, Hounslow, or Epsom, to insist on prompt transfer of capital. All were in the same line of business.

Our wholesale conquest with murdered trade goes on now as it ever has done, blessed of all religions, a mockery to human progress, and we hail the professional man-slayer as still the one and only *demi-god* known to man. The fashion of it has changed, and something, perhaps, of the courage, a preference being now displayed for the slaughter of ill-armed naked savages: but its object is theft now, as always. We do not call it thieving, and never did. High motives of public policy are always kept in stock for display purposes when required, and the good of the conquered is our only aim—till the drink comes along, and the gold-seeker, the slave-driver with his lash, and the usurer with his innocent-looking "bond." Thus humanity mocks at itself, and believes its professions always.

"We are in Egypt for its good," you continually hear the political oracle declare, and he often may not know that we are there chiefly for the bondholders, there to oblige the people of the country to part with their substance in payment of debts never contracted by them, debts they would throw off the responsibility for to-morrow were they strong and their task-masters weak. Gloss the fact as we please, that is the underlying meaning of it all, and a long tale of fraud and robbery successfully perpetrated, for the most part by human scum, lies beneath the smiling surface, waiting for the judgment of events and time.

From many points of view, what a tremendous fraud upon the



human race these same national and public debts are! But they carry with them the seeds of a retribution yet to come, when humanity shall be revenged, even though many generations perish. If it come to that, how much less was our debt an imposition upon the people than that of Egypt? Those who live to see the final settling day may be able to tell.

I seem to wander from the subject in hand? No; we but approach it, as it were, by the high road and look down upon it from above. Take your stand upon the altitude of national debts, and, dismissing the morals in them, try to imagine what the fruit of them will be in the future, the perhaps not so distant future. What are the main uses of them now? Your fiery, down-levelling Radical will roughly answer: "To maintain a swarm of parasites who eat your bread and mine—the food of thousands—in their vain pleasure, and still are as miserable as we, the hardly fed and badly housed, for they live in fear." Nay, friend, it is not quite so. Something of truth there is in the burden of your indictment, but the maintenance of a parasitical class is a small matter in itself, and of small moment to the life of a nation, as a whole, compared with greater evils unseen. Were I you I should leave the fundholders on one side as not worth scolding. They are with us a diminishing number, so far as regards the national debt, and can do no harm—living their weary day like the rest of us, and then passing forth into the night. Some of them do good in their hours and deserve all they receive at our hands; some hurt themselves alone.

My views of the influence and possible mischief of a national debt are different. To begin with, these debts come into existence always because of the inability of a country to pay what it owes, or is made to seem to owe, "on the nail." It may be indemnities, public works, a despotic ruler's extravagance, the bribery spendings of a usurper—it is no matter how the debt originated. There it stands, a confession of inability on the part of the nominal borrower, the nation, to pay. Could the nation have paid, it might not have sought to get into debt. Most probably the debt was contracted without the bulk of the citizens caring a jot what it was for, or knowing enough about it to care.

But now comes a strange thing. The debts arising from a nation's inability to pay become, among the countries we are pleased to describe as "highly civilised," a substantial and responsible looking basis on which to rest the apparatus for facilitating the payment of all other debts. It is thus in every country which has attained to the dignity of owing what it cannot pay. Even India itself has a paper currency, guaranteed good by rupee bonds emitted by the Simla Government, whose promise to pay—a promise it could never keep if pressed—is thus held to be as efficient as gold, or hollow silver, in facilitating the exchange of the products of man's labour. In all countries where



there are those great engines of commerce we call banks in operation, the public debt forms a principal part of the "security" upon which their efficiency rests. Upon it they principally found their "credit." In our country, at least, cash is the last thing usually thought of. The banker does not want gold or silver—he desires securities that pay him interest, and the more of these human ingenuity can create the better is the banker pleased.

Originally all public debts involved the absorption, and generally the destruction, of so much stored capital. Nevertheless, the mere unredeemed pledge, by which this waste or absorption has come to be represented, now stands itself as capital, more or less real and marketable according to the repute of the country by which it has been given. It has acquired this quality through the circumstance that interest is paid upon it; and upon this foundation a great structure of credit may be reared and sustained by precisely similar unredeemed pledges, whose values as they multiply in the market tend to become interdependent. In the leading countries of the world such a structure has been built up until we have arrived, in some, at a point where every form of wealth, and one might say every form of human interest, is represented by a promise to pay, or by a debt which is never to be paid off, but it is held ready to be hung as a millstone on the necks of generations to come. No sooner is one layer of capital scraped off a nation's savings, so to say, and loaded on to its back, than it is treated as so much stored wealth to be used as the means of providing yet other harvests of the same kind of fungus. Realised wealth—product of field and mine, of hand and machine—is dissipated, perhaps, and yet remains as "credit," potent to evolve yet more wealth, until there almost seems, at times and in places, to be nothing left on earth but stamped paper representing some form of mortgage on human labour.

Is this not all the while an eating up of a nation's true capital, or at least a dangerous overlaying of its industrial recuperativeness? Its soil, its every possession, in course of time—and how little time often!—gets pledged and repledged until it becomes nearly invisible beneath the mortgages. Your statesmen pledge everything to the public creditor, and bankers and public take the pledges and say to themselves, "Now are we wealthier than before." Presently a municipality comes along and cries: "Lend a few millions to our city." "We can easily do that," say the fundholders: "we are so rich;" and some pledge their national "promises to pay" in order to buy more than they can afford of the municipal ones, and bank "deposits" increase, and the new capital subscribed leads to big orders for many things, and bills of exchange are created and circulated, representing sometimes the stocks bought and pawned, sometimes the goods bought with the money—*i.e.*, the credit the stock procured, and "How rich

we are, how strong the money market is!" every one exclaims, *purring* to himself. But it is all paper—Government, municipality, railway, corporation, gas company, water company, industrial company, brewery, all borrow and borrow and pledge and pledge until it is verily becoming hard to find a business-house which is not more or less in pawn; worse still, hard to find a nook where the major share of the products of man's industry is not at the mercy of many creditors.

"Ah! I see," the reader exclaims, "at your old dismal story again." True enough, and it is a story you do not relish, but it is one you will have to listen to one of these days from a louder voice than mine, with bowed head mayhap. For is it not surely true that if we, if any nation, continue for a lengthened period to weigh down the productive energies of its population with these prior charges on the fruits of its toil, a point must some day be reached when there will not be enough of these products to go round. Let but one great wing of our own credit fabric—and credit means debt always—go down, and the demand for a liquidation of obligations might become general. We are proud of our great strength as measured by our capacity to endure any imaginable weight of these burdens, forgetful that it is not our own strength alone that does this, but the united carrying capacity of all who are tributary to us. Our own capacity to stand up under the burdens is at present measured by that of the weakest among the agglomeration of States and territories forming our ill-assorted Imperial dominion. That fact alone should check our disposition to boast. Not only have we used up all our own capital and pledged everything we have ten times over—calling the debt "wealth"—but we have put every possession that has been more than a few months in our hands after the same fashion in the hands of the usurer. The Soudan itself, if I am not much mistaken, has begun to contract debt, and we are never happy anywhere without a nice "blanket" mortgage to keep the cold out—or some other land thief.

It follows that since we at best indiscriminately confound wealth spent—often quite fruitlessly spent—with wealth stored to a dangerous degree everywhere, it may very well be that some of our dependent tributary States will fail us at the pinch—and where should we be then? What would Consols be worth were India and Australia both to go bankrupt, or were they merely to take a dangerous lurch that way? And how can we prevent one or both slipping perilously near a downfall when next that temper arises in the public mind which causes bank depositors to attempt to put our various "institutions of credit"—much more credit than cash, all of them—to the proof by asking them to fulfil their engagements—to pay up, in short? We should then in all probability find that Government, and banker, and trader had all been doing as the Millwall Dock Company has done—as

thousands of companies do—living on capital, and calling the tokens of extravagance left behind by wasteful expenditure “accumulated wealth.”

In some senses and to some degree it is that. We possess a magnificent inheritance of public works—great cities, harbours, docks, railways, factories, fleets of ships, machinery, and, in private hands, innumerable treasures of art, gems, and furniture. Of this wealth, however, it would be almost impossible to say how much is really free, its owner's very own, so much is it all overlaid by the various public and private mortgages by whose aid it has been in no small measure created. And it is all more or less perishing wealth. The efficient factory of to-day is next year obsolete—blotted out by “the march of invention.” Great is our pride in our railway system, as the finest and best equipped in the world—north of the Thames at least; but how soon may all but the sheds, stations, and road beds of it have to be made over again, in order that electricity may be used as the motive power? The capital sunk in locomotives and permanent way may any year now be found to be capital in good part lost; and as it is, much of the cost of these railways would at once assume the character of an injurious burden upon the nation's industry were trade to become bad and a season or two of severe depression overtake us. We must expect such a season some day, not only with railways but with all descriptions of public undertakings, were it for no other reason than because not the slightest attempt is ever made by the great majority of people to make provision for the days of adversity. Almost the whole industrial and commercial system of the country appears to be now conducted upon the reckless principle, “Make no provision for the future, but rather anticipate its good things in order that the present may be more pleasant and enjoyable.”

The Millwall Dock scandal was an isolated affair, people imagine. Not so, it is a typical affair, only of a clumsily executed type. Our modern joint-stock habits—or perhaps I had better say habits of joint-stocking everything—have brought the art of living on capital to a higher state of efficiency than the world has ever known before. The natural history of a majority of the most recent limited liability industrial companies is, first a private concern, which, as it grows, or decays—no matter which—leans more and more on the assistance of bankers and bill discounters. By-and-by the banker and other creditors may come to dread a bad debt. To avoid this pliant accountants and valuers are called in—both professions being now much degraded—by whose help false statements about profits and assets are concocted, and the business is then sold to the public at a shockingly high price. The banker and bill brokers thus get their debts paid, and the public by-and-by finds its has lost its money. It may



not, however, discover this loss for many years if the company happens to be managed by "sharp" men of no scruple. What they can do is to pay dividends out of capital as long as there is a shilling to be borrowed to pay them with. And nothing is really easier than to get more capital if you know how to go about it. A strongish company, with a good, live business behind it, has merely to imitate the railway companies, and charge all "improvements" and renewals to capital account, or to omit to write anything off for depreciation before dividing profits, and shareholders may be able to rejoice in dividends for many years. The better the dividends the easier the inflow of new money, and the hollow edifice may be crowned with a beautiful "security" bearing the name of a "debenture stock."

That is one way of keeping up a prospering show, but the devices adoptable for this purpose are really endless. A company may write up its stock-in-hand so as to cause net profits to appear larger than they are, or its "freeholds and leaseholds," its "patents"—whatever asset it may possess capable of manipulation—can be expanded at need to meet the emergency of the day. Or, again, bad debts may be carried on from year to year as good—a habit with banks on the wane; or debts already paid may, after the Millwall Dock manner, be treated as still due, or credit may be taken for payment received for work done before the money is due. The limit to the ingenuity of invention displayed by the company manager intent on handsome dividends has not yet been discovered, and the extent to which fraud may go is often only circumscribed by the power of the perpetrators thereof to issue new capital. For it must be emphasised that no deception involving the paying away of money not earned can be carried on long without fresh supplies being obtained on capital account. Banks may seem to offer an exception to this rule, but they do not. Deposits constitute their fresh supply of capital, enabling them often to go on for a generation or more after they should have been declared insolvent. Other joint-stock companies, less privileged in this respect, create and issue debentures or debenture stocks, or offer for sale fresh issues of shares to "extend the business," and if favoured by fortune may also for many years continue to keep their shareholders and creditors in a fool's paradise of seeming wealth.

The reader would perhaps like one to give examples and illustrations, but I cannot do that. Once upon a time—but we shall not enter into details until the habits of the Law Courts are amended so as to protect a man from being heavily fined in costs, even when a jury has found that he has told the truth in the public interests. Instead of descending upon particulars it will be better to turn to one other type of company wherein the art of living on capital is often beautifully exhibited. I refer to mines. The best mine is a perishing property, and best and worst alike absorb capital for the



Let us look merely at the position of mines yielding. I shall not burden the reader with any list of these, because necessary. Turn to the leading Indian gold mines, which have been among the most steadily productive of our time, apart from the Australian "Deep Level" ones not known in the English. Such is their worth that the ten-shilling share of the Mysore Company pays 17½ per cent. to the investor if bought at £5, a 75 per cent. premium; and those of a similar mine, the Champion, pay 14 per cent. at the same price, with a prospect of increase. Surely these yields should compensate investors in such investments. But they do not. They do, and they do not. Being property prudent shareholders ought to institute a sinking fund of their own to insure the return of their capital when the mine is worked out. The mining company itself can do nothing. In the books of the Mysore Company the share capital stands at £2,500,000, and that is the most the directors have to make provision for back to their shareholders at the final wind up. Most shareholders do not feel called upon to do more than wipe off so much for depreciation, leaving the capital to shift for itself. But at the price of the day has in this instance to make provision for recovery of his proportion in a capital valued on the £2,500,000. He has bought, we shall assume, 100 shares at a value of £50 for £500, and receives on his investment an annuity, say, from £65 to £70 per annum. If he treats this as a terminable annuity of indefinite duration it is unnecessary for him to worry himself about sinking fund or anything of that kind; he can enjoy it and let "posterity" go hang. But if he desires to provide for the return of his £500, he must lay by a portion of the income, or, if reinvested, to provide the money within the time he estimates the mine will endure.

Does any investor in mine shares ever do this we wonder. The percentage must be small, because most "buck" shares

precious metals or of the precious stones, could add little to the wealth of the world. A produce of which the principal value is derived from its scarcity is necessarily degraded by its abundance. A service of plate or other frivolous ornaments of dress and furniture could be purchased for a smaller quantity of labour, or for a smaller quantity of commodities; and in this would consist the sole advantage which the world could derive from that abundance." \* We fancy it is an advantage tens of thousands to-day rue having contributed their means to try to bring about. For one who can say, "Mines have made me rich," behold what multitudes lament their impoverishment.

Beholding the remarkable disposition of people at the present day to sanction any kind of extravagance on the part of the Government, I often wonder how far it may be a product of the temper created by the great gold discoveries of the past dozen years. The world has been, as it were, flooded with gold, and, until about three years ago, tons of it kept accumulating in the Bank of England, generating a spirit of adventure and extravagance in Government and people the fruits of which are now to be seen on all hands, and not least in the steady exportation of this gold. So extremely intense has been the fit that the Bank of England has difficulty in maintaining its bullion reserve at £30,000,000. But this is by no means all. A stupendous impulse has been given to the prices of securities on the Stock Exchange, and thereby a waste of wealth goes on impossible to over-estimate.

Much has been heard in recent weeks of the iniquity of the Government in reducing the Sinking Fund, devoted to the redemption of the National Debt. It is an iniquity from some points of view, but at the same time the temptation to curtail the purchase of Stock at a high premium, which meant a severe loss to the nation, was one sure not to be resisted when the Treasury began to suffer the consequences of extravagance, and I really cannot blame Sir Michael Hicks Beach very much. When, in four years' time, the interest on Consols falls to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., it is possible that the price of the Stock may come back below par and stay below it. Then more Debt may be redeemed at less loss. I hold, too, and said long before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the true reserve, or "War Chest," is in the pockets of the people, and that our misfortune is just this: we are called upon to find nearly £120,000,000 a year for all purposes, doles included, when many symptoms warn us that the money is more than we can afford.

To follow this subject, however, would carry us far from the theme in hand, and I alluded to Consols merely in order to produce one more illustration of the style in which we consume our capital without knowing it. It is simplicity itself. Consider the function of our banks. We talk about "lending money"; banks have much or little "money"

\* M'Culloch's "Smith's Wealth of Nations," 4th edition, p. 80.



to lend, we say, in the common speech of business. What banks really lend is "credit," expressed in the terms of currency. They promise cash if cash be wanted, which is not once in a thousand times. It is not even cash which forms the basis of most of this credit, it is securities. Now, consider what this means in relation to the remarkable advance which has taken place in the prices of all types of securities during the past ten or twelve years, aye, even less, and still more in relation to the excessive production of new instruments of credit, in the shape of shares and debentures of new companies. A holder of Consols can raise a larger loan on his stock when the price is 110 than when it stands at 95 or 100. The loan thus obtained is bankers' "money." If you possess £10,000 in Consols, which originally cost you £9000, you can now raise at least £10,000 on the stock, instead of perhaps £8000 as formerly, and are therefore potentially the richer by the difference. Once raised, this £10,000 goes to swell the deposits of the banks, and we say there is "more money" about. Multiply this example by the millions of such transactions that occur every day in the week, and by the tens of thousands of new securities that in recent years have been put upon the market, and it may be possible for you to grasp the fact that we, as a nation, might be eating up our capital without being aware of it. A creditable mine share is, in its quality and degree, just as good a thing to raise money on as Consols, and the "money" or credit thus procured and set afloat on the market through the instrumentality of the banks, is just as potent an agent of extravagant expenditure as sovereigns. As long as whole classes of securities continue to advance in price, the "wealth" of large numbers of people appears to increase, and the losses other multitudes may incur can be hidden away out of sight. But let reaction once set in, and for some reason or other prices all round begin to dwindle; then yawning rents in the nation's resources would certainly be disclosed, and we should begin to see that much of what we had taken to be income was capital—capital spent as "profit" secured on the rising market. It would take a volume to trace out the working of credit in relation to wealth, and I have already outrun my space. Let me ask the reader, however, to ponder over this aspect of our present remarkable prosperity, and try to work out what an all-round and enduring fall of 10 per cent. in prices might mean for the country and its banks and handlers of credit. The subject is all important, because were a great war, such as our forebodings are always thirsting for, to overtake us, it would not be at a 1 per cent. depreciation that the shrinkage in the market price of our innumerable investments would stop. Credit functions with the utmost smoothness on a rising market, bank deposits swell out, the people in the mass are richer; in a word, there is always "more and more money about"; reverse the process, and this so-called "money" will be found to have been capital eaten up and gone for ever. In the great majority

of instances, at least, it will be so, for there never was a time in the world's history when market prices for stock and shares afforded such facilities for the destruction of permanent wealth as they have done in the last five years.

A. J. WILSON.

P.S.—As this essay was passing through the press the unhappy Mr. W. R. Birt, managing director of the Millwall Dock Company, was tried and sentenced to nine months' hard labour. It was no more than he deserved, yet am I sorry for him. For what did he confess to having done? To having falsified the books, so as to be able to pay unearned dividends, because he believed the unearned increment of the company's land more than covered the amount of the falsifications. In this belief I have no doubt he was sincere, and his deeds were almost as much sanctioned by usage as sham audits themselves.



## THE FLAVOUR OF TOBACCO.

THE bacteriologist has at last invaded the peaceful domain of the pipe. Since the days when the Franciscan monk, Ramon Pane, first carried home tidings of an extraordinary custom of men smoking dead leaves that he had observed over in the New Land, and the famous physician of Philip II. of Spain, Francisco Hernandez, actually brought the *Herba sancta*, the *Herba panacea*, to Europe, there has always existed a pleasant serenity about the use of tobacco—an atmosphere of serenity, a halo of romance and appreciation. Into this domain of peace a rudely disturbing bomb is now thrown, and the threatened incursion, the suggested “improvements,” will certainly be a shock to many a devotee of tobacco. For the bacteriologist boldly asserts that the delicate aroma, the subtle shades of flavour which variously please the palate of the smoker, are, one and all, attributable to the agency of microbes alone; that the characteristic taste of tobacco, with its peculiar fascination, is solely the work of these infinitesimal germs; and that it is to bacteria, not to any particular plant growth, that smokers must henceforth tender their gratitude for their enjoyment. It is not, he contends, because a particular tobacco plant has been grown in the soil and climate of the district of Vuelta Abajo in Cuba that Havana cigars hold an unrivalled place in the estimation of the smoking world, but because in the curing and drying of the leaves there the bacteria of the place play a very propitious part. Even the minute differences in flavour in the different tobaccos are, according to him, merely the result of the presence of varying kinds of bacteria in the leaves during the preparation stages—bacteria whose developments differ one from another in minor particulars, and give corresponding shades in the aroma of the finished product.

It may tend to put this striking theory more forcibly before us if

we recall, in brief, some of the processes involved in the transformation of the living plant into tobacco as we know it.

When the leaves of the tobacco plant are mature and ready for harvest, they are gathered and first laid on the ground to wilt, that is, to wither and lose their brittleness. This done, they are collected into bundles and packed, top upwards, into moderate sized heaps to sweat. Matting is placed over the heaps and a gradual rise of temperature begins. The increase in temperature is due to certain processes which are taking place within the leaves, whereby, as the leaves die, their more complex contents become broken down into simpler ones, with an evolution of heat and water. The water thus given off is in vapour form, but it condenses again on the cooler matting covering, and it is the presence of this water which gives rise to the idea of the heaps "sweating." Care and attention is needed at this time to prevent overheating, for did the temperature rise unduly there would be darkening of the leaves and injurious drying. When the "sweating" is completed the leaves are dried, either slowly by simple exposure to currents of air, or rapidly by artificial heat. Mouldiness and consequent rotting must be guarded against, and then, if all the conditions are favourable, in six or eight weeks the leaves will have turned a bright warm brown colour, though tobacco at this stage lacks aroma and flavour. The chief result of this process has been to effect a further alteration in the constituents of the tissues of the leaves. After it is completed, moist air is again brought into play to soften the leaves and render them pliant, and it is not till then that they are ready for the great process of fermentation in which, it is now asserted, the bacteria play so crucial a part.

Fermentation has always been looked upon as a very important stage in the preparation of tobacco; but, if bacteriologists are right, even greater stress must be laid upon it, for it is the keystone of the whole and of paramount importance. As a preliminary to it, the brown leaves are sorted and made up into hands, or small bundles, containing, perhaps, from six to ten leaves apiece. All these separate bundles are collected and piled up into great heaps or solid stacks—a stack containing sometimes as much as fifty tons of tobacco. Directly the stacks are completed fermentation begins, encouraged by the warmth and moisture within, and now, too, begins the production of aroma and flavour. And this is the work of the bacteria which inhabit these heaps, for it is conclusively shown that these stacks are the homes and breeding-places of myriads of bacteria—in fact, a complete flora of fungus life is to be found within them, for side by side with the bacteria are members from many other parts of the great group of fungi of which the microbe life is only a small section. At this time the conditions of life are highly favourable to the welfare of this flora, and the growth and development of all its members begin apace. And fermentation is the outward and visible sign of the

stirring of growth and increase within and its direct outcome. If the germs develop, food is a necessity to them, and they can obtain it from their immediate environment, hence they draw nutriment from the leaves comprising the tobacco heap, working mean subtle changes in them, and, at the same time, inducing that understood phenomenon, heating. Why tobacco, hay, cotton, other vegetable matter should "heat" under similar circumstances at present very vaguely explained. We know, however, one about it: it is due to the agency of fungi (among which we include bacteria), for it has been clearly proved in the case of cotton-wool for instance, that if the vegetable matter be sterilised so that there is no possibility of germ inhabitants, there is no heating; introduce germ life, and at once, given the presence of oxygen, we have heating. This is, however, at present a phenomenon which presents almost a clear field for research. But in the case of tobacco, heating is not fully checked before it has gone very far by a continuous turning of the stack inside out and "sides into middle," no temperature higher than 90° Fahr. being allowed.

Now, a certain amount of special study of these particular bacteria and the effects they bring about in the tobacco heaps has already been made by a German bacteriologist, E. Suchsland, but he has provided little written information for later investigators. It was he, however, who first drew attention to the remarkable fact that the flavour of tobacco is not inherent in itself, but is due to the micro-organisms engaged in this fermentative process. He went further even than this. He made interesting and suggestive experiments with bacteria; he explored for and examined the germs which he found in the fermenting heaps of the finest West Indian tobacco, tobacco famous for its delicate aroma throughout the world; he isolated and cultivated them, and then he introduced these same bacteria into heaps of inferior German tobacco which was in course of treatment. As a result he obtained was both striking and extraordinary. The inferior German tobacco so remote from the flavour of the best West Indian became transformed as if by magic into tobacco of a very different quality. Practically a miracle had been performed, for so great was the improvement wrought that the poor tobacco could scarcely be distinguished from the very best, and even connoisseurs and experienced smokers of the finest native tobaccos failed to distinguish it as the original inferior German. And yet all that had been done was to introduce a few infinitesimal germs to work out their development in their own manner: the cause seemed quite disproportionate to the effect!

A patent has been applied for, in Germany, for the conversion of inferior tobacco upon these lines, and we are threatened with a revolution in tobacco manufacture if they prove workable. If the flavouring of tobacco is chiefly a matter of the presence or absence of certain spe-



of bacteria, it follows that the path to success and wealth lies in the furtherance of scientific knowledge of germ life and in the power to appreciate it and utilise it to the best advantage. This patent of Dr. Suchsland's is the first practical step that has been taken in the application of bacteriology to tobacco culture, and it is not difficult to foresee great economic changes. If it is really possible to detect and isolate these bacteria which are said to induce aroma, and then cultivate them in such a form that they can be exported from or imported at will into distant countries, it follows that the almost exclusive monopoly which certain districts have of producing the finest tobaccos will be seriously imperilled. More than that, there will with the abolition of the monopoly be a great fall in price, unless the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his search for new and fruitful sources of income turns his attention to bacteria as a taxable commodity. And, further, there is forced upon us the following reflection. It has yet to be proved that only upon tobacco leaves will the bacteria flourish. May not other leaves prove to be almost equally serviceable? There is a wide field here for experiment in the direction of cabbage as a basis for new operations in the best tobaccos.

But where, it may be asked, do the bacteria come from in the first instance? How do we account for their presence in the tobacco heaps at the beginning of fermentation? The answer is easily found. Bacteria are practically ubiquitous; they are denizens of the air, the soil, and the water; we cannot, in fact, say where they may not be. The soil is, perhaps, one of the most prolific sources, and, if it has been tilled and manured, the quantity of germs found in it is almost incredible. For instance, in one sample of average tilled agricultural soil investigated by an Italian bacteriologist at Turin no fewer than eleven millions of germs were computed to be present per gram. Hence there is no difficulty in accounting for the presence of the germs in the tobacco heaps.

There is, however, one noteworthy peculiarity about bacteria which has been discovered to exist in connection with their habitat, and that is that in any particular locality certain species appear to be indigenous, and are apparently not found elsewhere. These are known as "local bacteria," and their influence has been well illustrated in the researches and experiments on the question of the ripening of cheese. In the process of ripening raw curd into cheese it is a well-established fact that bacteria are necessary factors; and, although cheese in general can be made almost anywhere, yet certain kinds of cheese are peculiar to certain localities, and all attempts to make these kinds elsewhere have invariably so far resulted in failure. This is shown to be due to the fact that, in addition to bacteria general to all cheese ripening, there exist these "local" bacteria, which also find their way into the milk and develop during the cheese ripening, and it is their influence which is responsible for the characteristics of the cheese of any district. So



far it has been found very difficult to transport these local bacteria out of their particular districts into other localities, although various attempts have been made. Perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say that when transported they do not flourish, either because the conditions are unfavourable to them, or because the influence of the local varieties is inimical and overwhelming.

Now, it is more than probable that in tobacco, too, we shall find local bacteria at work as well as the ubiquitous kinds of microbes that control fermentation in general, though at present investigation is only in an elementary stage. And in them perhaps we may find a reason for the well-known capriciousness of tobacco culture. It has often been a perplexing question why the same varieties of tobacco grown in adjacent districts and under the same conditions of climate, cultivation, and manufacture should vary so much in flavour and quality, a variation which no fertilisers on the soil seem able to touch and remedy. There must be some hidden agency at work, some cause at present unknown. It may be remarked in passing that the quantity of nicotine in the plant leaves is by no means a test of quality, and the goodness of a tobacco is not dependent on a high percentage of nicotine; indeed, the most delicate flavoured varieties are those which contain a relatively small quantity of it. Fertilisation—the work of the bacteria—greatly affects the proportion of nicotine in the leaves; in one experiment it was found to be seventy per cent. less at the end of the process than it was before it. It may yet prove that these local bacteria are one of the greatest safeguards of the monopolists, and exercise an entirely conservative influence in any place, though, doubtless, as experience in bacteria culture progresses these difficulties will be overcome, and means be found whereby the varieties to which the peculiarities of any given tobacco are due may be transported satisfactorily to new parts, as easily as those bacteria which are responsible for the general fermentation.

At the present moment active research is in progress in several directions with a view to a better understanding of the problems involved in this question, and it is confidently expected that these investigations will greatly further the comprehension of tobacco fermentation. Nowadays growers and curers alike work more or less by rule of thumb; for the most part they have no idea of the fundamental principles underlying their work; they certainly have no conception that myriads of infinitesimal living organisms are co-operating with them in their labours. Hence they are comparatively in the dark as to the why and wherefore of their efforts. But now that the hint is given in which direction light may be looked for, and the bacteriologist has realised that the elucidation of tobacco fermentation comes within his province, illumination of the matter is not far off. Already some localities in which tobacco growing and curing is an established industry have awakened to the importance of scientific

investigation and are taking vigorous measures to further it. In the Florida Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Lake City, a laboratory specially for this purpose was completed late last year, and definite work has been begun under the superintendence of Dr. Stockbridge. The first crop of tobacco grown under the direction of science was harvested last autumn, but it is too early yet for any definite research to have taken place or for any inference to be drawn; in fact, probably some three years must elapse before reliable conclusions can be obtained, as, of course, the result of a single year's work furnishes insufficient data for comparison, and only on a long series of experiments can a proper theory be based.

The whole question is one of very great importance to the people of Florida at this time, and this is, probably, why they are taking such energetic steps in the cause of scientific research. Within the last few years some 40,000 Cubans have settled there, most of whom are skilled growers and curers of tobacco, who have been driven out of Cuba by the unhappy political condition of their native country. They have been specially attracted to Florida because the hummock lands there possess soil very similar to that of the best tobacco-producing districts in Cuba, and they emigrated with the hope that they would be able to continue their old occupation in their new home. To their delight they now find that tobacco grown and cured in Florida is little, if at all, inferior to that of the best Cuban, so we may probably anticipate a bright future for the culture of tobacco in that State. Indeed, in 1897, no less than 160 millions of cigars were produced in Florida and put upon the market as Havanas, and they apparently gave every satisfaction to the purchasers. But, as the Secretary of Agriculture points out, both American and Cuban curers are ignorant of the principles which underlie and govern the production of tobacco flavours, and hence there is a great element of chance in the whole industry. To remove this uncertainty, or at any rate to lessen it, the laboratory at Lake City has been equipped by the Department of Agriculture, and great hopes are entertained of the issue of the labours of Dr. Stockbridge and his assistants.

It has been shown in the foregoing short statement that there is undoubtedly a fair and wide field for the bacteriologist in the province of tobacco; it is an almost unexplored country, which is bound to be rich in results. Bacteria are not unamenable when taken in the right way, and we may confidently look forward to the day when cultures of these germs which control the aroma of the fragrant weed will be obtainable, just as now we have lately discovered that it is possible to have living cultures of bacteria which can give a delicious flavour to our butter and a fine taste to our cheese.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PEACE-MAKERS.

### I.

THE late Prince Bismarck, in denouncing the proposition then newly made of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States as "Anglo-Saxon peoples," while denying the correctness of the designation, declared in effect, that in the present state of civilization a common origin and identity of language, literature, and religion are not sufficient bases for such a cordial and intimate understanding between two commercial nations as would enable them to act harmoniously in the decision of questions affecting the relations of either to other countries. In this statement, the master-mind which created a united Germany out of the most discordant elements was undoubtedly correct, and he was well justified in referring to his own marvellous experience in support of the truth of his theory. Over and over again, even before the "doctored" despatch of Ems became the foundation-stone of German unity, it had been demonstrated that a common language, a common literature, and practically identical institutions are no sufficient guaranty against a family quarrel. Religion, more especially Protestant Christianity, has long since ceased to be regarded as an important factor of international relations, while the Anglo-Saxon has fully established his place in history as the least clannish of all the peoples with whom its records deal. Indeed, the Anglo-Saxon stock may be said to be especially notable for the mutual repellant between its parts which has been manifest ever since its first colonies staked their hopes of prosperity on a theoretical difference as to the right of the mother country to control her political progeny in a particular way. In nothing is the Anglo-Saxon more strongly distinguished from all other peoples than in his ability to disagree with his kindred—a disagreement, however, based always on some principle, actually or supposedly at stake, and having in it scarce



a trace of personal feeling. When the struggle is over between two branches of this great stock, they hobnob and intermarry as freely as if there had been no strife. Years of warfare leave only verbal differences and a good-natured rivalry in the maintenance of resulting conditions. So well known and universally acknowledged is this characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon family, that one wonders how so much stress should have been laid on community of origin and identity of civilisation by the advocates of a better understanding between its two branches, and so little attention given to the one thing needful to efficient co-operation between political organisms—to wit, a common aim and purpose. Especially is this notable when we reflect that conditions not difficult to define clearly demonstrate that some closer relation between Great Britain and the United States is not only a desirable possibility, but an inevitable and quick-coming necessity. Instead of requiring advocacy at the hands of any party or individuals, the public sentiment of two great nations has outrun the sagacity of leaders, and with that curious instinct which often controls what seems to be a blind emotion, has truly forecast world-conditions, that must, in a very brief time, compel the two countries to strike hands for the preservation of the peace of the world, and the maintenance of those ideals which the Anglo-Saxon holds above any consideration of material or political advantage. For despite his enterprise and greed, the Anglo-Saxon, more willingly than any other stock, lends ear to Ruskin's "strange people who have other loves than those of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce."

## II.

The voice of the people may not always be the voice of God, but the consensus of all classes in all the nations of the civilised world, upon any particular question, may well be accepted as the best attainable evidence of the truth of any matter in regard to which such concurrence exists. The tentative proposal of an alliance between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock probably attracted more immediate and intense interest throughout the civilised world than any utterance previously made by any human being. Within a month at farthest, the whole world had heard of it, and passed instant and positive judgment thereon. Almost every periodical in every country commented at length upon it, *pro* or *con*, and for the first time in history the line of demarcation between approval and disapproval of a proposition affecting world-interests was clearly co-terminous with the boundaries of Anglo-Saxon power. Within these boundaries an unprecedented majority—probably nine-tenths—of all the periodicals of the United States and Great Britain including her colonies, approved with unexpected heartiness the proposition which Mr. Chamberlain put forth in a speech destined to become historical in a sense that



attaches to few human utterances. During the months which have succeeded, there has been discussion as to the character of the proposed alliance, but in no part of the Anglo-Saxon dominion has there arisen any faction or party who have opposed some sort of understanding by which better defined relations between all the elements of that march of modern civilisation, the Anglo-Saxon stock, may be secured.

The term Anglo-Saxon is used in connection with the matter in question, not so much as Prince Bismarck seemed to think, to designate the actual descent of the Anglican peoples from a particular Teutonic stirp, but to distinguish those nations, actual and embryonic, which have derived their institutions, customs, laws, in short, their civilisation, from the common law of England and the religious and political ideals which have been shaped by the genius and experience of the English-speaking peoples. It is useless to discuss the question whether the Anglo-Saxon stock was a predominating influence in shaping Anglican life, or whether the United States and the various British colonies which, within a period appreciable by the dullest, are destined either to become independent nationalities, or members of a great confederated empire, are racially homogeneous or not. The fact is indisputable that in their institutions, laws, and political ideals they are substantially identical with each other, and indubitably English in the character of their civilisation. A man may go from the United States to Canada, or cross the Pacific to Australia or New Zealand, and hardly realise any difference of legal relation, distinctive conditions, or marked variation in the type of government. In all essential features, the life of these colonies more closely resembles that of the United States than that of the British Isles. They are the later and riper fruitage of the Anglo-Saxon ideal, permitted by the mother country rather than emanating from it. In like manner, the seventy-odd millions of people who constitute the population of the American Republic, whether white or black, Celt or Slav, or from whatever European stock they may be descended, in political ideals are purely American and derivatively Anglican. This political ideal has come to be known as Anglo-Saxon. It is distinguished from that of all other nations—except the South and Central American Republics, which have adopted it in theory, but have not been able to carry it into practical effect, because of the inherited influence of centralised administration and the weakening ignorance of their respective populations—in that under it the individual is greater than the State—that is, the State exists for the individual. With him rests the initiative of government, the sole object of which is to promote the individual happiness or collective interest of its allegiants. The Anglo-Saxon ruler is the servant of the citizenship and must obey its wishes, no matter what the form of government may be. The Anglo-Saxon theory of the State and its function is not only that its object is to promote the welfare of the



people, but that this must be done in the way and manner that the people shall point out. It means always government by public opinion. Put a thousand Anglo-Saxons in any new or uncivilised land and their first act is to organise a government, choosing their own form of administration, creating their own judiciary, and determining their special political relations. It is this spirit which has made the history of British colonisation one continued story of empire-building. The Anglo-Saxon colonist is a home-seeker, a State-maker, not a mere tribute-payer or fortune-hunter. The Anglo-Saxon state is ruled not from the centre but from the circumference. It puts on every man's shoulders a part of the burden of government, and he bears it manfully, because of the assured promise of liberty and prosperity which it brings. The Anglo-Saxon ideal assimilates all foreign stocks that come to it with a fair average of intelligence, and if its power is extended over non-intelligent masses, it taxes its prosperity freely to lift them to the common level. It does not always succeed. Popular justice is not always abstract justice, but the ideal remains, and every Anglo-Saxon community is struggling more or less patiently, more or less earnestly, more or less successfully, towards its fulfilment. It is natural, therefore, that the members of this great family should desire closer relations with each other, not on account of the past but for the sake of the future. It is not ethnical derivation that draws them together, but a common ethical quality. It is not unity of origin, but identity of aspiration that binds them; not lust of power, but the world's welfare which inclines them to a closer union and an instinctive tendency towards the maintenance of the common ideal, "government of the people and for the people," from which results the largest possible evolution of the individual initiative.

## III.

But it is not in Anglo-Saxon lands alone that substantial unanimity of sentiment is found upon the question of a closer union of this great family. Every journal of continental Europe, no matter what its character or what interest it professes to represent, at once denounced the proposed alliance as hostile, either to the political or economic interests of all the nations of Europe. Even the fettered press of the Sultan's dominions made haste to join with the official and unofficial organs of opinion throughout Europe in denouncing any step toward the establishment of a closer *entente* between England and America. Absolutists and Socialists, politicians and capitalists, nobles and bourgeois, the drones and the workers of every political hive in Europe, were instantly and earnestly agreed on this question, each seeking to outdo the other in denunciation of a proposition so natural and apparently harmless that the flood of vituperation it

called forth might well have awakened wonder in every individual of the two nations whose alliance was so bitterly decried. What does it mean? What is there about the proposal of an Anglo-Saxon alliance which has power thus to bring the subjects of the Tsar and the Sultan into substantial harmony, to make Frank and German suddenly of one mind, and produce a passionate accord between rulers and ruled throughout all the continent of Europe? It is an unheard of condition and well deserves the most careful consideration.

This concurrence of Anglo-Saxon and continental sentiment, the one in support and the other in denunciation of a closer union between the branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock, proves beyond all controversy that there is a dormant antagonism of some sort between the nations and peoples of continental Europe and the 130,000,000 of Anglo-Saxons who muster under various names in every quarter of the globe. What is the character and cause of this antagonism?

#### IV.

The world to-day confronts unprecedented conditions. It has been customary to regard the saying of the first Napoleon, that "within fifty years Europe will be all Cossack or all Democrat," as an instance of the entire failure of political prophecy, even by this most astute genius of modern times. Yet, if we regard "Cossack" and "Democrat" as representing contrasted political ideals, we shall see that the intellect of the great Corsican had not lost its wonderful power of deducing effect from cause or of measuring the force of popular tendencies and political combinations when he made this alternative forecast. By "Cossack" he meant, not so much the power of Russia as has been generally inferred, but the predominance of that ideal on which the government of Russia is based; while by "Democrat" he meant government by public opinion for the benefit of the masses rather than government by centralised administration for the promotion of dynastic or class interests. His idea of democracy was undoubtedly that spirit of equality of which he was at first a favoured product and afterwards the baneful curse. What he failed to foresee was the development of this ideal in countries beyond the confines of continental Europe, where the genius of Anglo-Saxon civilisation should shape the inchoate aspiration of the French Revolution into that secure and conservative force which the world has come to know as "government by the people, regulated and safeguarded by fundamental law." In other words, he did not realise that the beautiful but dangerous idealism of the Commune would be so shaped and moulded by Anglo-Saxon practicality as to hold in check popular excesses, while confirming and perpetuating popular power and so constitute a new ideal of Democracy.



## V.

There are three significant figures in the politics of Europe to-day. Of these, the "Cossack," that sole survivor in occidental civilisation of the absolutism of the Orient which makes the State simply an expression of one man's will—a government in which one man has power to kill or make alive, without accountability to any power or tribunal for his acts—is the most important. In all the boundaries of the Muscovite empire, there is but one mind, one thought, one man—the Tsar. He is its policy and its religion, its conscience and its destiny. Its people have not yet found a voice. Only in Finland is there any pretence of consulting their will. Of late even this is refused. For two hundred years it has been the most continuously aggressive force in the political world. Whatever people have fallen beneath its sway have been assimilated, not by preference but by force. Every conceivable enginery, even to wholesale transplantation of peoples, has been employed to prevent any portion of its population from having or expressing opinion as regards its policy. The Tsar is supreme, indisputable, unquestionable. His subjects may sue for favour, but none can demand aught of right. He is the State, and the State is everything. The individual is nothing, an absolute zero, in the notation of the "Cossack."

This omnipotent force is not the individual Tsar, but the self-crowned ideal Tsar—the one charged not only with the right to govern, but with the obligation to govern according to the traditions of the "Cossack." While the will of the Tsar is supreme, his power to govern is largely controlled by the character of his agents. He who reigns to-day professes himself anxious for universal peace. So he may be, but the will of the man who chances to be the Tsar cannot stand in the way of that tradition which has made the Tsar sovereign and lord of all the Russias and the servant of Russian destiny. More than one of his predecessors have been strong men who sought a noble immortality, but the ideal Tsar, ruling in the hearts of his agents, making him the impersonation of Russian policy, has invariably been too strong for his personal inclination.

## VI.

Sitting with her back to the frozen north, Russia is invulnerable, both because of the hopeless enthrallment of the individual and the climatic rigours of her territory. Year after year, generation after generation, the rule of the "Cossack" has crept out on every radial line. Only the Turk and Napoleon have ever dared to set foot within its confines, and both were baffled, not more by its wintry



blasts than by the frigid subjection of its millions to the one dominating will. This marvellously consolidated power which has just taken Manchuria in its unrelaxing grasp, in all its history since the reign of the great Peter, has been dominated by a traditional policy of aggressive expansion. It is the Orient ideal armed and equipped by Occident science and civilisation. Within its boundaries there is no scope of aspiration save in the competition for imperial favour. No sheet of paper is allowed to bear the formulated expression of divergence from the supreme will. To express or be known to harbour a doubt of the purpose or method of the one dominating intelligence, is to plunge headlong into the blackness of that gulf of Slavic despair known as Nihilism. It is the very antipode, political and religious, of Anglo-Saxon individualism. Is it any wonder that the few sheets which reflect this supreme intelligence should object with the utmost vehemence to the proposition for a closer union of the Anglo-Saxon Powers?

## VII.

Germany is the second figure of political significance in the continent of Europe. Indeed, it ought perhaps to be regarded of first importance since it is unquestionably the nidus whence the storms of war are most likely to arise. The German empire created by the genius of Bismarck had two initial purposes, first to establish Prussian absolutism securely in the leadership and control of a united Germany; second, by provoking war with France, to establish the military supremacy of Germany under Prussian leadership, to counteract the liberal tendencies of German thought, and substitute the drill-sergeant for the schoolmaster as the shaper and moulder of popular impulse.

The result was to create in the heart of Europe a government having the most complete military administration ever known. Out of a population hardly half as large as that of the United States drawn year by year the material to maintain an army which on its peace-footing numbers 1,500,000 men, and on a war-footing may be increased to something more than 5,000,000. To accomplish this every able-bodied man must become a soldier. From three to five years must be given out of every healthful life, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight, the formative, and therefore the most valuable period of every life, to the service of the State. The underlying idea of German polity has come to be that the individual exists solely for the advantage of the State, and that the supreme function of the State is to fight—to extend German territory and enhance the prestige of German arms. It is not an absolutism like that of Russia which paralyses individual life and aspiration, but an absolutism which stimulates a popular thought in harmony with the

traditions of the Hohenzollerns by making the road to honour and preferment lead always through the camp, which represses popular tendencies by subordination of the civil to the military power, and prevents the spread of liberal ideas by filling its citadels with those who dare oppose the imperial will or speak lightly of the royal favourites on the charge of *lèse majesté*, an ancient prop of despotism revived in these modern days under the pretence that the safety of the State demands a worshipful regard for the "consecrated person" of the ruler and those he may designate to perform his will. The result is an absolutism as complete as that of Turkey, and a military administration more perfect than that of Rome under the Empire.

War is the natural result of such a political ideal. It is the object for which the Empire was created, and the ambition of its present ruler is not more marked and unmistakable than the sentiment of his people. All that is lacking is opportunity, excuse, and a reasonable prospect of success. Excuse will always be discoverable under a government acting on the theories and practising the methods of Bismarck. With him, as with the first Napoleon, the function of diplomacy was to provide at all times a plausible reason for any policy he desired to adopt. As soon as he had prepared Prussia for war, he found excuse for conflict with Austria and Denmark. At any moment the expulsion of Danes from Schleswig and of Austrians from Silesia to-day may afford quite as good a pretence for hurling the Imperial legions upon Denmark or absorbing the Germanic portion of Austria, whenever fate shall cut the bond which unites the Austro-Hungarian Empire in an ill-assorted union. The difficulty is so to arrange affairs as to prevent interference on the part of other Powers. It would not do to have Russia climb upon her back at the critical moment, to have France strike her in flank, or England send her fleet to protect the interests of the much-allied house of Denmark. Russia might easily be induced to consent to Austrian dismemberment by being confirmed in her control of the Balkan principalities, and France might possibly be embroiled with her traditional enemy across the Channel, or be consoled for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine by the acquisition of Belgium. So Germany waits, armed to the teeth, for opportunity. In the meantime, she places herself on common ground with her neighbours in the Orient, by taking possession of Kiao-Chao, and showing herself ready to proceed hand in hand with them in the dismemberment of China. Is it strange that the political thought of Germany is opposed to a union of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock whose ideals are at such utter variance with Prussian absolutism? "A Parliamentary government," said Bismarck, speaking of Prussia, "must be avoided at all costs." What was true of the kingdom he rescued from free institutions, was true of the Empire he created to enhance the glory of a master whose chief

merit lay in the fact that he was able to discern the genius of a subject infinitely his superior in moral and intellectual power.

But the people—why should the people of Germany so enthusiastically share the views of its ruler in antagonism to the proposed alliance? To find an answer to this question we must consider an economical condition as unprecedented as the political situation of Europe. Fifty years ago Germany was on the verge of becoming a democracy. Liberal thought had nowhere else in Europe so strong a foothold. The Bismarckian policy not only made Prussian absolutism the corner-stone of the Empire, but also gave new life to German commerce. German capital and labour, therefore, echo the protest of her official organs against any closer relation between two nations which not only antagonise the political ideal of the Empire, but are the keenest competitors of German trade. German commerce looks for its future profits to the extension of German power.

#### VIII.

France is the third significant figure in European political notation. Though a Republic in name, it has inherited from a stormy past an administration centralised and absolute. Born in the throes of mortal agony, the third Republic in its earliest moments was consecrated to one idea, the redemption of France from the shame of recent defeat. It vowed in its cradle to avenge the desecration of her capital by an exulting foe and the imposition of an onerous tribute which constitutes the larger part of the unprecedented debt she still carries. To wipe away this ignominy and regain the military prestige of France in the Napoleonic era has been for almost thirty years the dream of all classes of her people. It has been the keynote of every policy, and the real basis of every factional appeal to favour during that time. It is to-day the promise of Republicans and Clericals, of Orleanists and Napoleonists alike. Preparations for war have absorbed her resources and engrossed her energies. In comparison with other countries her trade has fallen off at a startling rate. Alone, of all the nations of the world, her population is actually decreasing. The army has become the idol of her hope. It is supreme. For it the State exists, and the individual for the State. In effect, France is a reactionary absolutism, a Republic devoted, not to the maintenance of individual right or the development of individual initiative, but with an army dictating its policy and a centralised administration controlled by its chiefs. In the hope of recovering her military renown, she keeps, by means of the most rigorous conscription, 1,500,000 men with the colours, and boasts her ability to put into the field in the briefest possible time an army of 5,600,000 men fully equipped, the



largest army of trained men within the power of any nation of ancient or modern times to muster. On this and her naval armament rests her hope of to-morrow. She does not anticipate invasion and has no fixed policy of aggression. She only waits for opportunity to redeem with the sword the prestige she lost by the unpreparedness of her army and the treason and incapacity of her chiefs.

There is something really pathetic in the steadfastness with which the French people for almost a generation have clung to the hope that the glory of some unfought Marengo may yet hide the shame of Sedan, and that extended colonial possessions may yet enable her to eclipse the commercial glory of England. Unfortunately for this hope, her children of to-day have neither the qualities nor the opportunity necessary to enable them to achieve results as colonists at all commensurate with those inchoate nationalities which constitute the Greater Britain. The British colonist seeks a home and builds a nation; the French colonist, unused to individual initiative, goes into exile fettered with administrative regulations, seeking only fortune, and looking forward, not to a career in a new country, but to securing the means to live in ease and comfort on his return. British colonisation means nation-building for the benefit of the colonists as well as for the home power. French colonisation means the extension of Gallic rule, the collection of tribute and increased commercial opportunity for the home government only. There is no new France, instinct with fresh aspirations and greeted with appreciative hope as a self-governing scion of the parent stock.

With the heaviest debt a nation has ever known, and this constantly increasing while her resources grow steadily less, it is impossible for France to maintain her large army for any considerable time without war. War is always the occasion of a factitious prosperity, and it is doubtful if her people would permit any considerable reduction of her armament, so possessed are they with the hope of regaining by the sword what was lost by the sword; of recouping for the third Republic the military prestige achieved by the first. She not only waits opportunity, but is compelled by her political conditions to seek it. All shades of political thought within her borders are agreed upon one thing—that conflict is inevitable, essential to her fame and to her prosperity.

## IX.

These nations are in effect three great camps. Together they have 4,500,000 men under arms in time of peace. On a war-footing it is estimated that their armaments would number respectively on first mobilisation: Russia, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,000,000; France, 3,400,000, with a reserve of trained men swelling the total aggregate



to about 17,000,000. Such armaments were never before known in the world's history.

What does it mean? Russia and France are allies. This much is admitted to the world. To what extent no one knows outside the inner circle of the two Governments. The Bismarckian policy of maintaining friendly relations with Russia has been continued also in Germany, and it is safe to say that the closest treaty relations unite the two empires so that there can be no apprehension of attack on the part of Russia from any one, nor on the part of either of the others of hostile attack from Russia or any country in alliance with her. What, then, is the real significance of these great armaments? It can only be that they anticipate some movement, looking to the reformation of the map of Europe, or an offensive alliance against some Power outside the continent of Europe. Either or both of these is probable. Germany is avowedly looking forward to territorial and commercial expansion. The German empire does not yet embrace all of the German Fatherland, and her rank as a naval power will not be all that she desires until the ports of Denmark and Holland afford shelter for her fleets. France avowedly awaits a favourable moment to retrieve her national prestige. This means to her, of necessity, increase of territory and commercial advantage. Take away extraneous influences, therefore, and this greatest triumvirate of history might divide at will the European world. Would they do it? When was a military absolutism ever restrained except by fear of failure from carrying out a policy of aggrandisement? As we have shown, each of these would be supported by a popular sentiment entirely in accord with such a policy except Russia, where there is no popular sentiment in regard to public affairs.

The lesser nations of Europe are mere arithmetical ciphers of no significance except from the relation they may sustain towards one or all of these great Powers. Each of them has increased its armament to an extent before unknown, with the evident purpose of allying itself with one of them when the expected cataclysm comes, in the hope thereby of securing its continued political independence, or at least of choosing its future destiny. It is notable, too, that each of these nations, except the Swiss Republic, is in thorough harmony with the absolutist sentiment and centralised military administration of the significant Powers. It is also noticeable that each of these subordinate nationalities, except Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian States, is at present dominated by a spirit of almost outspoken hostility to Great Britain, and an economic antipathy to the Anglo-Saxon which finds expression among all classes of the people. It is but natural, therefore, that the journals of all these countries should be practically unanimous in expressing intense antipathy to a closer union of the branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock. This fact

lends force to the recent remark of an Italian statesman that "a universal war is much more imminent than a general peace." One thing is evident, Europe is all but unanimous in opposition to the political and economic results of Anglo-Saxon individualism. The reactionary impulse is universal. Practically Europe has become "all Cossack." Military absolutism with a united Europe at its back stands ready to contest the empire of the undeveloped world with the Anglo-Saxon system of government, and the Anglo-Saxon theory of the development of uncivilised lands by the uplifting of uncivilised races. The Anglo-Saxon alone offers to the semi-civilised peoples that come under his control the advantages of intellectual and material development. The schoolhouse, the free press, agricultural and commercial development, are inseparable incidents of Anglo-Saxon sway. Political and material betterment are the prizes it offers to the laggards in civilisation who come beneath its rule. This is what England offers in India, Egypt and the Soudan; what the United States offers in the West Indies and the Philippines.

The greatest question which the coming century must solve is whether the half-developed regions of the world shall be held and controlled by centralised military powers for the benefit of the nation subjugating them only, or by governments in which the voice of the people demands that opportunity and encouragement be given to other and weaker races. If the power of England should be crippled in Africa and Asia, the protectorate which the United States exercises over the weak republics of South and Central America would be at once destroyed. Military absolutism is already joined in the most harmonious alliance ever known, backed by public opinion in declared hostility to the commercial and economic results of Anglo-Saxon individualism.

X.

What do these conditions mean? Simply that each of the great continental Powers is animated by a determined purpose to extend its dominion at the earliest practicable opportunity; that each is restrained from creating such opportunity by apprehension as to the consequences of a general upheaval, or doubt as to the policy which Great Britain might adopt in case of a continental war. Fear lies at the bottom of the truce. Take that away and the triumvirate would make short work of the map of Europe. It is only natural, therefore, that the political sentiment of all these nationalities should be opposed to a practical duplication of this power by a closer union between Great Britain and the United States. This feeling is not based simply on jealousy of British power and prosperity as is generally assumed, but also upon the fact that every Government of



Europe, except Switzerland and the Scandinavian States, represents to-day the most intense antagonism to the basis principle of Anglo-Saxon civilisation. All Europe is an armed camp, organised especially to prevent the spread of liberal political ideas, and the organisation and establishment of what Bismarck declared must be avoided at all hazards—"parliamentary government." Centralised military absolutism is the one idea common to all the monarchs, all the ministers, all the armies of Europe. Over against them as world-forces stand England, the United States, and the South American Republics, which, by the acceptance of the "Monroe Doctrine" by Great Britain, are practically under the joint protection of these Anglo-Saxon Powers. There is no doubt that all Europe is hostile to Great Britain. Russia, Germany and France have already apparently made common cause against her in the East. There is little doubt also that the combined Russian and German influence would be sufficient to enrol Turkey in the ranks of her foes. Eliminate the United States from the problem, guarantee her neutrality, and there is little doubt that before the dawn of the twentieth century the civilised world would be arrayed in arms against Great Britain.

What interest has the United States in such a struggle? First, it must be kept in mind that any material lessening of the power of Great Britain would be an immediate and substantial threat against the political principle on which the Anglo-Saxon Republic is based—to wit, government by the people, or government controlled by popular sentiment. These are the only countries which recognise the principle that the object of government is the promotion and security of the rights and liberties of the individual, and that the people are the only proper judges both of their own rights and how they shall best be preserved. The natural result of a restriction of the power of one of them would be the combination of all the forces of military absolutism to limit the influence of the other. In other words, the natural tendency of present conditions is a hostile movement of continental absolutism—the reactionary wave which has been gathering since 1848 against government by public opinion represented by the Anglo-Saxon stock, the two branches of which it seeks to hold asunder and weaken in detail as occasion may offer. It is small wonder that politically the continent of Europe is unanimous in decrying the proposition for a closer union of the two great branches of this political family. But how about the people? Why should the popular sentiment of Europe, the thought of the workers and burden-bearers, the soldiers and sailors, of all classes and parties, wherever any freedom of opinion is permitted, be in such harmony with the policy of its rulers on this subject? The answer is not self-evident, but a study of to-day's economic conditions will afford ample explanation.



## XI.

The economic conditions of the world are as unprecedented as its political situation. For the first time in history the world's labour is able to produce more than the world can consume. Invention has so multiplied the power of production that in many lines one man's labour equals in results that of a hundred fifty years ago, and in almost all fields of industry the capacity of the individual has been increased ten or twenty-fold. The means of transportation have been so improved and cheapened that distance from the point of consumption has comparatively little effect upon the price. The food products of America and the wool and meats of Australia are offered in the markets of the world at rates far below what would be required to produce the same by home labour. The chief problem of government at this time, therefore, is how to promote commerce and reward industry, to provide wage for the labourer and profit for the employer, since upon them rests the burden of all government. If the employer is unable to achieve a profit he cannot pay the labourer's hire and neither can bear the burden of taxation which Government imposes.

While the aggregate products of human labour are year by year exceeding the aggregate demand, the capacity to produce the essentials of life is so unevenly distributed as to constitute a most important element in the determination of the world's peace. With the exception of Russia, no nation of Europe is able to produce from its own soil, or by direct application of its own labour, the necessities of life which its people demand or the raw material on which its manufacturers depend. Germany, France, Italy, Austria, all must draw from granaries across the sea the food which the poor as well as the rich among their people must have, the price of which cannot be materially increased without causing suffering and the fear of domestic discontent. The very soldiers who muster by millions in their camps must draw their rations from other lands. Each of these countries has an immense surplus of labour, though one-eighth of its industrial capacity is steadily diverted from productive occupation by the demand which military absolutism imposes as the condition of national existence. This surplus labour cannot, however, be employed to produce the necessities of life required, because of the competition of richer soils, improved methods, cheap transportation, and the stimulus of a wonderfully developed individual initiative. As a rule, one man's labour in the United States, in Canada, or Australia, will produce many times as much of nearly all those things which are essential to human life as in Europe.

What is the result of this strange condition? In order to maintain the economic equilibrium, to furnish wage for the labourer and profit for the employer, the surplus labour of the continent is employed in



the manufacture of articles which may profitably be exchanged with other countries for the necessities of life. These are mostly luxuries. Few articles of real necessity are produced by the labour of continental Europe for export. Of food products, she exports dainties, wines, strangely compounded liqueurs and comestibles which are quite as frequently the product of the factory as of the soil. Toys and other trifles manufactured only by hand, certain chemical products, dress goods and imitated wares, constitute the bulk of those exports, by the sale of which these nations seek to supply their deficit of necessities. Sugar, oil, and tropical fruits from the shores of the Mediterranean are almost the only food products approaching the character of necessities of life which the old world furnishes to the new. Great Britain and the United States are the chief consumers of the exports of continental Europe. The United States, Canada, and Australia, furnish nearly all the food products which are necessary to supply the deficit of home production, and also most of the raw material of their manufacturers.

## XII.

This condition of affairs was not of serious moment as long as the United States was dependent upon the labour of Europe for manufactured articles, the cost of which counterbalanced the value of her exportations of raw material, food products, and other necessities. When, however, invention enabled her to supply not only the demands of her own people who have doubled in number and more than quadrupled in wealth during the last forty years, but also to enter the lists as a rival with foreign manufacturers in the markets of other countries, the strain of economic competition was at once felt. This competition is a matter which appeals to the consciousness of every class of continental Europe. Every capitalist, every manufacturer, every tradesman, every labourer, regards the Anglo-Saxon peoples as in some sense responsible for the lack of profits or the reduction of wages which confronts them in their several occupations. Taken as a whole, it may be said that they regard these as the result, not of natural laws and economic evolution, but as a consequence of national policy and Anglo-Saxon greed. They consider British competition in all branches of trade as the result of British commercial policy, and not in any sense as a result of the individual quality of the English people. So, too, they regard the competition of the United States in every field of production as the result of a national policy having for its purpose the humiliation and detriment of other countries and the impoverishment of their inhabitants. The lower classes are particularly inflamed with envy at the fact that British, and especially American, workmen receive much higher wages than the continental labourer of like grade. The amazing increase



of individual wealth in the United States is brought home to every hamlet by the fact that some one who has gone out from its impoverished homes, has reaped the reward of industry and activity in the strange new land which to them seems inhabited only by the rich. The Agrarians of Germany and the Socialists of France alike regard the exportation of food products from America to European markets at a price far below what their agriculturists can furnish the same, as the result of deliberate hostility. They cannot understand how the American farmer can pay a much higher wage for labour and still undersell his European competitor. They think it somehow the result of national policy, and rely upon national action to remedy the evil. This can only be done by increasing the price of food, and this increase, if carried to such extent as to exclude the foreign products, means starvation for the poor, bread-riots, and revolution. All this creates a popular antipathy against the people who persist in paying high wages and yet furnishing cheap food. So long as the United States received with open arms all who could compass a passage to her shores, the popular sentiment towards her in continental countries was somewhat mitigated by the very general hope of escaping harsh home conditions, and sharing the marvellous opportunity which her wonderful prosperity offered. Now that this opportunity has been restricted, and poverty, ignorance, disease, and crime are no longer free to barnacle themselves upon the liberty and enterprise of the American Republic, the labouring classes of Europe are filled with an envy which makes no distinction between the Briton and the American.

Besides this, the necessity for keeping up large armaments has resulted in the discouragement of emigration by all the great Powers of Europe. None of them permit the emigration of young men during the period when they are subject to military service. Even if one manages to elude the law, which requires from one to three of the best years of life as a sacrifice to the Moloch of military absolutism, he is regarded as a criminal and is subject to punishment should he ever return. The fact that the United States does not intervene to protect him as one of her adopted citizens from such punishment, is even charged up by his friends and neighbours against the Republic across the waters, as unmistakable evidence of her hostility toward the labouring poor of Europe. The common people naturally take no note of the fact that the stimulated individuality of Anglo-Saxon life, the almost inconceivable efficacy of labour-saving machinery and the cheapening influence of systematised effort, are the real factors which produce the results of which they complain. They do not understand that organised capital has made it possible to rear a bullock in the United States with one-hundredth part the personal supervision required to effect the same in France. They do not realise that in the United



States one man and two horses, by the aid of agricultural machinery, will plant forty acres of corn in a single day, or that improved processes of manufacture in steel and iron have made one man's labour capable of producing what half a century ago would have required the labour of a hundred. They do not appreciate the fact that it is the inevitable result of untrammelled intellectual opportunity which enables the American labourer not only to earn a higher wage, but also to perform a much greater amount of work in a given time than the European worker of the same class; that the protective policy of the United States is not alone chargeable with these results any more than the much more burdensome protective policies of every European Government can be relied upon to remedy them. They do not realise that it is the governmental policy of the nations of Europe, which insists upon perpetuating outworn conditions of tenure, administration and production, that prevents the European labourer from sharing the prosperity which the enterprise and freedom of the Anglo-Saxon peoples secure to the British and American working-man. It is for these reasons that the popular sentiment of Europe presents the anomaly of entire accord with the reactionary absolutism which controls its political thought. To the labouring classes, Anglo-Saxon prosperity means hard times for European labour, and they naturally denounce anything which they think may add to the power or prosperity of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

## XIII.

One of the most marvellous results of the untrammelled individuality of the Anglo-Saxon is the fact that to-day the English-speaking nationalities control the most important products of the world and hold the points of greatest strategic value on all the great avenues of commerce. It seems like accident, but when we trace back the course of history we see it is just as much the result of definable evolutionary processes as anything in natural history.

As has been said, the British colonist has usually been a home-maker. The verdure and domesticity of English life have led his feet in grassy paths. He has sought to build a home and establish a new government, not to replenish broken fortunes merely or to seek tribute for a decaying system or outworn dynasty. As a consequence, almost all the best pasture and arable lands of the world and a vast preponderance of the sources of supply of the necessities of life are within his control. All the regions on which the world must depend, for a generation at least, to supply its deficiency of meat and cereal products are directly or indirectly in the power of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. A quarter or half a century hence Siberia may be able to supply Europe with wheat enough to meet her wants; but even that is a matter of doubt, and until such development occurs, the United



States, Canada, the Australasian colonies, the temperate regions of South America, and perhaps the untested pasture lands of South Africa, must be relied upon to furnish the sausage of the German soldier, the loaf of the French *ouvrier* and the polenta of the Italian *ladrone*. Europe has a surplus of non-food-producing labour, enhanced by non-productive armies, but a constant and growing deficiency in her domestic food supply. With the utmost possible endeavour, with the wisest and most successful economic revolution, this condition of affairs cannot be greatly modified in a generation. In addition to this, the greater portion of the world's supply of cotton, rice and coffee, is in Anglo-Saxon hands; three-fourths of the gold and silver output, and a great preponderance of the coal and iron beds whose products vitalise the commerce of the world are in their possession. They have no great armies, no camps fed by forced conscription of millions of their sons, but no enemy ever found them wanting in defenders. Between Europe and the Orient, where the great armed Powers are now struggling for a foothold, stretches the American continent, every foot of which is practically under the protectorate of these Powers. Already the inexhaustible mines of South America are being developed by English and American capital and opened by railways which are triumphs of Anglo-Saxon engineering. In Africa, where soon another chapter of economic progress must be unfolded, Great Britain holds the two extremes of intercontinental communication—Egypt and the Cape of Good Hope; the one commercially meaning control of the products of the Nile, the other of the gold and diamond fields and grassy veldts of South Africa. In case of war, the Suez Canal is practically within her power, while in some near to-morrow the American Republic will in like manner have possession of the trade route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Because of these conditions, an alliance between the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family means the creation of a world-power against which it is not only impossible that any European combination should make head, but which will have such control of the commercial and economic resources of the world as to enable them to put an end to war between the continental Powers themselves without mustering an army or firing a gun. It is to such a union that the lesser Governments of Europe must look for safety when the policy of military engorgement has made conflict inevitable, and which alone can save the commerce of the world from loss by war which the policy of military absolutism has made imminent.

Whether they desire it or not, the necessities of the world's life, the preservation of their own political ideals, and the commercial and economic conditions which they confront, must soon compel a closer *entente* between these two great peoples. They are the peacemakers of the twentieth century, the protectors of the world's liberty, of free economic development, and of the weak nationalities of the earth. With



nations as with men, peace is usually the result of apprehension of consequences that might ensue from conflict. A free people, a Government based on public opinion, a people whose interests demand commercial opportunity, is always in favour of peace. They may be stirred to war by injustice or oppression or in assertion of the rights and liberties of others, but are rarely moved to a war of aggression or for mere national aggrandisement. Commercial character is the surest guarantee of peaceful purpose, and the closer union of the two greatest commercial nations of the world is the strongest possible security for the world's peace.

## XIV.

Existing conditions are simply the result of competition between absolutism and government by public opinion as contrasted economic forces. With the discovery of America all European nations made haste to seek advantage from possession of the new lands. The continental nations adopted the Roman method of subjugating for tribute, and imposing upon natives and colonists the absolute despotic rule of a centralised home-government, which permitted neither individual initiative nor the adoption of new administrative methods to meet new conditions. Such a system permitted no growth, no development, except through revolution. England was fortunate in losing her first colonies, by which she was taught to assent to self-government in the others. The system of administration through chartered companies, to which she has recently returned in Africa, is only a modification of the continental system. Neither in India nor elsewhere have its fruits been such as to justify the expectation of future good results. It is the self-governing colony which has afforded opportunity for individual development and made the Anglo-Saxon the most potent factor in the economic evolution of the world. A colony, in order to be of special advantage to the mother country, must either furnish an inducement for her surplus population to emigrate, supply the things of which there is a deficit in her domestic production, or consume large quantities of her manufactures. The French and German colonies in Africa and the East have none of these essential qualities. They offer no inducements to emigration; they supply no food products and little raw material; and no barbarous or semi-civilised people can ever furnish a reliable market for any great quantity of the products of civilised manufacture. Continental colonisation cannot be relied on to relieve the economic conditions of Europe. For half a century at least, the deficit of food products must come from Anglo-Saxon lands, and the market for the products of its surplus labour must be found in Anglo-Saxon shops. No other source of supply exists; no other market can be found. Even if China were dismembered to-morrow, it would bring to the Powers engaged in her partition no permanent advantage and

very little economic relief. China can neither furnish necessities nor buy any considerable amount of superfluities. An impoverished people, a worn-out soil, and an over-populated land, offer little hope for relief of economic straits. Only Russia will make decided gain from the slice of Manchuria she has appropriated. That portion of the earth's surface which the European can successfully occupy and develop is practically held already by the Anglo-Saxon, or occupied by people under his protection.

## XV.

It is not easy to define the character of understanding which may be reached between these two great nations, yet there are certain things which may be clearly premised, both negatively and affirmatively, in regard to it. It is plain, in the first place, that it will not be a hard and fast alliance, offensive and defensive, because both are Anglo-Saxon peoples, and, as such, inherently opposed to abdicating to another their national volition. The American Government refused to accept the arbitration treaty proffered by Great Britain, but not because it was opposed to arbitrating international difficulties. Exactly the contrary, indeed, since the American people may be said to be almost unanimously in favour of the peaceful solution of all questions arising betwixt the Republic and other countries, and there is no political group or interest inclining them to war. They are, however, passionately devoted to entire freedom of action, national as well as individual, and hesitate to restrict it by a continuing contract for arbitration with a fixed tribunal. Their insistence that in each particular case the treaty-making Power shall specify and define the question to be arbitrated, is merely a natural result of the caution bred of their domestic history, which inclines them against any irrevocable contract that might some time fetter their freedom of action. In this they stand upon the same level as the Lord Chief Justice of England, who is understood to have expressed the cautious opinion, based on large professional experience no doubt, that "an agreement to arbitrate may itself be the cause of the most serious difficulties."

In the second place, it may be safely assumed that such understanding will not be one affecting the political relations of the two countries. There is no considerable element in either inclined to any material modification of its existing form of government. Each clamours loudly against the defects of its own system, but is jealously opposed to comment on the same by others, and especially sensitive to any assumption of leadership or superiority by another nation.

In like manner, it may be positively declared that such understanding will not affect the commercial or economic relation of the two countries. They are, always have been, and always must be, the keenest of commercial rivals. Their industrial conditions are so



antipodal that each has flourished to a degree unequalled by any other nation, under exactly opposite economic systems. The reason for this is apparent. The United States has so great an area of adjacent territory, with such diversity of natural products and perfection of manufacturing resources, that it is able to supply all the necessities of life for a population twice as large as that of Great Britain, and have an immense surplus of food, raw products, and manufactured articles for exportation. This commercial rivalry will in no wise be remitted by any *entente* that may be effected between the two nations. Indeed, it is most likely to increase, since the United States is morally certain to devote its resources and energies to recovering something of the ocean carrying trade which it lost and England gained through the destruction of Confederate cruisers during the American Civil War. This is not strange, since its contributions to the profit derived from ocean traffic and travel are immensely greater than those of any other nation, while its ship-building capacity and the maritime quality of its people are beyond question.

In addition to these, it may be safely assumed that neither country would support the other in a war for the acquisition of territory in any part of the globe. But although neither political or territorial advantage nor specific commercial concessions can be expected from a better understanding between these two Powers, there is still a very considerable indirect advantage to be derived from such *entente*. First among these must be counted the fact of the increased moral power of each in the family of nations. Both being commercial peoples, peace is the prime requisite of the prosperity of each. At the present time, England is antagonised by the more or less hostile combination of European Powers. She secures immunity from attack by playing off one against the other alternately as a favoured ally. At the same time the United States is liable, in case of any unfavourable turn of affairs, to become embroiled with one or more of the continental Powers in regard to the practical protectorate it has asserted by the maintenance of the "Monroe Doctrine" over the weaker South and Central American Republics. This declaration, being simply that no European Government shall be allowed to acquire in any manner new territory on the American continent, is regarded by every nation of Europe, except Great Britain, as an unfair restriction of international right and privilege—that is, as a restriction of the ancient right of every country to subjugate and annex any nationality it may choose to invade and prove strong enough to conquer. This principle of the "Monroe Doctrine" has already been recognised by Great Britain, and is even regarded by French authorities as having originated with a celebrated English statesman, though, in fact, proclaimed by the United States some years before the Argentinian controversy arose. It is of the utmost



importance to the peace of the United States and to the commerce of both countries. As has already been shown, a mutual understanding between the two countries will effectually restrain European combination against either, by its control of vital resources and the commercial ruin certain to ensue from their combined antagonism.

There is also the field of unfair trade restrictions in which these two great nations may naturally and properly co-operate with each other. While their prosperity is largely based upon contrasted economic policies, still more of it is due to the individual initiative of their people—that is, the enterprise of the merchants, manufacturers, and producers of all kinds. An essential element to the full enjoyment of such enterprise is that the products of all nations shall be admitted to the ports of all the world upon equal terms. In other words, that no distinction, such as a maximum tariff on the products of one country and a minimum tariff on the products of another, shall be allowed to interfere with fair and open competition in the markets of the world. Akin to this is the removal of that notably unfair restriction imposed by the existing treaty upon the right of the United States to build a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, to be open on equal terms to the shipping of the world. At the time it was imposed by Great Britain, the interest of the United States in the Pacific Ocean was not what it is now, and the need of amendment of the treaty is at present universally recognised.

There still remains to be considered the field of inferior nationalities or the relations of weaker nations and semi-barbarous peoples to other Powers. Both Great Britain and the United States are, by natural bias of their people and by commercial interest, opposed to the absorption of small and weak nationalities by strong ones. This principle lies at the foundation of the American Republic—the right of every civilised people to have and maintain its own political organisation. While it is not probable that the Republic would ever interfere by force in any European controversy, it would unquestionably be willing at all times to cast moral influence in favour of the established independence of any nationality threatened with absorption by one or more of the great Powers, and the united protest of England and the United States, taken connection with their known control of the most important sources of commercial prosperity and material supply, would make their protest in most, if not all, cases practically effective. As to the partition of barbarous or semi-barbarous lands by conquest or the forced extension of treaty rights, the two nations are practically of one mind. The people of the United States are so averse to disregard of the right of self-government even of such populations, that a considerable antagonism exists to the conquest of the Philippines, which the United States forced on the Republic. At the same time, England openly opposes the acquisition of territory in China, offsetting the “open door” and “sphere of influence” policy in antagonism to that



of dismemberment supposed to be entertained by Russia and her continental allies.

It is possible, also, that these two great Powers may mutually agree that neither shall declare war against any other nation, unless in case of unexpected invasion of its territory, without submitting the matter to the other, and invoking its aid in securing a peaceful solution of the pending difficulty. Such an agreement would go far toward the establishment of an international tribunal by which the question of peace or war between the nations of the earth may be ultimately determined. The strongest objection likely to be urged in the United States against such an understanding is the peculiarly cordial relations which have always obtained between the great Republic and the great Autocracy. During the American Civil War Great Britain was saved from espousing the cause of the Confederacy only by the wisdom and foresight of her Queen, who shrank with horror from any conflict with a kindred people. Even then, her shipyards were allowed to send out the craft which swept American commerce from the sea. France, Austria, and Belgium united to establish Maximilian in Mexico in the hope of forming an alliance with the Confederacy. The one friend, who from first to last stood staunchly by the Republic, was Russia. Why there should be such intimate relations between these political antipodes it is hard to say, unless a far-sighted Russian policy sought, by espousing the American cause, to detach the Anglo-Saxon Republic from the Anglo-Saxon Empire so as to assure at least its moral support in any conflict that may come betwixt the Lion and the Bear. Despite the friendliness which has recently developed between the Anglo-Saxon peoples, it is not to be expected that the United States would willingly assume a rôle which might place her in even seeming antagonism with Russia, unless for the maintenance of principles which she regards as essential to the general welfare and peace of the world. If, however, its effect would be to give the United States a position that might enable her to intercede with special prospect of success between these great Powers, to both of which she is bound by peculiar ties, it would constitute, instead of an objection, a most potent reason for the establishment of such an understanding as is now contemplated.

It will, therefore, be seen that the field of co-operation between the Anglo-Saxon Powers for the world's benefit and mutual commercial advantage is a very large one, which, if fairly covered by wise and benignant provisions, not too restrictive in character, will constitute the Anglo-Saxon peoples the efficient and unquestioned guarantors of the peace and prosperity of the world during the greater part of the twentieth century, with every prospect that it will lead to the establishment of international tribunals which may make warfare no longer the chief business of government.

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